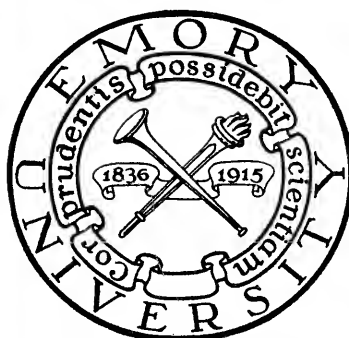




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"OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR."

THE LIVES THEY LIVED; THE DEATHS THEY DIED.

FROM

THE WEEKLY NEWS AND COURIER,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Our women died a hundred deaths, died day by day and almost hour by hour. The Southern Cross was on their breast always, and on their lips. True soldiers of the Southern Cross were they; though no ribbon or star is the badge of their nobility. It is little, very little, for their dear sake, to try to give the public, nineteen years after the capitulation of General Lee at Appomattox, some faint idea of what they saw and what they did, what they hoped and what they feared, in those exciting times which are gone forever.—THE NEWS AND COURIER, March 10, 1884.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
THE NEWS AND COURIER BOOK PRESSES.
1885.

THIS volume contains the whole of the sketches which, under the general title of "OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR," have been published in THE WEEKLY NEWS AND COURIER. From every point of view, excepting that of the women who remained and suffered at home during the four years of strife, the Confederate War and its incidents had been fully described. The details, here and there, might need working out, but the general features of the bloody struggle were thoroughly well known. Only the part played by the Southern women, the wives, sisters and daughters of the Southern soldiers, had been overlooked or ignored. It seemed to us that no Confederates were more worthy of our loving remembrance than those who bound their warrior's sash when he went forth to fight; who suffered worse than death, a thousand times, when battle raged loud and long; who were stung and wounded by privations that the hardy soldier never knew, and who, besides, were exposed to the injuries and taunts of the infamous raiders who, during and after the war, visited Southern homes and stripped them of what was holiest and dearest, because it was dear and holy. It was only necessary that a trinket, or picture, or keep-sake should be known to be prized, and it was instantly singled out by thieves in uniform to be carried away or destroyed. So Southern women were invited by THE NEWS AND COURIER to tell their whole story, in their own way, and this is accomplished in the sketches which are now given to the public. They are printed precisely as they appeared in THE WEEKLY NEWS AND COURIER, and have not been corrected by their authors. But, even in their present shape, they serve to portray the Confederate War as it was never portrayed before—as it was seen and felt by the women at home. None can read the simple tales of heroism, suffering and patriotism without loving and honoring the tender mothers, the thoughtful sisters, and all the gracious gentlewomen who unfalteringly bade their kinsmen do their duty, and who, for their part, bore unflinchingly mental suffering and physical pain such as no other nation of such women has ever known since the world began.

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OUR WOMEN IN THE WAR.

No. 1.—The First Wayside Hospital.

(By Miss I. D. M., of Columbia, S. C.)

During the summer of 1861, just after the battle of Manassas, when the hearts of Southern women of all ages were fired with that zeal for the Confederate cause which has never flagged, a party of young girls in Columbia, S. C., determined to see what they could do to help the soldiers. They therefore made a call through the papers of the city to all the young ladies of the community, asking them to meet at a certain time and place in order to consult together, lay plans and devise schemes for work. The meeting was a grand success. A large number of girls responded to the call, a society was formed, officers were elected, committees were appointed, and all the ceremonies of organization gone through with the skill of veterans.

"Oh death in life, the days that are no more."

What memories are recalled of laughter and fun, of sighs and tears, of sobs and agony as one of the officers of the society then formed—"The Young Ladies' Hospital Association"—looks through her books to-night, and runs over the names of the young girls who with full hearts and earnest faces enrolled their names that summer afternoon. Poor children! their hands were unused to labor, but willing minds made up for their lack of skill, and it was wonderful how soon they learned to cut out and make up homespun shirts, knit socks, roll bandages, &c., and before long many a box of substantial comforts was sent to the boys in the army from the girls at home.

The meetings of the association were well attended and kept up regularly. True there was perhaps a lack of parliamentary usage in the conduct of the

assembly; there was, it must be confessed, a tendency manifested by all the members to speak at once when there was a question to be decided, and even the president herself instead of maintaining the dignity of the chair and preserving order would join in the general clamor, while occasionally a nervous giggle would shock the conclave and prove that in all times and circumstances "girls will be girls." Many a sober matron with whitening hair will recall the time when the secretary and treasurer was called upon to read her first report, how she turned her back upon the audience, and in that position alone could be prevailed upon to read aloud. Pity the benighted girls of '61, advanced young women of the present day! They had scarcely ever even heard of an emancipated woman, and a female lecturer or public reader was beyond their powers of imagination.

THE FIRST PRACTICAL STEP TAKEN.

During the winter of 1861-2 the number of soldiers coming home sick and wounded began to be considerable. Often for want of connection between the incoming and outgoing trains, the poor fellows would be obliged to remain in Columbia for hours and sometimes a day and night, and as they had little money they would frequently suffer for want of lodging and lack of attention. Some ladies of the city resolved to meet the trains as they arrived from Virginia, and minister as best they could to the needs of the suffering men. But there was no organized plan, consequently on some occasions one man would be entirely overlooked, while another would come near sharing the fate of the complaisant hero who meekly submitted to having his face washed by seventeen enthusiastic volunteer nurses.

A clergyman of Columbia, who was in the habit of meeting the trains to afford any assistance, in his power to the arriving soldiers, called the attention of some of the members of the Young Ladies' Hospital Association to this state of affairs, and suggested to them the propriety of applying some of their funds to arranging a room at the Char-

lotte depot for the refreshment of the weary and wounded men. The idea seemed to them a good one, and the suggestion was immediately acted upon. An empty room was secured from the authorities of the railroad, and it was put in order.

Though the furniture of this little room was scarcely more luxurious than that of the "Prophet's Chamber," the place was ambitiously styled

"THE SOLDIER'S REST,"

and for a few days its scanty accommodations proved to be a comfort to many weary passers-by. It was soon found, however, that the need for a resting place for the passing soldiers was greater than at first supposed, and as it was necessary for them to be transported across the town in order to reach the other trains, it was concluded to transfer The Soldier's Rest to the depot, whence they could be put upon the cars as soon as they had their wounds dressed and a night's lodging and been made comfortable for their journey. But the affair had now assumed dimensions far beyond anything that its originators had ever dreamed of, and the older heads, to whom the girls of the Young Ladies' Hospital Association were accustomed to defer, thought it best to take matters into their own hands. There was grim work to be done, ghastly sights to be seen, horrors to be endured, and the wiser and more experienced ones tenderly wished to spare the young hearts, already becoming too familiar with sorrow, everything which it was in their power to do. The Soldier's Rest was then changed into the Wayside Home or Hospital, as it was afterwards called, and the charge of it assumed by a committee of ladies, assisted by some gentlemen, whom age or duty kept out of the army, leaving to the girls, Gen. P. said, "the esthetics of the Hospital."

HOW THE SYSTEM HAS SPREAD.

Such was the small beginning of the Columbia Wayside Hospital, the first of the kind in the world. An extract from an address of Dr. John T. Darby, surgeon C. S. A., before the South Carolina Medical Association, held in Charleston in April, 1873, will show part of the outcome of the work of these Columbia girls. Speaking of the ameliorations of modern warfare, Dr. Darby says: "On the route from the army to the general hospital wounds are dressed and the soldiers re-

freshed at wayside homes; and here, be it said with justice and pride, that the credit of originating this system is due to the women of South Carolina. In a small room in the capital of this State, the first Wayside Home was founded; and during the war some seventy-five thousand soldiers were relieved by having their wounds dressed, their ailments attended, and very frequently by being clothed, through the patriotic services and good offices of a few untiring ladies in Columbia. From this little nucleus spread that grand system of Wayside Hospitals which was established during our own and the late European wars; and it is beautiful to see and know that though implements of war are made more and more effective for the destruction of life, the progress and surgery in advance, on higher grounds, gives comfort and restores health to the servant in arms who has suffered for his country."

Of course the girls were very indignant, at first, at their work being taken out of their hands. "What are the esthetics of a hospital, we would like to know," they cried; but they soon discovered how much they might do to soften and cheer the soldier's journey, and they became quite pacified when they found that they were to be allowed to accompany the older ladies in their daily visits to the Wayside.

The plan of operations was very simple. The same clergyman who had first observed the need of a resting place would meet the train as it came in from Virginia, and direct the soldiers to the Wayside Home, transportation being furnished at first by private means and afterwards, as the demand became greater, by the central committee for the soldiers' relief.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

Sometimes the scenes on Blanding street, through which the wagons passed to convey the passengers to the Wayside, would be heartrending. After a battle one would see a forest of crutches protruding from one wagon and a party of bandaged men in another; then the ambulances would pass, bearing those too ill to endure the drive in the wagon, and more mournful still, the carts carrying the rough boxes which contained the bodies of the slain. The writer can never forget once meeting the clergyman who had been receiving the incoming guests of the Wayside, and saying to him: "I have just seen a harrowing spectacle—two boxes in a cart, one upon the other;" nor the look in his

face as he replied: "I have just left the father of the two young men whose bodies are in those boxes. The body of his third boy could not be found at all. He is taking these home to their mother."

At the Wayside the soldiers would be met by a committee of ladies with proper assistants and after they had been refreshed by a bath, and often had a change of clothing, and their wounds dressed, they would be furnished with a comfortable supper, a night's lodging and breakfast the next morning. Here the work of the girls came in. They were allowed to lay the table, prepare the coffee and serve the soldiers at their meals. Sometimes they would be permitted to go with one of the older ladies and carry a meal to the cot of an ill man. The outgoing trains from Columbia then left at a very early hour in the morning, but never through the whole existence of the Wayside Hospital did these women and girls fail to be at their post; through winter's cold and rain, or summer's heat and dust, there were they found, ready to welcome the wayworn soldier and cheer him on his way. There was scarcely one of these women who was not actively engaged during the other hours of the day in some other hospital of the town or in some work for the aid of the army. In order to give the actual facts of the work of the Wayside Hospital, we present an account furnished by one of the officers of the executive committee.

A RECORD OF THE WORK.

The Wayside Hospital at Columbia, S. C., was established March 10th, 1862, and continued until February 15th, 1865. The executive committee consisted of five ladies. Visiting committees were appointed each day. These were assisted by gentlemen, and when necessary by physicians. This Home was begun in a single room, but additions were speedily made and before the close of the second year the Home contained nine rooms besides piazzas and bathing room, water as well as gas being carried through the building. Over one hundred soldiers were often accommodated with cots and three hundred with their meals per day, chiefly supper and breakfast, as they were usually furloughed sick and wounded soldiers passing to their homes. The second year it was thought expedient to ask the Government for a surgeon and hospital steward, which request was granted—a matron being engaged by the ladies. The Home was entirely supported by

voluntary contributions from all parts of the State, but the ladies were allowed to purchase stores from the commissaries at Government rates. Soldiers detained by sickness and want of connection in the trains had religious services from ministers of the different religious denominations. The number of soldiers entertained in this Home during its existence of nearly three years was about seventy-five thousand. After the 17th of February, 1865, when the Home could no longer be used, large numbers of soldiers received food and accommodations when they were passing through Columbia, from the Wayside Home committee. Funds belonging to the Wayside Home were sent to the upper districts as long as they were available during the spring of 1865, benefiting in that way many soldiers returning to their homes."

PATHETIC AND HUMOROUS INCIDENTS.

Like all other hospitals the Wayside had its varied incidents, pathetic and humorous. One morning as the men were boarding the up-country trains, yells, shrieks and howls were heard. Everybody rushed to see what caused the disturbance. "Oh!" said one of the soldiers, "it's jist Jim Bumgarner, and he's jest been a cuttin' up that way ever since we left Virginia," and there, on a "stretcher," was a man being put into the car. "Ah!" observed the doctor, "no wonder he yells at being put through the car door, cut to pieces as he is." But in a moment there was a bright, though pale, thin face at the car window, and a merry voice crying out: "Hurrah for the Columbia ladies! Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Good-bye, ladies!" and off went Jim Bumgarner to his home in North Carolina.

One morning there was a man so ill that it was thought it would be a risk for him to attempt to travel, and the surgeon told the ladies they had better persuade him to stay a day or two longer. So in went the ladies to his cot to advise him to remain, but it was of no use. The poor fellow had been shot in the mouth, so his replies were of the most laconic. Dear, motherly Mrs. B. would persuasively say: "Oh, you are much too weak to travel; stay, and let us nurse you a day or two." "I'm a gwine!" responded the man. Then gentle Mrs. F. would try. "Do stay at least 'till to-morrow; you will be so much better able to travel then—" "I'm a gwine!" Finally bright Mrs. M. undertook the case; but to all came the same unvarying "I'm a gwine!" and as no one had authority to keep him,

go he did, and, let us hope, reached in safety his longed-for haven.

A SOLDIER'S FAITH.

Another incident is copied from a communication to one of the papers of the day: "After I had ministered to several of the wounded I drew near the cot of one whose case was considered one of the worst there, but who appeared since his wounds had been dressed and refreshments administered to him much relieved. After conversing with him some time he asked my name. I told him, and said that I was the wife of the gentleman who had been just giving him his breakfast, for he had to be fed like an infant. I told him, moreover, that the gentleman was a preacher—a Methodist preacher. 'I am a member of the Methodist Church,' said he, 'and would he be kind enough to pray for me? for it is long since I have heard a prayer.' After the prayer was ended the subject of religion continued to be our theme. He said he was quite resigned to God's will concerning him, and that he was not afraid to die; and while dwelling on the goodness of God his countenance assumed the serene and beautiful expression indicative of peace within and joy in the Holy Ghost. Well was it for him that he had strength from on high and that the everlasting arms of God's love were about him, for in a few hours from the time of our conversation it was found that amputation of his arm would be necessary, from which he suffered excruciatingly until death came to his relief. But all the time of his mortal agony his faith remained firm and unshaken, and he pillowed his sinking head on the bosom of Jesus and 'breathed his life out sweetly there,' while to all around witnessing a good confession of Christ's power to save to the uttermost all who put their trust in Him. The name of this young man was H. F. Hays, of the 45th Georgia Regiment."

One morning the ladies noticed a pine box, covered with flowers, being carefully put upon the train by some gentlemen. In answer to the inquiry, whose remains were in the box? Dr. G. replied: "In that box lies the body of a young man whose family antedates the Bourbons in France. He was the last Count de Choiseul and he has died for the South." Let his memory be held in perpetual remembrance by all who love the South and revere her past!

THE PROTÉGÉ OF THE HOME.

But an account of the Wayside Home would be even more incomplete than the writer of this fears this one will be without some notice of its protégé, Jimmy Mathewes. One Sunday among the number of sick and wounded who came in from Virginia was a miserable, emaciated, childish-looking boy, who appeared to be about 11 years old, but who said he was really 13. He had been badly wounded and was so exhausted that it was found he was unable to travel, and the surgeon decided it was best for him to remain at the Wayside for a day or two. The ladies soon became deeply interested in the pitiful-looking little object, and their hearts were more than ever moved when they learned his sad story. He and an older brother were the only two left of a family of Irish emigrants who had come to America and settled in Georgia when Jimmy was a baby. The two brothers were living on a farm with a family in Georgia, and when the war began the older brother enlisted, and Jimmy, as he said, "went along too." The older brother was killed in battle, and Jimmy was left alone in the world, with a Yankee bullet in his feeble body. He did not have an idea where to go, as he heard the family in Georgia who had employed his brother had been forced to leave their home. It did not take the ladies of the Wayside long to decide to adopt Jimmy, the girls undertaking to clothe him. The little fellow was removed to a private hospital in the town, where he was nursed with tenderest care by his guardians. The ball was extracted, and after weeks of suffering he began to mend, and it was good to see the look of rest and satisfaction which settled on his small, weary, pinched face. Then, best of all, Jimmy was taught the way to the Saviour, and he received holy baptism, two of the Wayside ladies standing as his sponsors. After a while it was thought best by Jimmy's guardians that he should be put under the discipline of a boarding school, and he was kindly received on most generous terms by Mr. O. T. Porcher at his excellent school in Abbeville. This poor little waif, however, manifested no liking for study, and the duties of school proved very irksome to him after the freedom of the camp life. It was judged, too, that a farm life would be better for his health, and he was then taken by Hon. John Townsend to his home on Edisto Island, where he was given light employment

and the most kind and judicious treatment. His constitution had, however, never recovered from the shock of the severe wound, and he died at Edisto before he was grown, surrounded by gentle friends and gracious influences.

THE MORALE OF THE SOLDIERS.

There can be no better way of judging of the *morale* of an army than by the conduct of its men when off duty and away from the surveillance of their officers. Our men stood this test nobly. A lady who was almost daily at the Wayside during the whole time of its existence says: "I must have been brought into contact with thousands of men and certainly conversed with hundreds. Among all these I remember seeing one drunken man, and he was so slightly intoxicated that the only manifestation of his condition was an insane desire to present one of the young ladies present with a handsome black plume he was sporting in his hat, which desire was communicated to the matron of the hospital in energetic terms, and most promptly by her suppressed. I never heard one oath or one coarse expression. I never heard a sentiment of disloyalty or dissatisfaction. I never heard a doubt thrown upon the right of our cause or a regret that the war had been begun. I never saw one man, however wasted by disease or disabled by wounds, whose chief desire did not seem to be to recover as speedily as possible so that he might be back at his place in the field again; and while I encountered many illiterate, rough and uncouth men I never met one who failed in that courtesy which every Southern man, however humble his station, instinctively accords to womanhood."

A SAD CONTRAST.

Another of these Wayside visitors says: "I stood on the morning of the 17th of February, 1865, where I could see Sherman's army enter Columbia. I can best give you an idea of the vast numbers of the mighty host by telling you that I counted twelve bands of music pass by playing at full blast, and yet they were at such a distance from each other that the music of the one had died away before that of another reached my ears. They were a strong, healthy, well-fed looking set of men. There was not a broken shoe or a ragged elbow among them. When I looked upon these and contrasted with them the pallid, hungry, ill-clad men I had been associated with

for so long and thought of the thin garments, tattered blankets and scanty rations of the few men I had seen leave Columbia a few hours before, and reflected on the unequal struggle that for nearly four years had been going on, the proud tears rained down from my eyes as I prayed God to make me worthy to be the countrywoman of such heroes."

"Let us thank the Lord of Glory
Such as these have lived and died."

No. 2.—Dear Aunt Kate.

(By Mrs. C. E. Means, of Spartanburg, S. C.)

In this sketch I must, to enable the reader to appreciate the character of my heroine, touch momentarily on her life before the war, make you acquainted with Aunt Kate and her husband. He was a man of uncommon personal beauty, of the pure Saxon type, tall, broad-shouldered, erect. The red blood colored his cheeks with girlish roses. The yellow hair, worn in those days several inches long, had a gleam of gold amid its curls. The blue eyes were violet in their shining depths, and the white teeth, even and strong, filled a well-shaped mouth. With all this beauty there was nothing feminine about his appearance.

Aunt Kate herself was tall and slender, a handsome brunette. In the parlance of the country neighborhood, "they were an uncommonly likely couple." She was a fine housekeeper; he a good manager, and no earthly Eden was ever more free from sorrow or sin than their home when the war came.

The man, of the type I have sought to describe, was of the material of which the best soldiers are made. Amongst the very first volunteers he went forth to follow, for better or worse, the fortunes of the Confederacy.

Aunt Kate suffered quietly but very acutely from the separation, but at once she identified herself with the work to be done for the country. Men were to fight; women were to work, as well as weep and pray. She gave her personal attention to the details of plantation work. She was up by daylight, attended to the feeding of horses and cattle, rode over the fields to see that the work was

done there as it should be, looked after the plantation supplies, sick negroes; in short, displayed such energy that the whole neighborhood talked of her extraordinary management.

LETTERS TO THE ABSENT ONE.

At night, after her little children (there were three) were in bed, she wrote to her husband, filling pages closely written, consulting him in regard to every little matter, yet never relating her troubles, repeating instead the smart sayings of the children, and making jokes about their quaint old neighbors. As he expressed it, when speaking of her letters: "Kate don't let me get home-sick. She keeps me posted about everything at home; even sends me a piece of every dress she makes for herself or the children, and then writes me which they've worn during the day."

There were no sheep on the plantation when the war began, but soon she had gathered a fine flock, and watched their fleece as if it was gold. She raised indigo, and when the autumn came she had a splendid suit of warm jeans—spun, dyed, woven, cut and made by her own hands, to send to her soldier husband. She almost seemed to grudge that any hand but her's should do anything for him.

Every few weeks a box of dainty provisions were sent to him in camp—boiled hams, roasted turkey, baked chickens, pies, cakes, preserves and pickles. Even after the troops were sent to Virginia, against all odds she contrived to send frequent boxes of edibles, until she had the reputation of being the best housekeeper of any man's wife in the regiment.

His last visit home was just before the movement of our troops into Pennsylvania. When he left for a few weeks Aunt Kate seemed entirely crushed. She had just taken hold again of her usual daily routine, when the news of the battle of Gettysburg came, and in the list of missing of Company K, First Regiment of Rifles, was the name of her husband. Most of his friends gave up hope and believed him dead; she would not think so.

WAITING AND WATCHING.

It was wonderful how many ways she undertook to learn some word of her husband's fate, but every effort was fruitless. With agonizing interest she read the papers, watching each proposal made by the Confederacy for an exchange of prisoners. "If only I were

North," she would say, "I surely could move Lincoln for humanity's sake to accede."

The horrors of Andersonville were a stinging grief to the whole South, yet the cruel policy of war caused the United States to reject all terms of exchange for the prisoners of either side.

At last, in December, 1864, Aunt Kate received a letter. The superscription was a scrawl, so broken and tremulous was the handwriting, but she knew it as her husband's. With a glad cry she opened and read it. There were only a few words: "I am exchanged; have been for months at Fort Donaldson. From the cold, cruelty and starvation encountered there, I am nearly dead. Come to Savannah to meet me. I may, God willing, live to see you once more."

Aunt Kate did not seem to realize what these words conveyed. To her they only said he lived, and she would soon be with him again.

At once she took her children to her father's that they might stay there, whilst she went on to Savannah. She went immediately to the nearest depot, but was told that the Government had taken possession of the road for the transportation of troops and provisions, and no passage was given to any one. She hired a conveyance and drove through to Columbia. After encountering many difficulties she succeeded in obtaining an interview with the general in command, and from him got an order to be allowed passage on the railroad to Charleston. Again by personal application, and earnest supplication, she got a pass to Savannah.

GHASTLY SCENES IN SAVANNAH.

On her arrival in Savannah she encountered the greatest confusion. Sherman had entered the city only a few days before her. Aunt Kate now had her qualities of heroism fully tested. She was alone in a city just conquered by an invading enemy; confusion was on all hands; the Confederate bills with which she had provided herself were no more money than the brown leaves shivering in the winter's blasts. Unflatteringly, however, the heroic woman looked for her husband. After various inquiries she learned where the sick Confederates were to be found. The building used as a hospital was full of wards, but she could find no one in authority to give her a word of information or advice. She determined to walk through the lines of cots, hoping she might find her husband.

It was a sickening sight. The poor exchanged men were as ghastly as rags, filth, sores, and starvation can make poor humanity. Ah! it was pitiful! To think of the great country of the United States; how it had enough, and to spare, and yet had starved and tormented those poor men, thrown by the fortunes of war into their hands. Sherman said: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it!" But the world never yet has justified England for the treatment of the prisoner of Helena. Aunt Kate gazed at each cot in passing. One poor man she noticed whose form was attenuated until he seemed a living skeleton. One eye was eaten out with scurvy; the other was closed as if he was asleep, but his face was contorted with pain. She passed on a few paces, growing for the first time sick at heart with apprehension that her husband might be like one of these. Overcome by the thought a sudden faintness attacked her and she leaned for a moment for support against a pillar near by.

A SAD MEETING.

Standing there, her limbs trembling, depressed and discouraged, she heard her name spoken in faint tones:

"Kate! Kate!"

She thought surely her senses mocked her. The voice was husky and not familiar. Again she heard the words:

"Oh, Kate, don't you hear me?"

It was the man whom she had thought was asleep. She looked back at the cot and saw the poor wasted hand held out entreatingly to her. She knew then that she had found her husband.

The excitement and effort of calling caused him to faint, and perhaps for both it was a mercy that she had a few moments in which to realize his condition, for Aunt Kate saw at once that her husband was a wreck, physically and mentally. His hopeless imprisonment, starvation, cold and disease had sapped the foundations of his constitution. She had found her husband only, she felt, to see him die. But not here! Not in the common hospital!

She at once sought out a pastor of one of the city churches, and with her quiet dignity told her situation. The clergyman had a large house, and assisted her in removing her husband into a pleasant room, procured her fuel, medicine and necessary food. More he could not do, for there was illness in his own family, and the servants bitten by the wild idea of freedom, having nothing to do, had

gone away, and Aunt Kate had, without help, to care for her poor, sick soldier. The long flights of stairs of the tall city house were wearisome to climb; the water-carrying, fuel-bringing and cooking were hard tasks, in addition to the constant care of an invalid, to one unaccustomed to menial tasks. Still the devoted woman did not know she was tired in the hour of supreme trial.

GALLANT FEDERAL SOLDIERS.

The sick man, under the inspiration of her presence, believed himself able to get home. His constant prayer was to see his children again, and his wife determined that he should. She went to the Federal commander and asked for transportation for her ill husband, who was an exchanged prisoner. No man could be brute enough to be unmoved by her story. Not only did the Federal general give her an order to pass the lines and transportation on the boat to Port Royal, but also sent an ambulance to carry them to the wharf and detailed a soldier to help them on board.

Although Aunt Kate lost, through the cruel policy of the Northern government, her husband, yet she always remembers that, in her sore hour of need, from the highest officer to the common Yankee soldier, she received from our enemies help and sympathy. In that sad journey home never once did they fail to lift the helpless man tenderly and proffer assistance to the sad woman who attended him.

At Hardeeville she came to our lines. One of the men who was sent to meet them happened to be her brother. Her heart gave a glad throb in anticipation of his help in getting on home. But the need for every man in our ranks was then inexorable, and the application for him to be allowed to go as far as Charleston, even, was refused. Everything was in a sad state of confusion, transportation for our sick and wounded was very inadequate.

Between Charleston and Columbia Aunt Kate felt that her husband was sinking under the fatigue and discomforts encountered. It seemed to her more than she could bear, to have him so near the goal of his earthly desire and yet fail. But succor came.

One of the most beautiful features of our sad war was the Wayside Homes, provided by our women at various points. In them our soldiers, far from their homes, had gaping wounds dressed, throbbing temples bathed, and, without money or price, found love, rest, sympa-

thy. In our own State there was the lovely mission of old Mrs. Roe. Unwearyingly she visited the trains on the South Carolina Railroad for many months, feeding the sick and wounded first; then, if it was to spare, giving to the hungry. She found out our weary travellers and took them off the cars to a nice room, where they were soon provided with all necessary comforts.

GOING HOME TO DIE.

After resting here for two days, the flame of life burned again more steadily and the devoted wife felt that she might yet take her husband home, and gratify his one remaining wish—to again see his children. She reached Columbia without fresh difficulty; there a friend met her, and the next day she reached her father's house. Her husband had his heart's desire; two days later he was beyond the gates.

For weeks Aunt Kate was ill, but she lived, went to her home, reared her children, and has done her daily duty as our women throughout the great Southland have nobly done. As a people we are happy in this, that we are proud of our struggle, and not ashamed of our defeat. The world still points, as an illustration of the highest courage, to the Army of the Southern Confederacy and to the Women of the Southern States in the great civil war as examples of matchless devotion.

In writing my sketch I have drawn the skeleton of the trials of Aunt Kate, and not undertaken the details of her experience. Pages might have been written, but it is not well

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Or add another hue to the rainbow."

No. 3.—Old Confederate Days.

(By Miss Claudine Rhett, of Charleston.)

Ah! those old days! how the memory of them clings to us, and a halo of romance and passionate regret surrounds them with a setting of glory. We triumphed and wept, and lived a great deal during those four years of war. The deepest sentiments of our souls were stirred by the joy of victory, the ardor of endeavor, and the heart wearying struggle for patience under defeat.

I have recently read the lives or biographies of several Englishmen, among others the Life of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and the autobiography of Mr. Anthony Trollope. What struck me most forcibly in these books was the calm and quiet atmosphere of outward circumstances; the sunshine of peace and tranquillity, lying broad and full on all the extraneous events that these gentlemen felt an interest in, forming such a contrast to the turmoil and disturbance of our lives, where everything was uprooted and overturned. I confess that I find these works rather tame and flat. Mr. Kingsley's character was fine, but the events of his career commonplace. And I cannot quite sympathize with Mr. Trollope, whose highest aims in life seem to have been to attend a fox hunt or to eat a good dinner in fine company. Both of these aspirations are no doubt natural and certainly harmless, but they are not elevated. His writings are clever and amusing, but if I had to characterize the man I should call him the Apostle of Mediocrity. I am inclined, nevertheless, to envy these Englishmen and to say with a sigh, "Happy people! who have never had occasion to learn the meaning of the words disaster, calamity, defeat."

Yet I myself am not a heroine. During the war I endured no remarkable privations, and met with no extraordinary adventures. I can relate of my own knowledge nothing very romantic or thrilling. I only lived among those who fought and "made history," and was an ardent, enthusiastic Confederate. Perhaps some of my reminiscences may interest a few of the younger generation, who may like to know how we occupied and amused ourselves in those days, and if war was indeed such a dreadful trial as they have been taught to believe.

MARTIAL SCENES IN CHARLESTON.

I was in Charleston all through the autumn and winter of 1860-61, when so much agitation preceded secession. The very air seemed to be charged with electricity by the approaching storm of contest. You could not walk more than a few steps down any thoroughfare without meeting young men wearing conspicuously on their breasts blue cockades or strips of plaited palmetto fastened to their button-holes, which attested that they were "minute men," all ready for duty. Flags fluttered in every direction, and the adjacent islands were

converted into camping-grounds. Companies drilled and paraded daily on every open square in the city, and bands of music nightly serenaded distinguished men, and made the old houses echo back the strains of "Dixie" and the "Marseillaise."

In December South Carolina seceded from the Union, and I shall never forget the evening that the Ordinance of Secession was signed, by the Delegates of each District of the State, at the large Institute Hall, on Meeting street, which was afterwards burnt in the great fire. The scene was one of extraordinary impressiveness, and the enthusiasm and excitement spirit-stirring. There was scarcely standing room in the big hall for the eager crowd of witnesses, and the galleries were packed with ladies. As the Districts were called out in turn by Mr. Jamison, the chairman of the convention, and the delegates one by one went up on the platform and signed the Ordinance, the cheering was vehement, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs in token of approval.

Never was an act performed with more unanimity, and never did one meet with more general and hearty approbation. It has become the fashion *now* to say that none of us wished to secede, and that the State was made to withdraw from the Union by one or two politicians, without the knowledge or consent of the people. This statement is most assuredly an incorrect one, for not a member of the large convention refused his signature to the Ordinance, and no voice was raised that night, save in acclamation. No one living in Charleston, then, can say that he was ignorant of what took place and of the public acquiescence in the deed, unless he was blind and deaf and dumb.

Major Anderson surrendered Fort Sumter to our troops on the 12th of April, and although I had many relatives and dear friends on duty at Fort Moultrie, the Iron Battery and other posts during that historic engagement, I can't relate anything that occurred on the occasion, having been absent at the time. We all know that it was the first fight of the war; that our success was a great triumph, and was hailed with delight all over the country.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE FIELD.

In the following month Kershaw's Regiment, the 2d South Carolina Volunteers, took the field; the Palmetto Guard, which was color company of the regiment, leaving here for Virginia early in May, and the Brooks Guard, of the same

regiment, about ten days later. These were the first Charleston companies which went to Virginia. The 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, under Maxcy Gregg, had already been there some months, but that regiment had gone from Columbia, our men having been occupied around the harbor. The departure of this first contingent of troops for the grand old "Army of Northern Virginia" was a serious and important era in our lives and the history of our cause. My sisters and myself drove up to the railroad depot to see the Brooks Guard off. If I close my eyes the scene comes back to me as distinctly as if they had only left us yesterday. It was 9 o'clock in the evening and the station-yard was brightly lighted up by gas lamps and pine torches. After waiting awhile the command came marching up, escorted by several other companies, and a band cheerily playing "Dixie." A few short speeches were made and responded to, and then the ranks were broken and the pretty uniforms intermingled in the bustle and confusion of getting the baggage stored away and the men on board the train. They were all very gay, but *we* were saddened by the thought that many now leaving home would never return. At last the whistle blew, and my brother ran out to say good-bye to us; one or two words were spoken, then he resumed his place amid that gallant band of heroes, and the slow moving wheels bore them away, whilst we followed with tear dimmed eyes the trail of the fast fading smoke of the engine. Thus began the strain on heart and nerves, which daily grew stronger and deeper, until the bitter end was reached.

HALCYON DAYS.

The first battle of Manassas was fought in July, and a shout of joy and triumph went up from the hearts of the people of the South. It is a delightful sensation to feel that you are joyful, in company with six millions of happy hearts, to know that perfect unison exists between you and all those whom you may meet, at least on one point. These were the halcyon days of the Confederacy.

A little later on, that summer, the 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers was reorganized and once more returned to Virginia, and my youngest brother went with it. He had only recently returned from Europe, where he was educated, having acquired during his five years' residence in Dresden, Leipzig and Paris much of the cul-

tivation and charm of manner which is derived from early advantages abroad. Before joining his command, on its way to Virginia, he paid us a flying visit at Aiken, where we were then staying, to bid us good-bye. It was a last farewell, for he fell the succeeding year in one of those terrible battles around Richmond. I lost four cousins in this regiment also; and if Providence had kindly created me a man, instead of a woman, it was the organization which I would have joined. I love the memory of Shubric Hayne, and the boys who carried its flag to the death, and would rather have been one of those young patriots than have occupied Hayes's or Garfield's seat in the White House.

Individuality became wonderfully merged in those days in general events, and no one who has not experienced the breathless longing for public news and watched the movement of an army can realize how we forget ourselves in thinking of the soldiers. "Man does not live by bread alone" we discovered, for we hungered and thirsted for information in regard to the tide of war more than for any material sustenance. I do not believe there was a woman in the Confederate States, after the hard fighting had begun, who, having to make a choice, would not any day have preferred a newspaper to her dinner.

HOW THE HOURS PASSED AWAY.

As time went on we became very expert in devising substitutes for the comforts we had hitherto been accustomed to have, but which now could not be procured, and we vainly tried to replace them by other things. If the human *substitutes* that were sent to the army were as inferior in quality as the ladies' home-made ones were to the articles they were supposed to represent, I can only hope that there were not many in the service. Some of my friends, for instance, substituted parched corn for coffee, and others tried parched ground-nuts. Many drank sassafras tea, sweetened with sorghum syrup. I decided to imbibe nothing but pure water; cold for breakfast and dinner in winter, and tepid in summer, having no ice.

We made vinegar of persimmons, which was very weak and mawkish stuff, shoe blacking composed of Pride of India berries boiled with water, soot and a little nutton suet, ink of sumac berries. Every old lady had some pet receipt of her own invention for some particular need which she would confide in the most earnest manner, as if she thought your eternal welfare depended

upon your going home instantly and concocting it at once.

I learned to knit stockings and gloves. Some of the young ladies made hats of palmetto and of corn shucks in this way: The palmetto was shredded into very narrow strips, plaited, sewed together in rows, and pressed into shape on a block with a hot iron. These hats were strong and nice enough, but very heavy, whilst those made of corn shucks were really pretty, but very fragile. I remember one, which had been carefully made and tastefully trimmed, which was worn for the first time by its owner with great satisfaction; but, alas! "Pride" has proverbially "gone before a fall." She had not been out half an hour when a shower of rain came up suddenly, and her new hat fell to pieces in a few minutes.

A PICTURE OF PLANTATION LIFE.

Having spent the entire winter of 1862 (up to April 1863) in the country, I can give some account of plantation life at that period. The negroes were perfectly subordinate, and worked as steadily as though no gunboats were at the mouth of the river. Forty hands from one of the neighboring estates went off to the enemy one night, but as a general rule they made no effort to leave, and my father's remained with us until two years after the war ended, and were always perfectly cheerful and respectful. The Yankees tried in every way to inflame the negroes, and to stir up race animosity against us; and judging from their newspapers they seemed to think that a repetition of the insurrection of San Domingo was to be expected, and that we lived in a state of constant apprehension. But such was not the case, by any means. We had confidence in the good will which we knew prevailed between the whites and the blacks, and only a few persons in the Confederacy ever dreaded or anticipated any such catastrophe. During the course of that winter another lady, myself and several little children were often for weeks at a time the only white persons on the plantation, or within three or four miles of our home; yet we felt so little uneasiness that I never locked my bed-room door at night, and the back door of the house was always left unlatched, so that the servants might come in early in the morning to make up the fires without disturbing any one. There were hundreds of negroes on our estate, and on those adjoining, but none of us ever thought of being afraid of them.

SPINNING AND WEAVING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We now had to consider how we were to provide clothing for our laborers, as it begun to be difficult to obtain "English plains," a heavy cloth which they had always worn in cold weather; so we determined to have cloth made on the plantation. Have you any idea, my friend, of the magnitude of this undertaking? I will describe the process. A special house was dedicated to the purpose, and a spinning-wheel procured. Old Mark and Cinda were detailed to card the wool, which had been shorn from our sheep. Sappho and Phoebe, spun, and our cook Rosetta, who was a thrifty soul, was appointed dyer of the yarn. A large iron pot was set up in the yard, and such a mixing and stirring with a long handled paddle, of all sorts of barks and copperas and other ingredients, went on that one might have thought it was a witch's caldron. But the worst part of the operation was yet to come—a hand-loom had to be obtained, and where was it to come from? We were not to be daunted, however, and after making diligent inquiries in all directions we at last heard of one, which belonged to an Indian woman. So we forthwith despatched Lymus, our head carpenter, to inspect it, and in a few weeks' time he constructed a similar one for us; then Keziah, the Indian, was sent for to teach Rhyna how to work it, and oh! triumph, our jeans was woven, and the negroes had strong warm cloth. But it was slow work. A tolerably expert weaver could not make more than three yards a day, and there were ninety-five persons to be provided for. I have often sat with the workers and tried to card and to spin, but it is a difficult art to acquire. The droning sound of the spinning-wheel is rather pleasant, and it is not arduous labor, but the weaving is a most tedious occupation.

The comfort which I missed most was a supply of matches. A match factory was indeed established at Richmond, and these furnished us thence were better than none, only they had a way of going out before the candles could be induced to ignite, so they were a great trial of patience, and we were more apt to trust to a fire coal or a piece of light-wood on ordinary occasions. Oh! blessed pine trees. What a resource you proved to be in our difficulties. The Confederates were all fire worshippers. Wood was the only luxury that we could enjoy without stint or fear of

wasting. Women wrote letters to their absent ones, knitted and read by the light of the cheerful bright flames, and the weary soldier in the army found their camp fires a solace after the fatigues and discomforts of a long march.

Candles were made at home of a poor quality. Sometimes they were composed of tallow and beeswax and sometimes of mutton-suet and wax, and I have even seen green ones made of myrtle-wax berries, but they were all horrid.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF WAR DAYS.

The ladies of the Confederate States did not spend their whole time in devising ways and means, however. Gen. G. T. Beauregard was again in command here during the year 1863, and as he was a great favorite in Charleston, he received many attentions and was handsomely entertained in spite of the "hard times." Balls and parties of all kinds were given, and social intercourse was made particularly pleasant by large numbers of strangers who were stationed in the city or vicinity. A number of very agreeable Creole gentlemen were on Gen. Beauregard's staff and in Legardeur's Battery, on James Island, so that French at that time became as much the language of society as English, for most of the ladies of our community spoke that language, more or less, well.

Expeditions to Fort Sumter were very popular, and any review of the garrison (First Regiment South Carolina Regular Artillery) by either Gen. Beauregard or Gen. Ripley was sure to be attended by many of their lady friends. A steamboat would carry down the general officer, his staff and a crowd of spectators from the city. When the review was over the fine regimental band would play, and while those who liked dancing waltzed in the casemates, others who preferred "al fresco" pleasures walked around the parapet or chatted with their friends upon the big guns. Then a collation would be served in the mess-hall, and afterwards the pleasure seekers would bid adieu to the old fort and the handsome regiment and return gayly to their homes by the light of the moon. The apparent strength of Fort Sumter and the magnificent drill and discipline of the garrison presented a very martial appearance, and gave us great confidence in their powers of resistance in case of an attack upon Charleston by sea. The spirit of the men was high, the cannon were heavy, and the walls looked strong enough to resist the world, to our inexperienced eyes; but alas!

those high and broad ramparts were destined to be knocked to pieces in a few week's time over the heads of their brave defenders.

THE ATTACK ON FORT SUMTER.

On the 7th of April the long expected fleet of ironclads attacked Fort Sumter and was defeated and driven off, badly crippled by the fire of that fort and the batteries around the harbor, as we all know. This was a great victory for old Charleston to win in the teeth of all the skill and money which had been expended on these gunboats to make them destructive and invulnerable, and we were overjoyed by our success. Looking back upon the events of the past, I am really surprised at the calm composure we all showed in view of this anticipated fight, as every Yankee newspaper for months before its arrival had told us that this irresistible ironclad fleet was to "take Charleston." We went about our usual avocations as quietly as though our formidable antagonists were not expected to appear off the bar any morning. Henry Timrod expressed our feelings perfectly in his beautiful lines called "Charleston:"

'Shall the spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscarred brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not in the temple of the Fates,
God has inscribed her doom;
And all untroubled in her faith she waits,
The triumph or the tomb."

After this attack we were left in quiet until the 10th of July, when the fighting for Charleston, which was to continue almost to the close of the war, began again on Morris Island. Our anxiety now grew terrible, as Morris Island was fought for and then evacuated, and Fort Sumter was torn to pieces by the cross-fire which was brought to bear on her from the immense guns the enemy mounted on Morris Island and those of the fleet. We knew that there were 140,000 pounds of powder in the fort, and that the First Regiment Regular Artillery, which was shut up there, had no bomb-proofs or any protection from the rain of shells which fell around them.

AT THE CITY ON THE CONGAREE.

We were sent off to Columbia at this period, being non-combatants. On Sunday no newspapers were published, and dreadful reports circulated wildly about

the streets from our capital. "A reliable gentleman" had invariably "just arrived," with a wonderful budget of inventions, so that we actually became afraid of the approach of this day of unrest until we learnt to be too incredulous to believe anything we heard outside of the churches.

There were votaries devoted to three occupations in Columbia at this time: The "Sewing Society for the Soldiers," which met during the morning hours; "Prayer Meetings every afternoon at the Presbyterian Church," and "Surprise Parties" at night. Oh! the tedium of these last mentioned *entertainments*! I yawn at the bare recollection of them! They were conducted in this way: About fifty girls would meet at some friend's house, where they would be furnished with a piano and a room, but no supper. Ten or twelve cadets from the Arsenal, belonging to the youngest class of the State Military Institute, would join them; and if it was a favorable occasion, a surgeon from the hospital, and a quartermaster, would also appear; or perhaps a couple of recruiting officers, and some young man on furlough. If one of the latter "*rara avis*" happened to be an acquaintance, and talked to you more than five minutes the eyes of the forty-nine girls became so fixed upon you that your only desire could be to get rid of him as soon as possible. As for the little cadets they resembled each other so closely that I never could distinguish one from another, and was obliged to adopt the plan of calling them all by the same name. A rather aggressive youth said to me one evening in an aggrieved tone: "I have been introduced to you three times, and I don't believe you know me yet." "I really don't think I do," I replied, in calm despair. Perhaps if I had been less anxious about Fort Sumter I might have liked dancing with the other girls to bad music, or have concentrated my attention upon the cadets, so as to be able to know them occasionally; but under the circumstances I found surprise-parties a weariness to the spirit, and infinitely preferred the prayer meetings, where the Rev. Dr. Palmer used to offer up the most beautiful prayers that can be imagined.

I wonder if Dr. Palmer remembers a sermon he preached one Sunday, for the edification of the murmurers, who were growing tired of the deprivations and discomforts they had to bear. This was the text, "And the Israelites murmured against the Lord, and said unto Moses, give us of the leeks, and of the flesh-pots of Egypt." Just as we returned home

after listening to this eloquent discourse some very nice butter happened to arrive from my uncle's farm near by, and my aunt to have a little joke on Dr. Palmer at once put some in a jar, and sent it to him with her compliments, saying that she "hoped he would accept this little *flesh-pot*, and regretted that she had no leeks." Dr. Palmer laughed heartily at this commentary on the sermon and replied that he "liked flesh-pots very much, he confessed, but Liberty better." An occasional jest kept us from growing down-hearted with sad thoughts.

REMINISCENCES OF BLOCKADE-RUNNING.

Blockade-running was a subject which interested us deeply, for as the war progressed all the muskets and equipments which were furnished to our troops came to us in this way. One-third of every cargo brought in by John Fraser & Co. belonged to the Confederate Government, which had no ships of its own. When the first Confederate Congress sat at Montgomery it had been strongly urged to send out a large quantity of cotton to Europe, (whilst our ports were all open,) which could be sold and the proceeds of the sale placed in the Bank of England to furnish a fund with which cruisers could be bought to prevent a blockade of Southern harbors, and supplies of clothing and munitions of war procured for our armies. If we must have a war, it was advised, let it be conducted in a vigorous, energetic, aggressive way; but Mr. Davis announced that "it was to be a long war," and the Government adopted the policy of a slow defensive warfare, by which means we were gradually exhausted, and worn away to a state of inanition, dying at last with hardly a death-struggle. The blockade of the port of Charleston became stricter and closer from year to year, until at last it was almost impossible for a vessel to slip through the hostile fleet without being captured. Ships could always run out of the harbor much more easily than they could enter, because they could choose a dark or foggy night and the time of tide which would help them most. Coming in they had to trust to luck very much and just make a rush across the dangerous bar. When the captains kept cool and were wary, they managed to elude pursuit, and I have heard that Capt. Lockwood, who came and went continually, never lost a boat, but some of them got so excited when they were chased that they would keep up their speed, even after they were perfectly safe and protected by the guns of our

forts, and more than one blockade-runner was wrecked upon the Sullivan's Island breakwater or shoals within the harbor after escaping all the perils of the sea.

Late one evening I was in a row boat, with some friends, and a blockade steamer passed close by us, on her way to Nassau. She looked like the veritable phantom-ship of tradition as she glided past. No ghost could have moved more silently, or looked more mysterious; and we all felt a sort of mystical enchantment as we watched her rapid, stealthy progress. She was painted a smoky gray color, and could scarcely be distinguished in the light mist which enveloped her. Not a lamp gleamed aboard; no sound could be heard, except very faint echoes from her revolving wheels, and no smoke seemed to be thrown out by her engine. Everything to ensure a successful trip had been carefully studied and prearranged. She passed like a spirit through the midst of the blockading squadron, and twenty-four hours later dropped anchor in the sparkling tropical waters of her Nassau haven. Three requisites were needful in this dangerous traffic to ensure success; these were, a bold captain, a swift steamer, and a noiseless crew.

THE SHADOW OVER THE SOUTH.

The years rolled by and the war dragged its weary course to a conclusion, while the dark gloom of hopeless effort overshadowed us more and more. Our ports were closed one after another, the people at home lost heart, and the armies, which from the first had been half clothed and fed, were at length in rags, and the men and their horses hardly had enough provisions given them to keep life in their bodies. Yet they fought on gallantly to the end, contending ever against tremendous odds and terrible privations. At last Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was replaced by Gen. Hood in the command of our forces near Atlanta, and the "Army of the West" was marched away into Tennessee, where it was cut to pieces. As the waves of the sea dash madly against a rock-bound coast only to recoil broken and spent, so that valiant army was hurled upon the tremendous fortifications of Franklin, soon to retreat with shattered ranks and grief-stricken souls. Gettysburg and Franklin were the great disasters of the war, the heart-breaks of the South.

Meanwhile, Sherman having no one to oppose him marched his army down to

Savannah, and thence through our devoted State, carrying the torch to subdue the women and children whom they met in their *manly* course of devastation. The track of this noble army could be followed at a distance of twenty miles with the naked eye by the columns of smoke which ascended from every homestead, village and town it passed near. Ashes and charred timbers were the unvarying tokens that these modern Vandals left behind them, while the houseless children shivered in that bitter, inclement January weather. I cannot understand why Sherman should deny that his men burnt Columbia, when there are so many living witnesses of the fact, and hundreds who can testify to their having remorselessly burnt every house and village in his line of march, from the Savannah River to the boundary line of North Carolina. Where the truth is so evident I don't see the object of telling a falsehood.

FLYING FROM THE INVADERS.

When this invading army entered South Carolina, my sisters and myself sought refuge in Eufaula, a little town situated on the Chattahoochee, in south Alabama. At the time that the downfall of Jerusalem was foretold it was said, "Pray ye, that your flight be not in the winter." Ours was just at that season, and the coldest, most rainy winter I ever remember. We reached Augusta in a pouring rain, and found the depot and adjoining street under water, a heavy freshet in the Savannah having partially flooded the city. From Augusta we went on the cars to a place called Maysfield; there we found that Sherman had had the rails torn up for a distance of forty miles. We rested here two days at a friend's house, and then set off to cross this "gap" in a rickety old ambulance drawn by two mules. The remnant of Hood's army was at this time retreating over this road, and the wagon trains and artillery had cut furrows a foot deep in the mud. The sun now shone, but the weather was intensely cold. Even running water was frozen, and great icicles hung from the wheels of several corn mills which we passed near. Every jolt of our crazy, open vehicle seemed almost to dislocate our joints, for the ground was frozen as hard as iron. Our mules walked whenever the road was tolerably smooth, but tore frantically down every hill, whilst the high-perched conveyance rocked and pitched wildly about, threatening to upset at every bound of our un-

ruly steeds. One of my sisters had a little baby a month old, and she was still feeling weak and delicate, which made this journey particularly distressing to us. It is almost a wonder that she survived it. Another had such a severe sore throat that she could scarcely speak. Regiment after regiment passed by us, with their glorious smoke-stained, tattered flags, and after awhile we saw the well-known Palmetto buttons on some of the grey coats. "What command is this?" asked one of us. "Manigault's South Carolina Brigade," and presently Col. Irvine Walker came stepping briskly along, splashed with mud, but looking as soldierly and erect at the head of his men as if they were returning from a holiday parade. Many of the men were barefooted and had their feet tied up with a few pieces of rag. I remember one boy, who did not look more than 15 years old, who was very lame and foot-sore, yet as merry as a lark. "Have you marched all the way from Tennessee?" "Oh, yes." "Were you at the battle of Franklin?" "Yes, my brigade had a showing," replied this youthful hero, with perfect nonchalance, as if a battle was the most ordinary event in the world. "Would you like to have a cake?" "Yes, indeed." And the poor fellow was as much pleased with a few cakes and biscuits as if we had given him a fortune.

After a most fatiguing day's drive we reached the Oconee, which had to be crossed on a pontoon bridge, Sherman having burned the former one. This river was swollen to twice its usual width by the heavy rains, and looked wild and stormy. The pontoon bridge was constructed of flatboats tied loosely together by ropes. These "flats" all swayed about, and those in the middle of the river were carried so far down by the force of the current that the bridge had the shape of a horseshoe. Of course there were no "arms" or ropes to protect the sides, and our mules tried their best to push each other overboard, bracing until our wheels would reach the extreme edge, first on one side and then on the other. They were very much frightened, and had to be urged and coaxed when they had to jump from one flat to another, as these sometimes yawed apart until there was an interval of two feet between them. How the soldiers got their artillery over I cannot imagine.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR.

Having arrived at Milledgeville, we spent the night at a hotel, which had not a pane of glass in the windows and

was horribly dirty, and the next morning drove out to the railroad, about five miles from the town. There a large number of soldiers were camped, cooking, and warming themselves by cheerful fires. We had not been there long when a train came up bringing the last of the "Army of the West." At the door of a box-car stood Gen. Hood, on his crutches, but not a cheer greeted his arrival, and if there was ever a sad and gloomy looking man on earth he was, most assuredly. No one spoke to him, and after a few moments he turned back and sat entirely alone; for there was apparently "none so poor to do him reverence."

At last we reached Eufaula, where we remained until the next summer. It was there that we heard of Lee's surrender. One evening the Episcopal clergyman, who was a kind friend, came in and said, with agitation in his manner: "I have very bad news to tell; Gen. Lee has surrendered his army." He then drew from his pocket a telegraphic dispatch, which had been sent to the mayor of the town, and read the official announcement in a broken voice. The hot tear-drops were our only reply, as we thought of the lives that had been given in vain, and the sorrows that were to overwhelm our unhappy country. "God's will be done," said our good friend solemnly.

No. 4.—Yankees in Madison Parish.

(By Mrs. Emma Stroud, of Havana, Ala.)

In 1862 I was living with my husband and children on Walnut Bayou, about twelve miles from Vicksburg, Miss., and five miles from the Mississippi River. Soon after Grant's arrival in front of Vicksburg he commenced cutting his canal, which was not far from my home. The cannonading from the batteries at Vicksburg jarred the windows of my home, and the morning drums could be distinctly heard. We lived in constant dread, for we hourly expected a visit from some scouting party sent out from their encampment along the canal.

I had carefully hid away all the firearms in our possession, consisting of a shotgun and a brace of fine pistols. My husband was greatly attached to his gun, which he called "Old Betsey," and had

ordered that it be hid where no Yankee could find it.

One evening a crowd of Federal soldiers surrounded the house, and rushing into my room, with pistols in hand, demanded all the firearms on the premises.

"Take all you can find," I said, feeling certain that they would not find any.

The house was thoroughly searched, and they were about to leave when a Yankee, who was prowling around my back yard, calling me, asked where my poultry yard was situated.

"You can hunt for it," I answered, getting a little angry as I thought about my chickens, which he would probably confiscate.

He dashed off to hunt the yard, and after an absence of several minutes returned, not bringing with him the chickens, as I expected, but dear me! "Old Betsey" and the pistols.

"Your ducks and turkeys sit on formidable eggs," he said, with a comical grin on his swarthy face.

I told him that I only wished every Southern turkey, duck, chicken and hen could hatch such "eggs," and that each one could be made useful in killing a Yankee, adding that I was ready to attend such a hennery when it was started.

I had secreted the pistols under a sitting turkey hen, lifting up the straw of the nest, and under it placing the pistols, replacing the eggs and turkey. I enveloped "Old Betsey" in a blanket, and laid her quietly to rest under a long row of ducks' nests. My plan of concealment would have been a success, but for the treachery of my dining room servant, who had watched me, and revealed the hiding place to the Yankees.

After some months of constant visitation by scouts from Grant's army, my husband proposed that we leave our home, take our slaves that were left, and move thirty miles further west, to a plantation owned by us and managed by an overseer. Consenting at once, the move was made, and we found ourselves snugly, and to all appearances safely, ensconced in our new home on Bear Lake, which was ten miles distant from Milliken's Bend on the Mississippi River. We did not think the Yankees would ever find us in that wilderness-looking country.

UNWELCOME VISITORS ON CHRISTMAS EVE

We had been living in our happy seclusion only a few months, when on the Christmas evening of 1862 my daughter

and myself went to visit a neighbor across the bayou. A slave of mine ferried us across in a skiff, and immediately returned home, with instructions to return for us later in the evening. As we were returning home we could not help feeling joyous, for it was one of those beautiful evenings that are peculiar to our Southland. We had no thought of the sorrow and fear awaiting us at home. My husband had remained at home; my only son was in the army. We were surprised to find our skiff awaiting us, but no servant with it, and my youngest daughter understanding the rowing of boats put us safely over. Nearing the house I saw the yard full of Yankees, and as I entered the gate my cook came running down the walk, crying and greatly excited.

"Master has been carried off, God knows where, by some Yankees," she exclaimed breathlessly.

Almost paralyzed with fear, I tottered to the steps of my house, for I feared my husband would be killed. I knew what a staunch Rebel he was, and that he did not hesitate to express himself freely on the subject, and I knew that no torture the Yankees could invent would make him take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

Entering the house I found trunks broken open, drawers pillaged, furniture turned over, in fact, every thing scattered around, while the Yankees hunted for money and jewelry. My pantry was robbed of all my Christmas cakes, my dairy of milk and butter, my smoke-house of all its meat. We had just slaughtered forty fine hogs, and every pound of the meat was taken.

I appealed to an officer in the yard, who was drinking whiskey with my slaves, to protect myself and daughters from the insults of the drunken crowd. He replied with a terrible oath, "that it was not his business in the South," *protecting* women and children.

I turned away in utter misery. No one to call upon for aid, myself and daughters alone, and entirely at the mercy of this uncivilized drunken crowd of two hundred soldiers and nearly a thousand negroes from adjoining plantations who were going along with them. Going to a cavalryman belonging to Captain Montgomery's command, I inquired why my husband had been carried away.

"Oh! he will be back soon; they only want him to take the oath."

I well knew that if his return depended on his taking the oath he would never come back.

THE GALLANT FEDERAL OFFICER.

It was several miles to the nearest neighbor's house, and I was afraid to go so far at night while the road was filled with soldiers. Therefore, clasping my children in my arms I kneeled down in the piazza and prayed, as I had never done before, that God would not forsake me in my trouble. Scarcely had the prayer passed my lips when an officer rode up to the gallery. Bowing politely, he asked if the soldiers were troubling us. It was now nine o'clock at night. Feeling instinctively that the officer was a friend, I excitedly told him of the conduct of his men. Dismounting, he immediately ordered every Yankee out of the house and yard into the road. Then seating himself on the gallery, he remained until the entire command had passed. The division was composed of six thousand infantry, one hundred and fifty cavalry and several batteries of artillery, all under the command of Gen. Burbridge, of Kentucky. They were moving towards Delhi, burning railroad bridges and Confederate cotton, of which there were several thousand bales stored away not far from our home.

Col. Brown, of the 2d Iowa Regiment, was the officer that was so kind to us. He deprecated the manner in which his army treated Southern people, and stated to me that if he had known the South had to be conquered by such cruelties as he had seen inflicted on defenceless old men, women and children, he would never have enlisted for the Union. His whole demeanor indicated his refined sensitive feelings, which were shocked at the lawless plundering propensities of his army, which he was powerless to control. This man was as brave as he was noble, for he was subsequently killed on the Yazoo River while leading his men in an assault upon a fort.

The next evening my husband returned home. The joy felt by all in being together again soon made us forget our harsh treatment. He had been hurried before the officer at Milliken's Bend, who insisted that he take the oath. This he politely refused to do, at the same time declaring his allegiance to the South, for he had sent his son to the army and all his sympathies were with the Confederacy. As the old man warmed up with his subject he informed the officer that "he would die before he would swallow that oath." Although treated with kindness by the commanding officer, he was dismissed and sent home on foot, this officer keeping his

horse, which was a fine spirited animal.

After this adventure we decided to move further west, although my husband disliked so much to abandon his plantation, for he knew his dwelling-houses would be burned in his absence. Late in the spring of 1863 we determined to send the most valuable of our slaves to Texas, believing implicitly that the South would be victorious. The bottom lands of the Mississippi were entirely covered in water, and to move required a number of flat boats and skiffs. These were built and everything made ready for the move on the following morning; still the secret had been kept from the negroes. The night before the contemplated move my husband called up his foreman, Reuben, in whom he had the greatest confidence, and explained matters to him, at the same time asking his assistance in getting the negroes away.

"Dat is right, Mars Alf," Reuben replied, "I will do my best for you."

My husband informed me of his conversation with Reuben, but I could not sleep, as I believed something would go wrong before morning, and I had expressed my belief in Reuben's treachery. I accordingly awaited anxiously in the early morning for the servants to come and kindle fires, commence house-cleaning and breakfast. No one came and my husband called our waiting girl, but no reply.

DESERTED BY THEIR SERVANTS.

"Yes, they are gone, and I knew it," I said.

"You knew the cow ate the grindstone," my husband answered, laughingly, hurrying on his clothes.

Going down along the negro quarters he found them deserted—not a negro was to be seen anywhere. Returning hurriedly to the house he rushed into our room.

"Wife! wife!" he exclaimed, "every negro is gone to the Yankees."

Woman like, I could not resist the temptation of saying a word.

"Who believes *now* that the cow ate the grindstone?"

"Oh! wife, out upon that 'grindstone.' What shall we do?"

The poor man was greatly distressed, as he could not bear for any one to even hint that his slaves would leave him, he being an indulgent, kind master, treating them as children. I threw my arms around him, and told him we could work, and still be so happy, without the negroes—that it was only a question of time, when they would be free, and that the present was a good opportunity to begin to learn to wait upon ourselves.

After Reuben's conversation with my husband the previous evening, the colored traitor had collected all the negroes on the plantation and explained to them "master's move," at the same time advising them to take the boats and make all speed to their "deliverers"—the Yankees. Filling the boats with their household goods, men, women and children, pushed across the inundated fields to Milliken's Bend. I afterwards learned that most of them died of disease while living with their "deliverers." One orphan girl about eight years of age was sleeping in the house. My little daughter, being attached to her, claimed her as her waiting maid and would not allow her to remain in the quarters. The negroes left her in their flight.

After the storm came the calm, and we busied ourselves about some breakfast. My husband cut some wood and started a fire in the stove. My daughter, Miss Tradewell, and her grandmother, Mrs. Traywood, refugees staying with us, and myself, marched in a body to the kitchen, and, by exercising our combined culinary knowledge, prepared a breakfast, but it was not worth bragging about, as we were hungry, and we ate in silence this our first meal prepared without the assistance of any "Aunt Chloe."

THE MIDNIGHT RAID.

Our slaves, after reaching "their friends," the Yankees, informed them that "Old Master" had lots of silver and gold buried under the "big house," and that "Old Miss" had a bushel of silverware hid in the house. So much glorious information aroused their thieving faculties, and visions of "boxes of gold" floated through their brains. Accordingly, armed with guns and pistols, a party of twenty "Union soldiers," accompanied by a crowd of negroes, stole away from their camps at night to attack one old man and his family and make them "disgorge" their gold. It was past midnight and all were sleeping unconscious of any danger when these "brave men" noiselessly surrounded the house, placing guards at every window that no one might escape. Three of them stood at the front door, which they kicked furiously, yelling at us, "Wake up! you confounded Rebels, and open the door! Wake up! or we will kick it down!" Started out of sleep and frightened beyond physical control, I hurriedly threw a wrapper around myself and attempted to light a candle. My hand trembled so violently, however, that I failed to touch

the wick with my match, while the Yankees, kicking and cursing at the door, threatened to burst it open. My little daughter, seizing a match, with a steady hand succeeded in making a light when we opened the door. The Yankees cursed us for keeping them waiting so long in the dark. They then instantly rushed into my bedroom, and with pistols against my husband's forehead demanded his money.

I am now seventy-five years of age; still the scene that night in my bedroom is indelibly photographed in my memory. Mrs. Traywood and her granddaughter, a young lady of eighteen, myself and my children, all dressed in our night garments, and with bare feet, for the Yankees did not give a moment for dressing; my husband, in his night-clothing, seated on the bedside, his gray hairs, his defiant eye, and three powerful "Union soldiers" swearing they would "blow his brains out" unless he handed over his money, complete the picture. Threats, however, failed to make my husband tell anything. Our keys were demanded, and if not instantly given trunks, drawers, wardrobes were broken open, and beds tumbled on the floor, and carpets ripped up, in fact every portion of the house was searched where they thought treasure might be hid. A Yankee stood guard over us while this search was made.

Meantime a crowd of negroes and Yankees were under the house digging for the hidden "gold," and failing in their search the Yankees assembled on the piazza and, after consultation, ordered my husband to be brought out. I knew what they now intended to do if he went alone. They had determined to *hang* him until he did tell. I gave the order to move to the piazza and *all* went, my husband surrounded by five females who were willing and determined to suffer with him.

Reaching the gallery, we seated ourselves together and waited the Yankees' movements. The moon was shining in all her beauty full upon us, and I have often thought our white garments in that moonlight made us such a "phantom party" that the raiders were overawed and conscious-stricken. At length our "spectre brigade" was marched back to my room.

Grandma Traywood, old and feeble, sank into a chair, and her watch fell from its hiding place. I instantly seized it and put it back, but the keen eye of a Yankee saw me and he demanded that the watch be given to him. Grandma Traywood refused. Calling other Yankees to his assistance, three Bluecoats

surrounded grandma, while one of the proposed to search the "old woman."

A NOBLE AND FEARLESS GIRL.

At this moment Miss Lizzie Tradewo sprang to her grandmother's side. Her eyes flashed defiance, while her attitude and gestures plainly showed she was insensible to fear. With withering words of contempt for the wretches before her she dared them to touch grandmother. The appearance of this noble girl, grand in the defence of her aged relative sent a thrill through every heart and awed the ruffians into silence. With bowed heads they walked out of the room. Day was dawning when the raiders left us for their camps.

It is impossible at this day for those who did not suffer such things to understand our true condition. We were a party of five females and one old man, several miles from any neighbors, with out a firearm of any kind on the place completely at the mercy of a band of desperados, who could have murdered us without being punished by their officer.

After this experience we determined to send our daughters to Munroe, fearing another visit, when we might not get so easily. Some friends offered to assist us in moving; but this was impossible as we had cattle in the swamps, and there were no wagons to haul our furniture; so we decided to remain.

My husband left in a few weeks with his cattle for the West, leaving me alone with the little negro girl that I have mentioned; and one morning while busily engaged in my work three burly negroes forced themselves into the house and demanded this little girl. I refused to give her up and they cursed me, and moving away said they would go across the lake for some Yankees, and would return and burn my house. An Irishman, a hermit, lived back in the swamp one and a half miles, and I decided to carry the girl to him. Hand in hand we went through fields covered with weed about six feet high until the hut was reached, when leaving the girl I returned home alone.

As I neared the house I peeped cautiously around, looking for the Yankee. I crept behind the outhouses ever moment expecting to be shot; still I determined to enter my house and boldly walked in. Nothing had been molested in my absence. I remained alone that night, feeling secure in God's protection.

MOVING AGAIN.

Unable to bear the loneliness of my situation I decided to move again, a

though my husband had not returned and there was not a human being or a horse to help me. Taking a large sheet I emptied the contents of several trunks into it until it was so full I could scarcely tie the corners. Taking it on my head and then on one side, then the other, I carried this huge bundle two miles through fields and woods to the house of a neighbor who had taken the oath, and who had not been molested by the Yankees. This neighbor stated that while his oath forbade him assisting Rebels, still he would care for my goods if I would bring them to his house. He loaned me an old horse, which I mounted without a saddle, and returned home, determined now to move in earnest. All day long I went backward and forward, like Crusoe to his ship, and by night I had carried my clothing and feather beds to my Union neighbors. Next day two Yankee deserters came to my Union neighbor, riding some of the poorest mules that could be found in the parish. A gentleman friend learning my condition, kindly procured a wagon and with the deserters' mules hitched to it we loaded what I had brought on my pack-horse the day before, and, seated on the top with my little negro girl, we bade adieu to my home and drove towards Delhi. All of my furniture, which was valuable, was left behind.

Nearing Delhi, I met my husband in the road, returning from the West. I shall never forget how he looked. Stopping his horse by the wagon, he looked up in my face without speaking a word. Great tears were rolling down his furrowed cheeks, and extending his hand, his voice trembling with emotion, he spoke:

"Thank God!" he said, "we are out of the Yankees' clutches." Mounting the wagon we went along telling each other all our troubles. We grew merry after a few miles' ride, for we were now once more breathing freedom. At Delhi we telegraphed to friends in Munroe of our coming, and the cars soon carried us to our daughter's and a warm welcome from friends who awaited us.

For months I had been under continued excitement, which kept me from sinking under my troubles; when this excitement was gone I fell sick, and for months I was kept in my room.

A SCENE OF DESOLATION.

After the surrender we made preparation to return to our home on Walnut Bayou, near Vicksburg. We found destruction from Delhi to Vicksburg. The fine residences had all been

burned, and the owners scattered. Nearly every house on Walnut Bayou had been burned, and there was not a fence rail to be seen.

I cannot describe my emotions when we reached what had once been our home. Tall weeds grew in the yard, and only the fallen brick remained to mark the ruins. Not a home of any kind was to be seen—all had been destroyed. The cavalry horses had broken down my shrubbery, while my shade trees had been split into firewood. It was useless, however, to cry over the destruction, and pitching our tent in the yard we commenced life anew—hoping and trusting in the same God who had so often cared for us. Not a foot of lumber could be had with which to build. But fortunately Grant had left piles of hewn logs, which were intended for bridges, and these my husband collected and soon erected a "log cabin," which was very comfortable.

The farmers of Madison Parish were generally wealthy men, having good homes filled with elegant furniture. Whenever this furniture was left by the fleeing owners it was seized by the Federals. The Mississippi River furnished easy transportation to the Northwest. In my musings I often picture to myself a "sweet Western girl" entertaining her beau with music on a piano which she boastingly says "Papa captured in the war," while her mother dashes around in a damask lined carriage that was once a Rebel's property, and the little children of the brave Union soldier nestle together on a confiscated mahogany bedstead. Some may say, "Oh! those were only camp-followers and bummers who pilaged your private residences." Notwithstanding, the pulpit, the press, public sentiment urged and applauded every indignity that was heaped upon us. Those Union officers who devastated our fields and burned our cities have been rewarded with honors and princely emoluments of office, while others who were gentlemen are forgotten.

A lady, while visiting Minnesota with her husband some few years since, met a man, holding an important office, who boasted of the part he took in burning Delhi and the private residences on Walnut Bayou. His recital of how he made "the Rebels scamper" seemed to afford him intense pleasure. After listening quietly for a time with suppressed indignation to his adventures, she informed him that her home was in Madison Parish, and then giving him her opinion of Yankee raiders in a style that only an "unreconstructed" Rebel woman is capable of doing, left his presence. This

lady was the little girl whose steady hand made a light when the midnight raiders came to my house.

We have years ago forgiven all who wronged us, but do not ask us to forget. For

"The terrible past
Must ever be ours while life shall last;
Ours with its memories—ours with its pain—
Ours with its best blood shed like rain—
Its sacrifices, all made in vain—
Forget? Never!"

No. 5.—How the Arsenal was Taken.

(By Mrs. Eliza B. Stinson, of Mecklenburg County, N. C.)

The town of Fayetteville, North Carolina, although situated amid the piney woods, may be called a picturesque place. It is built on three natural terraces on the Cape Fear River, and the big Clarendon Bridge is the most conspicuous feature in the landscape and the only bridge on the river. Doubtless, the horses, if they could speak, would say the river hill was a very important consideration, as they have to haul all the merchandise brought to Fayetteville up its steep and often muddy though comparatively short ascent, but the inhabitants at large seldom see or think of it. I never saw the river at this point till the day "everybody" went to "see off" the two first companies that were raised in the county to join the Southern army. In my grandfather's day the town was really on the river, and the shabby old dilapidated buildings that still remain were the abode of the élite, but, like the course of empire, it has gradually taken its way westward, and one does not see a single substantial dwelling for half a mile, and not a store is to be seen until the second terrace is reached, nearly a mile from the river. The market is just at the top of this short steep ascent.

The second level extends about half a mile westward where Haymount begins to rise, or "The Hill" as it is called by the town people. The town is intersected by three large creeks, two of which are beautiful, clear and swift running streams, furnishing in ante-bellum days water power for a number of grist mills and three cotton factories. There were besides a carriage manufactory, known

all over the South, besides turpentine stilleries and smaller workshops, which, including two other factories in the vicinity, gave us the notion that Fayetteville was quite a manufacturing town. The corporate limits were at the foot of Haymount, but practically "The Hill" settlement was a part of the town. It was laid off in streets and squares and the residents, my father being one, were almost without exception men doing business in town. Several of our largest dealers and most prominent lawyers lived there, and every morning early numbers of one-horse rockaways might be seen conveying them down the hill to business, and their daughters to school. The handsomest residence surrounded with flowers, immediately to the right as you left behind the town proper, was the home of the late E. J. Hale, editor of the *Observer*. On the hill were the most beautiful flower gardens and some of the handsomest houses; here also was the United States Arsenal.

The old original Arsenal, counted the handsomest collection of buildings the town could boast of, included three fine residences for the officials. The buildings were all painted cream-color, with brown trimming, and were arranged in a hollow rectangle with the citadel in the centre. This was a large oblong three story building with an observatory on each end of the roof. The intervening grounds were laid out with walks and drives and set with grass and evergreens. Large oaks dotted it at intervals. The whole was surrounded by a high wall having a tower at each corner and surmounted by an iron railing. The powder magazines were outside the enclosure, in the rear, at a respectful distance. The Arsenal grounds were one square back from the main street, and fronted at right angles to it toward the east. The ground fell away rapidly to the south and east, giving it a commanding position in the direction of the river, about two miles off. The view from the citadel was very fine. The town lay at its feet and two very large ponds, they might be called lakes, sparkled in the sun to the south. Altogether we thought it a very pretty place. We brought our visiting friends here. 'Twas our central park on a small scale. But to-day there is not one brick upon another, and one of the chief grudges which the people bear Gen. Sherman is for the destruction of their Arsenal.

A TOWN OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

Before the days of railroads, Fayetteville had a large trade from the western part of the State and upper counties of

South Carolina. In my day, however, she had lost all but the turpentine trade of the piney woods country. She had been for many years apparently a finished town. There were no fine public buildings nor elegant houses, no very wealthy people in the place, but there were neat and convenient houses, well-furnished, and a great deal of solid comfort. The parlor of one of our well-to-do citizens might be taken as a fair type of the whole house. The people lived well and were whole-hearted in their hospitality. They cared for the destitute and unfortunate at home. Being fifty miles from the railroad, the place was really a large country village, though ranking third as to population among the towns of the State, and took things slow and easy. Wilmington laughed at her being a year behind the fashions, but she did not mind that, caring little for vain display. The place was originally a Scotch settlement, and first called Campbelton, and the comparatively isolated situation which she had held for so many years, tended to preserve the original characteristics of her fathers almost intact in her people to the breaking out of the war. They preferred plain comfort and the education of their children to that feverish striving after display, often with very slender backing, which is so characteristic of to-day in our fast little railroad towns. They were cautious, economical, industrious, in earnest about everything, and not a little stubborn in their prejudices. They were religious and, considering their means, supported their churches well. Fayetteville was to them the only place in the world really worth living in, and they had a smile of superior pity for the fastness of their neighbors on the railroads who laughed at their old-fashioned notions.

When Secretary Floyd, of Buchanan's Cabinet, moved a quantity of arms and ammunition from Northern arsenals and distributed it among those located at the South, he added to the small quantity of stores in the Fayetteville Arsenal. Then the citizens began to find out for the first time what an arsenal was made for. Previously it had been especially supposed to be mainly useful as a comfortable berth for old Capt. Bradford, who generally held the place of port commander, and kept bachelor's hall in one of the fine houses, having several other old gentlemen as his assistants in taking care of the empty building. We children thought it was a jolly place for fireworks on the Fourth of July. There was a machine shop of some kind run by a thirty-horse power steam engine, but nothing of any great consequence

was done. 'Twas but child's play as compared with the work done afterwards by the Confederate Government. Now, however, all was changed; there was a large quantity of arms and ammunition stored here, and suppose towards Christmas, when the negroes were generally supposed to be taken with annual longings to "rise," the munitions of war should prove a temptation too strong for them to resist? Timid people began to ask each other how Capt. Bradford and his old gentlemen were going to guard them. Men's hearts were failing them for looking for those things that were coming. The scent of war was in the air. The negroes might take the infection. The end of all the talk was that a request was sent from some of our citizens to the secretary, asking that a guard of soldiers be sent to protect the Arsenal. The request was complied with, and the people breathed free for a while.

ARRIVAL OF THE ARTILLERY.

I was a very young miss in my teens, then, but I remember as well as yesterday my impressions on seeing the first real soldiers I had ever beheld, except our post commanders, who always wore citizens' clothes. The morning they arrived we were wending our way down the hill to school, and met them marching up to the Arsenal. There were forty men, including officers. It was a drizzly fall day and they were wrapped in their long overcoats. They were artillerymen, and carried no guns upon their shoulders, and as they walked quietly along without fife or drum I thought they looked very poky and humdrum, not near so martial as our volunteer companies on the glorious Fourth, parading with their gleaming bayonets, gay uniforms and plumed hats, to the music of a band playing "Hail Columbia!" We thought very little more of them at the time, but the day came when they became suddenly invested with a fearful importance in our inexperienced eyes.

The winter wore on, as winters will always, whether men's hearts are heavy or light; the spring came and with it the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, and the proclamation. The character of our people being such as I have described, it is not surprising that like the border people generally they had hitherto hesitated at taking the serious step of separating from the Union, but when

"Abe's proclamation in a twinkle,
Stirred up the blood of Rip Van Winkle,"
they sprang to arms as one man. It

will be remembered how North Carolina then went out of the Union without any ceremony, and companies were raised and equipped, and regiments formed, before the State had time for the formal secession, which took place on the twentieth of May. Fayetteville had two companies, fully equipped, in Raleigh before that day. We had already two holiday volunteer companies, of not more than forty or fifty men each. They proceeded to fill up their ranks, and soon had over a hundred each on their rolls. The women were as anxious to do their part as the men, and there was plenty for them to do. The volunteers were to be fitted out, and there were *miles* of sewing to be done, to get all the needed garments put together. But before we got well started with our needles Governor Ellis sent orders to Gen. Draughan, who commanded the county militia, to call out his men and take possession of the Arsenal, before the authorities at Washington could send in reinforcements. Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro. Monday was the day appointed for the great undertaking. I have forgotten the exact date, but it was about the middle of April. The ladies had been at work fixing up hats for the volunteers. It had been decided that all the superfluous ornaments should be removed from the coats of the old members of the companies, and these garments put on a war footing. They were now to be put to a different use from that for which they were originally made. The fanciful helmets, with their bright colored plumes, were to be exchanged for soft hats. But we thought that soldiers must have a plume in their hats, so it was decided that a black feather would be the correct thing with which to go into real war, and there was a call for contributions of feathers, which came in from the ladies in abundance. It was in the midst of this decoration of hats that the order for our men to take their first march up to the cannon's mouth was given. It was necessary to go to work after service Sunday to get all the hats ready in time for next day's work. Cartridges, too, could be made by the women, and all hands were busy.

All the county militia were put in requisition for the deed of daring, and early next morning in every direction they were coming in. Young and old, rich and poor, flocked to the place of rendezvous. There was a company of "Home Guards" formed for this special occasion, comprising the citizens over age, and every man in town that could shoulder a gun, except the preachers, was under arms. There was our

middle aged physician, who stood at the head of our "faculty," and was generally believed by us to be the first doctor of the age, mounted on a prancing steed, with a feather in his hat, on duty as a staff officer. There was a well known portly old lawyer, pompous but true hearted, marching as private in the ranks by the side of a white haired merchant whose spare form held a heart beating with the resolute blood of the Scots. Bald headed presidents of banks, and grizzled bearded clerks walked side by side, resolved to do or die. Few of these old gentlemen probably had shot a squirrel in thirty years, or taken as long a walk as the distance from the rendezvous up hill to the Arsenal, but they swelled the ranks of the mighty army, and doubtless helped to convince the handful of men who held the stronghold that "resistance was useless."

A MORNING OF GREAT SUSPENSE.

But would there be any resistance on the part of the forty drilled and disciplined soldiers who comprised the garrison? That was a question which filled the hearts of the women with fear, for there was not a house that did not have one or two men in the field that day. Brevet-Major Anderson, the captain of the company, had already resigned his commission, but had not heard from Washington. He was sick in bed moreover, and Lieut. De Lagnal was in command of them. The lieutenant's predilections were not so well known. The orderly sergeant had deserted with the intention of joining one of our companies whenever safe opportunity should arrive and was in hiding, some of our young men could doubtless have told where. The relations previously existing between the garrison and townspeople had not become strained since the preparations for war set in. The officers went and came to the hotels as usual, where they boarded with their wives. Of course it would be folly in a handful of men so far from their base, and in the heart of a hostile country, to resist, as eventually they would be obliged to surrender or die.

But should they consider it their duty to destroy the Arsenal or resist its capture, with their superior discipline and their artillery within the shelter of the walls, they might mow down hundreds of our raw militia before they could be overwhelmed by numbers, the artillery of the attacking force consisting of two old iron guns of small calibre which had been used for many years to fire salutes

on the glorious days of our Republic. My father had died only two months previously, and the brother who had taken his place in the large family was in the ranks with his townsmen. The position of the Arsenal, surrounded with dwellings, with the town close at the foot of the hills, would have necessitated fearful havoc among our houses from the use of artillery. Fayetteville had been burned up twice in the business life of my father, but a common home made fire, though fearful enough in itself, would be rendered a hell with flying shot and hissing shells added to the horrors of the scene. So thought and felt our women on that eventful morning. The men all professed to be confident that the place would be surrendered on demand by such a large force as we proposed to send up the hill. Nevertheless they looked serious, and probably during the four years of the war never was a morning of greater suspense endured than on the eventful day "when the Arsenal was taken."

The mention of that day excites a smile now in Fayetteville. It appears in the light of a burlesque upon war; but our sufferings were none the less real at the time. I have always regretted that we did not turn out to see our band, twelve hundred strong, as they marched up the hill, but at our house the elders thought it advisable that the women should keep quiet at home, and we missed the imposing sight. There is a very deep cut in the road at the steepest part of the long hill, however, and from the top of the bank on either side a good view of the advancing host was had by the Hill people near by, whose terror was overcome by their curiosity. But as we lived more than half a mile further on we saw nothing of it. Doubtless as the Home Guard passed irreverent girls were found to laugh. It is not often in this world that any situation of affairs can be found where school girls will not find something to laugh at. "Dear me! how much fighting can these old men do?" "Do look at old Mr. —. He looks as if a feather would knock him over!" "Lawyer — looks as if he thought himself Napoleon himself; and I'll venture to say he's tired half to death now." "Don't you know some of them are scared?" "Goodness! Lucy, let's go home; suppose they should send a volley of shells right over here?" and so on.

THE CAPTURE OF THE ARSENAL.

But the regiment passed on its way, and arriving at the proper distance, halted and sent in a flag of truce by the

hands of the General's staff, demanding the surrender of the Arsenal to the forces of the State of North Carolina. Lieut. DeLagnal was in command at the time. He observed the proprieties of the occasion with becoming gravity. Gen. Draughan with his staff conducted him under the flag of truce to survey the attacking force, and he was convinced that it was useless for him to contend against such odds. He asked of the captain of one company "how many rounds of ammunition his men had?"

"Three," was the answer.

"Do you consider three rounds sufficient to go into battle with?"

"When that is gone, sir, we'll club our guns."

It was a warm day for the season, and the new soldiers were very thirsty and saw no reason why they should not refresh themselves with a drink of water while waiting to hear whether or no that hour might be their last. But one valiant captain who had worked himself up into the proper frame of mind for the stern realities of war, thought doubtless it was very unsoldierly to be complaining of thirst after so short a walk under an April sun. He sternly informed his men that they did not come there to drink water, but to die. After much parley and what seemed an almost interminable delay on the part of the waiting and anxious women, it was agreed that the Arsenal and all its contents were to be given up to the State troops on condition that the garrison should be allowed to salute their flag before lowering it and should have the liberty of returning to Washington with their baggage in safety. DeLagnal being the only officer available, considered it his duty to stay by them till they were put in charge of the proper authorities. So the Arsenal was taken.

The salute was fired first, the Stars and Stripes were lowered, then our men marched in and raised the State flag and saluted it. The United States troops left the old flag behind when they went away and some of the ladies afterwards converted it into a Confederate flag, when the Stars and Bars had been settled upon. When Col. Childs, with his company of Confederate soldiers, evacuated the place before the march to the sea overwhelmed it, he carried off the old flag, and the final fate of it was to be torn in strips and distributed among his lady friends as mementoes. I have one of them still in my possession.

In the meantime, in our little neighborhood on the very verge of the Hill settlement, half a mile from the Arsenal, and half that distance from the main

road, we were cut off from sight of the hill summit by groves of trees, and could not see the flag, nor hear anything that was going on. We were very quiet at our house and tried to go about our usual employment, but the servants were frightened half out of their wits. With wild eyes the middle-aged cook came in.

"Mistis," she said, with trembling lip: "I hearn them people was gwine ter throw a bum over dat way and one over dis 'er way, befo' dey give up de Ars'nal, and I jis come ter tell you I was gwine down in de holler."

We heard afterwards that the gulleys in the hillside were lined that morning with the frightened negroes.

Our nearest neighbor was a near relation, a maiden lady, one of those persons who always look for the worst. The dear old lady was in a terrible state of mind, and we all felt the responsibility of supporting her in the trying hour, although her own status in the contest was not greater than that of her neighbors all round. We had all been accustomed to hear salutes fired on National festivals by our town's people in a slow and deliberate manner, with an interval of several minutes between shots; but when the United States soldiers fired off their thirty-one guns in rapid succession with scarcely a second between, 'twas an awful sound in our ears. We thought surely it was a broadside mowing down our devoted band. Our excited neighbor seemed to take it for granted that her brother and his son "had rushed into the field and foremost fighting fell" at the first shot, and she began walking up and down her front piazza, wringing her hands, screaming at the top of her voice, "Oh, my poor brother! Oh, my poor John!" She could be heard all over the neighborhood. All the rest of us were as much frightened, but we did not scream.

At length I remembered that the flag could be seen from the house of a neighbor, perhaps three hundred yards off, but out of hearing.

"I'll run over to Mr. W's and see if the flag is up," said I, and away I sped though it was towards the field of battle; and when I put my foot on the high piazza—lo! the bare flag-staff greeted my delighted eyes.

The lady of the house was seated on the piazza apparently calmly sewing, (she was one of the women who helped to bear the burdens of the world,) but I had no time for a visit to our good friend that day.

"I must run right back," I said, "everybody is frightened nearly to death over

our way, and cousin —— is almost crazy."

That was the promptest errand I ever did, and probably among the most acceptable in its results.

THE SLY OLD WARRIORS.

So passed that eventful day, at that time doubtless the most anxious that Fayetteville had seen in that generation. Some simple souls imagined the war was over. One old lady remarked that she had seen *one* war, and hoped never to see another. But the provoking part to us females was to hear, as we discussed the day with our returned braves in the evening, how it had come out that the heads on both sides had had a private consultation beforehand, and the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon and papers signed in a very friendly manner. The parade of the day had been a mere comedy to set things right at Washington, but of course the rank and file were kept in ignorance of this fact till after all was over.

Lieut. James DeLagnal took his men at once to Washington and handed them over to the department. The other two lieutenants belonging to the company had never been to Fayetteville. They sided with the Union, and we heard that this company was among the regular troops who bore the brunt of the first battle of Manassas, and that it was almost annihilated on that field. DeLagnal was offered a commission as captain but declined the honor, and resigning his commission joined the Southern army in Virginia. He behaved with great gallantry at the fatal conflict on Rich Mountain, and was long supposed to have been left among the slain. He dropped out of my record after that, but I believe he survived the war.

I well remember how his eagle eye and soldier-like bearing were admired by our school girls, while Major Robert Anderson commanded much less of our attention. The Major, as he appeared in church with his wife, dressed in a neat business suit, was a stout, comfortable-looking gentleman who would be taken for a substantial merchant or bank officer rather than a soldier. But appearances deceive. The Major was given command of the Fourth North Carolina Regiment, and proved himself in the field not only a soldier, but a man. Accustomed to the discipline of the regular army he was strict with his men; he required every one to do his duty, at the same time he was equally careful to see to their comfort in every way possible, and made sure that they got

their share of everything that was going. When he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general they never had another colonel who took such good care of his men. When he died of lock-jaw from a wound in the foot received at Sharpsburg, the Southern Cause never lost a braver soldier nor one that was more faithful to his duty in every respect.

After the Arsenal was off our minds for a time, we returned to the serious work of finishing the equipment of our men for the terrible work before them, although the most experienced among us scarcely realized how terrible it was to be, nor the privations they would be called upon to endure in the field, or those we would have to bear at home. The school-girls were wild; no use was it to mention books to them; it was their plain duty to sew for the soldiers, and sew they did, though I much fear some of the work might have been criticised by particular persons. There were dress parade suits and fatigue suits to be made, as well as underclothing suitable to camp life—tents, haversacks, canteens to be covered, in fact every part of the outfit except the knapsacks, was made by the voluntary labor of the women. They assembled in bees from house to house, where the most experienced ladies could oversee the difficult parts of the work, such as the making of coats which could not be trusted to novices. And when our two first companies left us, we felt that they were as well provided for as soldiers could expect to be, and us girls were proud to feel that we had done our part as well as school-girls could be expected to.

THE REAL WAR BEGINS.

These companies represented in the main our best educated and well-to-do classes. They were among the first to arrive in Raleigh and were both put into the 1st North Carolina Regiment. It was fortunate for Fayetteville that this regiment was sworn in for six months only, as our companies returned home at the end of that time, and the men were scattered among other regiments mostly as officers. Though the town lost heavily of her sons during the war, the loss was probably less than it would have been if so large a number had remained in a single regiment throughout the war.

But woman's work was by no means done when these two companies had left us. Other companies were formed more slowly, and there was plenty of work to be done. We became plainer in our notions, however, as materials began to be less plenty, and were content to send

the others off without feathers in their hats or parade suits, and requisitions had to be made on our family supplies of blankets and carpets to supply this needful article, as well as to respond to calls made on the part of destitute companies abroad; and many families in moderate circumstances gave blankets they could have used at home without having too many. I never nestled under my blankets of a cold or rainy winter night but my last thought was for our soldiers under the blue star-spangled roof of heaven, or the dark and pitiless rain clouds. All through the terrible struggle the women of Fayetteville were ever ready to respond to any call on their time or labor, or means, (so far as they continued to have any,) ever faithful to the cause which they had at heart with all the earnestness of their Scotch blood.

Although not subject to the horrors of actual battle, many of our people endured privations never before dreamed of. Those called "the poor" got along as well as ever probably, as they did not scruple to ask for help; but the suffering was among those families who were accustomed to every comfort, and were above asking or even receiving assistance from others, and many families of this class found great difficulty in procuring the bare necessities of life. I have known cases in which corn bread formed the sole bill of fare at meals in families accustomed to comfort and even luxury. Imitation coffee often became a luxury out of reach of many unless taken without sugar or cream, especially during the last two years of the war. If a family could afford a slice of meat around for dinner, and home-made molasses at other meals, they considered themselves fortunate, and pitied the poor. The town was never a very good market for fresh meats, butter, &c., but when it became crowded with refugees from down the river and the increase attendant on the many new operatives and officials employed in the new and comparatively extensive works carried on at the Arsenal, these articles became luxuries reserved for those whose wealth still continued available, and they were by no means a large class. New clothes couldn't be thought of by the majority.

What wonderful triumphs of genius were then achieved by the ladies who had been taught good use of their needles, in the "reconstruction" of old dresses, in "making auld claise look as maist as weels' the new." How garrets were ransacked for old discarded garments, that were brought out and surprised by having a fresh lease of life

given them in new characters. What nice bonnets were made of old black silk dress bodies, trimmed with goose feathers, and lined with red or blue satin from the lining of old coat sleeves, hats constructed of old discarded ones of feathers, trimmed with old coat collars and cock's plumes cut off the rooster in the yard. Space fails me to tell of all the shifts that were made—not that we thought so much of our personal appearance as in happier times, but women will always try to "look decent" at least, and young girls will not often be found too sad to refuse to consider the set of a dress or the becomingness of a hat. I wish our women to-day would still remember the lessons of those days, and practice a part, at least, of the enforced plainness of "war times." We should then hear less of mortgages and liens, and the miseries of the credit system. But through all the privations, real or relative, not one of us ever thought of the possibility of giving up. To the bitter end we believed firmly in the justice and final success of the cause, and even after the devastations of Sherman's army we did not lose faith, but thought "some way" would yet be found out of the difficulty, and the surrender of Lee came upon us like a thunder clap.

WOMAN'S FAITH AND HOPE.

One pleasant evening in April, 1865, we heard that a battalion of cavalry was to pass up the road, and "the girls" in our neighborhood hastened out to the main road with flowers and encouraging smiles. We had little else to bestow, for the rations of our people had been cut down so low by Sherman's requisitions upon our smoke-houses and pantries that the bacon had ceased to go round the family. It was harder still to make ends meet—in many families they didn't quite meet. At home we always had enough, though it might be plain, but I can't say as much for all our neighbors. But our hearts were as stout as ever; that the war was over had not come into our heads. As we stood dispensing our flowers or passing a word with a lingering soldier, or having a little chat with an officer, somebody came up and told us that news had come that Lee had surrendered. We refused to believe such a story. "Lee surrendered!" "Lee would never surrender." Women are so unreasonable, they can't see what they don't want to see really.

We begged the soldiers not to give up. It could not be possible that the South was really subdued. We wept and

wrung our hands. "March on to victory or death!" was our cry. In the midst of our excitement we saw a group of horsemen coming down the road towards town. We ran to meet them, hoping for news, and our hearts fell to the lowest place when we saw Gen. Holmes, Col. Peter Mallett and some other officers riding slowly along towards home. What upon earth were these gentlemen doing here! Gen. Holmes had married in Fayetteville and we had all known him from our earliest years.

"Oh, General," we cried, "can it be that Lee has surrendered?"

"Yes," said the old general from a full heart, his voice trembling with emotion.

"Yes, all is over. The South is overcome. Fayetteville has no cause to blame herself. She has done her whole duty, and if all people everywhere had done as well, it might have been different."

As they passed on we returned home. We had no more to talk about that evening. The war had ended as we had never believed possible; all the days of agonizing suspense, our wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, had endured, while their loved ones were hourly exposed to deadly danger, the nights of sleepless anxiety, wishing yet dreading for the morning—all the privations, self-denials, losses, had been in vain. All the precious lives had been sacrificed, and for what? Defeat at last. Desolation met our eyes all around. Want was lurking among us. The earth seemed turned upside down, and chaos seemed to reign.

But not long did Fayetteville lie weeping in the dust. 'Twas not in her nature. She gathered herself up and went to work again. She bought from the United States the millions of brick left in the ruined walls of the Arsenal with which to repair her waste places, and she has struggled on all these years with adverse circumstances. But to-day all is about to be changed. She is to have very soon a railroad completed to connect her with the high-roads of the nation once more. Modern progress has laid its coal of fire upon her back, and before many years old-fashioned Fayetteville will be no more. It will be simply a commonplace, modern, railway town. The young ladies will no longer be behind in the fashions, but daughters of parents in moderate circumstances will be seen fashionably attired in satin bought with the money that should have been spent in new sheets and towels for family use. Elegant parlors will be seen in houses where the doors are left carefully closed on bare bedrooms. The lady who used

to say (I heard her) that she preferred her friends should know her "old last winter's bonnet had been brought out again," will be superseded by the lady who cannot possibly wear a dress two seasons, therefore has no means to exercise the comfortable, if not showy nor lavish, hospitality which was gracefully exercised by the old bonnet and carefully preserved black silk. The old stage coach in which every child of old Fayetteville has doubtless been turned over in the dead of night, (I have enjoyed that privilege) will be forgotten and her people will be mashed up on fast mail trains.

FAYETTEVILLE'S LOSSES BY THE WAR.

I have no means at hand for ascertaining the exact loss of life Fayetteville sustained in her sons by the war. As an illustration it may be interesting to give the statistics of one family. Our family connection, which was large, sent eleven men to the war, five of whom were married and, with one exception, had young families. We had but three men left at home amenable to military duty. These were all men with large families depending on their earnings for a support. None of them made a cent by the war, only managing to get a living through it. It was perhaps a little remarkable that only three out of the whole number of married men in the connection had fathers-in-law living, and one of these didn't count. These three were volunteers. One died of a wound received at Seven Pines, and lies buried in a pretty village churchyard, and his widow sits in the village church with her sweet sad face still shaded by the widow's veil. Her resolute spirit refused to allow her to remain entirely dependent on her aged father with her four little children, and she taught school and sewed day and night in the endeavor to ease the burdens of his declining years. Her children are all grown now and settled in life. She is not old yet, but her eyesight is nearly gone, and in the enforced idleness of many of her hours doubtless the bitterness of that parting with her young and talented husband is often lived over again. When will the end of these things be? Five in all of our boys died a soldier's death. Two of them were the only children of their mother, and she a widow. One of the survivors limps to-day from a wound received in battle.

During the war there was not a *beau* left in Fayetteville, and all the assistants the girls had to depend upon when we had tableaux, concerts, charades,

&c., to raise money for the hospitals, were the few officials at the Arsenal and the hospital and those of our soldiers who happened to be at home convalescent on sick leave. The "bomb-proof" young gentlemen were all strangers in Fayetteville, if my memory does not fail me, except two, and they were among the six months' men, I think, who had contracted ill-health in the Yorktown Peninsula. But these strangers acquitted themselves handsomely of the onerous duties required of them as gallants to a whole town full of bereaved girls. They were very kind and obliging, ever ready to give us the use of their spare time and their talents in all our undertakings, to serve as best men at the rather mournful weddings, to bear our dead to the graves. We would have been badly off without them perhaps, and we wish to give them due thanks.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF THE OLD TOWN.

In these lines I have tried to give some account of what the war was to a somewhat isolated but not inactive community, and one which I feared would otherwise be neglected in this series. What I have said of her women should not be called egotistical as I was too young to take a woman's part in that troublous time. I only write what I remember of my sister townswomen as I saw them. It has been sixteen years since I saw Fayetteville. The last glimpse I caught of it was from the deck of a little river steamer bound for Wilmington. There was the New Bridge and the unattractive river hill, and a party of my young friends who had come to bid me good-bye. As I waved my handkerchief to them there stood by my side one of the boys in grey who had followed Col. Robert Anderson from a western county to the war. He, too, had been a faithful soldier, though he had never been wounded by a bullet. But the more insidious but often not less deadly enemies, in the coarse and often scanty fare, the cold winds and deep snows of the Virginia mountains, the driving rains, the barefoot march over the rough and rocky mountain paths, all these left their marks upon him, and he struggles to-day with a constitution enfeebled by the hardships of his soldier's life.

I realize that not yet have the anxieties and cares occasioned by the war ceased to sadden the hearts and vex the lives of Southern women. And not till the last of us who remember vividly that mighty struggle is laid to rest will the war be thought of simply as a matter of

history, and the bitterness be past. Not till all our disappointed hopes and altered lives, our constitutions battered by the effort to adapt ourselves to a state of society which our education and early training had not fitted us to encounter, not till all are laid under the sod will the bloody shirt be folded away forever and real peace be given to the land. But, though our generation may not realize it, I believe we can see the dawning of a new day, and our children will be better and nobler men and women for all we have gone through, and will be able to understand that the war was *not* in vain.

No. 6.—Just One Family.

(By Caroline Joachimson, of New York City.)

"Children, listen!" said our mother, reading from an open letter and telling us its contents. "Your brother is coming home; he will be here in a few days. I'm glad 'till I'm foolish with joy."

"Oh, it is glorious!" we five girls all cried in one breath, but father looked very grave and thoughtful.

"Wife," he said, "Marion is our only son, and there is war ahead. I wish he would have been persuaded to remain away. He was nicely fixed in Baltimore and could have there practiced dentistry. I'd give all I am worth to keep him in Maryland."

My mother sighed, and quickly sharing his anxiety, exclaimed, "That is true!" but we girls, impulsive and excitable, indignantly scoffed at the idea that there could be two sides to the question.

Cecil, the eldest daughter, was busy making a "minute man's" badge, of a sky blue ribbon with a silver star, and the letters "M. M." on the corner. Lizzie was knitting a stocking, and brown-eyed Katie was shredding palmetto to make up into cockades. A few minutes more and the circle was increased. A young man entered, grand in his magnificence of figure, showing symmetry and repressed strength in every limb, over the general height by several inches and superb in his muscular proportions. He in addition to this possessed a face such as might have belonged to an Apollo and looked a wonderfully perfect specimen of physical health and beauty as he stood radiant with high spirits and life.

"Cecil, here I am!" he said, throwing

at her while speaking a package marked *bou-bons*.

"No *bou-bons* for *me*," answered Cecil, stepping lightly aside to avoid being pelted; "you can't make me good-natured unless you join the Minute Men."

Her tall sweetheart looked at her mischievously, and taking her hand asked how a Citadel Cadet could do that?

"If you were born here in Charleston, as I was, you would find a way," she answered with a pout; "but you people from the upper part of our State are colder."

"Kiss your cousin if you would have him warm," he replied demurely, "and then I'll tell you a secret."

"Best tell me first, or I make no such bargain."

He bowed his curling hair over her smooth braids, and whispered close into the little pink ear. The words seemed electric as she beamed with delight and gave him an impulsive hug, while calling out: "Lizzie! Katie! he has left the Citadel and joined the Minute Men. Isn't it delicious?" and standing on tip-toe she bestowed the promised kiss and fastened the blue badge with its silver star on his breast.

"Make Leo join them too," Lizzie then said with all the gravity of premature girlhood, "or tell him I will never speak to him."

"No! little one, I must let my young brother remain in the Citadel. Who knows but they will get a showing, now that the Secession Ordinance has passed."

"George, are the companies forming?" asked his aunt.

"Rapidly. The Palmetto Guard, a remnant of those who fought in Mexico, are adding to their numbers and I shall shortly join them. Girls, all of you must get ready. I will be back in an hour and take you to see our first gunboat launched—the *Lovely Sue*. Aunt, when will Marion be here?"

"Well, I hardly know myself, George. Your uncle is going to insist upon his remaining away until the end of March at least. I am afraid only his respect and obedience will make him yield so far, for in a letter received to-day he tells us he will be at home in a couple of weeks, and this commanding him to wait till events take a more decided turn will be fearfully trying to my boy."

"Uncle Felix is right. Marion will be in the midst of it soon enough. Come, Cecil, sing for me.

"Oh, if I were a hero and people would fall
Just wherever I wished them to lie,
I would make my Belinda the queen of them
all,
And live by the light of her eye."

"That is *my* song! only my voice is lacking," and readily enough he joined in a hearty laugh at the unmusical sounds his voice had produced; but just then the drum drew them all to the streets to learn from the bulletin board what new excitement was thus heralded.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT SUMTER.

Days and weeks passed away and a sigh comes through the forest, soft and warm, for April is here and the five girls—two of whom are young enough to rank as babies and bear no active part in this sketch—are gathered under the roof of their country mansion, on a plantation bearing the Indian name of Tipsieboa. The family is seated at table where dinner is served, when suddenly the booming roar of cannon is heard. The sound is borne distinctly to their ears over the water, for the plantation borders the Ashley River, and is but sixteen miles from Charleston. Almost instantly the table and the house was deserted, and each and all rushed down to the water's edge, watching the cloud of smoke and listening and gazing intently; as if eye and ear could pierce the distance and witness the conflict.

"What is it?" asks Cecil in a thrilling whisper.

"Our troops are recapturing Fort Sumter and driving Anderson to surrender," her father answered, rightly guessing at the truth, then shouting aloud, "Lisbon, saddle the sorrel mare at once and come to me."

In a few moments a messenger was sent to the city for news.

Ah! the wild excitement of that Friday. Not the smallest child of them all ever forgot the 12th of April. Who would win? Who would be hurt or wounded? Watching and waiting is harder to bear than even certain grief, and when on the next day Marion arrived, as well as the black courier, who had gone to Charleston for news, the tidings of the victory almost seemed to unnerve them with its sudden joy. Marion had only reached Charleston in time to see from the Battery the attack on Fort Sumter, and he nearly made the girls wild with enthusiasm by the details of how Gen. Ripley, with one well-directed shot, knocked two guns from the parapet. With a powerful glass Marion had seen a burning shell thrown from Castle Pinckney that set the beleaguered fort in a flame, and finally he rehearsed with exultation the ardor of our men when Virginia's venerable patriot, Ruffin, fired the guns of Moultrie, and told of

their cheers and shouts when Anderson gave up. He pictured to them Wigfall waving above his head the Palmetto flag and going to receive the surrender of the coveted stronghold, and in excitement the girls clapped their hands and shouted, "Bless the fort, for it is ours forever!" and nothing but joy prevailed till Marion spoke again.

"I was too late for that fight," he said; "but I have sent in my letter for admittance to the Lafayette Artillery. I wish to lose no more time now that I am here."

For a moment our mother turned pale; then she said: "My son, I cannot keep you back."

"And I," added his father, "I, who believe that we shall be forced to return to the Union, I still say, fight for your State, from the moment you enter her borders."

"Thank you, father; you and mother get me ready to begin the good work tomorrow; no harm will come to me, so don't fret. I shall come through all right."

With a tear and a smile, the mother kissed her dark-eyed boy, who, always full of hope and sunny of temper, had never failed to look on the bright side of every thing. The girls made him up a soldier's wardrobe and filled his needle book as if for a woman's use; then they crocheted him a cap of gray chinchilla worsted with a crimson border for his comfort in camp, and before many days he was one of those attacking the enemy.

Weeks and months of patient work these girls went on with, shirts, drawers, socks and men's outside garments, all were fashioned by these little fingers, that previously only embroidered, or played at sewing. One by one they gave up their expensive ornaments, their jewelry, their silk dresses—nothing was held back or bestowed grudgingly—and proud of doing all they could, the produce of the plantation was devoted to feeding the soldiers, though it might have bought them from the blockade running merchant ships the makings of beautiful garments. Many a heavy dress of common homespun plaid, spun and woven within the seceding States, they wore from choice, not only at home in the private family circle, but on grand occasions, on *fête* days, and at evening parties; for parties and balls were constantly given, sometimes on the very eve of battles.

DANCING ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

The privates of the beloved army were as dear to the female hearts as the most gaudily decorated officer, and each and

all wished to dance, and to make love, and even flirt, never once being appalled by the fear of quick coming danger. The three eldest girls were sometimes in their plantation home, manufacturing by turns needed garments for the soldiers, or mixing superb Magnolia punch to drink with a Virginia regiment quartered on their native soil; waltzing with these heroes at night, and perhaps nursing them when wounded to-morrow; writing for the poor mangled sufferers to their absent ones, and soothing their pain by every art and care; whispering to the convalescent with innocent girlish gaiety, "Hurry and get well. Mr. Bull is going to give your regiment a splendid *fête champêtre* at Accabee. Oh! we shall have a grand time of it if I can just heal up these hurts quickly enough."

And a "grand time of it" they had. What a beautiful sight it was—the men in gay uniforms, the girls of various sizes and ages, but all alike in their simple style of attire, cotton cloth of thick or thin texture, spun, dyed and manufactured in the South, made up so as to accurately fit the full statuesque lines of their superb figures. Every dress fabric must look well on women so perfectly formed, and they were artistically fashioned, so as to leave the tiny feet visible, and free to dance with French vivacity, while yet in the promenade or ordinary walk an almost Spanish languor was preserved by the stately motion with which these fair "rebels" advance.

For ornaments the girls wore jewelry of their own making. Cecil had a simple dark chain on her white throat and bracelet to match, cut out by her own industry from water melon seeds, linked one within the other, and then varnished and dried. Lizzie had her handicraft displayed in palmetto earrings, pin and bracelets, cut into lacelike fibres and so prepared and cured as to be cream-tinted and very becoming to her dark complexion. The rosy fairness of Katie was set off by gleaming pearl-like flowers, formed of bleached and polished fish scales with which she had made a fairy-like necklace and a spray for her long, curling hair.

The grounds were prepared for dancing by bunting stretched over the grass, and the martial music belonging to the military for the time being played only the "Kiss Waltz" and "Les Lanciers." Most of the men wore the kind of hat then in fashion, namely, the "Beauregard cap," and the girls all had flats of the Watteau style, bent into a deep curve back and front and wreathed around with natural roses, which they renewed, whenever so

desired, from the treasures of the beautiful gardens through which they wandered at will.

Such roses they were! five different colors, or rather shades of color, growing on one stem—for the "Russell cottage" was in full bloom, and became at once the favorite garniture. Every stem possessed a wine or claret-colored rose, a pale pink, a bright red, a deep buff, and a pure white, with their lovely heads touching each other, and making the green leaves vanish and become altogether invisible. A wreath formed of such clusters surpassed the most superb French millinery, and the abundance of these floral gems gave a feature of romance to the unpretending dresses of the young girls present.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

Far off, under the shadow of giant oaks, we watch Cecil wandering with a young officer. Suddenly a large rabbit crosses their path and Lieut. Alexander asks: "Is that a mule-hare?"

"A what?" says Cecil laughing.

He repeats the question, and she mimics thus: "A mule h-a-rr! does harr signify rabbit?"

"Why surely, that *is* a hare," he answers, spelling the word and laughing, too.

"I never should have guessed it," she says mischievously, and with a grave and thoughtful shake of the head, adds: "You Virginians are so high flown in your language; if you wish me to mount the stairs you say, 'mount the *stars*,' and I am not able to get up so high, even if I turn into 'a witch upon a broom!'"

Leaving this bantering couple we come across Lizzie strolling along with the tall form of high-private Otho West in proximity.

"What a glorious fight the Palmetto Guard have made within Fort Sumter," he says.

"I quite envied them their chance; did you have any near relatives in that company?"

"Oh! yes, several, and after the affair our Cecil wrote an acrostic on the name of Palmetto Guard in Fort Sumter. It was published in the *Charleston Courier*, and Capt. Cutlibert, of that company, sent Cecil a beautiful letter with complimentary resolutions passed by his men concerning her, and also a laurel wreath. She considers both as badges of honor, but says her acrostic was not good enough to deserve them."

"I would like so much to read it. Have you a copy?"

"No! not here at least; but there is a poem about Fort Sumter she dedicated to Lieut.-Col. Stephen Elliott that has come out only a few days ago in the *Courier*, and I think Katie cut that one out of the paper and carries it about her. I will make her show it to you."

"Let's find her, then. I saw Capt. White's head between those magnolia trees yonder, and I'll warrant he is with Miss Katie."

Then ensued a chase after the roving couple, and soon they came upon them seated beneath a magnificent magnolia grandiflora, inhaling its powerful perfume, which in the open air is deliciously intoxicating, and with a downward glance from her almond shaped hazel eyes Katie toyed with one of its great creamy white flowers, and wantonly defaced its petals by writing with a pin held between her slim fingers the name of her present admirer.

"Very pretty and pastoral, upon my word!" exclaimed Otho West, "but we must break up this idyl. Miss Katie, please let me read that poem of your sister's. I have an idea that Miss Cecil has some special hero in the Palmetto Guard, and I want to judge by her verses."

"Which? the poem on Fort Sumter?" asks Katie to gain time, while she slyly pockets the defaced magnolia leaf. "Well, here it is, but we cannot delay our return home much longer, so let me read it to you. I wonder how you knew sister wrote it, for it is only signed 'C?'"

"The birds of the air told on her. I am listening, so please begin."

A clear young voice then read, with some pathos, as follows:

FORT SUMTER.

Gaily the sun gleams out on the ocean,
Brightly the billows leap up in the light,
Softly the winds with the fondest emotion,
Dance o'er the waters and dazzle the sight.
Fair in their midst with its unretted splendor
Rises the Fort—like a bulwark of pride!
Kissed by the waves, that have met to defend her,
(Sentinels guarding that great ocean bride.)
Afair in that city of mirth, and of pleasure,
In that beautiful city, more precious than pearl,
Hear a young human heart, as it pleads for its treasure,
In accents of joy, hear the voice of a girl.
"Oh God! in the walls of the Fort, thou hast placed him,
Though the war rages on, he will there be secure,
For the strength of that work, like a shield
Has encased him,
And thy mercy forever I humbly adore!"

Dark are the heavens, and, foamingly white,
Madly the billows are dashed on the shore,
Loud howling the gale, shrieks forth to the night,

And mingles its voice with artillery's roar.
Mark how each missive destruction will bring,

(Bearing down on that Fortress—proud bride of the sea!)

Like the angel of death, with its wide sweeping wing,

Wreaking vengeance, on those who have dared to be free!

Afar in that city of grief and despair

In that beautiful city more precious than life.

Hear the cry of a heart, as it trembles with fear

In accents of grief—hear the voice of a wife:

"Oh, Father! I pray Thee, Thou wilt not reject

The prayer that I offer for him whom I love;
Now shield Thou the Fortress he tries to protect,

And help human weakness by aid from above."

Misty and gray is the face of the sky,

Low mutters the wind with an obstinate sound;

Calmly, but darkly, the billows all lie,

As stern as the Fort that their waters have bound.

Grandly she stands 'midst the enemy's ire,
Stripped are her ornaments from every part;

Though in her ruins they bathe her with fire,
Kindle the surface, yet reach not her heart!

Afar, in that city of resolute will,
In that beautiful city most precious on earth,

Hear the words cry aloud, from the soul that they fill,

In prayer for a son and the land of his birth:

"Father, protect him and teach him to live
To guard the fair Fortress so gallant and brave;

Or, if it is needful, then nerve him to give
His life for the bride of the salt ocean wave."

"Hurrah for Miss Cecil! she will be a real poetess a few years from now, if future time does as much to develop her tastes in that direction as the present seems to have fostered, or called into life. But I am no wiser than before; those verses tell me nothing of her secret if there be one; perhaps she will whisper it confidentially to me on our way back, for the boat has come up to the landing, ladies, and we must say adieu to Accabee."

"Yes," answered Lizzie, and to-morrow we girls go down to our Charleston house. My brother is now at Green Pond with the South Carolina Rangers, and we want to get an India rubber blanket to him, for it is unhealthy along the Savannah Railroad, and at night he has to lie on the wet swampy ground, where the water forms a pool under the spot his body presses. He has no comforts at all, but the hard fighting makes him contented." Thus chatting they made their way to the river banks

and soon were rowing swiftly over the Ashley, the men making for camp and the girls for home.

A MISSION OF LOVE.

Meanwhile George had been wounded in the very first battle of Virginia, and was granted a furlough and sent to his parents in the town of Sumter, S.C., where, as soon as the limb began to heal, he grew impatient of restraint and resumed active service on James Island, in Charleston harbor. Cecil amused him by her lively letters, and when food grew scarce with them she wrote: "My brother when he was in the same predicament had to devour a baked cat. He said it was very nice, only a little acid. Now, you should not be more dainty. Cure yourself of prejudices and taste fiddler pie. The whole beach will supply you with these little shell fish, which doubtless are fine, if people would but try them. I will give you a receipt how to make it, and you must let me know the result. Soon after she had an indignant reply, telling her that the dish was too horrible even to be digested by an ostrich.

George then went on to say in his letter that he had helped raise a company in the county of Sumter and its neighborhood, in which he was first lieutenant, and that he would meet her in Charleston the next week, as they had been ordered to the West. All of his cousins were by this time in the city, and the prospect of seeing him delighted them.

The girls had been endeavoring to send a bundle to Green Pond for Marion's use, but it took time and skill to procure and make up the needful articles. At last, however, all was ready, and after diligent inquiry they heard that if they went themselves to the depot and saw the freight agent on the Savannah Railroad he might be persuaded to undertake the delivery of their package. It was a fearfully hot day and the hour just noon. The causeway leading to the depot was two miles in length and covered with fine crushed and rolled oyster shells—a dazzling white surface that caught every ray of light. There were no trees or shade of any kind to soften the midsummer glare, but the three girls, with their feet almost blistering in their thin Southern slippers, made of the softest kid, with soles no thicker than paper, toiled on, their eyes nearly blinded. They never paused an instant, only thinking of their dear Marion, who had greater hardships to bear, and yet who was always ready and willing to do

his part. At last they heard the train approaching, and holding each other by the hands, panting and rushing on, they strained every nerve to increase their speed. When within but one yard of their goal they saw the cars leave the depot behind and pass on! Without daring to look at each other, like three little children they burst into tears, and so they were found a few moments after by one of the railroad office clerks. He tried to console them, and said: "Come again to-morrow; start a half hour earlier, and if you get here too soon you can wait under shelter." Too tired to smile, too weary and sun-baked to look bright, the low, soft voices thanked him for his kind thought, and with slow, dragging steps they retraced their way. But when rested and quietly seated in their own city house, they cheered up at the prospect of sending the package on next day, and went to bed that night, rejoicing that only a few hours more had to intervene before to-morrow became to-day.

When morrow dawned, however, hope departed, for the wind was high and heavy black clouds hid the blue sky, while thunder every now and then shook the walls like the heaviest roll of artillery. What was to be done? Their horses and carriages were left at the plantation to follow them down next week; street cars were then unknown—a thing of the distant future; not even was their parents' advice available, for the girls had been sent ahead of them, with their old nurse and cook, who had been in the family previous to their birth, and a butler and maid, all of whom had once belonged to their grandparents. These servants would serve them willingly, but where sense and management were needed it was useless to ask their assistance, so after putting on shawls and overshoes of rubber the girls made an early start for the Savannah depot. No one knew then of that Northern, convenient protection for women, the gossamer rubber coats, nor even had the thicker water-proof cloth reached the South for ladies' use, but slenderly covered as they were, no thought of giving up the attempt was harbored. At first they talked and jested while the rain steadily poured down on them, but after a while this became impossible; the fierce wind turned their umbrellas inside out, and finally wrenched them away, and they found themselves driven before the gale like autumn leaves, dripping wet, saturated through at every point, and gasping for breath, while vivid flashes of lightning circled in fiery serpents over and around

them, everywhere the vibration of heavy thunder, and only the three girlish forms visible on that lonely causeway. Never once did the little hands loosen their hold on the soldier's package, and never once did their courage ebb or their steps turn back. Onward in water, in wind, in storm, till at last they reached the station, covered with mud and trembling with wet and fatigue. But the bundle was sent and carried for them: who could refuse such petitioners?

A VISIT TO THE BEE SALE.

"Girls," said their father one day, "tell your mother to come, and all of you put on your hats; a blockade-runner came in last night, and I am going to take you to the Bee sale, and find you some pretty shoes and dresses, if it is possible."

"Oh! father, thank you! that will be such fun," said Katie.

"People tell me the boots from Nassau are fit for a queen," added Lizzie.

"We shall be ready in precisely two minutes," called Cecil, running off to tell mother.

Twenty-two minutes she should have said, for it took some little while to find Mrs. Cunningham, who had been visiting the wounded in the hospitals, and was just a little bit unwilling to stir about afresh. Besides, she had been engaged since her return home in showing her two youngest children how to scrape and pack up lint. Nevertheless they persuaded her to come, and finally an eager group started out to the sale.

I wish you could have seen the building, crammed with animated faces from end to end, men holding up half-grown girls on their shoulders so the younger members of their household should not be crushed, women wedged against each other and trying to peep over the sea of heads by standing on chairs or any available article that raised their height, and behind all an array of negroes, who took as keen an interest in the sales as any one, and whenever their masters made a purchase such rows of ivory teeth as their broad grins would bring to view would have made a dentist's fortune. What would such an establishment as A. T. Stewart's have thought of the merchandise thus offered, not displayed in tempting showcases, not held up into the artistic drapery of cunning folds, but piled, one over the other, on rough tables, anything and everything, from a household or kitchen utensil to a lady's robe, all tumbled together pell-mell, and all contended for with the same eagerness, all trea-

sured as triumphantly as though fit for an empress. In a half hour the tables were cleared, and the negroes, laden with bundles, were as proud as peacocks as they carried off the purchases of their owners.

Mr. Cunningham had actually succeeded in getting boots of French make for his five girls, boots with high heels and pointed toes with the lower portion of bronze morocco and the upper of dull black kid, so that they looked when on as if the foot was encased in a black stocking and a bronze morocco slipper. Lizzie, whose feet rivalled Cinderella's, was wild with joy over her's, but the glory of these boots seemed as nothing to Cecil and Katie when compared with the dresses. You may think perhaps these were silks, or velvets, or at least broadcloth? No, indeed, something less costly. Well, then, fine merino or cashmere? or sheer India organdie muslins? Wrong! They were simply Scotch gingham, small plaided gingham only, some pieces of green and white, others lilac and cream and the last blue and dove, while mother had a gray of two shades. Yet these people were the owners of rich rice and cotton lands, with hundreds of slaves, and accustomed in times of peace to dress handsomely and travel some months out of every year for their own pleasure, spending in board at the large Northern hotels more in a day than their simple materials for five dresses now cost. But they willingly sacrificed luxuries for the simplest comforts in those dark days when the South needed all her children could contribute.

DARK AND DREADFUL DAYS.

In the winter of 1864 Marion again exchanged into another company, and this time he joined Hart's Battery of Flying Artillery, so as always to be sent to the front. In nearly every battle of importance fought on Virginia's soil Hart's Battery was given a conspicuous place, and yet, so far, Marion was safe and sound. Often his sisters forwarded to him letters smuggled through by one means or another, and written by a young girl in Baltimore, to whom he had pledged his faith, promising to return and marry her, and never did he doubt for a moment that such an end would be consummated.

Mr. Cunningham's family divided their time as heretofore, passing some months on his plantation, and others in their Charleston house, notwithstanding that their beloved city was undergoing a siege. All the ele-

ments seemed combined to crush Charleston. The fire of two years precious had swept away her most beautiful and costly portions, and since the throwing of shell into the city had begun the destruction of property and of human life itself ceased almost to raise a remark. Only a few companies of Confederates were now within its limits or stationed around it, for Charleston would never surrender till the last hope was over. But active warfare was for her now out of the question. Women, children and old men only peopled the city, yet these still maintained a sullen and obstinate, if passive resistance, allowing themselves to be burnt alive with fiery combustible fluids thrown in hollow shells from the blockading fleet, and permitting themselves to serve as an eternal target for a red-hot iron rain.

Letters came but seldom, even from our own troops, so cut off was our city from all aid and comfort, yet now and then they were joyfully welcomed, and bright, hopeful news reached Cecil from George, telling her he did not give up yet. "We are bound to win," his letter said. He spoke, too, of himself joyfully and looked forward to his return. He told her he had taken away with him a small porcelain picture of her, which he obtained by having, unknown to her, a copy made from an old daguerreotype. This, he said, should be his safeguard, and serve as a talisman to bring him back.

The months went on and good news came seldom, while death and defeat appeared to be waiting on our doomed cause. Even the youngest children began to have an anxious look, and the year of 1865 seemed to bring only misfortunes to the whole South. The city of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was terribly injured by a freshet which overflowed the rivers, and scarcely had it recovered from this when it was whispered that Sherman's march towards it would be outlined by fire. Very shortly these forebodings were verified, for he set the beautiful Garden City in a blaze, ruthlessly burning and pillaging wherever he found no troops to oppose him. Tales of outrages became the topic of the hour and carried terror to the hearts of the women and their old fathers, who on the various plantations some miles from Charleston were away from all protection and surrounded only by their slaves. The slaves would soon be set free, and it was feared that they would be urged on by their liberators with precept and example to commit every outrage that lawlessness could practice.

In the face of such a prospect,

Mr. Cunningham, who at this time was located in Tippisaboa, became very anxious to remove once again into the beleaguered city, but unfortunately he had been prostrated with a severe attack of fever, and still remained so ill as to be unable to leave his bed. Nevertheless, each day the foe drew nearer, and fresh tales of rapine and violence at last determined him that he must of two evils choose the least. Therefore, though sickness kept him where he was, he resolved to send his wife and children to Charleston. But his devoted wife, for once, refused him obedience, and said wherever he was there would she remain and keep her two little ones with her; but the three elder girls must go in their city house alone till their father was able to leave his bed and join them. For though the city would, doubtless, soon be taken possession of by the enemy, and for three lonely young girls to be found there, without father or mother, was almost sure to draw on them vile insults, yet the isolation of the plantation was even more dangerous, and Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham hoped to meet their daughters in Charleston before the enemy should enter it. What a sad parting it was! the mother kissing her children and praying no harm might come to them; the father suffering intensely in body with his young daughters weeping to so leave him, while he thought but of them.

"My darling," he said, "recollect you are not to get frightened. Remember, Cecil, that you and Katie are well practiced in pistol shooting. I look to you to use your Colt's revolver if it be needed, for you are both good shots and need not be afraid. Lizzie, my dear child, don't cry so; we will all be together in a few days, please God!"

"Yes, and brother, too, for he writes that the war is virtually over; that Lee's surrender of the army will shortly take place, and he will soon be home again and with us. Is it not sad that such a home-coming seems almost joyless?"

"Don't call it so, Lizzie," her mother answered quickly. "Don't! Even though our cause is lost I must be glad that my boy is safe, and I do thank Heaven to get him back again."

The two little children were kissed by their sisters, and then after a thousand "good-byes" spoken to father and mother, they were in the carriage and driving to the city. In two hours and a half they were in their Charleston house, but feeling very strange and lonely without the protection and presence of their parents.

GIRLS RUNNING A GAUNTLET OF FIRE.

Soon after their arrival in Charleston "the beginning of the end" was seen.

"The very last of our companies are ordered to leave here Katie," Cecil said one day, "and take to the swamps, so as to avoid encountering Sherman. How God-forsaken we shall feel after they are gone! The order came for them to leave so suddenly that no rations but of the very poorest description can be supplied. Suppose we go together down to the Battery and carry cooked provisions for as many of them as we know? If all the women do this at once none need depart half provided."

"All right, Cecil, I will immediately pack a basket, while you go up stairs and tell Lizzie. She is not fit to join us, for we must pass all down the burnt district, where nothing shields us from the shells of the blockading fleet, and Lizzie is not at all well, and much too nervous to pass over such a pathway."

"Yes, but it is almost as bad to leave her here alone; nevertheless, we must be off at once and reach the Bathing-house where the company is to meet as quickly as we can. If not we will be returning when it is so dark that Lizzie will get anxious about our safety. Take whatever there is, Katie, but don't make the basket too heavy for us to carry between us."

Cecil told Lizzie the state of affairs. The poor child was suffering from a bad attack of acute rheumatism in her ankle, and unable to make one of the party. She cautioned them to be careful.

"Listen for the hissing of the shells and balls," she said. "Don't forget it and don't talk to each other, or you will not notice the sound enough to guess where they will fall and burst, and you have to do that carefully so as to dodge them and get out of their line when they come to the ground. You are going over the most dangerous part of the city, so be watchful and get back as quickly as you can."

Not for a moment did she try or even desire to persuade them to give up their mission. Cecil only stayed to remind her that the distance was almost the whole length of Charleston, and therefore she must not expect them back too early or she would become unnecessarily anxious at the delay. Then, with a quick embrace and a parting kiss the girls each did their part. Two went to carry succor, bearing between them the basket with food, and the other waited with longing heart for their safe return, and by far the greater trial appeared to

them the lot of the one who must watch and wait.

Mr. Cunningham's dwelling was situated just three houses above Bee street in Ashley street. The Arsenal was at the corner of Ashley and Bee, whereas the Charleston Battery, or "White Point Garden" as it used to be called in antebellum days, was at the other extreme end of the city. The distance was so great that Cecil and Katie were often exhausted by the weight of the basket, and it was nearly dark before they reached their destination. Many warm-hearted women who lived nearer had reached there already and made haste to retrace their steps over the unprotected region of the burnt district, so that our two young girls were now alone with the soldiers, and the officers and men questioned them as to reaching home unharmed.

"Oh! we did not have any chance to get hurt," said Cecil. "While coming here the intervals for firing seemed very far apart, I should judge about twenty-five minutes at least, and the balls and shells invariably burst on houses and lots most distant from us and gave us neither alarm nor trouble."

"That could not have been the case in the burnt district," said private Edmund Baker, looking very pathetically at Katie.

"No," said that brown eyed maid, "but we walked rapidly through that region and not one shot or shell was fired until we had crossed it. We are going right back now, and hope to be equally lucky. But tell me before we say good-bye, is it true that this company is to make its way through swamps to avoid Sherman and finally join our troops in North Carolina? and is it true that to-morrow the Yankees will enter Charleston? It is reported that orders have come to give up the forts and the city to-morrow."

"I am not positive about the last, but I fear it is true, and concerning our marching orders there exists no doubt. You have heard the actual facts."

"Oh!" cried both girls together, "would to heaven we were going with you." Then they added: "What a misery it will be to see our dear streets filled with enemies and we alone in the midst of them."

FLYING FROM A BURSTING SHELL.

Sadly enough were their farewells spoken, and with dragging steps and sorrowful faces they turned to retrace their way. They almost ceased to think of the departing company, for they

talked only of how it was possible to bring their father and mother under the same roof.

"Perhaps they may be with us to-morrow," Cecil said at last, hopefully. "For the past day or two we have had no letter, and no news is invariably good news, therefore I conclude that they are busy getting ready to move here. Probably father is better and we shall see them in the morning or by to-morrow night."

"Cecil, you have such a hopeful spirit. But you forget that by night the city will be put under military rule and they may refuse to let any more Confederates enter. What are we to do *then*?"

"Wait and see! don't anticipate misfortunes, 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof'—a musty proverb, but"—very applicable in *their* case, for the blockading fleet had made the intervals of firing much shorter, and now every five minutes they were startled by these fiery intruders.

Nearer and nearer the girls drew to the burnt district where the iron rain was most unavoidable, and on entering it they walked in the gathering darkness swiftly and almost silently.

"Katie," asked Cecil, "if a shell should fall just near by what would you do?"

"Run and get out of its way, and shriek, too," answered Katie promptly.

"So would I run, but"—the sentence was never finished.

Suddenly both girls clasped each other quickly round with their arms and stood perfectly still and mute. A shell had fallen, and in their despair and horror neither screamed nor moved an inch, but pale as death held by each other. Not a word was spoken while it burst; then they held hands, and literally fled across the remaining ground, with but one idea, one hope, to leave that burnt district behind them before another came.

And they succeeded, toiling on, straining every nerve, till they neared home, and at last the gate was reached, where Lizzie in the growing darkness outside had found fresh food for anxious fear. Not till they had been inside with her and taken breath did they discover that their dresses were burnt to a crisp and their under garments badly scorched. Whether a tiny fragment had reached them, or whether the burning hot air from the ignited shell had withered up the light fabrics, neither could ever tell.

A WHITE OFFICER WITH A BLACK HEART.

Meanwhile Mr. Cunningham had not grown better, but worse, and his wife every day brought him reports that the

invaders were plundering neighboring country seats, and told him there was no way to escape their depredations and violence. Tippsaboa contained more than two thousand acres, and on these acres Mr. Cunningham and his family were the only whites. The negroes had always found him a kind master, but their minds were led astray by fictitious tales of wealth and splendor with which the Northern army filled their ignorant fancy, and few of them would be able to resist the golden bait, or suspect that liberty and hard work would soon become for them synonymous terms.

On March 6, 1865, a company of black troops from Michigan, under command of Capt. Montague, a white officer, forcibly took possession of the plantation. They allured the negroes from their allegiance and set the cowboys to drive up into small inclosures the hundreds of cows, sheep and hogs owned by Mr. Cunningham and at large in his broad pastures. The same thing was done with the innumerable flocks of poultry. They then, having distributed among the company all they could carry and made liberal donations of the herds and feathered tribe to the "freedmen," in cold, cruel vindictiveness cut the throats of the cattle and the poultry that remained in such numbers that the earth seemed running with blood, after which they surrounded the house itself and pulled down some of the wings and outer buildings, forcing open the front door and threatening to burn it down if its owner did not come out.

Mrs. Cunningham, holding with each hand her little baby girls, walked forward to meet them. Capt. Montague thundered out, while rudely thrusting her aside, "Where is your husband, madam? We want him."

"In his bed, sir, ill—and perhaps dying. Take all we have, but leave him in peace."

He rushed past her, followed by his troops, and by main force roughly threw the sick man on the floor, saying, "Put on your clothes at once, and come with us, or say good-bye to your house and your wife." Then with scarcely a covering of garments they bore him out, and while they shouted like fiends, and set fire to piles of his books, his pictures, barns, &c., they hemmed him in with bayonets, and ordered him to take the oath.

"I have nothing more to lose," he said. "You have emptied out my hogsheds of oil, of molasses, of vinegar, of wines and whiskey; you are now drinking more of the two last that you have reserved for that purpose; my cattle are

slain, my slaves are set free; begone! I will take no oath. I have no fear, for the house is already half pulled down, and you are now welcome to finish it by fire."

"You have nothing to lose, you say? Men! into that d—d Rebel's den, and seize his woman and her kids."

Saying this Capt. Montague turned his prisoner round that he might see his wife and children, who were kept from joining him, but forced from a window to witness his treatment. Suddenly that wife was surrounded by black demons.

Then in great agony he spoke.

"Stop your men! I swear any oath you ask. I do it by coercion."

The oath was administered to him, and night found him alone in a dismantled house with his little ones and his wife, to whose share it fell to gather what she could for their daily wants, to nurse her sick husband and tend her children till some unforeseen aid should come.

Only two of the slaves remained faithful—the woman who had nursed her children and the cook. The rest had followed the black troops towards Charleston.

A PLUCKY GIRL WITH A PISTOL.

Charleston was under an iron heel the heel of despair. Every house had its shutters closed and darkened, all the rooms overlooking the streets were abandoned, the women endeavored to give a deserted and dreary aspect to every mansion, and lived as retiringly as possible in the back portions of their dwellings, hoping that the Northern soldiery in the city would suppose such houses to be deserted and therefore would not search them.

But this did not save Mr. Cunningham's house. By a strange coincidence it was again a company of black Michigan troops, with a negro in command, that burst open the locked gate, tore up the flower garden, and finally streamed up the back piazza steps, armed with muskets and glittering bayonets that shone in the noonday sun, their faces blacker than ink, their eyes red with drink and malice. The three girls saw them from the dining room and shivered, but not a moment was lost. Cecil pushed the other two into the room, saying, "Stay here, I will go close this door and go out and meet them," and advancing quickly she reached the entrance to the piazza, just as the captain

set his foot on the last step, and would have entered, but that her slight person filled up the narrow space.

"What do you want here?" she asked. "Why do you and your troops rush into my house?"

"We want quarters here, and quarters we will have. Move aside and let us in."

"I shall not; we don't take boarders, and I have not invited you as guests. Go away at once, or I will report you to the general in command."

"D—n you, move aside, or I will throw you down."

"Keep your hands off if you are wise," said Cecil, instantly placing one of her own in her pocket, and never removing her steady eyes from his face.

"By God! I believe you have got a pistol; let's search her person for arms."

"I have a pistol and shall shoot the first person that touches me, even if you all strike and kill me afterwards. Leave this yard, and do it at once. By 3 o'clock I will give you an answer if you come here for quarters then; now go!"

"You little Rebel devil! we will be back, and we will stay next time, be sure; and will take that same pistol from you, too."

With an extra volley of fearful curses they departed and the girls rushed out to Cecil, who, after the excitement was over and nerve no longer needed, turned white and faint. Then they all sat down and cried, feeling like desolate orphans.

A half hour after three white officers unceremoniously walked in, but when Cecil confronted them they apologized and explained that they had thought the house vacant. She then told them of the lawless demand made by the Michigan company, and asked for a written protection against their carrying out their threats; but Lieut. James Bible, of a Rhode Island company, said that though he would have the house watched to prevent their return, yet the only way she could obtain such a paper was to see Gen. Schimmelpfennig, who would then prevent not only their search for concealed arms, but also secure the household furniture from seizure.

"Will he grant us a permit, too, for my parents to come to this house; they are beyond the city limits, and we are alone?"

"Yes, I think so; you can try him."

"I will write him a note then, if you will see it delivered."

"That will not answer; you must see him yourself."

"Where is he?"

"In the Citadel, where your Cadets once were."

"Will I have to pass through any soldiery to reach him?"

"Yes; several black companies surround and fill the Citadel."

"I cannot go among those men, sir."

"I will see you safely in and back again if you will permit me," the lieutenant said.

No answer came for awhile, and the three girls consulted in undertones together. The need was urgent, but Cecil's repulsion to being on the streets with a Yankee officer was so great that she hesitated. She knew, however, that it was her doom now to be humbled, and she said shortly that she would go.

It had commenced raining heavily, and Lieut. Bible raised his umbrella and held it over Cecil, without a word. She ignored its shelter, however, and passed from under it. This was repeated twice, then he told her she would be drenched through.

"I prefer it," Cecil answered, and he knew that she meant "prefer it to being so close to you," and he resignedly gave up the struggle and let down his umbrella, thereby proving he was not without a certain kind of pride that urged him to share the wetting.

The young officer served her well and faithfully, however, even though he knew she felt bitter hatred towards the whole Northern army, and he obtained and forwarded to Mr. Cunningham a permit to rejoin his daughters, while she brought back with her a paper granting protection to the girls personally and also to the house; but she never asked him on reaching the front door to walk in, nor did she give him her thanks at parting. Yet two days after, when her parents arrived, they were grateful for the assistance Lieut. Bible had rendered their daughters, and so expressed themselves while they shook hands with him.

That very night gloom spread over the city, for everywhere it was rumored Lee had surrendered!

TERRIBLE NEWS FOR CECIL.

Bands of broken-hearted soldiery began to straggle back into the city, their heads bowed, their brows sullen, and cautiously the shutters and blinds over the streets were opened an inch or two by watching women and a thousand questions asked in low tones about expected dear ones. A kind of sombre gladness filled these loving hearts, because of the Lost Cause, and because of the gain of having their darlings safe once more. All said that Hart's Battery would soon be at home, and Marion would be with them. Then at each

sound the pulses quickened and they would rush forward to greet him. One day a tall, gaunt soldier, worn and wounded, who brought a letter for Cecil from Chattanooga, called, and anxious though she was, she cared for the poor fellow, dressing his wounds and refreshing him before the letter was read, believing all the while it came from George. Then she turned it over and looked startled by the unfamiliar writing which had directed the envelope.

"He, too, is hurt," she cried and tore it open.

Then with a shriek of pain and horror she fled to Mrs. Cunningham.

"Oh, George is dead, mother!" the poor girl cried, "dead and gone, killed near Chattanooga!"

Sobbing she buried her head in her mother's lap, and Mrs. Cunningham cried too, deeply moved.

"My poor sister, my sister's son!" she said sadly. "Ah, she thought him over the danger of war, and he was so bright and beautiful!"

Just then Mr. Cunningham called Cecil. His wife motioned to Lizzie who was weeping with her sister and trying to soothe her to go and tell him; but it was too late, for he came to the door with his face dark and troubled and his eyes cast down, so that he did not see the group.

"Come with me, Cecil, I want you."

At the altered husky voice they all grew chill, and Mrs. Cunningham asked him if he wished to speak of George and if it was his death that had so stricken him.

"Ah yes! yes, my love, it was; let Cecil come."

With terror, a new dread creeping up into her heart, Cecil went to him. Then Lizzie and Katie and their mother read a letter written to Cecil by a lady in Chattanooga telling her George had taken the place of his captain who lay ill, and had led his company on as a forlorn hope to retrieve a battle and fell mortally wounded. He had afterwards been brought dying to their house, and in a few moments expired. She wrote by his last request and said they had buried him with Cecil's portrait just where he carried it over his breast and interred him in their city cemetery.

THE LAST SAD BLOW.

Mr. Cunningham left the house with his daughter. He walked across his broad grounds and flower garden, passed through his plots of planted grass, under the deep shade of the trees where the gathering twilight cast weird shadows,

he put his arm round the girl's slender waist, drawing her close to him and with his free hand pointing upwards spoke: "God," he said, "has taken my boy; *be still for your mother's sake!*"

"With only a low, terrified moan she looked at him; then wan and snow-white, with pale, quivering lips, she whispered, "Are you sure?"

"Read," he said, and handed her a newspaper.

"I cannot; not one word can I see. Tell me, my father."

They sat on the garden seat, and with his silver gray hair resting on the girl's breast, the old man gave way to his heart's agony, and she clasped his head on her bosom, silently weeping, uttering no sound aloud, though trembling and shaking in every limb.

Yes, one week after his cousin had died, Marion was taken, too. Born within one week of each other, he was killed just seven days after. Shot in the very last battle of the war!—the battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, and buried on the field by his comrades, with the letters "M. E. C." on a wooden shingle to mark the spot.

During the hottest part of the struggle a dangerous duty required specially brave men. The captain of Hart's Battery called for volunteers, and so desperate were the chances only four men answered the call. Marion was one of these volunteers. They had to advance on open ground, right within full view and aim of the enemy's guns, and hurl to a distance the shells as they were thrown before they could explode and destroy numbers of their men. He succeeded in his mission, and with a victorious shout was just ready to return, when a shot pierced his heart, and he died instantly.

And this was the tale that the father and daughter had to bear to the devoted mother, the tale of her first-born—of her only son!

Peace was proclaimed, but well these women know "the price they paid for peace."

No. 7.—Boys and Girls in the War.

(By Miss Sallie Hunt, of Lynchburg, Va.)

I wonder if the grown folk or children will care to hear a child's impression of "the war," for I am going to commence when I was a wee bairn, just going out to school and learning to read with a

very childish lisp. We lived in Richmond, Virginia, afterwards the capital of the "Southern Confederacy," and I would frequently hear the older members of the family, seated round the table, exclaim, "By all means let us fight under the Union Flag; South Carolina may secede, but it is clearly poor policy." I had just read in "Peter Parley's Child's History" about the war between the Indians and our first settlers, and my hair fairly "stood on end" when I thought of the Yankees tying the children up in bags and knocking their brains out against a tree. So fully was I persuaded that we would be thus treated, that in the midst of the most earnest discussions going on in the parlor, or dining-room, among politicians, I would cry out, "Cut the treeth down! cut the treeth down! all over Richmond." Just across the street from us was the beautiful home of the Van Lews—Unionists to the last—and though they felt differently from us on the slavery question, and the elders of our house argued hotly with them, yet often has my childish heart been relieved of its torture by stealing over into the lovely moon-lit garden, and having "Miss Bett," (who after the war was appointed postmistress of Richmond,) to allay my fears with her kind portraiture of the Yankee heart. Here, at least, was a haven for us should that dread day arrive when our beloved city would fall into the hands of the enemy.

But one spring day in April, 1861, all Richmond was astir. Schools were broken up, and knots of excited men gathered at every street corner. Sumter had been fired upon, and Lincoln had ordered the men of Virginia to rush upon their brethren of the South and put the rebellion down. Now "the die was cast," our lot was with theirs, and come weal or woe, we would fight for independence. How merrily the sunbeams danced that day! how proud we children were of the great preparation for the illumination that night!—how few recked of the great underthrob of misery, grief and want! Every patriotic citizen had his house ablaze with a thousand lights, and the dark ones were *marked*. I remember distinctly my father taking us to see the Exchange Hotel and Ballard House with the glass balcony, stretching over the street and connecting the two houses, all glittering and reflecting the crystal lights. To us

it was a grand spectacle, and our hearts swelled with pride to think we could say to our tyrants: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further."

The excitement permeated the schools, and those of our number who lived in the dark houses, or the non-illuminators, were dubbed "Yankees," "Abolitionists" and "Black Republicans," and virtually ostracised. Saturdays we would spend in the lecture-rooms of the different churches we attended, where our mothers and grown-up sisters were busy plying the needle, and cutting out clothes for the soldier boys, and indulging in such talk about the vile usurpers as would fire our young hearts with indignation. Snatches of song improvised for the emergency—"Maryland, my Maryland," "John Brown's Body," "There's life in the Old Land Yet," &c., grew as familiar as "I want to be an Angel." In fact, we had a parody which ran thus:

I want to be a soldier,
And with the soldiers stand,
A knapsack on my shoulder,
A musket in my hand;
And there beside Jeff Davis,
So glorious and so brave,
I'll whip the *cussed* Yankee
And drive him to his grave.

BOYS FIGHTING MIMIC BATTLES.

But what were our boys doing while the girls were sewing up sand-bags to fortify Dewry's Bluff? It seemed the "Demon of Destruction" was possessing the whole land. The boys were keeping their patriotism warm by *playing* "Yank" and "Reb" in mock battles, and so sorely did these young archers wound each other that steps had to be taken by the city authorities toward the suppression of these hostilities. I remember being on Church Hill on one occasion, when the rowdies from Rocketts, calling themselves Yankees, came upon our boys who were unarmed. Immediately our party of little girls flew to a coal-house near, which had opened to be open for replenishing, and filling our little aprons with the dusky diamonds ran into the midst of a hot battle, screaming with all the enthusiasm of our young natures, "Kill them! kill them!" We bound up heads and filled pockets with "ammunition" till our nurses, noticing our escapade, came to carry us to our mammas to be punished for soiling our dresses.

Our bravery increased with our successes. No news came but of victory, till one Sabbath morning, we were all seated reverently and calmly at church, when a messenger arrived almost breathless

upon the scene and handed the minister a notice. He arose and read aloud to the congregation that the *Pawnee* was coming up the river. The men were ordered to Rocketts at once, and the women requested to make and send cartridges to them as speedily as possible. What a scene our parlor presented just a short while afterwards! The men had all gone off, leaving only women and children at defenceless homes, but no stern warrior ever stood at his post of duty with truer heroism than these brave "Women of the South."

We had living with us a lovely old Virginia matron, Mrs. Eliza Carrington, whose head, "all silvered o'er," had passed through the trying times of 1812. She quietly remarked to the busy crowd seated round the parlor, that there was no cause for fear, the British had tried that trick before and could not get over the bars. Yet her dear old hands kept busy fashioning what seemed to us curious parlor ornaments—cartridges—so her skill in this line had come into requisition the second time. After all her words proved true; the Yankees gave up that little game and we were left in peace as far as Richmond was concerned.

Then our courage grew stronger and stronger, no matter if we did give up our old established way of living, and curious dishes and vestments did take the place of costly viands and rich apparel. Rye coffee was good enough for us at home, when our poor soldiers way off on the battlefield had no better, and after a little while it would all be over—"Stonewall Jackson was in the field!" Then homespun dresses became a perfect rage, and bonnets trimmed with chicken feathers, dyed every conceivable hue. We would show the Yankees we could do without their miserable old trades-people who made all their money out of the Southern folk, with their wooden nutmegs, paper-soled shoes, &c., and forsooth we wore no more paper soles but good, *honest* "wooden bottoms," that let folks know when we were coming.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

One day I was out on the pavement playing when our old Union friend, Miss Van Lew, called out, "Sallie, does your mother know Stonewall Jackson is dead?" Never will I forget the Cassandra-like dirge that rang through my childish heart. "No Jackson, no victory," I thought, and with streaming eyes ran home and gaining mother's lap cried out, "the Confederathy ith lotht! the Confederathy ith lotht!" Never for one

moment afterwards did I hope for success. It seemed that God would not take such a holy consecrated life from a good cause; that we must have made some mistake.

It was just about this time that a colored man belonging to my blind uncle made his escape to the Union army. He wrote back to his old master saying that he had left from no ill-will toward him, and should time prove the success of the cause he had espoused and Fortune's frown be on his master he would consider it a privilege and honor to assist him by any means in his power. He thus feelingly closed his letter written with his own hand: "You have taught me to respect the sentiment uttered by Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty, or give me death,' and if liberty be dear to the white man, why not to the colored? I am fighting for the freedom of my race, not from hatred to the whites." Young as I was, this touched a vein of sympathy, and I wondered if we were not really "in the dark." After the war, my uncle had occasion to visit Washington, and he was touched at his old servant, who held some government office in that place, begging an absence of several days to lead his old master around.

But to recur to those old days. Our fathers thought the Yankees had another motive than the freeing of the slaves—the long pent-up hatred toward the Southern people who held themselves so aloof from them. "Human nature is only human nature; we often plead a good cause the more zealously when along with it we can promote our own welfare or gratify our passions."

After Jackson's death the raids around Richmond became more frequent. Often did our gentlest girls wend their way to school all bedecked with the paraphernalia of war. Then prisons and hospitals were crowded. Our private houses were opened for the sick and suffering, and right here it might well be said that no class of our people responded more readily to the calls of charity constantly being made upon them than our colored people. Ragged, worn, barefoot, hatless soldiers would weep over us children as we handed them the little our store-rooms contained, because "Sissy looked so like the little girl they had left at home, and would never see again." And these men were our best, the flower and chivalry of our land. God bless them! they died for what they deemed right—the protection of home and loved ones—and be the cause blameworthy or not, there can be few hearts so base as not to honor the heroes of the "Lost Cause."

From garret to cellar of our once bright home there came the moans of the sick, wounded and dying. One young man, just eighteen, a brother of Governor Brown, of Georgia, had run away from college and joined the army. Instead of carrying home the wreath of his hard earned victory as his diadem, in a few short weeks death claimed him as his own, and he was taken from us to his far away, sunny home with the wreath of that "Great Victor" on his brow. How many such pure, young lives were given on the altar of their country, which might have been spared had not hot-headed politicians "carried the war into Africa."

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

It was at this time, the fall of '63, our father wisely moved us to his country place, where he hoped we would not be disturbed by "war's rude alarms," but mother's high spirit could not stand the inaction. She organized a Soldiers' Aid Society, and as there was a chapel on the edge of our place, it was decided to hold prayer meetings there every Friday afternoon, and the business of the Aid Society immediately afterwards. We had only one *preacher* in the neighborhood, old "Parson Roach," a Baptist brother, and he was called on to conduct the services. We bound ourselves, women and children, to go without meat every Friday, and send that much more to the soldiers.

By this time homespun clothes and squirrel skin shoes, feather flowers, Confederate candles, sorghum molasses, rye coffee, &c., were no longer a *rage*, but had become a necessity. Our old colored mammy in her various manipulations for the comfort and support of the family actually brought once to the table an urn of *coffee* made from parched black-eyed peas. The patriotism of a Bayard or a Washington could not long have held out under that infliction.

The sight of a man about those *parts* would scare us all but to death, as we held no man had any business at home, and whenever we saw one we concluded at once he must either be a deserter or a Yankee. My oldest brother was off at our uncle's, in the same county, pretending to study with his cousins; but he tells wonderful stories about their sitting till the wee sma' hours of the night over a pine torch making plans about "going to help fight." At last, doubtless to their boyish delight, the "High Bridge" in Prince Edward County was threatened and the force to protect it was inadequate.

If that were seized, all communication between Richmond and that part of the country would be destroyed. So our band of twelve-year-old schoolboys shouldered their guns and "marched off to the war." To escape detection at home they walked to the second station on the railroad, intending to "board the train" there; but an old neighbor happened to meet them on the road, and seeing their warlike appearance, apprised my uncle of their exit. This uncle was the gentlest, most loving old man in the world, but with the keenest sense of the humorous. Calling up his oldest son, who chanced to be home "on furlough," he told him to get on the train as it went down that morning, and when the boys started to get on at the second station to have them put off and brought home. His orders were carried out to the letter, and when the culprits came into his presence he accosted them with these words: "Boys, you all have been very bad; you ran away from home without telling any one, and I am obliged to punish you, for fear you may try to run off again; to-morrow morning you must all come in the garden for me to whip you."

A DOMESTIC "COURT MARTIAL."

The wardrobes of our urchins were very limited in those days, but by dint of scouring old chests and trunks they managed to wad themselves very comfortably, especially when they had depleted the school-room of all copy-books, and folded them securely under their jackets. Will, the youngest of the crowd, seeing the laudable endeavors of the older boys to protect themselves, essayed the same task, but so complete had been the search of the ransacking party that the only success that crowned his efforts was a pair of linen pants and several jackets. Accoutred thus, he sallied forth, confident that he could so manœuvre as to keep the stripes confined to his upper region. The boys were taken according to their ages, and screamed in a most professional style. Will's time came last, and he scorned to cry as long as his machinations were successful, but an ill-timed stroke fell when he was least prepared, and his movements thereafter were said to resemble those of a supple-jack, which he imitated to such an extent as to compel his pursuer to take in the whole compass of the garden, amidst the screams of the exasperated family, who saw their whole dependence for vegetables thus ruthlessly trodden down. For years afterwards

my brother won his winter boots from the old gentleman by "taking off" this scene.

During this fall I had been at school at my uncle's in Lynchburg, Va., and as he "affected none of the innovations," I knew little of what was going on in the country in the way of sorghum, &c. On going home at Christmas I found them all completely "submerged" in sorghum; it seemed to absorb the whole family and to give occupation to numberless darkies. Girls from the cities would trade their ornaments for what was really our currency then, and sorghum cakes were a "dainty dish to set before a king." I had found in Lynchburg, for my little sister's Christmas gift, what was very rare in those days, a fancy bottle filled with cologne. Seeing sorghum at so high a premium, and enjoying its novelty myself, I emptied the bottle of its contents and refilled it with sorghum. On Christmas morning I ran in mother's room to see Kate's delight at my gift. That little lady was about five years of age, and in that short time had wearied of all that smacked of "war-time doings," so when she spied her pretty bottle, and found it filled with sorghum, she straightened herself up, and without a word or look toward any of us, marched into the yard and possessing herself of two large rocks, placed the coveted bottle on one and forthwith crushed it to atoms with the other, while the bystanders were convulsed with laughter at the donor's chagrin.

A PHILOSOPHER IN AN APRON.

Mother used to keep an upper chamber in our country home as the "prophet's room," and as we lived not far from Hampden Sidney we would frequently have visits from a grave theological professor on his way to his preaching place. This gentleman was from South Carolina, and had all the fire and enthusiasm of a boy. One night we were all gathered round a roaring log fire in our drawing-room, and "Dr. Peck" was apostrophizing in glowing language the beautiful spirit of our Southern matrons in meeting the exigencies of the times so bravely. About this hour every evening it had been our custom to gather in one room, and while one read aloud the others would busy themselves picking cotton from the seed, or as we called it "seeding cotton." Having been reared in a city all these domestic pastimes had the charm of novelty, but on this night we expected to indulge in a little holiday, out of respect to our guest. His eulogy was so inspiring, however,

and my mother's sense of humor so strong, that with a very grave face she informed Dr. Peck that we were in the habit of spending so much time every evening for the good of our country, and we expected what-ever guest we had to join us with a good-will. What was our surprise, a few minutes later, to see a large apron spread over that dignified gentleman's lap, and the snowy flakes flowing thick and fast from his fingers, while he discoursed of things grave and gay, and made the evening pass all too soon.

PREPARING FOR THE RAIDERS.

"Miss Bettie, law! Miss Bettie; the Yankees am jes a pa-raiding all round and will soon be here."

Thus spoke "Aunt Ann," our colored mammy, as with a bold, defiant air she strode round picking up the silver and such articles as she thought would tempt the cupidity of our foes.

"Jes gin 'em up to me chile. Ed's done tuk up a plank in my house, and we're gwine to bury your things in a hole and nail the plank down agin. I jes dares one of um to come in my house."

My sole possession was a silver knife and fork, the gift of my godfather, and the excitement of hiding it myself was more than I could forego, so I mustered my little force of brother, sister and small darkies, and spent one of the most exciting afternoons of my life hiding things from the Yankees—things which, if discovered, would have provoked a smile from the sternest warrior. In a small attic room "Aunt Ann" had secreted mother's pickles and preserves. A young cousin who was staying with us proposed that we might just as well get the benefit of these goodies as the Yankees. So each day we would go up and regale ourselves, enjoying them all the more for their being *stolen*, but never for one instant suspecting the theft would be discovered—for we would leave this sin to the Yankee's account. However, the Yankees determined not to come that way and we were left to the sad reflection, "besure your sin will find you out." In our haste and fear of being discovered we had made use of the readiest instruments for feeding, viz: our digits, and being told to see to the jars being restored to their proper places, we both *fell* to crying. How the trouble ended the reader may be left to conjecture.

THE SAD SPRING OF 'SIXTY-FIVE.

During the early spring of '65 a new phase of life presented itself. Ever and

anon there would come to our house squads of soldiers begging bread. Father would give as long as it lasted, but the look on his face was no longer proud and brave, but sad and thoughtful, and at times we could hear these men say, "Yes, we can't stand it much longer." Neighbors would gather and shake their heads ominously. All, all had a grave in their hearts, but they hid "the vital's guawing fox" under their cloaks, until one day in April the news came that "Lee had surrendered." Then it was brave spirits quailed; a pall seemed thrown over our whole country; even we children stepped more softly when we saw the agony on the faces of those so dear to us.

We were only seventeen miles from the scene of the surrender, and for days the distant rumbling of the cannon had been sounding in our ears; but we dreamed not of the end so soon. So soon! Four weary, toilsome years, ragged, foot-sore and bleeding at every pore, yet strong to suffer and endure, 'till the great heart of Robert Lee could stand the sight no longer. The 9th of April, 1865, is a day never to be forgotten in the history of our country.

I suppose all over the South the children were slave-holders by the time they could talk. Our parents had an idea that the sense of proprietorship would form a tie between us, and as we grew up together these ties would be strengthened by mutual dependence. So when father announced to his family his intention to have the servants assemble in the large kitchen, and there tell them of their liberty and his inability to keep them all under his changed circumstances, our hearts almost broke. It was hard enough for the field laborers to go, but to give up our maids and house servants was more than we could think of. It is difficult for people accustomed to hirelings to realize the affection in which we held this class of friends. Why, they know all the "inner workings" of "their family," and our old mammies would feel all a Virginian's pride in telling your genealogy in all its ramifications. Many a skeleton has been closeted in their faithful breasts, and in our deepest sorrows no distance could separate them from the "children," as they always persisted in calling even the hoary heads they had watched over in infancy. Well, the hour arrived, and the heads of the colored families were seen coming up from the "quarters," leading the children by the hand. After they had all assembled, father went in and told them of their liberation.

"You all know," he said, "that I have done what I could for you all through your lives. These last years have taken much from me, and I cannot afford to keep you all, nor do I expect all of you will wish to stay, but I cannot drive any of my old servants from their home, and those who care to stay with us will meet with the same treatment they have ever received at our hands."

SERVANTS LOATH TO LEAVE THEIR OLD MASTER.

Within "the house" there was the keenest anxiety about certain servants to whom we were especially attached. When father came in, saying, "Edwin, in the name of his family, desired to cast in his lot with ours," there was universal rejoicing, for of all our attachés we loved them best. There were hot tears shed that day, not in sorrow, but gratitude, for surely, to a God-fearing master, this proof of changeless affection, at a time when low, debased "carpet-baggers" were filling our land and firing the darkey heart against their old masters, was more than words could tell. So all of our best servants staid with us. Those who left we were better without.

"Uncle George Jones" came in to make excuses to "Mars Jeems" for his leaving, saying his wife had been such an invalid for years, and so much expense that she really would give more trouble than help, so he was going to Richmond to seek employment and let "Jane" rest; but we soon after heard "Mrs. George Washington Jones" was cooking at a hotel in Fannville for seventy boarders. Who will venture to assert that freedom is not the best medicine in the world—taken moderately?

Uncle Ammon said, if "Mars Jeems" would jes len him a mule, and let him go to the Surrender, and pick up some of dem *teffings* of the Yankees, he would come back and work. So he beströde a mule, and was gone two days. When he returned we ran out to inquire into his luck, and found no change in his outward grandeur but a pair of enormous brass spurs, seeing which my brother called out, "Hello, Uncle Ammon, what are you going to do with those spurs?" Seating himself sideways on the mule, Uncle A.'s face assumed a most important expression, as he replied: "You see, Mars Lonza, de Yankees is gwine give us forty acres of lan en a mule; some of dem niggers down dar spent all der time picking up trash, but you see, sir, *my* head want in no wise turned. I

jes got me all dis harness you see hear behind, an dese hear spurs for Sunday, and come long home—den when I git my lan, an mule, I'll be jes ready to 'sot up.'"

The other day I saw Uncle Ammon, old and gray, carrying up coal into a house on Main street in Lynchburg. He had no appearance of having "ridden on the high places of the earth."

Thus closeth the "Book of the War;" but the years that come after are more replete with tragedy, with heart-stirring sorrows, with "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick," with battles fought by women, with hardship, misfortune and distress, than ever stirred the pages of any "History of the War."

No. 8.—Closing Scenes in Florida.

(By Miss Emily R. Jones, of Washington, D. C.)

Early in the summer of 1865 several ladies, among them the writer, travelled from Tallahassee to Virginia under the care of the general officer late in command of the Confederate troops in the Department of Florida. Everywhere over the Southern country refugees and officers on parole were returning to their homes. Friends who had been separated during the four years met once more. There was generally a more hopeful anticipation of the future than could have been expected, and little forecast of that long period on which all were entering, which was to demand every reserve of courage and fortitude, every sublime effort of patience and endurance.

For many weeks before the fall of the Confederacy Florida was in nearly the same state of isolation as the Department of the Trans-Mississippi. Between Tallahassee and the scene of the surrenders of Lee and Johnston a devastating army had passed. Railroads were torn up, bridges burned, telegraphic communication was interrupted, and the news of Lee's surrender reached us through the enemy and was scornfully rejected. Even after the Grant and Sherman articles of capitulation had been signed, the general in command of the department issued a stirring order, in which he declared that not having been officially in-

formed of the surrender he discredited the rumor, and encouraged the people to hope and, if possible, still to strive for the success of their cause. He reminded them that only a few weeks before they had defeated and driven back the enemy who had advanced to within twenty miles of Tallahassee. A copy of this order, printed on coarse paper, is now in my possession. A few days after it was issued its object was defeated by an order from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, informing the Confederate commander that hostilities had ceased, and directing him to accept for his command the parole guaranteed by the terms of surrender.

THE FLAG OF THE CONFEDERACY LOWERED.

Early in May the Confederate commander met Gen. McCook and made a formal surrender to him of the Department of Florida. The white flag of the Confederacy was lowered, but three weeks elapsed before the flag of the Union floated in its place. The people were spared the outward and visible sign of their defeat until the Confederate commander and his staff should have quitted Tallahassee. These were weeks of excitement and suspense. The President of the Confederacy was known to be in South Georgia. It was believed that he would cross the Florida border and try to effect his escape to the coast.

The strictest precautions were taken. A cordon was stretched around Tallahassee and every point on the sea-coast was under military surveillance. Several persons, however, among them the writer, were aware that a prominent member of the Cabinet at Richmond had succeeded in entering the town and was concealed in the house of a friend. Being in friendly relations with Mr. Davis and his family, the writer believed that the President and his party would seek shelter with her. Her house stood on the edge of the town, in a thick oak grove between two roads, one leading toward the coast. A guard was stationed in the grove, but the house was screened by upper and lower galleries close covered in by Venetian shutters, and by a high hedge of oleander and pomegranate. Rooms were secretly made ready and the outer doors were left open, that the fugitives might enter without rousing the servants. The writer was greatly startled one evening, when expecting news of an arrival, to see the face of a soldier of the guard pressed against the pane. It was a reminder that others were alert and suspicious. The next

morning brought the news of the capture of Mr. Davis.

On the 21st of May the Confederate commander with his staff officers and family, and several ladies who were anxious to rejoin their friends, left Tallahassee under escort. We found a crowd of people of all degrees gathered at the depot for a last greeting. It was a melancholy scene. Many women were weeping. "You did the best you could for us, but it's all over," said one. 'There was one feeling present with all. The last vestige of Confederate authority was effaced.

A VIEW OF JACKSONVILLE.

We crossed the Suwanee River in the night, and on the morning of May 22d we reached Baldwin, where we found ambulances and wagons sent by Gen. Vogdes to convey the party to Jacksonville. At Jacksonville we expected to find the steamer *Delaware* in which we were to make the short voyage to Hilton Head. A great part of the way to Jacksonville lay through a dense pine forest. The ambulances, with curtains drawn, were closely followed by the mounted escort. When we came within sight of the town we looked eagerly towards the river, but the steamer's funnel was not visible, and we learned that the *Delaware* was caught on the bar and could not come up to the pier until the tide lifted her keel. A delay of even a few hours was unwelcome, but it soon became evident that the *Delaware* was fixed on the bar beyond the power of the tide to float her off, and we were forced to prepare for an indefinite stay at Jacksonville.

At that time Jacksonville was little more than a military post. Long rows of barracks—wide spaces covered with tents and the headquarters of the generals in command—had quite effaced the modest and pretty little town. On our arrival we were driven at once to the headquarters, which were in a large white house situated in the centre of the town, with galleries in the Southern fashion on every story. Gen. Vogdes placed the rooms not in use by himself and his staff officers at the disposal of the ladies of our party. Mattresses were brought from the hospital and laid on the floor. We might have slept more easily on these but for discovering on them great stains of blood which filled us with shuddering thoughts of physical torture.

In the morning, after a toilette performed before a military shaving glass hung on a nail against the wall, the

writer stepped out on the gallery and was greeted by the sight of the Union flag floating over an encampment of negro troops. After a moment spent in outward contemplation of this spectacle and an inward review of the new order of things it signified, it was a pleasure to return to the quiet house surrounded by luxuriant gardens, now in full bloom, and to the river stretching between its low banks to the sea. There was no news of the *Delaware* that day.

EXTRACTING ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

In conversation with the Federal general, the writer found that he had considered well the duty before him, and was prepared to act in a generous and magnanimous spirit toward the people. He gave them full credit for their courage and patriotism, and relied on them to aid him in restoring order and a good state of feeling. It was the season when the least neglect of the crops would have brought a year without a harvest throughout the State. The negroes were demoralized, and in every direction fields were abandoned. It was his own influence strongly exerted that induced the negroes to return to the plantations and carry on the usual labors of the season, and in this way untold loss and destitution were prevented. He had another and more difficult class to deal with—the *avant couriers* of the ignoble army of carpet-baggers, ex-chaplains, ex-politicians, hangers-on of every sort. These all had schemes of reconstruction on a spoliation principle to suggest, and were ready at the least check to their schemes to degrade themselves into spies and impeach his loyalty and rectitude toward his own government. His treatment of these officious advisers was dashed with a soldier's impatience of ungenerous treatment toward the conquered. In those chaotic days, much depended on the personal character and influence of the military commanders of districts.

Day after day passed and the *Delaware* still stuck fast on the bar. As no other steamer could be looked for with any certainty we were finally obliged to make the voyage to Hilton Head in the *St. Mary's*, a small steamer which had been sunk by the Confederates early in the war at the mouth of Black Creek to obstruct the river navigation. When Jacksonville fell into the hands of the enemy, the *St. Mary's* was raised and made in some sort seaworthy. Cabin she had none, the decks were unprotected by guards and the engine from

long immersion had become corroded and worked heavily. As she rolled at the pier therefore she did not present an attractive aspect. A thin coating of clean paint had not effaced the traces of the bed of river mud on which she had rested during more than a year, and the labored beat of her engine as she got up steam did not inspire a feeling of confidence in her seagoing qualities. Such as she was, however, she offered the only means of reaching Hilton Head, and we might hope by taking the inside passage to make the short voyage in safety.

A ROUGH VOYAGE TO HILTON HEAD.

On the morning of Friday, the 26th of May, the *St. Mary's* left Jacksonville with a small detachment of troops on board and our party. At the mouth of the river we passed the *Delaware*, a fine screw steamer, still fixed on the bar. Her cargo and passengers were being taken off in lighters. We soon discovered that the voyage was not to be made by the inside passage, and the *St. Mary's*, shuddering through her rotten frame at every hoarse beat of her engine, put to sea. The weather changed, a rain storm blew up, and our clumsy little craft forged heavily on through a rough sea, the rain pouring over her unsheltered deck. In Fernandina Bay she narrowly escaped rolling over and going to the bottom. It was impossible to move about on the slippery deck with the vessel pitching and no guards to prevent our going head first into the sea, and we sat crowded together under umbrellas until the ship's officers allowed us to make use of the only shelter on deck, two sheds of unplanned board. In these sheds, without other opening to the air than the chinks between the planks, we passed the thirty-six hours of our voyage. Shawls fastened against the walls and umbrellas hoisted between our heads and the leaky roof kept us comparatively dry during the day. At night we slept stoically on the wooden benches, while little pools gathered on the floor and small rivulets trickled through the roof and down the walls. The morning broke cold and rainy. We were glad to have a share of the coffee made for the men over the galley fire. We were already twenty-four hours out of Jacksonville and had expected to make the trip in fourteen hours. The rain continued all day and about noon the engine gave a heavy throb and ceased beating, and we drifted for several hours until the machinery could be put in motion again, and so alternately breaking down and

gathering herself for another effort the *St. Mary's* crept on toward Hilton Head, which was reached on the evening of Saturday, the 27th.

SCENES AT HILTON HEAD.

The discomforts of the trip and our own water-soaked and depressed appearance were forgotten at sight of the magnificent harbor, ample enough to float the navies of all the nations. There was a delay at the wharf until it was ascertained whether we would be allowed to leave the vessel without taking the oath. The courtesy of Gen. Gillmore finally waived the point and we were permitted to land. As we walked up the narrow board walk laid along the sandy street we were made aware that we were the objects of much curiosity. One person in a fresh summer toilette stepped out on her piazza and levelled an opera glass at us, leisurely screening the glass to exactly the right focus to sweep our damp and fatigued party. Our costumes, be it remembered, were full four years behind the mode, and sea water and rain had not improved them.

At Hilton Head we were again obliged to wait for a steamer. We stopped at the hotel which was situated near the beach and commanded a view from its tiers of galleries of the harbor and fleet. Here we found a colony of officers' wives and daughters and schoolmistresses engaged in teaching in the schools, lately established for freedmen. Barracks, military storehouses, magazines, camps, sutlers' stores, schools and hospitals, with the hotel, which was the rallying point for the society of the place, and a row of officers' cottages constituted Hilton Head.

One morning a fussy little propeller foamed up to the wharf where it lay for several hours. We were told that Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her sister, Miss Howell, were on board, but as they were quasi prisoners of war they were neither allowed to leave the vessel nor to receive visits.

We had hitherto been spared any personal indignity, but at Hilton Head our trunks were opened and searched. On another occasion the provost marshal appeared among us to administer the oath.

At Hilton Head our party separated, several members of it going to New York in the steamer *Arango*, one to Charleston, others to Norfolk in the *Champion*. The writer made an attempt at Fortress Monroe to pay a visit of friendship to Mr. Davis, but was in-

formed that he was not yet allowed to receive visits or other expressions of sympathy.

ROUND ABOUT RICHMOND.

On the way up the James River to Richmond little was to be seen but deserted homes and waste fields. Richmond was half in ashes. For miles around the city every yard of the soil bore witness that here had been the scene of the most prolonged struggle of the war. Long, long after the graves were green, charred wood and heaps of ashes in a blackened circle on the ground showed where camp fires had been:

"But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat,
The stronger."

How to shape a future which shall accomplish this for us and retrieve the past, is a question that is still being answered.

No. 9.—Charleston During the Siege.

(By Mrs. Pauline Dufort, of Charleston.)

"The surly drums beat terrible afar
With all the dreadful music of the war."
[Broome.]

Now that years have passed since the sullen clouds of fratricidal war have rolled back and the azure sky of peace again droops like a liquid canopy over our Southern, sunny land, it well becomes the patriotic women of the South to embalm in song and story the heroism of their sex during that terrible struggle, as well as to narrate the appalling incidents which were of almost daily occurrence during the latter part of the struggle for Southern rights. Our family, like many others in Charleston, were compelled to fly from the city just before the memorable battle of Secessionville, which took place June 13, 1863, and take refuge in the capital of the State. The family consisted of my mother, two married sisters and myself. My husband, having been previously assigned to duty in Charleston, could not accompany us to Columbia, and, not being able to reconcile myself to the separa-

tion, with his consent I returned to the city for a short visit with my children, but never left it afterwards. One of my sisters also removed to Grahamville—her husband's company being stationed near that place—and later my mother returned to my home in Charleston. My other sister, having no children, remained in Columbia with her husband until after the burning and sacking by Sherman's troops—the horrors of which they have never forgotten.

Our home in Charleston being situated in the extreme northern section of the city, and consequently out of reach of the shells, it became a refuge for many. My parlor was given up to an old gentleman afflicted with paralysis, and to his wife. At the same time a lady and her daughter were occupying my brother's room. He, like all other patriotic Southern men, was in the service of his country. Those occupying apartments in my house had been driven from their homes by the shells, and were remaining with me until they could find more comfortable shelter. They remained several months, and shortly after they left an old lady with her niece and an afflicted son came to beg permission to remain in my home for the night. She did not ask for a bed, but a shell had struck the house where she resided, and the danger was too great to return. I at once assigned her to my brother's room and gave her the use of a lumber-room, suitable for the storing away of household articles, for her furniture, which was costly and beautiful. The three remained with me for several months before being able to get better quarters.

These facts are mentioned to show the condition of the people in the central portion of the city. Whenever more powerful ordnance was brought to bear against the city, the shells would be thrown higher up and in this way hundreds of persons were continually compelled to move from one place to another and throw themselves upon the mercy of those whose homes were out of range. The entire lower portion of the city was deserted, save by a few who were too poor to find shelter elsewhere, or who, like the prowler Thémardier among the dead at Waterloo, remained to pillage the unoccupied houses.

A SCENE AT CHURCH.

One Sunday while attending Divine service at St. Joseph's Church—I was then organist, and that day we had a number of Louisianians assisting in the choir—a scene occurred that almost beg-

gars description. During the sermon, which was delivered by a chaplain on furlough from his regiment, the alarming whiz of shells and the bursting of the missiles in close proximity struck terror in our hearts, but we remained at our posts. Suddenly there came a tremendous crash, shaking the church to its centre, and a young lady of the choir, frenzied through fright, shrieked out "A shell! a shell!" A great commotion and almost a panic followed, but the brave chaplain, as calm and composed as the priest before the altar at Saragossa, when he traced the air with the symbol of forgiveness and uttered the "*Et Sanctus Spiritus*" ere he closed his eyes forever, requested all to keep quiet for the danger was over. The calm, however, did not last long, for within a few minutes' time another shell struck the Elliott Mansion, immediately in the rear of the church, and the stampede became general. With the assistance of my husband I gathered together my music, and as we hurriedly left with the retreating congregation I could distinctly hear the priest endeavoring to calm the fears of those within. A few brave ones remained with the pastor until the services were concluded. Ten days after this a shell struck the east corner of the church tearing the organ to pieces. It was only after this that the pastor, the good and brave Father Fillion, could be persuaded to leave his home adjoining the church. He remained with us for a short time, until he could find a home in our locality.

Church service was sometimes conducted under great difficulties during this period. Many are familiar with the accounts of the midnight masses in the mountains of Ireland, with sentinels on the lookout to keep off the bloodhounds of the law, and during the siege of Charleston there were some queer, quaint and curious impromptu places for Divine worship. The dissecting room at the Almshouse was the best place that the good Father could get for Divine service, which was arranged every Saturday by Miss K. and myself. A small melodeon had been kindly loaned by Mrs. D. Mrs. C., with her silvery toned voice, my husband and myself formed the choir. The master and matron of the Almshouse, Mr. and Mrs. J. W., gave all possible assistance, and the good Father was very thankful for all that was done.

ANOTHER SCARE AT CHURCH.

The city was now deserted from the Battery to Calhoun street. Grass and

moss were growing upon the crumbling walls, and all that was required to intensify the horror of the desolation was the cry of the voracious hyena. Save the occasional whiz and crash of a shell, there was nothing to break the monotony of the silence drear, and the mute angel kept sentinel over all.

The husband of the lady who had so kindly loaned us the melodeon died, and he was to be buried in St. Mary's church-yard in Hasel street, the very centre of "Shell district." I was requested by the bereaved widow to play the Requiem at the church, and though anxious to oblige her, I hesitated when I thought of the danger. She pleaded and assured me no harm would come, for God, who was ever good, would hear her prayers for our safety. Yielding to her entreaties I started, in company with my husband and my little boy of seven summers, for the church. While waiting for the doors to be opened a shell fell in front of the Charleston Hotel, but did not explode. This was somewhat of a relief, for it was a rare thing to have two shells strike in the same place on the same day. It was apparent that the artillerymen shifted their guns a little every time they fired. The funeral services were concluded without any further annoyance, but just as my husband was closing the organ another whiz was heard, then a flash was seen, followed by a tremendous explosion. A shell had burst in the rear of the graveyard. We were glad to hurry away, and a week later St. Mary's organ was smashed by a shell.

A WALK IN "SHELL DISTRICT."

Occasionally the enemy would grant us a period of rest, and sometimes for days no shells would be thrown into the city. It was during one of these intervals that I, in company with a lady, my two little boys and their nurse, undertook to make a tour of the doomed portion of the city. It would be impossible to fully describe the harrowing feelings which came over us as we viewed the destruction caused by the improved ordnance of civilized warfare. Large stores, with brick, stone and iron fronts, were torn and shattered into shapeless wrecks. Window panes of the greatest thickness were shattered to millions of pieces, while bricks and broken plaster were scattered in promiscuous confusion. The most active business portions of the city were the most battered; grass and rank weeds were growing along the streets, while in the cellars, rabbits and vermin found shelter among

the curious cryptogamic plants and fungus growth that abounded.

My mother owned the large bakery on East Bay below Broad street, and as that section was in a better condition than other portions of "Shell district" we turned our steps in that direction. On reaching the place we found the bakers at work, and learned that the baking was done in the day time, as the danger was less—the shelling being heavier at night. Sixteen shells had already struck the building, but no one had been hurt and the oven was still fit for use. One of the shells, like Truth, lies hidden in the bottom of the well. The master of the establishment made us quite welcome, and as a token of his appreciation presented us with a hot loaf of bread, all he had to offer. On our return we sat down on the steps of the Bank, at the corner of East Bay and Broad streets, and ate our dry bread with a gusto more easily imagined than described. How strange! how unlike those *ante-bellum* times, when our care was to guard against a surfeit of foreign and domestic luxuries. I could not refrain from remarking to my companion: "When in after years we tell our children that we sat on these stone steps eating dry bread, for the want of something better, they will hardly believe us."

A DAY NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

On the night previous to the evacuation of the city by the Confederate forces, the fiery glare of the gunboat, which was being destroyed by fire, at the head of Columbus street (Hampstead) and that of the burning bridge of the Savannah Railroad, reddened the skies and lit up the whole of the upper portion of the city. The wierd, restless light, together with the pervading silence, struck even the bravest hearts with awe. For some time previous to this memorable night our homes were guarded only by women. My husband was compelled to leave the city, and my only brother was in the army elsewhere. My sister's husband was with the regiment which had retreated from Grahamville, while she with some other ladies were compelled to live in box cars on a turnout in the road, their cooking being done in open air. Fortunately in those days there was not much to cook. Only a short time prior to the evacuation she returned to my home and was, on the night above mentioned, sick in bed with a dying infant of only five days. My mother was suffering agony with an affection of the eyes, which finally terminated in total blind-

ness. Who but those that have witnessed such scenes can imagine our feelings? As the dawn of day came we felt relieved, for we had spent an anxious night with a fearful gloom and awe hanging like a pall over us.

At 7 o'clock in the morning the last of our brave, tried troops, hitherto stationed at James Island, were leaving the city, and as they passed our home, with firm and gallant tread, we bid them farewell, and turned away to hide the tears which gushed from the fountains of our hearts.

THE CITY SHAKEN BY AN EXPLOSION.

As our provisions were exhausted and we were informed that the commissary stores were being given for Confederate money, I collected what amount we had in the house and with my servant started for the quartermaster's department at the head of Columbus street. Before reaching there a tremendous explosion which shook the city to its very foundation brought us to a halt. Crowds of frightened women and children, white and black, came running towards us, some of them saying "Don't go there," "you'll be blown to pieces," &c.

Scarcely knowing what to do or how to act, we took our stand in front of the railroad workshops on Meeting street, and others joined us. We had not been there long before some one hurrying by said: "Ladies, how can you stand here when those workshops are to be blown up?" One of the ladies who had already been frightened on hearing this ran up the street in wild alarm and we were no less terrified. I reached home and for a while was almost frantic. All of those around me were panic-stricken and helpless, and the good Father F— was in the next house in a dying condition.

I appealed to Heaven for aid and at once commenced preparations to have my sick sister removed. There was no time to be lost, for we were very near the railroad shops, and should they be blown up we would certainly be destroyed. I sent to an acquaintance who lived above Line street, asking permission to remove my family until after the danger. Her answer came that the shops on Line street were also to be blown up and that she was preparing to fly. At this juncture, while standing at the street door, I saw the dignified Mother T—, the Mother Superiress of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, running by in wild haste and greatly excited, and fearing that Father Fillion

had just died, I inquired the cause of her excitement. She quickly answered, "I am going for a cart or something to remove the poor sufferer, for he cannot be left there to be blown up!"

Imagine, cool and gentle reader, the anguish we helpless women experienced during that trying ordeal. I never can forget it! After a while the consoling information came to us that the order to blow up the buildings had been countermanded, and to make sure of the truth of the report I crossed over to Henerey's Foundry to inquire from those stationed there. They assured me that I had been correctly informed. Oh, merciful Heavens! what a relief!

A SCENE OF WILD CONFUSION.

But our trials were not yet ended, for there came another terrible explosion—louder than any yet—the smoke of which darkened the sun as its hideous folds curled skyward. It was the Northeastern Railroad depot that had been blown up, and with it a number of persons who had gathered there in search of provisions. Some were killed outright and their mangled bodies and limbs were scattered and buried under the burning ruins. Many were wounded, burnt and disfigured for life. The flames spread rapidly to the adjoining houses and soon a fearful conflagration was in progress. Confusion became worse confounded every moment, and the wings of the dark angel seemed to have been outspread over every dwelling. The Rev. Dr. M— had been called to the wounded and we were waiting on him to baptize our little babe who was breathing life fast away. Finally he came in great haste, and seizing a cup near by filled it with water and performed the ceremony. He left immediately to attend Father Fillion next door, and the child died that night.

The city was now a scene of wild disorder, and we were to be still more humiliated—it was to be given up to Federal authority. Quiet was at last restored. We had surrendered! Old Charleston, hitherto invincible by land or naval forces, while her gallant sons could remain to defend her, was given up; but it was a ruined people and a shattered city, and the sight softened and touched the heart of the enemy.

The following day, Sunday, was quiet, and our little babe in its coffin was carried to St. Lawrence Cemetery by three gentlemen, relieving each other on the route. It was impossible to obtain a vehicle of any kind, as every horse had

been pressed in service by the Government. Two days afterwards Father F., that true and tried soldier of the cross, died, and we buried him on the 22d of February, at midday, amid the booming of guns from all the batteries.

THE FAMILY DEATH-ROLL.

Besides the afflictions and troubles at home, the condition of those of our family who were in the field increased our fears and anxieties, and several of them who started out with hope and promise now lie "under the sod and dew awaiting the Judgment day." My brother-in-law, John L. D., while in service in Virginia, was stricken with fever, and while in the hospital a shell came very near striking his bed, but fortunately did not explode. The hospital was pronounced unsafe, and my brother-in-law, being no longer fit for duty, was sent home. Having no means of transportation, he walked his way home, and when arrived his condition was such from exposure that, notwithstanding the most careful nursing, he died in a few months. My nephew, Virgil D., a young lieutenant of only 19 years, and beloved by his regimental commander, Col. Simonton, who had nicknamed him the "Virgin of the regiment," was wounded in a fight along the Weldon road in August, 1864, and taken prisoner to Fort Monroe. His sufferings were so great that he was commanded against his desire to return home on parole. On his return home, his youngest brother took sick with the smallpox of which he died, and the noble young officer, whose system had already been exhausted from his wound, contracted the disease and was buried five days after. My cousin, John M., a bright boy and the hope and comfort of his widowed mother, entered the service at the age of sixteen as a corporal in the Charleston Riflemen. He was taken prisoner and confined in Elmira and from the hardships of prison life soon became prostrated. Like a caged bird, he pined for liberty, for he was anxious to serve his country in the field. With him, as far as this world is concerned, the darkest hour of his life was just after dawn, for when about to be exchanged with the prisoners at Point Lookout his strength was so much exhausted that he was sinking rapidly. A cup of tea was handed him

by a companion who also was to be exchanged; he drank it with great pleasure, the last spark of life was waiting upon the water, and in a few minutes afterwards the youthful soldier breathed his last, and now sleeps in an unknown grave on the Federal side.

CLOSING SCENES.

After the close of the war, in the beautiful month of May, when the troops were returning home, I awaited anxiously to welcome two survivors, an only brother, F. D., and another cousin, L. B. They had both served the Confederacy to the end. What anxiety, what eagerness, to behold the brave fellows—our dear ones—who had suffered and endured so much! The glad tidings at last reached me that my brother was coming on horseback and the gates were opened as wide as our hearts to receive him. But alas! What a change! That grand colossal frame, which at one time seemed constituted to bear the weight of a hundred years, was bent and worn, from the hardships and exposure of camp life. His aged mother, who had become blind during his absence, saw him again before her "mind's eye" only like the sturdy young oak that he was when he first buckled on his armor and departed with her blessing on his head. To us, who were blessed with sight to look on, the meeting was sad and touching in the extreme. After such an embrace as only a mother and son can give after years of separation, he exclaimed:

"My poor, dear mother, you cannot see me!"

"Never mind, my son," she replied. "I can feel you, and have you with me in the future."

But, alas! this hope and comfort was shortly to be crushed. On the 6th of September of the same year, notwithstanding the most careful nursing, he died and was added to the silent majority of our heroes.

The young cousin, too, L. B., of the Washington Light Infantry, whose system was entirely shattered before he reached home, was kindly, lovingly nursed, but he drooped and drooped day by day. He died in August of the same year, aged twenty years. His name is inscribed on the monument at Magnolia Cemetery.

No. 10.—Three Days and Nights of Terror.

(By Helen Clifford, of Walhalla, S. C.)

When the tocsin of war rang throughout the South summoning brave men to bleed and die for a righteous cause, it called no less upon the daughters of the South, bidding them put on the breast-plate of endurance, and, by a proud indomitable spirit, animate the patriot's zeal—by an unbending heroism temper the soldier's courage. In response to this mandate we, a happy family dwelling in "the City by the Sea," armed our warriors for the fight, and, bidding them Godspeed, saw them depart for the distant fields of the "Old Dominion."

Tearful, busy and anxious, welingered in the desolate old home until Carolina was invaded by the merciless foe, then, when Governor Magrath, in his earnest proclamation, portrayed the sufferings, and dangers worse than death, that would inevitably follow the foul invader's steps, we gathered our little band and bidding a long adieu to our native city, refuged to a "leafy retreat" we owned amid the grand towering hills of the Blue Ridge. Here we lived in comparative security during the dark months that followed, overlooked by the fierce hosts that not more than fifty miles away were devastating with demoniacal hate fair homes where only helpless women were found to weep over the ruin and desolation that marked the conqueror's path. It was not until Lee's worn and ragged boys had laid down their glory-crowned arms at Appomattox, and Johnston vainly striving to stay the ruthless Sherman's march to the sea, that this secluded place became the prey of as fierce a band of Vandals as ever ventured beyond the limits of barbarous lands.

At the time of which I write our household numbered four—a fearless little sister-in-law, a younger brother of fifteen years, and a one-armed soldier who had gone from us four years before in the full tide of health and strength, and returned bent and broken by the heat of conflict. He was a wreck of his former self, but dearer to us in his weakness and dependence than if crowned with the fairest honors with which kings and states are wont to deck their heroes. A cold blustering day in April 1865 was

fast setting into darkness. We had piled up the logs in the huge old country fire-place, hoping by the warmth and brightness of the room to banish somewhat the gloomy aspect nature wore, and the deeper gloom pervading our hearts. The war was virtually over and with it our hopes for the noblest cause for which heroes fought and trusting women prayed. The arch genius of desolation could have desired nothing more complete than had been wrought by the ruthless destroyer. Ashes and blackened ruins marked his course, and the South reeked with the blood of her slain. Out of our immediate household two slept on nameless graves on Malvern's bloody hill, "their martial cloaks around them;" while he who once more sat beside us, battered and worn, bore witness to the terrible stonewall-like stand our soldiers made as they struck their last blow for the homes and altars of their sires.

THE SUSPICIOUS STRANGER.

While we watched the bright leaping flames on the hearth and endeavored to beguile the evening with cheerful topics of conversation, we were startled by a knock at the front door. Visitors were rare at anytime in our mountain home, and the announcement of one at such an hour alarmed us in no slight degree.

"A gentleman who wants to spend the night," a servant announced, and a moment later the "gentleman" was ushered in.

The stranger was a short, thick-set man with a heavy stolid cast of countenance. He was clad in a coarse suit of jeans, an article we learned to make and value during the stringent days of the blockade, and was to all intents a veritable countryman. He appeared to be thoroughly chilled, and asked so earnestly for food and lodging, that, though we were opposed to entertaining "strangers unawares," we agreed to receive him for the night, and, our spirit of hospitality once aroused, we placed before him the best our larder afforded, and when he had appeased his appetite gave him the warmest corner beside our brightly burning fire. He was taciturn, speaking only in reply to some remark addressed to him, and meanwhile hanging closely over the fire as if his one object in life was to get warm. Finding him a *mauvais sujet* for conversation, we turned to each other and left him to his own reflections.

After some moments had elapsed, Iris, the young wife of our soldier, beckoned me to follow her from the room.

"I don't like him," she whispered excitedly as the door closed upon us. "He has a stealthy way about him which looks suspicious. When we return watch him closely, and you will see how keen and angry the glances he gives each of us when he thinks no one is regarding him."

I did as she directed and was startled by the dark sinister expression with which he was regarding my wounded brother, Earle. As he turned away he caught Iris's eye fastened upon him, and though he immediately resumed his stolid indifferent expression, he was evidently embarrassed. We watched him closely the remainder of the evening, but detected nothing more to excite our fears. Soon after he pleaded fatigue and desired to be shown to an apartment.

Two hours later as Iris and I passed his room our olfactory organs were regaled by the odor of a fragrant Havana cigar. We looked at each other in astonishment. Odoriferous cigars were things of the past with Southern gentlemen, and our suspicions regarding our guest were once more aroused. He was evidently not what he had represented himself to be—"a countryman living some twenty miles distant and belated on his journey." We accordingly retraced our steps and whispered the discovery we had made to our younger brother, who, boy-like, made light of our fears.

"You girls are so fanciful," he said sleepily. "What do you know of Havana cigars? Well, suppose it is one. Can't such things run the blockade? He is a lucky fellow to have gotten hold of it." And with this cool, unsatisfactory rejoinder we were forced to be content.

Next morning our mysterious guest was missing. His door was open, the floor sprinkled with cigar ashes, and on the table a slip of paper containing the following:

"I go but I will return. That dark-eyed girl penetrated my disguise last night. I will be even with her yet."

We regarded each other with white, frightened face, then simultaneously exclaimed:

"We have entertained a spy!"

There is no telling what part of the house he did not explore during the night when we were wrapped in sleep. Earle chided us for not imparting to him our suspicions, but we had purposely refrained from so doing, not wishing to excite or annoy him in his weak, helpless state.

"We must look around and see if anything has been disturbed," Earle said,

"I shall deeply regret it if he has penetrated the rooms where the trunks and boxes are secreted."

These trunks had been entrusted to our care by friends and relatives who had remained in Charleston, and were filled with richly carved plate, rare and costly jewels, and silken fabrics of ancient make; all valued heir-looms in families of wealth and distinction. Added to this handsome collection were our own possessions; and here all had remained in safety, and it was impossible to believe that now the war so nearly over they would be torn from their hiding places. How mistaken we were in our conjectures the sequel will show.

THE RAIDERS APPEAR.

It was the first of May, and all glorious shone the sunlight of the happy springtime. No immediate results having followed the advent of the spy, our fears slumbered, and as the days rolled into weeks we only recalled the incident as another unpleasant one belonging to the war. Our soldier was improving in health, and this fact alone lent a brighter hue to life and its duties. On the morning above mentioned, feeling stronger than usual he determined to ride to the nearest town, ten miles distant, where he had some important business to transact.

He had been absent several hours, and we were anxiously expecting his return when, suddenly, a sharp cry fell startlingly upon us—words so horrible, so full of dreadful import, as to banish the blood from the face of the bravest of us. Again the cry rang out—unmistakable and fearful—uttered in half frantic, half jubilant tones, by the negroes on the place.

"Yonder dey come! De Yankees! De Yankees! My how dey ride! an' Lor' if dey aint got Mas' Earle bound han' and foot, an' he so weak he can hardly sit in de saddle!"

We sprang to the door and saw an armed band, whose numbers seemed legion, clad in the uniform of the Federal army, riding rapidly towards the house. They were a hard looking set, and our hearts sank as we beheld Earle bound and helpless in their power. On each side of him rode a man, one glance at whose brutal countenance was enough to strike terror to any heart, much less those of weak, unprotected women. But well we knew this was no time for bootless tears, the life perhaps of our loved one depended on our courage and nerve.

Iris was the first to regain a fearless demeanor. As the men reigned up in

front of the house, she sprang down the steps, and reaching Earle's side, demanded the meaning of such atrocious treatment. The men were evidently impressed by the fearless dignity of the girl. They fell back and for a moment silently regarded her. One of the least ferocious-looking seemed about to reply to her indignant demand when a tall, dark ruffian, who appeared to be the leader, and whose evil face bore the signet of every vice, approached and with a fierce oath, exclaimed:

"Enter into no explanations. If we were to hang this rebel dog here on the spot it would serve them right. But we'll let him off this time if he will show us where the Confederate treasure is hidden. You need not deny having it," shaking his fist menacingly in Earle's face, "for our spy traced it here from Columbia. Come here, Charlie, and see if this young Rebel woman will recognize you?"

A man, dressed like the others in odious blue, stepped out from amongst the troop, and in him we recognized the spy who had crept into our house, partaken of our hospitality and gone forth again to pilot his miserable comrades into our midst.

"You know me, I see," he exclaimed with an insolent laugh. "I told you I would return, and here I am. But I'll forgive you, pretty one," he continued, approaching Iris, "for suspecting me of playing off that night, if you will conduct us to those rooms where you have stored away the chests containing Jeff Davis's gold. They were seen in Columbia months ago, and it is well-known were received here to be taken care of until we Yanks left the country. You understand now how well posted we are about the gold, and if you refuse to deliver it we will burn the house to the ground and hang this fellow to the highest tree we can find."

"You dare not harm a hair of his head, nor will you burn this house, though I tell you there is no gold here!"

Iris spoke boldly, but well she knew that there was nothing too dreadful for these creatures to dare and do.

"You will see, my fine lady," was the impudent reply of the spy, as the leader ordered his men to conduct their prisoner into the house.

PLUNDERING THE HOUSE.

In a second of time the rooms swarmed with armed men intent on finding "the treasure." Fearful oaths and threats were heard as they explored the house from cellar to garret; succeeded by

shouts of savage exultation as the heavy old chests were drawn from their hiding places and the rich contents exposed to the greedy gaze of the plunderers. Looking at the wealth before them, their cry for gold was for a time silenced, and with coarse jests and triumphant laughter they began the work of appropriation. Haversacks and pockets were filled, and when no dint of pressing could put more into them, snowy cases were drawn from pillows and converted into sacks into which they stored their booty.

With feelings difficult to analyze, I followed the robbers up stairs, determined if possible to rescue some of the jewels at least. These now lay scattered over the floor, and the men down on their knees were making selections. So intent were they on their work that at first they did not observe my entrance. I watched them quietly until I saw the wretch styling himself "Colonel" take up a ring, which, more on account of associations than for any intrinsic value, I highly prized.

"You will not take that," I said, stepping forward and extending my hand. "That ring was the gift of one now dead, and I cannot afford to lose it."

"Some d—d lover I suppose, whose bones I trust are now bleaching on the battlefield! Well, give me a kiss and you shall have it."

I recoiled with the disgust I felt depicted in my face.

"You won't? Well, then, I'll keep it and give it to my mother or sister when I get back to Boston," and so saying, in nasal tones that were hateful to my ears, the ruffian pocketed the only souvenir I possessed of "the tender grace of a day that could never come back to me."

"Have such creatures as you mothers and sisters?" I asked, growing reckless.

"D—n you, yes," he answered, looking up from a superb urn he was examining, "and why not? And I'll just tell you, my scornful rebel, if they were down here they would soon teach you what Yankee women think of this cursed rebellion. You'd get no mercy from their tongues, you wouldn't. Well, boys," he added, turning to his comrades, "this has the true ring, all silver, and I'll just take it home to the old woman, whose existence this fine rebel is inclined to doubt."

He laid the urn aside with other pieces he had selected and began examining more of the costly plate.

Scarcely knowing what I was doing I took my seat in a chair on which a cocked gun had been thrown.

"Sister!" exclaimed my young brother, who had followed me into the room, "get up. You are sitting on a gun, a Yankee's gun, in every part of which lurks treachery."

"You d—d rebel!" exclaimed several of the men at once, and pointing their weapons at the boy. "Say that again and we'll soon let you feel what does lurk in a Yankee's gun—something that won't take long to send you to kingdom come."

The youth looked defiantly at them, and would have given a bold reply, but I, thinking discretion the better part of valor in his case, caught him by the hand and forced him to leave the room. As the door closed upon us I heard the Colonels say with an oath:

"Plucky, like all the rest of the d—d South Carolina women. I have never seen one show the white feather yet!"

While this wholesale robbery was going on up-stairs the prisoner sat in one of the rooms below guarded by three ruffians who stood prepared to shoot should he attempt to leave his chair. Iris stood near by intently watching their movements, her pale resolute face bearing no trace of the great anxiety she felt. Earle was not allowed to speak, and it was not until later that we learned the particulars of his arrest. When within a few miles of the town he wished to visit he heard the tramp of cavalry, and deciding they were a detachment of Wheeler's men, who often swept through this part of the State, he rode on until a bend in the road revealed to him a body of horsemen wearing the Federal uniform. With a wild yell they surrounded him, addressed him by name, and said they were on the way to his residence where, it was well known, the gold belonging to the Confederate Government had been sent for safe-keeping.

BOUND TO HAVE "THE TREASURE."

Meanwhile the men up-stairs had resumed their cry for the shining yellow metal. Splendid as was the treasure unearthed their avaricious souls were not satisfied. In the parlor where we sat, anxious and expectant, the revived cry reached us, curdling our blood with terror, for we had seen enough of these wretches to know that if resolved to vent their disappointment on one, or all of us, no prayers nor tears would avail to turn them from their fell purpose. The Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century could never have shown a greater craving for the precious metal than did these Yankee adventurers of a far more enlightened age, nor did the

latter hesitate any more than did their infamous prototypes to secure it by deeds of violence.

With wildly beating hearts, but betraying no outward signs of fear, we awaited the march of events. They returned to the lower portion of the house filling the rooms with their dreadful oaths, and calling on the negroes to give what information they could relative to the treasure.

"Come here, you black imp," said the colonel, whose euphonious appellation was Unthank, to an old negress who had come into the room, "and tell us where these white people have hidden Jeff Davis's gold. Out with the truth and you shall have this."

He drew out of his knapsack a white crêpe shawl of exquisite texture and threw it around the sable form.

"Ki, what I want with Missie's shawl," the woman answered, taking it off and carefully folding it; "and all I can tell you is dere ain't no gold yere."

"You are lying like the rest," he replied, using a fearful oath, "but you will all lower your tones before I am done with you." Then turning to Iris he exclaimed: "I see you have a piano; let me hear it."

"I can play but two pieces," she answered quietly, though her face grew very white, "and those I do not suppose you will care to hear."

"What are they?"

"'Dixie' and the 'Bonnie Blue Flag.'"

For a moment they looked fixedly at each other. Then he said in a voice indicative of suppressed passion: "Play them."

Earle started forward, but a gesture from his guards stopped him. I clutched Iris's dress and begged her not to attempt to play either piece, as those well known rebel airs might enrage the men. But there was no alternative left her. The man had opened the instrument and was impatiently waiting for her to begin. How she ever succeeded in playing the two melodies through is a mystery, for her trembling fingers and quivering lips told how trying the ordeal she was subjected to. As she finished and was leaving the piano her tormentor placed a crumpled soiled piece of paper before her. It contained the words of "Yankee Doodle," and had evidently been torn from a book of songs.

"Now let me hear Yankee Doodle. I guess you can play an accompaniment, and I'll help you sing it."

"Never," answered Iris defiantly; and before he could guess her intention she had torn the paper into pieces.

The man regarded her in blank amazement; then as his rage gathered and burst he rudely seized her arm.

What the sequel would have been I cannot tell, for at that moment a series of yells so deafening, so exultant, resounded without that the Colonel rushed to the door and exclaiming, "Those fellows have found the gold," disappeared in the direction from which the voices came.

The curiosity of Earle's guards proved stronger than their willingness to obey orders, and commanding him not to stir from his chair, they followed their leader's example and hastened to the scene of uproar.

We seized this moment to remonstrate with Iris, impressing it on her that a fearful penalty might yet be exacted for her reckless defiance of the man at whose mercy we were. The poor girl admitted she was wrong, "but," firing up again, "I was determined to play only those two pieces for him. He *shall not* think he can frighten me into performing whatever he commands."

A WILD NIGHT REVEL.

Meanwhile the tumult outside increased. Fresh voices appeared to swell the chorus of yells, and we soon learned that the Yankees had been joined by another troop of horsemen. These, with the negroes, who had by this time cast off all restraint, and who numbered fifty or sixty, were holding a wild revel over several barrels of whiskey—for it was the latter, and not gold, that had called forth such jubilant cries. Unfortunately, only a few days before, this liquor had been stored away for safe-keeping in an out-house. It belonged to parties living in the mountain fastnesses who intended shipping it to a distant town, but, hearing the place had fallen into the Yankee's hands, had asked permission to store it away on our premises until they could venture to deliver it.

And now followed a succession of scenes that beggars description. The ruffians drank and swore, and some sitting astride the barrels uttered the most horrible blasphemies. Others, with a canteen of whiskey in one hand, while the other brandished a gun, filed in and out of the house, filling our ears with threats of what they intended doing if the gold was not soon found. The negroes, half crazed by the liquor they had imbibed, and urged on by the Yankees, crowded into the rooms, taking liberties they had never before attempted, and appropriating what little spoil the men had left. Only a few proved faithful in

this hour of trial, and amongst these was the old inama who had refused the shawl given her by the Colonel.

By this time the shadows had lengthened and night came swiftly down. This night stands out with fearful prominence in my life. The diabolical scenes enacted then are as fresh and vivid on the tablets of memory as if written yesterday. The moon looked coldly down on the mad revellers, and brought no stray beam of hope to us, sad silent watchers, hourly expecting to see the wretches redeem their threats. The very songs of the night birds sounded wilder and wilder than ever before, and seemed to us in our desolation to be fraught with ominous forebodings of evil. All night long the men kept up their wild orgies; quarrelling and even fighting meantime for a fresh distribution of spoil. The newcomers wanted their share, and at the point of the bayonet urged their demand.

To make matters worse, the negroes held a revel of their own to celebrate the advent of their "Northern bred'rin." For hours we could hear them dancing and shouting, and calling down all manner of blessings on "Ole Mars' Linkum," until overcome by excitement and the whiskey they had imbibed they fell exhausted into a drunken sleep.

When day dawned again comparative silence prevailed. Most of the men had succumbed to the effects of the liquor, and lay in groups about the rooms and out on the ground sleeping heavily. Only the men who mounted guard over Earle were wide awake in the room where we still lingered.

But as the day advanced it proved but a duplicate of the preceding one; only, that, if it were possible, the ruffians grew more ferocious. Their demands for gold became more frequent, and their threats darker and more significant.

Again as night set in, whites and blacks held their mad carnival of drink and hate and, as before, slept the sleep of exhaustion. It was midnight when Iris left the room after having so far won on the better nature of the guards as to prevail on them to allow Earle to rest upon a lounge. He was very weak still, and the intense excitement he was suffering told upon him physically.

A BRAVE WOMAN'S DEED.

I knew by the resolute look on Iris's face that she was bent on some desperate purpose. As she closed the door I heard her run up-stairs, and a moment later detected stealthy footsteps passing out-

side in the hall. The guards heard them too, listened intently, and, deciding it "was a dog or something of the kind," gave them no second thought.

When morning broke again and the men gathered around the barrels they found the bungs drawn and the casks empty. A fiendish yell announced their discovery and disappointment.

I stole a glance at Iris, and knew by the triumphant light in her dark eyes that she could a tale unfold.

"I determined last night," she said, as together we sought an unoccupied room, "that this fearful drinking should stop, and later, when the cries of these wretches ceased and I felt sure that most of them were asleep, I wrapped a dark shawl around me and stole to where the whiskey was. The floor was literally covered with drunken sleeping creatures, and it was difficult to make my way between them, but with the assistance of the moonlight I did so, drew the bungs after some difficulty, and, as the whiskey flowed out, passed swiftly from the room and ran as if our very lives depended on it. It seemed as if I was hours drawing the stoppers, and the suspense was fearful! I could not nerve myself to do it again."

It never entered the minds of the men that one of us might have done this thing. They accused one another of having neglected to replace the bungs. Some of them, in their fury and craving for more drink, caught up bottles of "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral" of which there were several dozens on hand, and drained them to the dregs. Nausea and unconsciousness were the inevitable results, and for hours they lay apparently dead, or moaning and swearing with pain, while their wiser comrades, who had abstained from the nauseous beverage, made them the targets for obscene jests.

Meanwhile our provisions had been exhausted. Only a few weeks previous we had been called upon to feed a troop of Wheeler's men, and we had not succeeded in very bountifully replenishing our store-house. It did not take the Yankees long to empty it again. We had only a small quantity of rye flour left when they ordered us to prepare with our own hands "a tip-top dinner." The wretches laughed in our faces when we showed them the flour.

"You have something more than that d—d stuff, and you had better trot it out, or we'll know the reason why!"

There are times when woman's wit will enable her to devise ways and means out of a dilemma, but in this case it was of no avail, and we did not even pretend

to comply with the demands of our oppressors. This "d—d sulking obstinacy," as they termed it, on our part, with the non-discovery of "Jeff Davis's gold," soon brought matters to a climax.

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the Colonel, followed by some of the most desperate looking of his ruffians, rushed up to Earle, and shaking his gun at him exclaimed, in a voice quivering with passion:

"Curse you! We wont wait another moment on you to deliver up the gold. Tell us where it is, or by G— I'll shoot you down."

I saw Earle's eyes flash fire, but for our sakes he kept quiet.

"Do you hear?" the villain continued, and raising his gun he struck him sharply on the head.

"Wretch!" cried Earle, striving to break from the guards who now surrounded him. "I'll teach you to deal such cowardly blows! Villain!" The last word leapt from his lips and told how the wild rage ran riotous through his blood. A second blow had been dealt but had fallen on Iris, who had thrown herself between her husband and his persecutors.

"No more of that, Colonel," said an officer who had been sitting for some time apart from the others examining a casket of jewels. "Take the fellow out and shoot him or break his neck as soon as you please, but let that girl alone or I'll take her under my own wing."

"Bewitched by the magic of rebel eyes, I'll swear!" the man answered, with a coarse laugh.

"Don't repeat the blow, that's all I have to say," and, with real or assumed indifference to what was transpiring around him, the officer resumed his inspection of the jewels.

HANGING A WOUNDED CONFEDERATE.

In a shorter time than I can relate it, the inhuman wretches dragged my helpless brother beneath a large maple tree, and placing a strong rope around his neck prepared to execute their threat.

Ah! the agony of that moment! We read of "the times that tried men's hearts," but where is the pen that can ever portray the depths of suffering which have been fathomed by the hearts of Southern women during the dark days of secession!

"Perhaps the coil of hemp around his neck will make him open his mouth," said one of the ruffians, giving the rope a sudden jerk.

"You have already been told that there is no gold here, and now I add that if

there were tons of it I would rather die twenty deaths than deliver it into the hands of such a band of robbers and cut-throats."

These defiant words from Earle were received with a volley of curses, and the order was given to "draw him up."

The rope was tightening, when one of the men exclaimed: "Where's his wife? She must see him swing!" and, as if in answer to his call, Iris sprang forward and tightly grasped the rope.

"You dare not! You shall not kill him!" she cried, her face blanched to the dreadful whiteness of death.

"Who will stop us, you cursed Rebel," asked the Colonel, who of all those brutal creatures seemed to me the most inhuman. "Here, men, pull her off; and if she won't keep her distance, make her!"

Rudely they tore her hands from the rope and held them firmly despite her efforts to free herself. Then I saw the rope tighten once more and my poor brother swing into mid-air. I had suppressed all exhibition of weakness during these terrible hours, but this last act of cruelty was more than a sister's heart could bear in silence. I rushed into the room where still sat the man who had interposed in Iris's behalf. To him I appealed as I never thought I should have done to a Yankee! I have since often wondered if he would have gone to Earle's rescue, or, if, in attempting to save him, could he have stayed the lawless men bent on shedding blood? I have given him the benefit of the doubt, for of all the sun-dyed, hardened villains who that day tried our courage and powers of endurance and almost shook our faith in a Supreme controlling Hand, this man alone looked as if some of the milk of human kindness still coursed through his veins. But I did not wait to hear his answer. A fresh chorus of shouts mingling with a woman's scream—a scream full of intense relief and deep heartfelt thankfulness—called me back to the scene of violence, where I found the work of death had been suddenly and mercifully stayed!

A PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

Truly, "the drift of the Maker is dark, an Iris hid by the veil!" When hope was dying in our hearts His arm was stretched out to save! After I had gone into the house they had twice drawn Earle up and as often cut him down, each time calling upon him to confess where he had hidden the gold. Faint, almost dead as he was, they were preparing to hang him the third, and what

must have been the last, time when the unexpected appearance of several armed men put an end to their nefarious proceedings. So intent had they been on murdering their victim that they were not aware of the arrival of the new comers, who seemed to be officers high in command, until a peremptory voice ordered them to release Earle.

The men fell back astonished and obedient while he who appeared to be the leader exclaimed:

"You are on the wrong track altogether! That d—d old traitor's gold has gone in quite another direction, and we have orders for you to mount and join the brigade immediately. But what the devil have you done! That fellow is almost dead; quick, bring some water!" And jumping from his horse he approached Earle who was lying insensible on the ground with Iris bending over him.

"Save your tears, madam," turning from the unconscious form, and addressing the poor girl, who was vainly striving to suppress her feelings. "I have seen a good deal of this kind of thing, and can assure you your husband will get over this, though he has been rather badly served. Now, boys, mount and be off!"

In a short time we were relieved of their presence. Five miles distant they rejoined Stoneman's brigade, from which they had been dispatched to secure the Confederate treasure.

They had gone, but traces of the ruin and desolation they had wrought looked upon us from all directions; but our loved one, though worn and bleeding, and sorely tried, still lived, and for this mercy vouchsafed in the midst of much misery, we thanked God.

NO. 11.—The Costumes of War Times.

(By Mrs. I. V. Franklin, of Augusta, Ga.)

War times! War days! How long ago it all appears, after the lapse of years full of recollection and reminiscences! So far back, it seems, those days so eventful then, and so historic now, must have their birth from eternity itself. Yet often memory brings back very vividly all the tumultuous emotions of those exciting hours, and even yet, often in social meetings, friends who suffered together in those anxious years will

converse lingeringly over the war and its manifold experiences.

There are many whose glowing pens will portray strange and sad events, giving histories replete with pain, death, privation, wrong and exile. Homes lost like "a leaf in the storm," as Ouida calls the desolation of a village during the times of the Commune, to hundreds in the South, can never again be seen, save in delusive dreaming. Noble lives given up on crimson fields have left that tender silence upon hearts that held them dear, which must ever bring back, most sorrowfully, any thought of war, and to these writers a vivid reality in description must be given, as the ablest writers are those who feel most deeply.

I could write of Sherman's march, telling of Atlanta with her blackened chimneys standing like grim sentinels over the ruins beneath. I could tell of "The City by the Sea," looking over the waters with ruin in her walls, and picture the anxious days and months with the enemy encamped about the islands near. Years after the shells had ceased to startle the alarmed air I stood upon the Battery alone, and in the peaceful silence saw yet evidence of war. In the moonlight I wandered by the ruined Cathedral, and saw the Circular Church wreathed with creepers, all silvered by the light, which softened but revealed the ravages of bursting shell. The ocean dimly murmured far away with an unquiet roar, as if the troubled waters could sing in monotone a story of the sorrow borne over the foaming waves in those blood-red days, the days of hatred and of strife. Let me bring back some other themes in connection with Confederate life less sorrowful.

Well do I remember, though but a little slip of a girl, the wild excitement over secession, when all fierce, rebel maidens wore the badge of sympathy. My school books were never taken unless the badge adorned the left shoulder for the street. On all sides nothing was discussed but the subject of secession. There was a feverish excitement pervading the atmosphere of the school-rooms, and I remember a rebel concert given in which every pupil wore a distinctive costume of Confederate colors, songs of Southern zeal and full of battle spirit were sung to the roll of a drum, which was supported by a child who was draped in a banner. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed when the two hundred girls sang in chorus of their love for the Southern land, for her brave soldiers and for their valor, yet to be proven. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb was present on this

occasion, and was at the time full of ardor in his arrangements for the active field.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF WAR.

Years after I saw one memorial day a procession of young girls placing upon the soldiers' graves laurel crowns and emblems of a warrior's deathless fame. My interest became more intense when I saw in my widowed mother's face a look which rested there for years. Her boys eagerly rushed to the battle call, and there came a day when in every home the leave-taking was universal. Often now I recall the going of our soldiers far from home and tender love to battle and to death, and imagination cannot create a more gallant picture of the soldier than our Southern youths afforded. It was marvellous how bravely they bore the life of danger and exposure. Among old letters I read with unabated interest still the details of fights, skirmishes and battles, in which those dear to me bore active part, and amazement fills me to observe there was never one murmur over privation and wounds.

The battles of Seven Pines and around Richmond brought anguish to many homes, and in my own home anxiety beyond words filled us, when, after a long silence, a message was brought, summoning aid from home to those who lay at death's door, from terrible wounds. Never can I forget the history of that journey which a loved one took. The fight was raging near Richmond, and hourly hundreds of the wounded were brought within the limits. All day long, outside the building, which was filled with dead and dying upon the floors, could be seen the coffins in construction, and the rude hammering filled the air. The food at this time of panic consisted solely of buttermilk and blackberries, in this especial building, and the sufferers were almost perishing for water. Fortunately, assistance was soon rendered. Experiences full of suffering were endured by members of my family, in following the army, to join the wounded, and to render nursing attention. But these are stories of horror, and I will instead give some glimpses of home life in those demoralized times.

By this time the Confederacy was filled with battle songs, breathing the very spirit of music, and overflowing with sentiment and pathos. "We'll conquer or we'll die," "When this cruel war is over," and "My Maryland," were the familiar household songs, and Father

Ryan's poems, and those of many others scarcely less gifted in this line, were recited with a depth of feeling unknown, save in days of warfare. Soon "The Vacant Chair" and songs in the minor key prevailed, for sorrow enveloped the land as a veil. Literary cultivation was almost classical, for few novelists existed then in our borders, and ancient works were re-read and borrowed freely. The texture of Confederate newspapers was something marvellous, and the columns were filled only with war and rumors of war.

I received once a collection of papers and illustrated monthlies from Virginia, sent me by an officer whose command had surprised the enemy's encampment and routed them to take possession of all they precipitately left. The valuables were prized very highly, and what made them especially valuable was suggestions in regard to fashion. How infinitely absurd that any interest should have attached to style among Southern women. But it was certainly true, more particularly as our prevailing modes were a direct contrast. Individuals in society were well known by their garments, many making no effort whatever in regard to change or alterations. Exchanges were, however, sometimes made to insure variety and freshness.

GROTESQUE BONNETS AND GOWNS.

Among the strange articles utilized were Guinea feathers in the formation of bonnets. I saw one once, completely covered with them, which gave the beholder temporary vertigo from the innumerable spots. The front of this marvel was filled in with twenty camellias made of goose feathers dyed. Bonnets of palmetto were much in vogue, as were those of ornamental gourds. The extreme weight rendered these dressy articles more beautiful than comfortable. Yet, for summer wear the palmettoes were cool in appearance. A friend of mine possessed a tarlton bonnet made of six yards of the cloth, with forty dollars worth of goose feather flowers adorning the inside. Once, by some odd chance, a young lady of my acquaintance was so fortunate as to have sent her a hat and a pair of balmoral boots, with a skirt to correspond. These treasures were sent by a blockade runner, and a reception was held to display them and to allow others the privilege of trying them on. I afterwards often saw the balmoral skirt, worn very guilelessly, with simply an antique velvet jacket.

The most ingenious dress I remember

during the war was a black silk, made from the covers of worn parasols, the umbrella form being preserved. It was regarded as being very stylish, and was lined with a mosquito netting, which had been presented the young lady by an officer who had been stationed on James Island. The buttons on the dress had been in battle, and were much valued by the owner. At this time, North and abroad, dresses were worn very high in the throat and the skirts quite gored and tight in front. The women of the Confederacy wore their dresses the same length all around, a little longer if anything just in front, necessitating a slight holding up by the aid of one hand always. The neck was very much exposed, being worn half high often. Once I saw a very thin woman attired in this style, wearing around her throat a chain and locket. The latter had slipped around and was half hidden down in the hollow of her collar-bone, just beneath her left ear. In her unconsciousness she was delighted with her toilet, and indeed so was I. The first lady who visited our town wearing a high dress at the throat, with a ruche above, was regarded with much suspicion, it being commonly believed the throat was badly scarred, from her effort to completely hide even a glimpse of its slender column. So we perceive both styles of dress claimed disadvantages.

An aunt of mine was in Europe during the war, and immediately upon its close hastened to Georgia longing to look once more into faces of relatives and friends. The first Sabbath at church she wept unceasingly, and smiled at times. Coming home she said, no one could possibly imagine how queerly everything looked to her in point of costume, each form seeming a comic picture and appearing almost as if there had been a rivalry in each to excel the other in these effects. This impression existed only in regard to the women. She wept in realizing how painful must have been the years and anxious months to those so dear to her, when the effect was evidenced even in any thing so paltry as mere dress.

MYSTERIES OF THE CUISINE.

In those days of self-denial there were wonderful things in the cuisine departments—much that was mysterious! Raspberry leaves were used for tea. Persimmons and black pepper formed favorite ingredients for fruit cake, blended with hickory-nuts and walnuts. Groundnuts and parched okra made

coffee, and sometimes sweet potatoes. Innumerable delicacies were originated. Persimmons dried in brown sugar replaced dates and figs. A young friend of mine informed me that in her home dessert was much enjoyed in this manner: "After dining she would take down from its place their cookery book and read aloud some choice selections." It was customary at entertainments for the ladies to enjoy the repast first; very often the gentlemen left the room until their enjoyment was over. Once an entertainment I attended was elegant in all arrangements for the feast, and it was whispered around that chicken salad in profusion would be given. The ladies were first served, and the hostess said, when the less favored ones entered the room for refreshments, a tall, ungainly soldier-boy commenced looking anxiously over the board, and finally, in a disgusted manner, said: "I believe, in my heart, the blamed women have eaten all the salad!" He was only appeased by Confederate fruit cake—strong of molasses and pepper.

Our town was filled with refugees from all points, and their society was highly appreciated in our midst. As a rule they were cultivated and charming additions to any society, and represented the best phase of home life from their respective cities. As our college buildings were useless, and furnished many homes under one roof, they were occupied by families who had fled to our walls for safety. The old buildings reverberated to soldiers' tread, and to the flying feet of Southern girls, in light dancing, often on summer nights. The refugees seemed to accept their exile cheerfully, and whenever any soldier came home his sojourn was enlivened by merry-making and cheery society. You might see at some picnic, given in honor of several returned soldiers, many young girls, clad in homespun, with faces as coquettish and arch as those that are now shaded by rich velvets and soft plumes.

Among our refugees was a bright young woman from New Orleans, who was so enraged by all her belongings being inspected as she was leaving the city to join her friends outside of Gen. Butler's rule she exclaimed to an officer: "You haven't inspected that trunk, and it contains both powder and caps." This announcement caused much excitement, and the officer was much chagrined to discover at the bottom of the trunk in question a box containing an old lady's supply of caps and innocent face powder.

I had a relative in Mississippi whose

experiences were annoying and, in some respects, quite amusing. For two months a command of Yankees were stationed on her plantation, and every day her house was filled with soldiers. She informed me her scant and unfashionable wardrobe was subjected to cutting remarks. The soldiers unhesitatingly opened her bureau and wardrobe for free inspection.

THE FASHIONABLE PASTIME.

Every Southern woman became interested in sewing societies, and knitting was the fashionable fancy work. I invariably knitted the first sock of a pair a size smaller than the second, and was thus compelled to always give in two pair to other's one in order to secure matches. The military ardor of an eccentric woman known to me induced her to send to a certain regiment in Virginia a kind of helmet for each soldier, made of the gayest kinds of figured cloth. She was a year manufacturing these fantastic disguises, and was informed after sending them that they were useless, and perfectly unnecessary. It was an amusing scene to watch the various objects contributed to relieve the supposed necessities of the soldiers from time to time, and again it was very beautiful to note the spirit of self-sacrifice evident in each and in all. Nothing was too valued or too rare for the use of our loved soldiers.

Perhaps the most superb body of men I saw during the war were the soldiers of Gen. Williams, of Kentucky. Their fine horses gave an air of invincibility to the command, and the men were so stalwart and splendidly developed. I recall a young officer who was mounted on a superb steed, glossy and black as night. The dashing cavalryman, in his suit of gray, with boots and spurs and floating plumes, was a young Mars from his golden head to his horse's hoofs. They looked—these Kentuckians—like ideal soldiers, and were brave and gallant enough. If our soldiers were brave, so were our women in a high degree; but to others I yield the graceful task of eulogizing Southern womanhood.

I know a girl who rode through the storm of a winter's night, many miles, to give information to our soldiers when Sherman was on his way to Atlanta. The country far and wide was filled with soldiers, and skirmishing was of constant occurrence. By her efforts many lives were saved, and as she returned homewards the shot and shell were falling thick and fast around her. Later, a desperate encounter took place

in her father's yard between the contending armies, and her courage was wonderful in assisting the wounded and in baffling inquiries from the Yankee officers, who made headquarters in her home. She still managed to give important information, and defied detection. This girl is of an ancient family, and soldier blood is in her veins. Her grandfather was a general in the United States service many years before her mother was grown.

UNBIDDEN GUESTS AT A FEAST.

A singular evening entertainment was attended by me late in the war. A young soldier having returned home on leave of absence, his parents gave him a welcome, with all his friends, to enjoy an evening's dance. Superb arrangements for that time interested the family, and the attendance was unusually large. Just in the rear of the house where the entertainment was given a Texas brigade was encamped, and during the day many of the command in passing back and forth discerned some excitement was prevailing on the premises. Several soldiers announced openly their intention of being present, and as the guests commenced to arrive, including the officers of the brigade, the astonishment of those present cannot be portrayed, when I say the command also arrived. The beautiful grounds were filled by the soldiers, and the entire house overflowed with them. Their officers could not influence them, or would not, and nothing remained for the guests but to quietly await their going. Many of them were under the influence of drink, and the officers assured the host the best course to pursue was simply not to notice them. They were perfectly respectful to the ladies, and did not intrude into the parlors at all, but remained waiting for supper they said. The supper room was opened, the supper vanished, and gradually so did the soldiers. Among the guests were a number of quartermasters, &c. All these officials walked home bare-headed, their hats being exchanged. Many humorous things occurred that will at present, however, be too lengthy to detail. The supper was not even seen by the gentlemen who were guests, but I fancy after all it was well bestowed. Later this command was removed several miles out from the city, and I had the pleasure of attending service held at the encampment. There was something very impressive in the hymns and prayers rising heavenward from beneath the arching forest trees. From the earnest listening

faces one would never have imagined they had even dreamed of festivities.

I rode some distance during the war on one occasion to witness a camp-meeting far in the country, a novel spectacle to me, and it was in a section where all the men, all the horses, all the mules had gone "to the war," as the country people expressed it. I mention this to give some idea of how the people managed some matters when left to their own devices. In front of me was slowly moving one of those old-fashioned high-up carriages, with the interior steps all folded up; the kind driven by our parents and ancestry generally. A near approach revealed that two little oxen were harnessed to supply the lack of horses, and they leisurely strolled along in spite of the repeated adjurations of the superannuated daddy who drove them; occasionally he would lie down against the dashboard, to better enable him to reach them with his whip. This equipage was the property of a worthy family that had gone heart, and I may say purse, into the cause, and they esteemed it all lightly. These small matters are scarcely worth mention, save for this reason: They serve somewhat to give an idea of what were the inconveniences endured by Southern women, who freely gave their all to the Cause, and to prove how ingenious necessity will render us in providing substitutes for what was once esteemed absolutely indispensable.

PREPARING FOR THE RAIDERS.

Not very long after this an alarm was given our town by the report of a near approach of the enemy's forces. Now indeed "there was a hurrying to and fro," and in every household panic prevailed. The first night of the alarm a tempest raged, and in the midst of pouring rain my sister and myself carried a large box of silver to the remotest corner of our large garden to secrete it safely in the earth's deep breast. Well do I recall how difficult I found the hard frozen ground to impress, and it was only by the blinding flashes of lightning we could see what we were accomplishing. We alternated in supporting our umbrella, which was dyed in some Confederate discovery, and in the toil before us until both were exhausted. Upon returning to the house we discovered the rain had so completely saturated the umbrella the dye was pouring in inky floods from every point and had converted both of us into minstrels to outward seeming. This dye was a superior article I ascertained in

my vain efforts to remove the traces effectually. The morning after this episode we concluded for some reason to remove the silver, and the storm had so completely obliterated every trace of our work a week was required to regain its possession, as neither of us could exactly locate the spot. We were quite persuaded for some time that the treacherous lightning had betrayed our occupation.

A near neighbor came to see us in this time of peril, and in consequence of her having arrayed herself in dresses over dresses, in order to save at least clothing in the event of a stampede, she found it impossible to ascend our flight of steps from the weight of her garments. Being conducted to a back entrance near the ground she entered, but then discovered she could not sit down. I accompanied her home, and then discovered a small child of her family struggling in the effort to pull on a second pair of shoes, preparing for flight. I met a lady at this time who was wearing a bustle of spoons and forks, and whose movements were considerably impeded thereby. When our actual refugeeing took place we were too much alarmed to enjoy the innumerable ridiculous things which now occur to me through the mists of years.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

At last there dawned that day so memorable to us all, the surrender. We could not at first accept it as truth; but I remember, one bright and beautiful day, an officer of the Confederacy on his way to the Trans-Mississippi came to my home, telling us much of vital interest and asserting he would never surrender. I recall, as we were talking with that keen interest which always follows any question of great moment, that a servant asked if the Colonel would for one moment go to our gate, some one desired to see him? His body servant was in waiting with two superb horses, and his intention was to leave our city in the afternoon, avoiding the Yankees as best he could through the country. All his plans were altered in one moment's time; he discovered in one glance the Yankees were upon us and he was taken in charge, with his watch and horses, belonging now to some one else. The faithful negro refused to leave his master, and next day after he had been to headquarters with the Colonel decided to follow his fortunes. This officer left the United States and became very conspicuous in the household of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian.

After his downfall he once again became a wanderer, and when I last knew of his fate was in service prominently under the Khedive of Egypt.

In the square next my home, upon the morning of Yankee domination, an elderly gentleman was just issuing from a gate having enjoyed a morning call upon relatives, little dreaming of the consternation all over the entire city. He was politely accosted by a mounted horseman, who desired to ascertain the hour of day. Most courteously he responded, and in an instant the watch had changed owners. It was a fine specimen of sleight-of-hand.

At night the neighborhood discussed many little incidents that had rendered the day memorable. I can see the home picture still under the light of Confederate tapers, which, by the way, looked antique. They consisted of yards upon yards of cotton thread, twisted into strong cords and wound in pyramidal form, the summit being ignited, wax, oil, &c., being freely used in the composition. In the fading light our circle sat, bearing within our hearts the knowledge that our hopes and fears were ended in connection with our Confederate dream. Furling indeed was our banner, and wearily it rested in silent hands.

No. 12.—Contraband Conscience.

(By Mrs. M. V. Rives, of Portsmouth, Va.)

The soul of the brave Saint of Orleans is here!
It thrills in the voices, it burns on the cheek

Of women who heed not the wail of despair,
And scorn the false words which a craven
would speak.

Submission, ah yes! we'll submit when the
sod

Lies blackened and bare on the tombs of
our race;

And *retreat* when the merciful conquest of
God

Bids us disband in His Kingdom of Grace.

[Paul H. Hayne.

Strange times those of '63 and '64. Shut in, hemmed in from the rest of the world, Norfolk and Portsmouth seemed to be guarded by sentinels, at their most important inroads, which could only be passed by those loyal to the Union. Said loyalty had no reference to conscience, for those that could be bought were especially loyal—a kind of superlative loyalty. Into the hands of such people business had drifted, and the best

and purest of the citizens held aloof. The boiling cauldron, a seething mass, the scum uppermost, was a true type of those turbulent times; though the froth was topmost, the unseen force held the heat. That hidden force had its heart-centre in the front ranks of Virginia's battle-ground, and where heart-strings are entwined women will do and dare. Their sufferings and privations can never be adequately told, or the ways and means they devised to aid their loved ones.

I once saw a lady dressed as follows: Her feet encased in men's No. 7 boots, and in them tucked the gray breeches intended for her husband; hoops and full skirts were worn in those days, and her skirts were made of double width flannel to be remodelled into shirts; over all a capacious gray cloak, style known as Arab, so arranged that no scissors had marred its length or breadth in order to make it shapely for the present wearer, and which was intended for the soldier's coat; a man's felt hat, wired and shaped and adorned with ribbons and feathers, completed the outfit. With her own wardrobe in a trunk that had stood inspection, she obtained a pass to visit in the country, and went South to clothe her husband. So this woman plotted and planned, eluded the sentinels, dared the dangers to aid her loved one. Was she blameworthy?

The soldier on the tented field slept not less wary than those wives and sisters at home, who hourly expected their houses to be searched, ransacked from garret to cellar. Sacred relics polluted by the vandal touch—family letters and records, reverent and holy, that belonged to the dead, were carried off, and women who had the spirit to resent the intrusion often insulted. One instance I will mention: The guards stopped in front of the porch where the ladies, inmates of the house, were sitting one summer's evening, in the twilight's dusk, no lamps having been lighted. The soldier said he had orders to search the house.

"We can not keep you from it, or we would," replied the lady of the house.

"Well, madam, since it is to be done, we would like to have lights."

"You can rest assured, sir, that I'll not furnish such. If you want lights, you get them; you shall not have mine."

So to the nearest grocery they hied to buy their candles and proceeded with their work. They did not tame the women, who defied them at their every turn.

Women endured many things, and had to brace themselves for these emer-

gencies, and hide by dint and cunning what they wished to save. They proved equal to the occasion.

"IN THE TALONS OF THE EAGLE."

As to conscience in those days, I dare say it was a contraband article. Woe be to those who possessed one; they had to stand up valiantly and suffer for it, for those New England Puritans whose "freedom to worship God" applied only to those who worshipped as they did, and banished Roger Williams at the outset, dictated our thanksgivings and prayers. Churches were locked, and the little band, denied access, sent up their petitions and praise on the green sward inside the church enclosure, led by Rev. Isaac Handy, who was soon "in bonds" for the daring. Our own Methodist tabernacle was shut, and the minister banished, because it did not strike the cymbals when Atlanta fell. St. Mary's, in Norfolk, refused daringly a direct command to hold service. The defiant answer from the priest was, that "he'd see his church in flames first." Father Ryan heads the list of a long roll of true Southrons of the same faith. The name of Plunkett gleams in the galaxy.

We "Secesh Rebs" were indeed a defiant set and contrived many ways to get letters from our fathers, brothers and sweethearts while in the lion's clutches. I forgot; it was not a lion, for that belongs to Johnnie Bull; it was the talons of the eagle. But we felt the same respect for it as awarded the buzzard—they were so much alike just then.

Imagine a scene of those days: The door-bell rings; you admit a lady with, perchance, the exquisite feeling of hopeful expectancy, or sometimes a dull thud of premonition; scarcely a word is uttered if a servant is passing; some slight allusion is made to the weather. Then—"Are we quite alone? no one listening?" Ah, the caution! "Go and see. No one at that door? none at this? All right; here is a letter from Dixie. If you wish to send reply send to my house," giving directions, "after nightfall. One dollar, good money, postage." Thanks expressed and the "Female" carrier leaves you to your letter of tears of joy. A big gun was fired by some Yankee general if one was caught receiving a letter, then came imprisonment and confiscation of property; if any one blockade running, carried the mail, the penalty was death. No wonder we were watchful even though we dared it.

Who wouldn't dare it? You, mother,

with your first-born on the battlefield, his curly locks perhaps gray now. "Hold still," the sages say; "don't move, when one's hand is in the lion's mouth; keep quiet." Wouldn't you stretch that hand to receive tidings from that boy, if the lion shut down so hard that you left half behind? And the wife? and the sweetheart? Ah! these were true ones then, true to the end—and after. The women had the grit, the same kind our boys displayed on the field of battle. Some little incidents revealed more of their daring than the depths of feeling they were endeavoring to display, for, of course, we could feel in silence and shed tears and prayers in the quiet closet over Stonewall Jackson's name. We were proud that he was ours, and we dared to let the foe know we girls had a right to weep, and show the insignia of our mourning. Every Southern girl wore a badge, or rosette of crape, and to show that she did it in defiance it was put on her hat or left shoulder, in full view, so that he that ran could read. Yes, indeed, there were many raspings about it; this one and that up before the provost, but he did not stop it. I give the word of credit due a friend or foe, and I think many will accord it to the provost marshal in charge of Portsmouth in '63. Not so much can be said of the one in our sister city. Of course I managed to get into a scrape about my badge of mourning. I was ordered by some overbearing dastardly sergeant to take it off, or he would, which he did not do, or I either, and there was glory for me.

A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL GULF.

Between the Loyalist and the Secessionist a gulf yawned, social as well as political. Oh, it rankled deep! I don't know as I have outgrown it yet, while for twenty years I have been cultivating a genuine Christian charity for North and South and the whole broad world, recognizing the rights of each as man and brother, and the same good God as judge and ruler over all. Yet somehow a blue dress trimmed with red braid and a bonnet decked with red and blue roses riles me now. I illuminate our house when a Democratic victory comes, but I don't stick little Union flags out and all about. Lay all of these together on the shelf, dear heart, and go on digging for charity till our crops bear fruit, covers up and hides eternally all of the colors.

Still in the unhappy days of old the Southern girls held their own and no red was admixed with blue. They shunned those that did wear the

hated color, and so the barriers grew. Contempt was shown on all occasions possible, dearest friendships ruptured. We stood as foe to foe and wished it known. When Beast Butler assumed the command at Fortress Monroe he said he'd stop it. He had infamously tried to stop it at New Orleans. He began by compelling all heads of families to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. The silver item, I should mention, preceded this. The order was that all silver and plate had to be weighed in order to be taxed. All such as belonged to Confederate officers and soldiers, when found, was confiscated. Honorable warfare! Meum and Tuum had lost the savor of the golden rule. Teaspoons were hidden and dear old prized shotguns of grandfather's, intended for the only great-grandson, had to be hidden by ripping up the planks in the floor and secreting them. Up to this time many honorable men who stayed at home, some honorably discharged from Confederate service, old men and feeble ones, had held aloof and given up all business, as such could only be conducted by Loyalists. Even doctors could not practice without this oath of allegiance. The order came from Butler, with only ten days' grace, or they would be thrown into prison. The men submitted.

Time rolled by and another "Whereas" was called forth, because the first order applied to male members or heads of families and they were the only ones who recognized it, for the female portion were as defiant as ever. No Union officer, it was asserted, but was liable to their public gibes or silent contempt. I wonder they expected otherwise, since hot blood and daring spirit fired the hearts of our women who had brothers, sons and husbands on the battlefield. Shame on the order that Benjamin F. Butler issued to compel women and girls from 16 years and upwards to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and to swear they did it, not from compulsion but from love of the Union! All were ordered to the courthouse to register, and at the end of three weeks detailed men were sent around to every house, and the heads of families sworn to facts. If any in the house of 16 years and upward had not complied, notice was given that on such a day a flag of truce would be sent up the road and the hapless ones would be carried out of the lines and left to sink or swim according to their helplessness. Such a war against women and children! No doubt many signed such an oath without punctillious misgivings; yet

many signed it with tears and fears, and no cowards either. Weak ones with no alternative, and where no questions were asked, accepted the situation and obeyed. But some did not take the oath and bravely as well as conscientiously went up and registered as those declining the oath. To this day I do not rue it.

INCIDENTS, GRAVE AND GRAY.

Several strange incidents occurred during those days. One day an aged lady, bent with years, her two sons in the Southern army, came up to the provost:

"Do you wish the Federals to conquer in this war or the Rebels?" asked an officer.

"Let God's will be done," said the good old saint, as she was.

"You go home, old lady," said the officer; "when you come down here and say you want the Rebels whipped, we'll swear you in, and not till then."

Such coarseness rasping on the delicate sensitiveness of our Southern ladies, do you wonder that it rankles yet?

Of course the order included male as well as female, and the boys of 16 years, so an estimable matron appeared before Gen. B. G. Vielle and asked "if the boys of 16 years and upward would be sent South by flag of truce if they declined the oath."

"Madam, do you suppose we intend to reinforce Lee's army? No madam, we send those to prison until duly exchanged."

Oh, the Spartan mothers sending untried boys away to their duty! I think the dutiful and honorable boys were among those three hundred who left Norfolk and Portsmouth by running the blockade and joining the fortunes of the South already at an ebb.

I must acknowledge I was one of the favored ones during these stirring times. Born with the traditional silver spoon and having never known want, buoyant with the hopes of my eighteen summers, conscientious in my Methodist faith, with a will that some called obstinacy, I dared go South to earn my living. In vain did my guardian, who was my uncle, expostulate. He could not deter me if he wished, for the General's orders were that no compulsion be used. I was reasoned with: "Your property will be confiscated," they said. I had no valuation on such, my answer was. "I am a minor," I added, "and the Yankees can not touch it." "But might is right in these times of lawlessness," was urged. No

answer. Down in my heart I felt that the wealth of Croesus could not tempt me to such an enormity, much less the few thousands upon which I placed a too little estimate. I had known no privation, or perhaps I had been more sordid. But youth and hope go hand in hand, and since I would go, the same uncle made it as easy as possible by hiring a private conveyance, and my aunt went with me to Gen. Vogdes, whose headquarters were just opposite our home, to get a special pass, so that I would not have to go by flag of truce in the crowd.

Gen. Vogdes was an old army officer, and when my aunt stated my petition for the private permit he used persuasion at first and then said it was useless for me to go. I would have to return in six months as they'd whip the South by that time. He tried to refuse by sending us to Gen. Vielle, but my aunt told him I was contrary, and since I would go they wished to make it as light as possible. So the gentlemanly General conceded my wish. He told me he had his compunctions, that he had taken an oath not to give aid or comfort to those rebels, and whenever he let a pretty girl go South he had some conscientious twilchings. But he fixed my permit and added little harmless items, such as tea, sugar, candy, blankets and my wardrobe. I extend him my kindness to this day. He then brought me a large pound pear and told me to give it to the prettiest Union girl I met.

THE PRETTIEST "REBEL GIRL."

I did not extend my hand for the proffered fruit, but said, "Thank you, General, I have nothing to do with the Union girls!" and seeing he still held the pear to me, and I disliking to seem to hesitate on his account, for I appreciated his politeness, I added, "if you will say the prettiest rebel I will do it." "Ah well!" he answered. "Then you will eat it."

"No, sir," emphatically. "Had you said the greatest rebel, I would."

"A little too strong," said Gen. Vogdes. "Give it to the prettiest rebel girl you meet."

So I carried the pear to Raleigh and my little cousin ate it.

From Suffolk across the Blackwater River to Murphy's Station, from that place to Weldon, North Carolina, thence to Raleigh, where I tarried for more than a week with my goodly cousin. At all of these points I was either met by acquaintances and placed in charge of some

kindly new friend so that I felt my lines had fallen in pleasant places. From Raleigh my destination was Petersburg, Virginia, to spend a week before I made Richmond my home *pro tem.*, in accordance with a letter from my cousin, an officer in the Confederate service, whose family were refugeeing near the city of Richmond, and upon whose influence I relied to get a situation in the treasury. Leaving Raleigh for Greensboro' I had the kind care of a wounded Confederate Captain, who attended to my bag and baggage, and while in conversation with him awaiting the train for Danville a gentleman, I haven't forgotten his name, joined in. He was the freight-master, a pretty good position he allowed; for instance, he said: "Sometimes we have a heavy freight of flour, government property. We delay it, let it get a good sprinkle of rain and report it damaged, condemned of course, and we buy it cheap as dirt—not hurt, oh, no! There's where we make a spec, don't you see?"

"Yes sir, I see, and I don't wonder why the Confederacy is still struggling. I think the contest uneven. While some men give their all and down in Norfolk and Portsmouth we have men, who, too feeble to fight, are aiding their cause even in the midst of the enemy and refuse the idea of money making in these times that try men's souls; yet here, in the very heart of the Confederacy, those who should uphold are pulling down the fabric with the greed of gain, and Confederate soldiers are starving. I call what you did cheating the Government."

Mr. Shylock was silenced. On the Danville bound train he offered me a position as teacher and gave his address. I did not accept.

At Burkesville Junction, I parted with my attentive friend, the Captain, who placed me under the care of Gen. Henry A. Wise, who was also *en route* to Petersburg. I passed a week in Petersburg, lulled to sleep at night by the picket firing, and then went to Richmond. My application was filed for a position in the treasury and the next vacancy promised.

LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

I spent three happy, quiet months with dear relatives, and still the gods were kind. I enjoyed many comforts and luxuries during the last days of the Confederacy, albeit I had been patriotic enough to make the best of potato and parched meal coffee, sometimes with sorghum, without a frown, enjoyed rice,

fried and boiled and boiled and fried, tried my housewifely skill in making sorghum pies—a truly war-born pie.

And, oh, when the freshest in the James came! wasn't it fun? Our refugee home was at the Richmond Navy Yard, opposite Rocketts. We walked to church via Mayo's bridge, to hear the gifted Dr. J. E. Edwards, at Broad street, and on returning home found our cottage an island, entirely surrounded by water. To be taken from the railroad embankment in a boat, and landed à la Venice, at the porch steps—didn't I say it was glorious? and didn't the housewifely cousin, with her many discomforts occasioned by said freshest, threaten to annihilate me? How the water would lash the cottage floor! Didn't we enjoy the next day in a boat, going all over the garden fences, and down by the real river, while a flag of truce boat came by from Vafina, laden with our exchanged soldiers. Fan and I waved a welcome, and Willie pulled hard at his oars to keep out of the current.

And so I laughed misfortune in the face, and tiring of waiting for the treasury appointment I advertised as teacher and secured a quiet, pleasant home with a widow lady in Powhatan County, Virginia, in March, 1865. I found Mrs. W. to be a very pleasant lady and I shared the room with her and her children, as it seemed more protection than apart.

I had hardly become accustomed to my new position, however, when straggling, ragged, war worn veterans stopped to be fed or passed on to cross Appomattox River en route to Amelia Courthouse, and the booming of the distant guns caused us to hide, to bundle and make preparations to meet the enemy, daily and nightly expected. Those reverberations were the dying throes of the Southern Confederacy. Then came the lull, the still of death. For six weeks we were as completely lost to the outer world as Crusoe on his island. A kind of trance possessed us. We knew not if the other part of the world had been swallowed up and we only left to tell what had been.

The dawn soon came. The world had jogged along without us. We were all paroled prisoners. I am yet. Lincoln was killed. Poor man! I always felt sorry for him and his poor "Carlotta."

Then the iron horse from Richmond snorted from station to station, and I bade my kind friend a good-bye, for "some one" came for me. He too was a paroled prisoner, volunteering when 18 years old, in 1861, following Chambliss, Jeb. Stuart and Wade Hampton through it all. I won't leave you to guess it, but

on the Richmond bound train the hand that had been pledged to him for three years was promised when September came, and so the tryst was kept.

No. 13.—Unto the Bitter End.

(By Florida Saxon, of Clarendon Co., S. C.)

In the Female Seminary in Tallahassee a bevy of girls was gathered, on a bright winter morning in 1861, around a dark-haired maiden who had mounted a bench and with flushed cheeks and shining eyes was making what the girls called a "Secession" speech, but which was in reality a defence of her native State of South Carolina. The school was about equally divided in sentiment, part being in favor of the Union and part for Disunion; and never did politicians plead their cause with more impassioned earnestness than did these impulsive young creatures. Katie Weston was the speaker on this occasion. "Who would be a thrall of the Yankee," she said; "who in this crowd!"—looking scornfully around—"dares to blame the noble old State of South Carolina for rising in her might and throwing off the oppressor's yoke. I glory in her pluck; I am glad that she was the first to shake herself free from the galling shackles of tyranny, and I am proud to know that my adopted State, the beautiful Land of Flowers, was not slow in stepping to her side. I have five brothers. I wish they were all old enough to fight!" So carried away was she by her enthusiasm, she did not notice that one of the teachers had entered and was listening with a look of intense amusement on his face, until a slight stir in that part of the hall caused her to look round, and observing the arch smile on his lips, she sprang from her perch and covered her face with both hands to hide the burning blushes. The ringing of the bell now called them to books, and in the study and recitation of lessons all else was for a time forgotten.

LOYAL TO HER HEART'S CORE.

Now let us see how this fair champion of her country's honor stood the test. When her two brothers, both passionately loved by her and scarcely yet old

enough to enlist, ranged themselves at the call of their country among the defenders of the South, did she flinch from the trial? Did her heart fail and her patriotism grow cool? No; she was loyal to her heart's core. When she saw them going forth in all the confidence of youth and strength, a deathly faintness seized her heart. With pale and trembling lips, but with resolute glance and a bright smile, she waved a farewell, and then, rushing to her chamber, gave vent to her mingled feelings. "Oh God," she cried, "be with my darling brothers, and smile upon my country's cause." What a dreary feeling of apprehension filled her heart, and yet what a glow of pride as she felt in her inmost soul that they would never prove recreant to her trust. For not a drop of coward blood flowed in their veins and well that sister knew it.

When the battle of Seven Pines was fought, her eldest brother, while gallantly leading his company, fell pierced through the heart. The second brother sprang forward, caught his brother's falling body, laid it tenderly down, and, grasping his sword from the fast relaxing fingers, waved it above his head and shouted, "Come, boys, follow me, and avenge your captain's death!" He fought with the fury of desperation, and at the close of the day he too lay bleeding, wounded seriously but not fatally. Ah! now was the sister's patriotism put to its severest test. Crushed like a flower she lay moaning in her agony. "Oh my country, the sacrifice is indeed great. Thy freedom will be dearly bought when its price is paid in the life blood of thy noblest sons. But thy liberty must be achieved—my country must be free!" This was but one among thousands of similar instances.

THE SOLDIER'S RELIEF SOCIETY.

The brave and loyal daughters of the South, though their hearts were bleeding at every pore, sat not down in idleness. There was work to be done, and they did it. The elderly ladies formed themselves into a "Soldier's Relief Society," and the younger ones were united in another under the direction of a matron. Concerts, tableaux and festivals were given, with the proceeds of which cloth and yarn were purchased, which busy fingers soon fashioned into clothing and socks. At one time the news was brought that a Kentucky regiment had been cut off from their homes and were suffering terribly from the cold. Soon

the Senate Chamber, where the society used to meet, was a scene of activity. All day they stitched away on coats, pants and shirts, and when the shades of evening sent them home the busy "click," "click" of the knitting needle could still be heard. Dainty fingers that had never known rougher work than the hemming of cambric ruffles or the manufacture of delicate lace, were busily making the coarse cotton yarn into socks. No time had they for loitering; the call was urgent; a box must be sent off. In every pair of socks was placed the name of the donor, together with a verse of poetry, a tract, or a note containing words of sympathy and cheer. In many instances the receipt of the socks was acknowledged—and very touching were some of the missives sent in return by these brave Kentuckians, who, cut off from all communication with their homes and friends, seemed deeply grateful for the kindness of these daughters of the far South.

SENDING HER LOVER TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

But we must not lose sight of the heroine of this sketch. We meet her again in 1863, not the fiery little orator, not as the proud, fond sister sending her young brothers forth to battle for their rights, nor yet as the busy worker in the Relief Society. See her as she leans upon the arm of a handsome young soldier, while he pours forth the tale of his love. The soft, tender light in her dark eyes, the blush which comes and goes upon her delicate cheek, tell us that he does not woo in vain. But now he is pleading for an early marriage: "Why should we wait, love? Why not unite our lives and be happy while we may? I will hire a substitute and we can enjoy at least a season of happiness, and should subsequent events compel me to leave you, it will be so sweet to know that I have a dear little wife at home praying for me." The tender light in her eyes grows tenderer as her heart thrills to the music of his words. But she does not forget the cause that is so dear to her heart. Proudly raising her eyes to his she replies: "Do not urge me more. Could you for one moment think of leaving your country's cause in the hands of hirelings in this, her hour of darkness and suffering? No, no! God only knows how bitter to me will be the parting. But I cannot detain you one hour from her service. Go; bravely do your duty; and, when the war is over and our liberties achieved, as I do not for one

moment doubt they will be, come back and you will find me true, and I am sure you will not love me less that I preferred the honor of my native land to my own selfish pleasure."

THE "BOMBPROOF" SKULKER.

While the girls were doing all in their power to cheer and assist the soldiers in the army, it is not surprising that they showed no mercy to those who shirked their duty. Henry Jackson was a strong, hale and remarkably handsome fellow who had what was called a "bomb-proof" office, one which exempted him from service. Naturally enough he imagined that he would have a fine time with the girls, as the other boys were all away. But it did not take them very long to undeceive him. He was captivated by the charms of our fair Katie, and, though he had been repeatedly taunted by her with his want of bravery, his vanity was such he did not seem to doubt that he would ultimately become the possessor of her hand and fortune.

One evening at a social gathering a party of young people were standing round the piano singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Katie was the performer. After the last verse had been sung, she continued in a clear voice, with a distinct utterance and with a significant nod at young Jackson, who was standing near:

"And now, young man, a word to you—
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field, where honor dwells,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that our tears shall fall for those
Who fill a soldier's grave."

This was too much, coming from her, and the laugh that followed plainly showed him that he had no sympathy in that company. His cheek flushed hotly with mortification and anger, and turning abruptly on his heel he seized his hat and hurried from the house, having at last learned the lesson that Katie had for some time been trying to teach him.

THE WAR TASKS OF WOMEN.

Though times continued to grow darker our women never despaired. They united steadily in working to alleviate as much as possible the sufferings of our soldiers. A number of them visited the hospital ministering to the sick and wounded there. I have in my mind one dear old lady who daily went with her Bible and a basket of fresh flowers, and often a more substantial

offering. Many an eye brightened as she approached and many a blessing followed her when she departed. She delighted in pointing the suffering soldier to the Saviour she loved. The good seed, sown there by her, will doubtless bear fruit in eternity.

A "wayside home" was established at the depot where passing soldiers were supplied with substantial meals, accompanied by smiles and words of cheer, which will long live in the memory of the grateful recipients of their kindness. But not until

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE

was fought did the women of Tallahassee realize fully the horrors of the war. When the telegraph announced the result of the battle a call was made for lint. All the available linen was collected, and, gathered in groups of three or four, the ladies might be found scraping lint. When the cars commenced bringing in the wounded, the dying and the dead—then might be seen pale and stricken faces, then were heard wails of agony. One noble young man who had just a short time before led to the altar a lovely bride was brought home to her in his coffin. Husbands, brothers, sons and friends were borne home to their loved ones, martyrs to the cause. Nearly every private house was opened to receive the wounded Confederates. The public buildings were converted into temporary hospitals for the prisoners. The wounded negro prisoners were taken to the Seminary, and on the very spot where Katie had delivered her "Secession" speech were stretched the burly black forms of the captured and suffering foe. Those walls which had so often resounded with mirth of happy school-girls now echoed groans and even shrieks as the knife of the surgeon mercilessly cut its way into the quivering flesh. A victory had been gained, the enemy repulsed and the threatened invasion checked at least, but still a pall of gloom enveloped the whole community. The scenes of horror by which they were surrounded, and perhaps the dark shadow of coming events, combined to fill all hearts with apprehension.

A VISIT FROM INSOLENT RAIDERS.

Mr. Weston now deemed it prudent to retire farther into the interior; accordingly we find him with his family on his plantation in Southwestern Georgia. The enemy soon after invested Tallahassee, and plundering parties were sent out in all directions, carrying terror

and want wherever they went. Mr. Weston, accompanied by two of his boys, left home early one morning to attend to business at some distance from home. While the rest of the family were seated at dinner a servant came rushing in crying, "The Yankees are coming! They are at the gate!" Soon they came stamping rudely in, five in number, four negroes commanded by a white corporal. Seating themselves at the table they ordered coffee and immediately commenced an attack upon the dinner from which the family had just risen. The servants had fled. Mrs. Weston, overcome by her fears, sank nearly fainting into a chair and poor Katie was the only one left to do their bidding. Though the indignant blood was tingling through her veins, she felt that she was in their power, and had no alternative but to obey their insolent commands. When they had finished their meal the leader, whose bold looks had, from time to time, been cast upon her, rose and with outstretched arms approached her and exclaiming, "Now, my pretty one, give me a kiss and then let us proceed to business. There is a foraging party behind; we rode on to reconnoitre. But be good and quiet and we will let you off with just two kisses apiece." With blanched cheeks and lips but blazing eyes she confronted him like a tigress at bay. "Coward," she said, "have you no spark of honor in your breast? How dare you to insult a lady!" With a coarse laugh he seized her in his arms, but at the same instant a stunning blow sent him reeling to the wall. The blow was dealt by his superior officer whose approach had been unperceived by the group. Sternly he ordered the brutal wretches from the house, and turning to the ladies expressed the deepest regret at the manner in which they had been treated, politely assuring them that they should not be farther molested if it was in his power to prevent it. Still, he said, he had been sent out with orders to seize provisions of every kind; he was compelled to obey orders, and, unpleasant as was the task, he was obliged to ask them for their keys. With trembling fingers Katie handed them to him, and then commenced a scene of plunder. Smoke-house, pantry, barn, fowl-house, and in fact the whole place was ransacked, and when at last they took their departure, scarcely enough was left to maintain the family two days.

RUMORS OF PLUNDER, VIOLENCE AND BLOODSHED

constantly reaching their ears, kept them in a state of anxiety and alarm. Could

they have felt that they were battling against an enlightened and civilized foe—as the white soldiers for the most part were—there would not have been such an awful dread of their visits. But those dreadful negro wretches, whose very look betokened their brutal natures, caused an indefinable thrill of horror and loathing, by their presence, to women who had been reared in an atmosphere of refinement and whose lives had been tenderly guarded from everything coarse. Though our friends suffered much from privation and still more from a constant dread of further outrage, they were mercifully shielded from actual suffering and violence. They could receive no direct communication from the seat of war. Vague rumors came to them of defeat and disaster, but Katie's cheerfulness and unswerving faith in the success of the cause kept up their spirits. She considered it treason even to hint at the possibility of failure. Her sanguine spirit would not entertain a doubt of the final issue. Woman like, she clung to and trusted in the cause she loved, even when cooler and wiser heads clearly saw the impending doom and prepared themselves for the inevitable stroke. Even in the darkest hours her hopes were bright and firm, and when the blow came, it found her all unprepared. When she heard the announcement

“LEE HAS SURRENDERED!”

her very soul seemed to stagger beneath the blow. All her fond hopes were dashed to earth. The cause was lost for which she had worked and suffered and prayed, and for which she felt that she could have severed the dearest ties of earth and even have offered her own heart's blood. For a time it seemed as if her very faith in Heaven was shaken. Angry and rebellious thoughts filled her breast, and even the presence and safety of her lover failed to comfort her. But there is a friend who sympathizes with us in our sorrows and pities the weakness of our human nature. So when He whispered in her ear: “What I do thou knowest not now but shalt know hereafter,” the waves of her grief subsided and she was able to say “Thy will be done!” But the awful stroke left her with a sore and wounded heart, and though time has healed the wound, ever and anon, like the old flesh wounds of many of our Confederate soldiers, it breaks out and bleeds afresh.

These lines may seem sensational, but they truly record the heart history of one whose hopes were bound up in the

success of the Cause that was dearer to her than life—one who has since passed through many bereavements and trials, but who, looking back, records the day above described as the most hopelessly dreary one of her life.

No. 14.—Between Two Armies.

(By Mrs. C. M., of Memphis, Tenn.)

Persons living remote from the seat of war can have but a faint idea of the hardships to which those were subjected whom fate threw between the two armies. The town of Holly Springs was situated fifty miles southeast of Memphis and directly on the line of every expedition sent out after the occupation of the latter city by the Federal troops. Holly Springs was entered more than fifty times by bodies ranging from a marauding party of a few hundreds to an occupation by Grant's army, fifty thousand strong. In 1860 every foot of the way between Memphis and Holly Springs was in the highest state of cultivation. Cotton and corn fields and lovely wooded pastures followed each other in graceful succession, and the traveller was rarely out of sight of a snug farm-house. In 1863 the country was worse than a wilderness. On the desert or in the midst of the ocean the traveller is alone with his God; but here as he journeyed on he constantly met nothing but blackened chimneys which stood the monuments of dead hopes, and he felt himself surrounded by the ghosts of a happy past. Within the fifty miles there was hardly even a fence standing—not a cow, nor a horse, nor anything.

In the Town of Holly Springs were about two thousand old men, women and children, with no visible means of support. There was not an able-bodied man in the town, and if there had been he would have been entirely without occupation. There was not a store in the town, nor a fenced field in all the surrounding country. Every mouthful of food had to be hauled fifty miles in a wagon, over badly washed dirt roads, which had not been worked for years, and which were, in some places, almost impassable. Provisions were sold in

Memphis at enormous prices, and for "greenbacks," which the Southern people had no means of procuring.

These were the circumstances under which was undertaken the journey which I am about to describe, the only excuse for which was stern necessity. Late one afternoon in October of 1864 I was startled by the sight of a horse and wagon. It was the first I had seen for many months, and proved to be that of a friend, who, with his wife and two babies, had driven through the country from his farm, fifteen miles below Memphis. He told me the object of his journey was to buy some cotton which was hidden away in the country; that on his return to Memphis he would send out a large government wagon with six mules to haul the cotton. It would be empty, and if I would go with him to Memphis he offered to let me fill it with supplies. I accepted his offer joyfully, for we had been paying just one hundred per cent. for the hauling of goods. After a few days spent in mutual sympathy and consolation (we knew nothing of enjoyment in those days,) we set out one afternoon at three o'clock, intending to spend the night at Mount Pleasant, a village fifteen miles off, and to reach Memphis the next day. There were six of us, the gentleman, his wife and two babies, and I, with my year-old urchin, as big, heavy, restless a child as ever belabored a delicate mother. I was just 22.

We had gone but a few miles when suddenly and without warning it began to rain; gently at first, but as night came on it poured steadily and heavily. Being in an open wagon and having but one umbrella among us, we despaired of reaching our destination, and began looking about for a refuge from the storm. After to what seemed to us an interminable time we saw a large frame house some distance back from the road. As it was not yet dark we made our way through the woods to the place, and were overjoyed to learn that we could be taken in for the night.

We were shown into a large, comfortable room with a big wood fire, and we mothers began with eager hands to unroll our drenched babies, and to lay them, warm and dry once more, in the softest embraces of a snug feather bed. Oh, how good it was to be under shelter, to relax the tired grasp and to unbend the weary knees!

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

After a half hour of delightful rest my lady companion was standing at the window, when she joyfully exclaimed:

"There comes a Confederate soldier!" In another instant she turned as pale as death, and running towards me, cried out, "Oh, he's drunk, he's drunk!"

I tried to comfort her, and assured her that he would not be allowed to come into our room; but it was a vain assurance, for in a moment we heard him in the hall making directly for our room, cursing and yelling at every step. He burst in, accompanied by his mother and his poor young wife, who tried in vain to restrain him. He had a large knife in his hand, and his one thought was to kill something or somebody.

In the wildest consternation we mothers snatched up our babies, who would gladly have slept though the hubbub, but who now, by their screams, were a noble accession to the confusion. My friend, Mr. B., was a man of great coolness and courage, so he went to the drunken man with perfect confidence, and accosting him kindly endeavored to divert his mind from his murderous intent. His words seemed to be having the desired effect, when, unfortunately, he laid his hand on the man's arm. The hand was thrown off with a yell of rage, and before Mr. B. could spring back the drunkard's knife was at his throat. Nothing but the greatest strength and agility could have saved him. After a struggle he overcame the man, whose rage had expended itself, and he was removed from the room.

After this adventure Mr. B. resumed his seat with perfect coolness and content; but not so his poor wife who, during the whole engagement, had been butting the baby's head into the drunkard at every assailable point, assuring him that her husband was a harmless creature and would not hurt him. Nothing would induce her to remain another moment under the roof with "that dreadful man." So once more we found ourselves in the rain and the dark, going we knew not whither.

We had to trust to the instinct of the horse to take us back to the highroad, after following which for several miles we arrived at the village of Mount Pleasant. On applying for shelter at the only house in the place which took in strangers, we were informed that we could be accommodated if some of us would sleep on the floor. By this time I had a frightful headache, which was so much aggravated by the jolting of the wagon that I gladly consented to sleep anywhere that I could be quiet and get my big boy out of my arms.

Starting very early in the morning, we arrived in Memphis before the close of the day, without any other adventure.

At this time the purchase of goods was hedged about with many difficulties. You had to beg them before you could buy them.

The General in command of the post had refused to grant any permits, but being temporarily absent, his substitute granted a number to his friends, of whom my brother happened to be one. After a permit was obtained it was subjected to a board of supervisors, who hacked it to their heart's content, and it frequently came back to its owner so much mutilated as to be hardly worth having. These permits were limited to a very few days, and if by any accident the owner was detained beyond the limit they were forfeited.

Mr. B.'s wagon and mules were on his plantation, fifteen miles below Memphis, and Nonconnah Creek having been rendered unfordable by a recent freshet, I waited, in the greatest anxiety, day after day for their arrival. Finally the last day of grace arrived, and I found myself obliged to have my effects hauled on drays outside of the picket lines, there to await the coming of the wagon. The picket lines were three miles from the city, and if I could have gone so far on my way home it would have been convenient enough; but, while my road lay directly east, the wagon was coming from the south, and I had to go to meet it.

PASSING THE PICKETS.

On every road leading out of the city there were stations where traveller's effects were overhauled, and every package compared with the permit. In addition to this, we were subjected to a most disagreeable personal examination. Fortunately the woman who performed this most disgraceful duty was out of the way, and a young officer had undertaken to perform the task of personal inspection. I could not resist the temptation to tease the young fellow a little, and insisted on his undressing the baby, who I assured him from his weight might have any amount of gold and silver hidden about him. He positively declined to touch the baby, and thoroughly ashamed of his undignified position and occupation, passed us by with a very cursory examination.

On arriving at the farm-house where we were to pass the night we were delighted to find that the wagon had already arrived, and we soon had it filled with meal, flour, bacon, dry goods, children's toys, &c., ready for a very early start in the morning. Next morning, just at daybreak, I took my seat on

a hard box, hemmed in on all sides by packages and barrels, with my baby in my lap, and no companion but the driver, an old family servant. These were the circumstances under which I set out on my long, weary, perilous journey homeward.

We were obliged to make a wide circuit in order to keep outside the picket lines, for if we had once gotten inside of them we would not have been allowed to come out again. There was no road, so we had to find our way through woods and hollows, after retracing our steps. Whenever we came in sight of a picket station we were halted, catechised and overhauled. I underwent six of these detentions during the day. Once when a number of negro soldiers had been nursing and romping with my baby, I found that his shoe was gone, and from that time his chief occupation was in kicking off his stocking.

After many worries and detentions we at last emerged from the woods into our homeward road, but the last beams of the setting sun as they shot down the long, dusty track, reminded me that the day was done, and we were just six miles from Memphis. We pushed on for six miles more, but our team was jaded, we had eaten nothing all day, and the air growing chill we determined to seek a shelter for the night. But where should we stop? I knew that the country was infested by robbers and desperate characters of every kind, and I remembered with horror our encounter with the drunkard.

I would say to myself, "I will certainly stop at the next place," but as I approached it my courage would fail, and I would decide to drive on a little further. At last the old man grew so tired and sleepy that he began to remonstrate, and seeing a light about a quarter of a mile away in the woods I ordered him to make for it. In response to our application we were told that we could not be accommodated, so we had to find the main road and take up our weary journey again. After going what seemed to us for hours, we drew up in front of a little white house, and in response to our "hallo," a woman's voice said, "Who's there?" I shall never hear a sweeter voice than that woman's! All my fears were gone in a moment, and I walked into the house perfectly confident that I should receive care and protection, and I certainly did need it. I had sat all day long in one position, on a hard box, with a heavy baby in my arms, who, at every jolt of the wagon, pounded me as though I had been in a mortar. I

could not sit up for a moment longer, but went supperless to bed, while two sweet girls (shall I ever forget them?) took charge of the child.

THREATENED WITH DEATH.

The dawn of day saw us on the road again, but a good night's rest and the consciousness that this was to be our last day renewed our courage and we plodded on very cheerfully. The sun was setting as we passed through Mount Pleasant, but we determined if possible to reach home that night. We were hardly out of sight of the town when I saw two men approaching on horseback. I thought they were romping, as every little while they would come together and a hat would be knocked off in the struggle. But I was soon undeceived. One of them was our old friend, the drunkard, and the other a young man wild with drink and flourishing a huge army pistol. They rode up to us and cried halt! The latter demanded whiskey, and flew into a rage when my driver told him we had none. His companion, however, who was sober, gave me a reassuring nod, and succeeded in enticing him away. We had gone but a few steps when again the cry rang out "halt!" I told the driver to go on, but in an instant the man was at my side, and placing his pistol against my temple threatened to blow my brains out. I knew the pistol was loaded and cocked, and felt the cold steel as it was dragged across my forehead by his unsteady hand, but I lifted up my heart in prayer to God, and with perfect calmness was enabled to soothe him. When his paroxysm was over his friend took him away, and we were soon out of his reach.

We now had before us the most tiresome part of the journey. The road lay over long, steep, badly washed hills, and our progress was very slow. I thought it must be midnight when we arrived at the little settlement called Hudsonville. The night had grown so cold and we were so exhausted that we determined to go no further, but applied for admission at a farm house some distance from the road. We were told by the inmates that they could give us no provender for the mules, and rather than have the poor things suffer we determined to push on for home.

In order to reach the main road we had to go through a deep, rocky hollow, and in pulling up the hill a part of the harness gave way and we were brought to a dead stop. What were we to do? We could not stay there and we could not go on. I sat down by the roadside more

despondent than I can express, and felt that I would forget cold, fatigue and danger if I could only be in motion once more.

The brave old darkie plodded off to a neighboring house, and after what seemed a long time came back with a man carrying a lantern and an axe.

They managed to patch up the harness, and once more we enjoyed the blessed privilege of "moving on." We soon came to "Cold Water" bottom. A wooden bridge crosses what is in summer an insignificant stream, but a wide waste of white sand beyond shows that when swollen by winter rains it becomes a restless torrent, laying waste many a fair field. As the pale moon shone on this ghastly plain, and I looked at the dark fringe of trees which surrounded it, I exclaimed, "What a place for robbers! Here they could survey their victims and count them with perfect accuracy while they themselves lay hidden by the woods."

SURROUNDED BY HIGHWAYMEN.

As though my words had conjured them up, just as we reached the middle of the plain I saw them ride forth—two, four, six, eight, twenty!

As our wagon dragged its noiseless way through the sand the men approached us as silently, and I felt that I was going to my doom. I knew well who they were. All along our borders there were bands of desperate men; robbers, consisting of deserters from both armies, and some who had fled from conscription. There was no law to restrain them, and they had become accustomed to bloodshed. In perfect silence they surrounded us, and then cried "halt!" They were proceeding with great coolness to appropriate my effects when one of the men said impertinently, "Who are you, anyhow?"

The sound of my name had a magical effect. Their leader knew and admired my husband, and while carefully concealing his identity he restrained his men, and even offered me an escort through the woods.

Another danger past, we took fresh courage and jogged along patiently till, about midnight, from the top of a high hill, we caught sight of the moonlight shining on the roofs of Holly Springs. Exhausted as I was, I stood up and screamed and clapped my hands for joy.

Another hour brought us to the foot of a long hill which forms the northern limit of the town. Half way up the mules called a halt, and on examination we found that the right wheels had gotten

into a quick sand and the tired team could not dislodge them.

I thought at first that I would just run away home and leave the wagon, but I could not give up thus all the results of my toil and suffering, and so, without a ray of hope, I went up to the first house and called out a faint "hallo."

To my great surprise an able-bodied man came out (he was at home on furlough,) and informed me that he had just helped another party out of the same trouble. He waked his wife and built a good fire, acquainting me with the fact that he would have to pry up the wagon and put a plank floor under it before it could be moved.

This was my last adventure, and as I laid my tired head upon my pillow that night (or rather morning,) I prayed that the Lord would "shorten those days" and send us peace.

No. 15.—Sherman in Georgia.

(By Mrs. Nora M. Canning, of Macon, Ga.)

Late in August, 1864, my husband, Judge H—, was called to his plantation in Jefferson County, Ga., and we left our home in the beautiful City of Macon in the care of faithful servants, intending to be absent about two weeks.

On arriving at the plantation we found everything in confusion, the overseer having been "conscripted," and as there was no one left to attend to the business we had to remain there until another overseer could be procured. In the meantime, Atlanta having been evacuated by our army, we thought the City of Macon would certainly fall into the enemy's hands, and, sharing the fate of Atlanta and other Southern cities, be burned to the ground. It being impossible for Judge H— to leave the plantation, I returned to Macon and packed all our valuables and such things as we would need in a country home if our home in the city should be destroyed, and returned to Jefferson County, not dreaming that twelve miles from a railroad we would ever see a Yankee soldier, much less a Yankee army. Unfortunately my trunks were very heavy, and the negro man who lifted

them out of the wagon that brought them from the station, noticed it and said: "Hi! Mistice! you must have a heap of gold and silver in dese here trunks; dey feels mighty heavy." I made some remark about having some china and glassware in them for the table and thought nothing more of it. Indeed, we felt perfectly secure and thought we would not be molested "way down in the Ogeechee swanip;" but, alas! we were sorely disappointed in our calculations.

About the 24th of November we heard that Sherman's army were in possession of Milledgeville and were on their way to Savannah, burning and destroying everything in their course, and our home being directly on the wagon road from Milledgeville to Savannah we, of course, expected them to lay everything in ashes that they could find. A few days afterward we could hear of Kilpatrick's cavalry all around us, and see the heavens illuminated at night with the glare of burning gin-houses and other buildings. We could hear of houses being pillaged and old men being beaten almost to death to be made to tell where their money and treasures were concealed. All these tales of horror we heard, and deeply sympathized with the sufferers, expecting every hour to see the cavalry ride up and treat us in the same manner. But to our great joy they passed us, coming no nearer than six miles, and when they had passed we hoped the main army would do the same. We thought it best, however, to take such precaution to conceal our stock so as to prevent them being found if they should make us a visit, and stockades were built in the dense swamp of the Ogeechee, impenetrable, as we thought, to any one not acquainted with the surroundings.

PREPARING FOR THE DESTROYERS.

For several days squads of Confederate cavalry—Wheeler's command—would pass and tell us where Sherman's army were and of the depredations they were committing, and warn us to prepare for the worst as they were showing no mercy, and on Sunday, the 28th of November, we heard that the destroyers were encamped just above our upper plantation, about four miles from our home. That night the heavens looked as if they were on fire from the glare of hundreds of burning houses, and early Monday morning a negro man came from the upper plantation and told us they were crossing the river and that some of them were in Louisville, about

two miles off; also that they were searching the houses, breaking open the stores and setting fire to them, and killing all the stock they could find. He proposed to hide a number of hams we had hanging up in the smokehouse—where we had been making salt by leaching the dirt from the earthen floor—and we gladly accepted the proposition. He accordingly dug down about two feet, laid plank at the bottom of the excavation and placed the hams on them, covering them up securely and putting syrup barrels over the place. I told the cook to prepare enough food to last us several days, as we would not be able to have anything cooked while the Yankees were on the place. We also gave the negroes a month's rations, thinking they would be better able to keep it than we would.

That morning Mrs. S——, the overseer's wife and myself had gone into the woods and buried my valuables. Judge H—— was in the swamp at the time, having the stock put in the stockade and turning the fattening hogs out in the swamp, thinking they would be less liable to be killed running at large. He had his watch with him. When he came back to the house, I got the watch from him, and gave it to Mrs. S—— with the request that she would hide it in some safe place.

About noon, just as we were ready to sit down to dinner, a little negro boy came running in half-breathless from fright.

"Marster," he cried, "dey's coming down de lane."

"Who is coming," asked his master.

"Two white man's wid blue coats on," the little negro answered.

We left the dining room and looked out. Instead of "two white men with blue coats," we saw about a dozen at the negro houses, talking to the negroes. My husband went out and two of them came up and spoke very politely to him, asking if he could let them have something to eat. They said they wanted some flour and were willing to pay for what they got. They looked around the pantry and smokehouse and one of them said: "You had better have those provisions carried into your house; some of our men are not very particular to ask for what they want," while another offered to take down some pieces of meat that were hanging up in the smokehouse and bring them into the house for me. I began to think they were not so bad after all, but I soon had reason to change my mind.

SWOOPING DOWN LIKE VULTURES.

We hardly got the meat inside the house before hundreds of the "Blue-coats" could be seen everywhere. One man came up to me and asked if I could tell him how long since the last "Rebs" passed the place. I made no reply to him, whereupon he cursed me and demanded to know why I did not answer his question.

"Don't you know the Southern women know no such persons as 'Rebs'?" another soldier observed.

"Then," said the first, "will you please tell me, madam, how long since the last Confederate soldiers passed here?"

I told him Gen. Wheeler's men had been passing for several days, and that some of them had passed that morning. "I suppose," I added, "that they are waiting for you down in the swamp," and I hoped in my heart that they would give them a warm reception.

In our fright we had forgotten our dinner, and when we went back into the dining room everything was gone. Not a morsel of anything to eat was left. The dishes were all gone and even the table cloth was taken. They no doubt were very much delighted to find a nice dinner already prepared for them, a large turkey, a ham and various other things nicely cooked. We were too much frightened to feel hungry then.

As we were outside the picket line we were not molested during the night. The army regulations were very strict, requiring all to be in camp before dark, and we were not able to get a guard. That night, however, about 9 o'clock, we heard a slight knocking on the window.

"Who is that?" asked my husband.

"A friend," was the answer; "I am a Confederate soldier."

Upon opening the door a young Confederate officer came in. He said his name was Carter and that his command being near by, he had come into Louisville to see his wife, who was visiting relatives there. She was a sister of Gen. Rouse Wright. That morning before daylight he left Louisville, hearing that the Yankees were in the neighborhood and knowing that he would be taken prisoner if he were found. His friends had provided him with provisions to last him several days. He had been hiding in the woods all day and he came to ask us if we could direct him to a safe place in which to conceal himself until the enemy passed by. Judge H—— directed him to a place in which he thought he might hide without much danger of being discovered. The young

man accordingly provided himself with some water and set out, having avoided letting the overseer or any of the negroes know of his visit.

Early Tuesday morning the Yankees began to come in from every quarter. One could not look in any direction without seeing them. They searched every place. One of them loudly declared that he had heard we had a Confederate officer concealed in the house and that he was determined to find him. The intruders thereupon looked into closets, trunks, boxes and every conceivable place. One man came in and said: "I know you have got a Rebel officer hidden away in here somewhere; he was seen to come in here last night." He accordingly began to search the bureau drawers and even opened the clock and looked into that. "Sir," I said half-laughingly, just as he was about leaving the room, "there is one place in the room you have not looked into." "Where is it?" he asked.

I pointed to a small pill-box on the mantel and asked him if the Confederate soldier might not be hidden in that. He turned away with a curse upon all the Rebel women.

About noon some of the men insisted that my husband should go down to the swamp with them to show them where some syrup was hidden. He called a negro man who had assisted in hiding it and told him to go, but the Yankees insisted that he should go himself. He told them he was old and feeble and not able to walk so far. One of them thereupon went and brought a mule and put him on it and three of them started with him to the swamp. I felt very uneasy about him, but was assured by some of the soldiers that no harm would be done him.

APPLYING THE TORCH.

While my husband was absent the destroyers set fire to the gin-house, in which were stored over two hundred bales of cotton and several bales of kerssey, which we had hidden between the bales of cotton. The granary, in which were several hundred bushels of wheat, was also set on fire. The negroes went out and begged for the cloth, saying that it was to make their winter clothes. The cruel destroyers refused to let the negroes have a single piece. They told them they knew it was to make clothes for the "Rebs."

One man, who had been particularly insulting, came up to me and laughed harshly.

"Well, madam," he said, sneeringly,

"how do you like the looks of our little fire. We have seen a great many such within the last few weeks."

I had grown desperate, and I told him I didn't care. "I was thankful that not a look of that cotton would ever feed a Yankee factory or clothe a Yankee soldier's back."

He turned with an oath and left me, but after a few minutes came back, having discovered that my home was in the city of Macon and that I had heard nothing from there in sometime, and told me, with a chuckle, that the army had passed through Macon, had sacked it and then burned it to the ground.

A rough looking Western man was standing by, and he interrupted him.

"Madam," he asked, "have you friends in Macon?"

I told him I had a home and a brother there.

He then turned to the miscreant and looked him squarely in the eyes.

"Why," he demanded, "do you lie so to this lady? You know we did not touch Macon, but passed it by. God knows she will have enough to bear before this army leaves here without being made the target of lies. I am glad you have a home outside of Sherman's track," he continued, addressing me, "for Heaven knows you will need it before many days pass. You will have nothing left here."

Just then I saw my husband coming up on a bare-back mule with a Yankee soldier on each side of him holding him on. He was brought up to the piazza, lifted from the mule and brought into the house. They took him into a small room and I followed. He turned to me and requested me to give the men his watch.

"Why?" I asked. "They have no business with your watch."

"Give it to them," he repeated, with a gasp, "and let them go. I am almost dead."

Mrs. S. was standing by and I told her to get the watch. She, without thinking, asked me if I meant Judge H—'s watch, and I answered yes.

Of course the Yankees inferred from her remark that she knew where other valuables were concealed, and they made her yield up everything.

HANGING A HELPLESS OLD MAN.

I got my husband to his room as soon as possible, and found that he was very faint, as I thought, from fatigue. Imagine my horror, therefore, when he revived sufficiently to talk, to hear that the fiends had taken him to the swamp

and hanged him. He said he suspected no harm until he got about two miles from the house, when they stopped, and taking him from the mule, said, "Now, old man, you have got to tell us where your gold is hidden." He told them he had no gold, that he had gone down to his plantation for a short visit, and had left his money at home in bank. They cursed him and told him that story would not do, that his wife had gone up to Macon, and brought it all down, for a negro man had told them she had brought a trunk full of gold and silver down there, and that he could scarcely lift the trunk, it was so heavy. They then said they had brought him to the swamp to make him tell them where it was. If he would give it up without force, all right; if not they would hang him until he revealed its hiding place. He repeated his first statement, and told them he had no gold. They then took him to a tree that bent over the path, tied a rope around his neck, threw it over a projecting limb and drew him up until his feet were off the ground. He did not quite lose consciousness when they let him down and said: "Now, where is your gold?" He told them the same story, whereupon one of them cried: "We will make you tell another story before we are done with you. So pull him up again, boys!" They raised him up again, and that time, he said, he felt as if he were suffocating. They again lowered him to the ground and cried out fiercely: "Now tell us where that gold is or we will kill you, and your wife will never know what has become of you." "I have told you the truth—I have no gold," he again repeated, adding: "I am an old man and at your mercy. If you want to kill me you have the power to do it, but I cannot die with a lie on my lips. I have no gold. I have a gold watch at the house, but nothing else. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, said: "Swing the old Rebel up again! next time we will get all the truth from him." They then lifted him up and let him fall with more force than before. He heard a sound as of water rushing through his head and then a blindness came over him, and a dry choking sensation was felt in his throat as he lost consciousness. The next thing he remembered he was some distance from the place where he was hanged, lying with his head down the hill near a stream of water, and one of the men was bathing his face and another rubbing his hands. For some time he was unable to speak. Then he heard one of

them say: "We liked to have carried that game too far." When he was able to sit up they placed him upon the mule and brought him to the house to get his watch.

When Mrs. S—— went to get Judge H——'s watch, which was not with our other valuables, the plunderers compelled her to guide them to the place where everything of value that we had was concealed and she came to me when she returned to the house and, with trembling lips, said that she hoped I would not blame her for showing them where our silver was hidden.

"I couldn't help it," she cried "They threatened to kill me if I did not tell. They said they had hanged Judge H—— until he was nearly dead, and they would do the same to me, if I did not show them where everything was concealed. So I was obliged to tell them. They even threatened to burn the house down if I kept back anything."

Poor woman! I did not blame her. Life was dear to her, and she did rightly to save it.

Oh! the horror of that night! None but God will ever know what I suffered. There my husband lay with scorching fever, his tongue parched and swollen and his throat dry and sore. He begged for water and there was not a drop to be had. The Yankees had cut all the well ropes and stolen the buckets and there was no water nearer than half a mile. Just before daylight one of the negro men offered to go to the spring for some water, but there was not a bucket or a tub to be found. Everything had been carried off. He at last found a small tin bucket that some of the negroes had used for carrying their dinner to the field, and brought that full—about half a gallon.

ONE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The next morning, Wednesday, a rough looking man from Iowa came to the window and asked me if he could be of any service to me. The negroes were afraid to come near the house during the day, but came at night and brought in wood and did all they could for us. I told the stranger that we had no water and nothing to eat. He offered to bring some water if I would give him a bucket. I told him every vessel had been carried off and we had nothing. He then left and in about an hour returned with a wooden pail, such as the negroes used in carrying water to the fields. In other days I should have hesitated to drink water from such a vessel, as it certainly did not look very clean, but I was

thankful to get it and expressed my gratitude to the man.

The good Samaritan then took from his pocket two envelopes, one containing about two tablespoonfuls of parched coffee and the other about the same quantity of brown sugar, and handed them to me. Notwithstanding my trouble I could not help being amused at his telling me how to make coffee. He brought me a small tin cup and said: "Now take this coffee and grind it, if you have a mill, if not put it in a *rag* and beat it until it is fine. Then put it in the cup and pour boiling water on it and let it boil a few minutes. You will then have a good drink for your sick husband." I thanked him, but did not let him know I knew how to make coffee. I know one thing, I never appreciated a cup of coffee more than I did that one. That man was rough-looking, but his heart was in the right place. He certainly acted the part of the "Good Samaritan."

With one exception the only kindness or humanity I received was from the Western soldiers. There were no doubt in that large army others with some feelings of kindness, but it was not my good fortune to meet them. But I am digressing. My object in this sketch is to give the facts alone—not to speculate on what might be.

By the time Judge H— had finished drinking his coffee, which he relished very much, and had bathed his face, the Yankees began to pour in from every direction. Everywhere one looked they could be seen. They were so thick in my room I could scarcely turn round. They took everything they could find. One took the clock and started out with it. I begged him to leave it, and to my surprise he did; but in a few minutes another came and carried it off and threw it in the horse lot, where it was found by some of the negroes and taken care of.

Not far from the house there were about a dozen banks of potatoes that the plunderers began to carry away by the bag-full. They would come into the house, take any article of clothing they could find, tie a string around one end of it and make a receptacle to carry off potatoes. My Western friend, the good Samaritan who gave me the coffee, came to the door and said: "Give me a basket and I will bring in some of those potatoes before they are all taken, for you will need them." I fortunately had a basket in the room and gave it to him. He brought in about three bushels and put them under the bed on the floor. All the time he was bringing in the pota-

atoes the soldiers were jeering him and calling him "Old Secesh." He paid no attention to their taunts, however, but kept bringing in the potatoes as long as he could find a place to put them. We were obliged to keep everything in the one room we were occupying, and even then they were not safe if the plunderers happened to see them.

Some amusing things occurred, although I was in no mood to enjoy them. One man was searching for ammunition. Having found a rifle which had been hidden, he took it for granted there must be ammunition concealed somewhere and, going into the dining-room, began searching on top of the safe, where he found a large gourd as he thought full of powder. He filled his powder-flask with it and came in and told the others of his great discovery. Several of them went out and supplied themselves, taunting me at the time with having told them there was no powder in the house. I said nothing until they were lost in the crowd. I then remarked to those remaining in the house: "I only wish your ammunition trains were filled with that kind of powder. It is nothing but tobacco seed." To prove this I threw some of it in the fire and the explosion they expected did not occur. Some of them seemed to enjoy the joke, others seemed crestfallen and walked off to see what else they could find.

A GALLANT YOUNG NEW YORKER.

Seeing Judge H— in bed, some of the worst of the rabble insisted upon making him get up, saying they knew he had gold hidden in the bed and was only feigning sickness to keep it from being found. Two of them came up to the bed and were about to pull him out, when I implored them to let him alone, telling them how he had been treated and declaring that he was not able to get up. At last I cried out, "Is there no one in this crowd of men who will protect this sick man and prevent his being killed?" One young man about 18 years old from New York—Colton, I afterwards learned, was his name—stepped forward bravely.

"I will do my best, madam, to protect you," he said. "I have no bayonet on my gun, as none but guards are allowed to use bayonets, and they know I have no authority to act as guard, but I will stay by you and do all I can to protect you."

He took his stand near the bed and declared that the first man that touched either my husband or myself would do it at the risk of his life.

Just then a mean, cadaverous-looking man, that had been very insulting during the morning, rode up to the door and threatened to set fire to the house. He got off the mule he was riding, and came in and began to curse and swear, declaring that he would pull "the old Rebel" out of the bed any way. I thought of my husband's being a Mason, and appealed to the crowd to know if there were any Masons in the room.

"No," the newcomer thundered, with a horrible oath, "we have none of those animals with us. We left them at home. They are rather inconvenient to take along."

"My Major is a Mason," young Colton whispered, "and if I can get any one to stay with you until I can go to my tent I will bring him." He then said, turning to his comrades, "Can I find a man who will protect this lady and her sick husband until I come back?"

The Iowa soldier whom I have mentioned before came in from the yard and offered to stand guard.

"I will do it, if it costs me my life," he declared; "but my gun is at my tent."

Colton then handed him his gun, advising him to use it, and knock down the first man that dared to touch my husband or myself. He then left, and in a few moments returned with an officer whom he introduced as Col. Winkler, of Wisconsin, who was the officer of the day.

"Mrs. H—," he said, after I had greeted Col. Winkler, "you will have no further trouble with these men. Our picket lines have been extended, and you are now inside of them and will be protected. I regret very much that you have not been inside the lines all this time."

I was astonished to see the room and house cleared of Yankees almost in an instant. No one remained but Col. Winkler and young Colton. The plunderers had vanished as if by magic, and in a short time Col. Winkler sent Colton to procure a guard and we were subjected to no more insult. Unfortunately, however, as I told Col. Winkler, we had nothing left to protect but our lives, as we had already been three days at the mercy of "Sherman's bummers," as he insisted upon calling them, saying that they were not representatives of the army, but were bummers and foragers. He seemed to regret very much the treatment we had received, and said if any of the men could be identified they should be severely punished. He then sent to the camp and got coffee, sugar, rice, beef, flour and other articles—enough to last several days. When the

cook found she could come into the yard without being interfered with she came and cooked our supper, which I relished very much, being all the food I had tasted since Monday morning at breakfast, except a few potatoes which I roasted at night.

Wednesday night, for the first time since Sunday night, I lay down and slept. But my slumbers were not happy as Judge H— was still suffering from the effects of the inhuman treatment he had received. His nose would bleed, and bloody water would ooze from his ears. His eyes were bloodshot and pained him greatly. Occasionally he would spit up blood and his tongue was swollen.

Thursday morning Col. Winkler came in to see how we were getting on and said he had reported to Gen. Slocum, whose headquarters were a short distance from the house, the indignities we had received and that the General was anxious to identify the parties. But, of course, that was impossible, and Gen. Slocum knew it.

THE FATE IN STORE FOR SOUTH CAROLINA.

During the day quite a number of officers came in to "pay their respects," as they said. In conversation with a very intelligent man, an officer, about the horrors the war brought upon the women and children of the South, he spoke freely of the terrible way in which South Carolina was to be punished.

"You think the people of Georgia are faring badly," he said, "and they are, but God pity the people of South Carolina when this army gets there, for we have orders to lay everything in ashes—not to leave a green thing in the State for man or beast. That State will be made to feel the fearful sin of Secession before our army gets through it. Here our soldiers are held in check, as much so as it is possible with such a large body of men, but when we get to South Carolina they will be turned loose to follow their own inclinations."

How well that order was carried out is well known to the world.

Early Friday morning we rejoiced to hear that the Yankees were preparing to leave. They were busy getting their army trains ready to move on. Gen. Slocum had for his guide an old map of Georgia, in which was a small place called Birdsville located in Burke County. He was trying in vain to find some one who could direct him to it. The place was only remembered by some of the old inhabitants as the resi-

dence of a wealthy family by the name of Bird, and which only contained a postoffice, a store and a few dwelling houses. It had long since passed away. He was told that there was now no such place known.

Everything was enveloped in a dense fog that morning. Nothing could be seen fifty yards off. In starting their trains, therefore, they had floundered about in the fog, and were completely lost. They had taken the wrong road and were going back the same way they came. About 10 o'clock, however, they got righted and Gen. Slocum's division of Sherman's army resumed their "Grand march to the Sea." Gens. Davis and Hooker with their divisions had been passing several days. Late that afternoon the guards were withdrawn, and the last one of the Yankee army disappeared.

Our secreted Confederate officer came walking up just after dark Friday night. He had concealed himself during the four days in a cavity at the root of a large pine tree, almost entirely hidden by the small roots of the tree. He said he thought several times that he was discovered, as the Yankees were so near him. Once he was about to call out that he surrendered, as he saw some of them coming as he thought directly to him just ready to shoot, but they passed on. He had kept closely hidden during the day and rested himself at night by changing his position and walking around a little after everything became quiet. He returned to Louisville feeling very thankful that he did not fall into the hands of the enemy.

The rear of the army encamped that night about four or five miles from us. We could see the glare of fires and knew from our own experience that the work of destruction was going on. The citizens of Burke County being wealthy the spoils were great.

DESOLATION AND RUIN.

Saturday morning we looked out upon a scene of desolation and ruin. We could hardly believe it was our home. One week before it was one of the most beautiful places in the State. Now it was a vast wreck. Gin-houses, packing screws, granary—all lay in ashes. Not a fence was to be seen for miles. The corn crop had not been gathered, and the army had turned their stock into the fields and destroyed what they had not carried off. Burning cotton and grain filled the air with smoke, and even the sun seemed to hide its face from so gloomy a picture.

The poor negroes had fared no better than we had. Their *friends* had stolen everything from them as well as from us. Their master had given them a month's rations, thinking they would be able to save it, but alas! they had provisions, clothing and everything taken from them; even their shoes were taken from their feet. Their chickens had all been killed and their beds and bedding all carried off. Poor creatures! They looked disconsolate, and when they saw their master the older ones burst out crying.

"Marster," they asked piteously, "what we all gwine to do now? Everything gone—nothing left for us to eat!"

"I can't tell," he answered sadly. "It looks as if we would all have to starve together. I never saw starvation staring me in the face before."

He seemed almost in despair, and began to calculate as to how long we could subsist on what little food we had left. I tried to encourage him and told him I did not believe the good Lord would allow him to starve. He had fed too many poor people and had befriended the needy too often, and I believed it would be paid back to him now, in his extremity, and that friends would be raised up to him.

I remember well the distress of one of the negro women. She was sitting on her door steps swaying her body back and forth, in a manner peculiar to the negro, and making a mournful noise, a kind of moaning, a low sorrowful sound, occasionally wringing her hands and crying out. As we approached her, she raised her head.

"Marster," she said, rolling her eyes strangely, "What kind of folks dese here Yankees? Dey wont even let de dead rest in de grave."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You know my chile what I bury last week? Dey take em up and left em on tap of de groun for de hog to root. What you tink of dat, sir?"

Her story was true. We found that the Vandals had gone to the graveyard and, seeing a new made grave, had dug down into it and taken up the little coffin containing a dead baby, no doubt supposing treasure had been buried there. When they discovered their mistake, they left it above ground, as the poor mother expressed it, "for the hog to root."

We soon discovered that almost everything we had hidden had been found, and either carried off or wantonly destroyed. All around the grove were carcasses of cows, sheep and hogs, some with only the hind quarters gone, and

the rest left to spoil. There were piles of carcasses all around where the army had camped. Some of them had been killed and left without being touched. The negroes went to work and saved a great deal of meat. They could have saved enough to have lasted them through the winter if the weather had been cold enough, but it was unusually warm for the season, and the most of the meat was lost. The hams that were buried in the smokehouse were not discovered by the plunderers, and we were rejoiced to know we had enough meat to keep us from suffering for some time, if we could get bread. The question of getting anything to eat was a very serious one. The stores were all burned, not one being left within thirty-five miles. The mills were all destroyed, or partially so, railroads were torn up, bridges broken, all our stock carried off and the fences burned. There seemed to be nothing left to live on during the winter. Oh! the first of December, 1864, is indelibly impressed upon my mind. We had more than a hundred negroes to feed and clothe, and to all appearance there was nothing to do it with. We almost wished all had gone with the army, as there seemed nothing but starvation left for those who remained.

BREAD CAST ON THE WATER RETURNING.

On Monday morning we saw in the distance coming towards the house a small covered wagon such as is used by the poorer class of people in the piney woods for carrying their produce to market. Walking by the side of it was a tall, thin man in his shirt-sleeves and rough straw hat. He came up to the house and Judge H— recognized in him a man whom he had formerly known and befriended.

"Judge," he said, "when my wife heard that the Yankees had been here and destroyed all you had, she said, 'Mr. A. we can't let Judge H— suffer for something to eat while we have anything ourselves. Don't you remember how he helped us when we were first married? He gave us a cow and a calf and a pig and provisions to last us until we could get started. As long as I have anything to eat I will divide with him.' So she made me fix up the wagon and bring you something."

He then began to unpack that little wagon. There was meat, meal, flour, lard, butter, chickens and various other things, enough to keep the wolf from the door for some time to come. Tears of

gratitude came into our eyes and we could not express our thanks.

Mr. A. seemed perfectly happy to be able to give us this timely relief.

"Don't thank us, Judge," he said over and over again, "we are only paying our just debts."

Before the day was over three more of those little covered wagons came up to our door on the same errand of love and deposited their freight as expressions of gratitude to one who had befriended them in their early married life, as they expressed it, "helped them to get a start in life." Verily it was as "bread cast upon the waters to be gathered up after many days." It was very gratifying to Judge H— and dispelled the gloom and almost despair that was settling down on his spirits. He seemed to take courage from that moment, and believe that the God whom he served would not forsake him, but would provide some way for him to live and feed those dependent upon him.

From day to day we gathered up the remnant of what was scattered over the place. Some of the cows escaped and came back. Out of about seventy-five head of cattle, six milk cows and one pair of oxen came back to us. Out of about two hundred sheep, twenty came up a few days after everything got quiet. The negroes found several lame and sore-back mules that had been left by the Yankees, and they did us good service after they had been doctored up and fed. We found a considerable quantity of corn left in the fields and there being no stock running at large there was nothing to destroy it until it could be gathered. Some of the hogs escaped the sharp-shooters and came up to the pens where they had been fed before the Yankees came. We, therefore, got along much better than we thought possible. We had plenty to eat, and though the Yankees did not leave my husband or myself a complete change of clothing, we did not suffer. I was fortunate enough to save several bolts of unbleached homespun, known as "Macon Mills," and it was very much in demand. I exchanged some of it for colored homespun and made me some dresses, in which I was just as happy as I had been in my silks. We saved a few pieces of kersey of which I made my husband a suit of clothes and an overcoat. He said he felt prouder than he had ever done of his broadcloth. As soon as it was possible we received assistance from our friends in Macon, and having a plantation in Southwestern Georgia we got mules and supplies from

there with which to make a crop another year.

I often think of the conveyance we used for some time after Sherman's army passed through. It was a wonderful vehicle, made of a small wagon body on the springs of a buggy and some odd wheels picked up in the Yankee camp. A blacksmith had put them together and made a very comfortable riding wagon. To it was hitched a small sorrel mule that was found after the Yankees left. The harness was made up of odd pieces of leather and rope was used for reins. We put chairs in this wagon, and with a negro man to drive we went to church and visiting in great style, feeling thankful we had even that much left us.

We remained on the plantation until March, 1865, when we left for our home in Macon. Milledgeville, fifty-four miles distant, was the nearest point of railroad communication. The roads were in a fearful condition, having been cut up badly by the wagon-trains of Sherman's army. We accordingly made very slow progress. We left Louisville Tuesday morning, the 16th of March, just as the sun was rising. My husband and myself were in a double-seated buggy, drawn by two mules and driven by a negro man. We had also a wagon with two mules, in which was bedding, provisions and provender for the mules. We had with us a family of negroes we were taking to Macon. Everywhere we saw the track of Sherman's army. Chimneys standing to show where dwellings had been burned, everywhere was the mark of destruction. It was a heart-sickening sight, and one I shall never forget. Early in the afternoon on Thursday it began to rain very hard. Being in an open buggy we encountered many difficulties and endured many hardships. It was a weary journey, but we received many kindnesses on the route, and at last we reached Milledgeville where at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon we took the cars, and about dark arrived at home in the city of Macon, after an absence of six months.

I have made this sketch much longer than I intended when I began it. Yet while narrating simply facts that came under my own eye, I feel that I have but imperfectly described the sufferings and trials of the four days I spent inside of Sherman's camp.

No. 16.—Stirring Days in Chester.

(By Mrs. F. G. DeFontaine, New York City.)

The 16th of February, 1864! What a train of memorable events, sad recollections and buried hopes this date recalls. The day opened bright and beautiful, and with the cheering news that the enemy had been repulsed and Columbia was safe. At four o'clock the situation changed. Cannon and musketry were distinctly heard across the river, and troops were hurrying hither and thither in a state of excitement. Baggage wagons, quartermaster's and commissary's stores were being sent to the rear in the most expeditious manner, and every one who could leave the city was hurrying in the direction of the depot.

Our preparations were expedited by the bursting of a bombshell, which so completely demoralized us all that the subsequent packing was rather on the unique order. For instance, a pair of chickens which were in the stove being roasted for dinner, were taken off and jammed into a jar half filled with preserves; a handsome crape veil I found a week afterwards tucked in a bag of meal; knives and forks were huddled in among bonnets and laces, and everything else was done in the same peculiar, warlike style.

My servants all proved faithful in this emergency, with the exception of a bright mulattress, who showed unmistakable signs of disaffection, laughing hysterically whenever the report of a gun was heard and acting in a most unusual manner. It was impossible to gain her attention in any way. Observing this, and fearing that it might demoralize the others, who were doing all in their power to help me, I quietly walked to the mantel-piece, took down my pistol, and strapping it about my waist, said, "Nancy, I am still your mistress, and as such I demand respectful obedience from you. If the Yankees take the city and you prefer going with them to remaining with me, you are at perfect liberty to go, but now you must obey me."

Looking first at me and then at the pistol she accepted the situation temporarily, but made her way to the enemy the next day.

During the afternoon Col. Wm. Johnson, then president of the Charlotte and Columbia Road, sent me word that if I desired to leave the city he would retain a place for me in his special car; but I still entertained hope in the ability of our army to repulse the foe, who were even then thundering at our very gates. This hope, however, was soon dispelled by the bursting of a shell, thrown from the enemy's batteries just outside of the city.

Jumping into a wagon in which our goods were thrown helter-skelter, we made our way to the depot in the midst of the cursing and shouting of the teamsters, who were hurrying the army trains to the rear. This, with the lurid light from burning buildings in the background, that seemed to reach to the very heavens, produced a pandemonium which only the Inferno of Dante could equal.

FLYING FROM THE FEDERALS.

Reaching the depot everything was bustle and confusion. Hundreds were seeking admission to the already well-filled cars. Husbands looking for wives and wives calling for husbands, and children screaming in affright at the glare of the flames.

The President's car was a small coach, attached to the rear of the train. In this we found several friends already seated, who greeted us in a sad, distracted manner.

The passengers on this train, which was the last of sixteen already ahead of us, were an odd mixture, consisting of the Governor of the State, several ex-Governors, the treasury department, which had been removed from Richmond to Columbia, a number of colored prisoners and a company of "galvanized Yankees," as deserters from the Union army were then called.

We felt that "touch of nature which makes the whole world akin." Each was leaving home and friends behind, for we were all refugees, going forward to an untried future in which there seemed little happiness in store. As the train pushed out from the depot the young ladies of the treasury department struck up "Home, Sweet Home." Everybody on the train joined in the song, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the company.

When near Winnsboro' we came to a standstill, the train just ahead of us having jumped the track, and we were compelled to remain quiet until it was restored to its position.

Every one on the car, worn out by the fatigue and anxiety of the day, was

fast asleep except myself. My baby being restless kept me awake. Soon I heard in the distance sounds that resembled the approach of another train, although it was understood that ours was the last which would leave the city. The sound grew nearer and more distinct, and there was now no doubt but that another train was right upon us.

Quick as a flash the thought came to me about the "signal light," and arousing my husband, who sat next to me, I said, "Quick, for God's sake, take that candle and wave it in front of the door, for something tells me that the signal light is out."

It was the work of a minute, but that minute saved hundreds of lives. In an instant a sharp whistle sounded upon the still night air, and the approaching train stopped only a few feet from us.

The engineer entered our car as pale as death, saying, "In God's name where is the brakeman? and why was there no signal light? If it had not been for that little light which some one waved, you'd all have been in eternity by this time, so you may thank the one who waved it for your lives."

"No," said I, "thank the baby, for if she hadn't wakened me none of us would have heard your train."

In the morning, before we were ready to start again on our journey, Major Robinson, of Winnsboro, played the part of our good angel, and sent us a donation of biscuits and coffee which were the only things that stood between us and starvation. Biscuits and coffee will never be eaten again with such relish.

UNIQUE HOMES IN CHESTER.

Arriving in Chester, we found all the old, discarded cars which had been switched off on one side, fitted up as dwellings for the "refugees." In these they had placed their "little all" that was left of the general wreck. From one issued sounds of a harp, from another a piano, and the inmates seemed as happy and contented as if residing in their own beautiful homes.

We were too late to secure one of these palatial residences. The only shelter left in the village was a pitched roof attic, over a drug store. This magnificent apartment had once been the abode of a shoemaker. He had left arabesque designs, in grease and wax, over everything capable of receiving an impression. The walls were painted a deep dark, desperately blue, the sort of color that is calculated to take all the sunshine out of one's nature and provoke thoughts of suicide. The windows were so high

from the floor that in a standing position your chin just reached them. The fireplace was large enough to accommodate a family. The furniture consisted of a set of shelves and two broken chairs.

This was a pleasant picture to contemplate, after a long, tedious ride, hungry and tired. At first I thought I should go mad. I cried until I was hoarse. After that I felt better, and began to philosophize, and with one *coup d'œil* took in the situation and prepared to make the most of it.

Soon after our arrival Mr. Loftos Clifford sent over to us a bedstead, with the message "that he was sorry the screws could not be found." Here was a dilemma, a bedstead without screws. I rose to the emergency, however, and taking four boxes in which my household effects were packed, I laid the sides and ends of the bedstead upon them and placed the slats crosswise. Then placing my bed, which I had brought with me, upon this structure, we soon had a very respectable-looking couch. Our dining table was a large dry goods box which the cobbler had left behind. We sat on boxes covered with shawls, and our pantry was made of bedslats nailed in the floor and hung round with table-covers of various hues. Despite all of these drawbacks to elegance we enjoyed this "roughing it" immensely, and entertained in our little blue attic many whose names have brightened the pages of history.

Gen. Hood called one day, and hearing the sound of his crutches upon our rickety staircase, I said: "General, is your life insured? You are in more danger from those steps than a dozen Yankee bullets."

In his wonted graceful style, he replied: "The cause is worthy of the effort, and if I fall, I fall."

Chester was threatened with a raid, and some of the events which occurred during that time were exceedingly ludicrous. Everything of any value was buried or mysteriously secreted. I was for several days a perambulating conveyance of assorted goods. Besides my war pockets, which reached to the hem of my dress, I carried, hung upon a heavy cord about my waist, one piece of flannel, twelve yards of dress goods, twelve yards of muslin, two pounds of tea, five pounds of coffee, two pounds of sugar, a silver cup, two dozen silver forks, the same of spoons, spools of cotton, silk, needles, pins, &c., &c. In my skirts were sewed my watch, money and private papers. As most of these goods were purchased at

the "Bee store" in Columbia, at the risk of life and limb, and at an enormous expense, I determined, if possible, to retain them.

WAITING FOR THE ATTACK.

The night before the attack was expected all of the arms-bearing men left the town to the care of the women and children and a few disabled men who were in charge of the Government stores. At midnight when the echo of the last horses' hoofs died away, carrying from our midst Gen. Chesnut and staff, a feeling of utter desolation and despondency took possession of us. Hagar in the wilderness was not more disconsolate.

Most of the night I spent at my attic window watching the pale stars looking down, seemingly in pity upon us, and the glimmer of lights from every window told that the inmates were awake and anxiously awaiting their fate.

Shortly after daylight I walked out upon the balcony, and in the distance saw a cloud of dust. My heart stood still with fright, and calling a lady friend to my side, who was pale with fear, I said, "Courage! the cavalry are coming; in God's name what shall we do?"

I determined in spite of my terror to stand my ground and await their arrival. Soon a ragged, wretched-looking, devil-may-care fellow, in advance of the leading company, rode up and halted just in front of us, saying, "Where're all the men of this town?"

Still thinking they were Yankees I replied in an independent tone, "They've left for parts unknown, and the town is in possession of the women, and we mean to hold it."

"God bless your soul," said he, "I wish the men had half your pluck."

"Who are you?" I inquired; "Stone-man's cavalry?"

"In the name of God," said he, "you don't take us for Yanks, do you? Why, we're Wheeler's cavalry, sent here by General Beauregard to protect this town, and we're a goin' to do it, by Jupiter."

Seeing that he was a desperate sort of fellow, whom it was better to have as a friend than a foe, I determined to enlist him in our behalf and asked him to protect our house in case the enemy came in. With an oath he swore that he would do it.

After reconnoitering for about an hour, they returned to camp, which was on the outskirts of the town. In passing the house this same man pulled off his war-worn hat, which was only held together by a freak of cohesion. He was

in a terrible rage, and the oaths rolled from his mouth.

"What is the matter," said I; "you seem very angry about something?"

"Why," he replied, "one of them d— commissary chaps says we shan't have any rations; that we're spies and they'll drive us out of the town and take our hosses. If they do drive us out, it'll be by the puttiest fire they ever see in all the days of their life. As to takin' our hosses, by Jupiter, one of Wheeler's cavalry hosses wouldn't tote a civilian." Here he slapped his horse on the flank, threw his remnant of a hat high in the air, and, with a loud yell, dashed off.

A TERRIBLE SECRET.

About noon of that day Mrs. Gen. C. called and said she had a terrible secret to confide in me. "Promise me," said she, "that you will not divulge it, for it may cost me my life."

"Oh! dear," said I, "if it is anything so terrible I don't want to know it."

"But you must know it," said she with a look of mysterious bewilderment, "somebody must know it or I'll die trying to keep it; but first tell me which way your husband went. There's a courier here and he wants to see the General, for if he don't see him the town will be burned if the Yankees enter."

"How do you know this?" said I.

"That's the secret," said she, coming near me and whispering in my ear. "It's the notice of an armistice that he's brought with him, and I've broken the seal of the dispatch. I know it's a punishable offence, but I couldn't help it; only think of it—an armistice!"

"If you are sure," said I, "that this man is not a spy, and that this is a bona fide paper, I will tell you where our husbands are. If he will go at break-neck speed upon the Union road he will probably overtake them."

The suspense that day was something awful. The fear lest Stoneman should reach the town before the dispatch was delivered to the commandant of the post, and the ardent desire to proclaim the news from the housetops, were conflicting emotions which kept me in a continued state of unrest.

When the General arrived late in the evening and found it really was a genuine dispatch containing information of an armistice, I went up to my husband's printing office and ordered a number of notices to be struck off in large type, and posted in the most conspicuous places in the town. It was done and delighted the eyes of all who looked upon them, although with our

joy was mingled a deep sorrow, when we witnessed the bowed heads and broken spirits of the brave men who for four long years had stood in the breach and were now returning to homes, many of them made desolate by war.

OFF FOR SPARTANBURG.

We left our attic and made our way to Spartanburg in a wagon drawn by Confederate mules that had been relegated to the "retired list."

Owing to the want of "going" capacity in our team, we were compelled to camp one night on the roadside. The next morning we performed our ablutions in a spring near by. After this I returned to the back of the wagon, where I had left my hair switch hanging, preparatory to arranging my hair. The switch was gone; I questioned Primus, the driver, about it, but the only satisfaction I received was this: "I dunno nothin' 'tall 'bout no switch, Miss G—, but I see dat black mule bin de chaw 'pon somethin' dat looked like a hosse's tail; I specs dat's whar your hair done gone, Missis."

Picture it! think of it! a woman's whole crown of glory gone into the stomach of a miserable uncompromising mule, our ports blockaded and not the remotest probability of getting another for months. I entertained serious thoughts of having the wretched animal killed and dissected.

We took our breakfast, which consisted of fried bacon, rye coffee and corn bread, at a house nearby. When I asked for a little more sugar the dish was handed to me and I put the spoon in, and finding that it struck the bottom looked in and discovered that sorghum was the "long sweetening" used on this occasion.

Rice, potatoes, rye, peanuts and various other things were employed as substitutes for coffee, casina berries and herbs in place of tea. The exchanges carried on between refugees and those from the rural districts amounted to a regular traffic, and were sometimes very amusing.

Just before the fall of Columbia we invested in a large amount of candles. These subsequently proved a perfect God-send to us, the farmers being willing and anxious to exchange any of their produce for these wax candles. We let our "light shine" to the best advantage you may be assured.

"When I left Columbia it was with flying colors, my dress being trimmed with State buttons, bearing the motto

"Animus opibusque parati," but soon after my arrival in Chester a dear old minister called and insisted that if I "valued my life I must have those buttons cut off." In order to satisfy him I stood up and was shorn of my glory.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

A rather curious coincidence occurred not long since at one of my evening receptions in my New York home. One of the guests of the evening, a grandson-in-law of John Quincy Adams, in looking over a large book of war photographs, came across a picture of Atlanta after its destruction by the Northern army. "Ah," said he, "here's the very house we burned down to see how the chimneys were built."

I overheard the remark and replied, "I presume then, that your curiosity must have been thoroughly gratified when you finished with Columbia, for you left nothing but chimneys remaining there."

He confessed that he was in Columbia some time before its burning, but being confined to rather close quarters, had very little opportunity for seeing much of the city."

"Why," said I, "what were you doing there?"

"Serving my time out in your jail," said he, "for having visited your fair in the disguise of a Confederate naval officer, and flirting with all the pretty Columbia girls."

Struck dumb with amazement I regarded him earnestly for some seconds, and then said: "You are the blue-coated Yankee that kissed his hand as I passed the jail one day and happened to look up at a window."

"Ah," said he, "then, it is to you that I owe a grudge, for I was placed in the back of the jail, my liberty restrained and my rations reduced for throwing that kiss."

"I'm delighted to hear that I was instrumental in bringing at least one Yankee to punishment," said I, "and now, only think of your being an invited guest in my house."

It would be possible to fill a volume with the incidents, humorous and pathetic, which came under my observation during the eventful "four years;" but many of them would only serve to reopen old issues and embitter the feeling, which policy teaches us it is better to bury with the dead past. It is en-

shrined in our hearts; there is its mau-soleum, and from it shall rise an incense of love and gratitude, purified and sanctified by the memories of those who sacrificed their lives in the endeavor to make us a nation among nations.

No. 17.—Cluseret in the South.

By Mrs. Flora McD. Williams, of Louisville, Ky.

It was during the winters of '62 and '63 and the poor old town of Winchester had been again evacuated by the troops under Gen. Jackson. Many of the citizens had gone South, but the sudden occupation of the place by the Federal soldiers caught a good many in their lines who had not intended to remain. Among them were the two young daughters of a prominent citizen who was at the time in the Confederate service.

Finding that the occupation was likely to be permanent, they concluded to apply for a pass to go South, though having many misgivings about getting it, as their sentiments were well known to the officers in command. Gen. Cluseret, a gentlemanly Frenchman, was at the time in command of the post. Making application to him in person, to their amazement he granted them the pass without imposing a single restriction or condition. Elated with this singular piece of luck they pushed forward their preparations in good earnest, and in three days from the time they received it were ready to start.

They had hired a carriage and trusty pair of horses, as well as a respectable white man in whom they felt confidence to act as their driver, as it was necessary to drive some eighteen or twenty miles up the Valley, where they expected to find friends. They started off in the gray dawn of a winter's morning with every reasonable prospect of a safe and pleasant ride.

Upon reaching the second and last picket, some four miles from town, they found no less than two hundred men quartered there. At this point they were compelled to leave the main road, which was blockaded by huge piles of rocks and rails, and drive through

woods and unfrequented by-ways for nearly a mile further. All obstructions now being passed, they returned again to the turnpike and congratulated themselves that they were at last out of sight of the Yankees.

"Do you think we will have any more trouble now, Mr. Higgins?" said one of the girls, addressing the driver.

"Well, I'm beginning to think we are about through the woods now myself, Miss;" and thus saying he stood up and looked back over the top of the carriage. "Bless my soul, ladies!" he exclaimed, "here come a lot of them cavalry jest a flyin' up the road!"

"Whip the horses! Make them fly, Mr. Higgins!" said one of the girls, and catching up the whip, she laid it on several times.

FLYING FROM THE YANKEES.

They were now going at their topmost speed, and both girls were standing up, looking alternately through the window in the back of the carriage. It was evident they were being pursued.

"If we can only keep ahead awhile longer," said one of them, "I know they will be afraid to follow very far."

"But," said the other, "see how they are gaining on us, and the carriage is so heavily laden they must overtake us soon. It is useless to try."

So they relaxed their speed, and in a few moments were surrounded by a body of cavalry.

"I have orders to arrest this party. Driver, turn your carriage around at once," said the foremost one, who rudely thrust his head in the window.

"I can't turn just yet; it is too narrow here," said the driver.

"Well I can," returned the soldier, and catching the horses heads he wheeled the carriage short around, and barely escaped turning it down the embankment.

Two of the pursuing party had been stationed a little in advance as soon as they came up to the carriage, evidently to watch and warn of any attempt at rescue. Their great hurry indicated serious fears that a masked battery might open on them at any moment.

"We are travelling under a pass from Gen. Cluseret," remonstrated one of the young ladies. "By whose authority are we arrested, pray?"

"That is none of your business, or mine either, for that matter," answered the fellow gruffly.

The carriage was surrounded on all sides, and both the girls and driver were closely watched. Of course they could

not comprehend the reason of such treatment. They did not know that during the interval of receiving and using their pass Gen. Cluseret, from whom they had obtained it, had been superseded by a ruffian who outranked him. When the carriage reached the picket it was brought to a halt, while the leader of the party who had made the arrest rode off to consult an officer who was brought to the door of his tent by the sound of the returning carriage.

The soldier communicated something, and the officer looked towards the carriage where the girls sat waiting in breathless anxiety to know what was to become of them. After parleying with the cavalryman for some minutes, he came towards the carriage and looked in, then turned and went back to the man again. The girls then heard him say, "I will not; I will resign first." He then went into his tent, and presently returning to the carriage climbed up and took his seat beside the driver. He gave the order to move on, and with a guard of four cavalrymen on each side they took up their line of march for Winchester.

A GALLANT IRISH OFFICER.

As soon as they had gotten well underway, the officer, who proved to be a humane Irishman, turned to the girls and said: "I had orders to have your persons and baggage searched at my post, but I would not do it, I don't care what the consequences are; I shall take you to Gen. Cluseret, from whom you obtained your pass, and who alone has the right to arrest you, and only then, in the event of your having violated the conditions upon which you obtained it."

"We are certainly fortunate in having fallen into your hands, if it was intended that we should suffer such an indignity as that," said one of them. "But our passport was granted without any conditions, and I can't understand at all why we are not allowed to go on."

"It seems to be the fate of all the expeditions to Richmond that originate in Yankee lines," remarked the other sister, "and I suppose we will have to submit to the disappointment as well as the rest."

The officer smiled good-naturedly at her audacity, saying:

"I think that Milroy must have ordered this arrest. He suspects that as there were no conditions imposed, or oaths required, you go South freighted with a mail from the citizens of Winchester, and he hopes to capture it."

"He will be greatly disappointed.

Obtaining the pass as we did, we were especially careful to carry nothing that had any reference to your army or their movements. Indeed, the few letters that we have might, with perfect propriety, have been sent by 'flag of truce,' as they relate entirely to domestic matters."

Their conversation was necessarily carried on in an undertone and very cautiously, as the guard watched them closely.

"If you have anything at all on your persons," said the officer, "that will be apt to compromise you in any way I will take it and keep it for you until after you are searched, for Milroy is unscrupulous, and would as soon send you to the 'Old Capitol' as not."

At this the girls exchanged glances. The officer had put himself in their power now undoubtedly.

"I have a pistol," said one of the girls, "which is my own private property, and which I will not willingly resign to any one."

"I fear the consequences for you if it is found on your person," said he, "and will take it and keep it for you until after you are released, if you will give it to me."

"I can't very well get it off," she said, "without being seen, and it would certainly place you in an ugly position if I am discovered giving it to you. Besides all that," she continued, "it would be an admission that I do wrong to wear it, which I am not willing to concede at all. I thank you very much for your kindness, but will keep it."

Soon after this they reached Winchester and the carriage was driven first to the headquarters of Gen. Cluseret, who appeared in the parlor as soon as it drove up, and in an excited manner and unmeasured terms denounced the authority that had "overstepped the boundary of decency and civilized warfare."

"Take ye ladies away; dey have no offense," he continued, emphasizing his language all the time with angry gesticulations.

AT GEN. MILROY'S HEADQUARTERS.

They were then driven to the headquarters of the heroic Gen. Milroy, by whose order the arrest had been made. They asked permission to send for an elder sister to be present at the interview with Milroy, but the guard refused, saying: "Their orders were positive that no intercourse should be allowed with outside parties." Whereupon one of the girls made plan of her own, and only waited a

favorable moment to carry it out. The carriage was soon recognized, and the wondering citizens began to throng around to find out the reason of its return, but none were allowed to come near enough to speak. Presently noticing an acquaintance, who stood very near a point which they had to pass, one of the sisters watched her opportunity, and when she got very near leaned forward from the carriage and said in her loudest tones, "Tell sister —— to come to Milroy's headquarters." It was done so suddenly that the guard did not have time to prevent it. But the one nearest her put his hand on his pistol and shook his head in a threatening manner.

They had now reached an imposing looking building where Milroy had established his headquarters, and as they passed through files of armed men their friends, though pressing near, were not allowed to speak. They were conducted up two flights of stairs and ushered into a room where four or five officers were assembled.

The girls walked in and took their seats in a dignified and fearless manner. Conscious of no offence, they felt there could be no cause for fear.

"Is it asking too much to want to know the ground for this singular treatment, sir?" said one of them, turning to Major McGee, a member of the staff.

"Madam," he replied, with an obsequious smile, "we have not been advised of the General's reasons for this arrest. They are doubtless well grounded though."

"You are suspected, and with good reason, I imagine, to be carrying aid and comfort to the enemy," said another official.

"We have only what belongs to us, I assure you."

"Assurances don't count much on such occasions as these, madam; proofs, positive proofs, are the only things that have any effect."

A LITTLE TARTAR.

At this point one of the girls opened her cloak and deliberately untying the scarf which had been given a brother on the battlefield in return for kindness shown by him to a Federal officer, and which confined the pistol around her waist, took them off and laid them on the table by which she sat. A significant smile passed around the faces of the officers.

"Do you suppose for a moment that you will be allowed to keep that, madam?" one of them asked, laughing. "I have no idea of resigning it I assure

you. I merely take it off to show you that I am not carrying concealed weapons. If you would like a trophy of this event, however, I have some military caps in my trunk, which I have braided for some 'rebel' friends. You may keep those, as I doubt your ability to get them in any other way, and when I get South I can make more. I doubtless will find plenty more worn-out pantaloons, of which I made the others."

"Don't be too hard on us, Miss Reb., if you please; you might repent it," answered one of them maliciously.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of two soldiers, each of whom had several pairs of cavalry boots thrown across his shoulder. Depositing them in a corner of the room they went out again.

"You wouldn't be so willing to part with the boots, maybe. They ain't so easy made as caps, eh?" said the officer who had just spoken.

"As they don't belong to us, we have no opinion about them," answered one of the girls.

"Oh, I expect they do," he answered, in a tantalizing tone.

The door opened again; this time the men brought in some boxes and placed them alongside the boots."

"Where did those things come from?" asked Maj. McGee.

"All come out of the carriage, sir," answered the man.

"Well, they do not belong to us, anyhow," exclaimed one of the girls, excitedly.

"Indeed, I assure you that we never saw them before," said the other.

"I am sorry for you, young ladies, but you can't get out of it in that way,"

"Do you suppose we are telling an untruth?" they almost screamed in their anger at the injustice done them. Both girls felt now, for the first time, like giving up to the tears which they had been choking down for some time. Their unfeigned looks of surprise, as well as their protestations of innocence, must have had some effect on the officers, who seemed to have resolved themselves into a court-martial over them. One of them soon left the room, and presently the men who had brought the things there returned and carried them out again.

It afterwards transpired that the things belonged to the driver, who had secreted them in the carriage, to dispose of them at big prices when he got into "Dixie," where all such articles were at a premium.

DECLINING TO BE SEARCHED.

Now the two girls were sent, one at a time, into an adjoining room. The officers did not say what for, but the first one that went found crouched in the farthest corner a figure with a welcome black face.

"Why, aunty," she exclaimed, "what am I sent in here for?"

"Lord knows, Miss; I is a heap wuss skeered 'an you is, but the Gen'l told me to see ef you all had any 'spatches 'bout you."

"Well, aunty," the girl answered, "you will have to take my word for it, because I wont submit to your searching me." And so saying she quickly returned to the next room, and the other sister went through very much the same interview. Upon returning to the room, the one who owned the pistol missed her property from the table on which she had laid it.

"What has become of my pistol?" she asked at once.

"I turned it over to the General," said Major McGee.

"Can't I see the General?" she asked. "I am not going to resign it without a struggle to keep it, anyhow."

"I guess you can't see him," he answered.

Just then the door opened, and their sister, for whom they had sent so abruptly, came in.

Both girls now gave way to the tears which they could no longer restrain, at sight of a sympathizing friend.

"Why girls," she exclaimed, "what is the meaning of all this? I am shocked, amazed; sir," turning to one of the officers, "is nothing sacred in the eyes of your officials? Is a pass from your highest officer not a pledge of security, at least until that pass is known to have been violated? What civilized nation under the sun would arrest two defenceless girls, travelling under protection of an official paper, and subject them to such treatment as this, without positive knowledge that some offence had been committed on their part?"

The officers did begin to look ashamed of themselves.

"I have just left the room below here, where I found, after searching, unaided and rebuffed at every turn, your trunks spread open, and being searched by the officers, *Gen. Milroy, himself*, superintending and assisting in the manly occupation."

"Is it possible, sister?" exclaimed both the girls.

"It is, indeed, a mortifying fact. I

expressed my surprise at so unusual a mode of proceeding, but they continued their search in my unwelcome presence until convinced that they contained nothing unusual in a young lady's outfit, when Milroy left the room a wiser, but I am afraid not a better man." Then turning to the officer, "How much longer is this to last, sir?"

"Not long, I sincerely hope, madam."

They were now thoroughly convinced of the gross mistake they had made and sought to atone for it. Presently Major McGee returned and told them they were at liberty to go, and soon getting ready he preceded them down stairs.

"Am I not to have my pistol?" asked the one to whom it belonged.

"The General says he thinks he will have to confiscate that, madam," he answered pleasantly.

"By what authority does he do it?" she returned; "can't I at least see him and ask him for it?"

"I asked him to let me bring you to him, but he declines to have an interview," said the Major.

"Very well," she said; but she had made up her mind to see Milroy before she left the building.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE GENERAL.

She kept carefully in the rear of the party as they came down the stairs, and just opposite the foot of the first landing she noticed a door with Milroy's name on it, and under it "private room." Quick as thought her hand was on the knob and the door open before any of the party in front had an idea of it. Sure enough there she stood face to face with this conquering hero. He stood on the rug in front of the fire, and looked in amazement from one to the other of the party who had now joined her.

"I came for my pistol, Gen. Milroy," said the owner of it, in a tone of voice which seemed to preclude the possibility of a doubt as to her getting it, and seeing it lying on one end of the mantelpiece she advanced towards it as she spoke.

The old General was taken as completely by surprise as if a masked battery had been opened in his rear. He looked first at one and then the other, as if to demand the cause of this intrusion, when Major McGee came to the rescue.

"The young lady insisted upon seeing you herself, General, and came in of her own accord to see if she could not recover her property."

"Well," jerked out the old General in a spasmodic sort of a way, "it is a

curious ornament for a lady, but I guess you can have it."

He apparently realized that there was no getting rid of so importunate a girl in any other way.

Major McGee now handed it to her, and thanking him, she said: "I do not wear it as an ornament, General, but find it a necessary protection in the present state of the country."

Maj. McGee, who had seemed all along to regret the arrest, or as soon as it became evident that nothing on the part of the girls had merited it, now said: "General, can you not give these ladies a pass to go beyond your lines now?"

"Certainly," said he, "I will," as if anxious to get rid of them on any terms.

"Thank you, General, but I think the next pass that carries us up the Valley will be signed by Gen. Jackson," said one of them.

"Do you suppose for a moment," said their elder sister, "that I would let them run the risk again that they have just passed?"

"But, madam, it would not occur again," said he.

"I am very sorry, sir; but I could have no faith in any guarantee that you could give me after this, so we will bid you good morning and bide our time."

So saying they left the apartment. The pistol was held aloft, as they reached the street below, in token of the victory they had gained, for throngs of acquaintances waited to hear the cause and result of this unwarranted arrest.

TRYING TO MAKE PEACE.

Milroy sent several times, offering them passes, transportation and an escort, under flag of truce, to any point up the Valley, but they invariably returned the same answer that had first been given to this offer: "That Gen. Jackson would sign their next passport up the Valley."

Alas! they little knew that the immortal Jackson would never more return to his beloved Valley.

Major McGee was sent again to solicit their acceptance of this offer, and upon again failing, he said: "Is there nothing that I can do for you to show you how heartily sorry I am for the whole affair, and especially my part in it?"

"Nothing at all," she said, but upon reflection, added, "There is one thing, Major. I would like to write my father a true account of how we have been treated, and say all I think about it.

Would you promise to send the letter by 'flag of truce?'

"I will," he replied, "with pleasure."

"But," said she, "remember, if I say all I think it will not be very complimentary to a good many who wear the United States uniform. Gen. Milroy, least of all, and if he sees the letter I am sure it won't be sent at all."

"He shall not see it, I promise, and it shall go," said he.

"Very well, I will venture it," she replied.

"Is it impossible to convince you that I mean what I say?" he answered impatiently.

"Well, Major, it is right hard, I confess, to convince me that any good thing can come out of Nazareth, after the experience we have just had." But, as the sequel proves, she did him an injustice, for she wrote an account of it to her father, and such a one as would never have gone under an ordinary flag of truce. She sent it sealed to Major McGee himself, and her father certainly received it, just as it was written. So he kept his word, making one of the exceptions which proved the rule that she had applied to the majority.

GENERAL CLUSERET'S RESIGNATION.

It became apparent now why Milroy had shown such anxiety to have these young ladies go South. Gen. Cluseret, who had given them the pass, made use of such language to his superior officer because the pass that he had given had been dishonored that he caused him to be placed under arrest. Whereupon he (Cluseret) resigned and demanded an investigation and sent the officer who had so kindly befriended the girls at the picket post and afterwards to request them to appear as witnesses in his behalf. But their friends, fearing they might become further involved, declined to allow them to appear, and Gen. Cluseret left the United States army finally, because he had not joined it, he said, to fight against women.

No. 18.—Eight Miles Under Fire.

(By a Georgia Woman.)

On the 14th and 15th of May, 1864, the battle of Resaca took place. I was staying at the time with some friends on their farm, nearly two miles north of the village, but on what afterwards proved to be a hotly contested part of the

field. They had not the vaguest idea that a battle was impending. That Gen. Johnston would retreat toward Atlanta and leave them "in the lines" they fully expected, and had made their arrangements accordingly, sending off what valuables they could and packing up and storing away the balance. But that he should halt at Resaca and make a desperate stand there astonished them. And when they found that their home would be in the battlefield, that their very house would be hotly contested for, as it was a large, strong building standing on a hill, commanding two fords, and it would therefore be impossible to remain in it, they were filled with dismay. When should they go? All their stock and vehicles of every sort had been sent off, so they could not ride away. And it was impossible for an old man and a lot of delicate woman to march perhaps for miles. Even if they could stand the march, where should they go?

All day long we had been running out to the fence to see the troops pass by and to speak to any friends who might chance to be among them. By them we were assured that a fight on the morrow was inevitable, and their distress at our dangerous position did not tend to raise our spirits. By night we found ourselves in the midst of a camp. The light of the camp-fires lit up the horizon far and wide, and the hum of thousands of human voices was like the roaring of a mighty sea. By to-morrow night how many of these voices will be stilled, I thought; and indeed how many of us will be left?

My musings were interrupted by the arrival of my friend's son. Capt. Mitchell was in the engineer corps and had been busy all day laying pontoon bridges across the Oostanaula River at Resaca. He was tired and jaded; but, full of anxiety, he had come to inquire what his father expected to do, and was appalled to learn that they all contemplated remaining in the house.

IN A PERILOUS POSITION.

"You will all be killed!" he said, in horror.

"Where shall we go?" they asked.

"Suppose you go down to the river

and get under the bluff. That will be a capital hiding-place."

The river, like most mountain streams, had very high banks.

"Yes, but if the Yankees try and cross there, as it is likely they will," said one of his sisters, "we might be caught by an enfilading fire and so perish miserably like rats in a hole. No, if we must die let us die above ground."

"Yes," rejoined another, in an aside to me, "I might fall into the river and get drowned. I always was afraid of water."

Then the distracted captain proposed that we should all lie down on the side of a neighboring hill and so escape the shot and shell. But some one suggested that our troops, in charging, might run over us and trample us to death; and so we would all be slain by the hands (or rather feet) of our friends. With a deep groan he acknowledged this danger, and as a last suggestion proposed that we should lie down on the floor close to the wall. As he seemed so distressed we all promised, though we knew none of us were going to do it. Indeed, one of his sisters confided to me that she intended to get up on the fence and stay there, and see all that she could see; that she had long desired to witness a battle, and this was her chance.

Then the unhappy captain bade his family adieu, neither ever expecting to see the other again. His mother was quite overwhelmed at the parting. She was the most timid creature I ever saw, and had sat all this time in a state of collapse; but I believe now she was more distressed at the danger her son must run on the morrow than of any she might encounter. At last, worn out and weary, we fell asleep, and slept soundly till the roar of the human sea the next morning aroused us. It must have been nearly 8 o'clock when, as I was talking to some soldiers, I spied Capt. Mitchell galloping up, followed by two army wagons that Gen. Johnston had kindly loaned him.

A HURRIED FLIGHT.

"Pack up and come away at once," he said. "The fight will begin directly and you will then have to ride under fire."

I had been offering my services to a surgeon as a field-hospital nurse, but at this news I ignominiously forsook him to pack up my things, and I never saw either him or his hospital afterwards.

Even in the hurry of flight I could but notice that the instinctive love of property is much greater in women than in

men. Capt. Mitchell was frantic to be off, but his sisters insisted that they must stop a moment to pick up "their things."

"Things!" he cried. "Is this a time to talk of things? The fight may commence at any moment; and can you all ride two or three miles under fire?"

"I'll be ready in a moment," said one of his sisters, looking up from a large trunk she was hurriedly packing with china and dresses.

Just then the sudden "boom" of a cannon was heard.

"Good Lord!" cried the Captain, leaping as if shot. "There! the fight has commenced!" and taking up an armful of clothing he threw it into the trunk, dashed down the lid, and turning to the drivers, cried: "Here, put it in the wagon."

The sister had no idea of giving up her beloved things, but she saw it was useless to contest the point with him, so she resorted to subterfuge.

"You had better look after mother," she suggested. "I'll bet she is turning round and round and doing nothing."

The Captain fell into the snare and hurried out of the room.

"Here," cried she to the men, "drop that trunk. I'll not send it off half packed, battle or no battle."

The two soldiers surveyed her with grins of admiration at her pluck. The war of artillery and the sharp rattle of musketry filled the air. Hastily opening the trunk, she hurriedly packed it, and had just filled it to the top when her brother was heard approaching.

"Hurry, hurry!" cried she to the men, "or the Captain will catch you. I am more afraid of him at present than of all the cannon."

In the meantime Capt. Mitchell had found his mother turning round and round, too frightened to do much, though she had found time to pack her bureau drawers with valuables to be left, and which she never saw again. This work done, with her Bible and a large turkey-tail fan, from which she was never known to be separated summer or winter, she stood ready to depart, praying and fanning herself; and if her daughters had not looked after her clothing she would not have had a change to her back.

Luckily the girls were as brave and cool as their mother was faint-hearted and excited, and in an incredible short time had affairs in marching order. As very few trunks could be put into the wagon, every sack and pillow-case was pressed into service, and garment after garment was rolled up into tight balls and

crammed down into them, and these bags were then packed into the wagon.

THE FOUR TABBY CAPTAINS.

The demand for bags, of course, was great, and as there was no time to look for them an amusing scene took place between one of the ladies and her niece, old Mrs. Mitchell's pet grandchild, a girl of eight or ten, who, far from concerning herself to save anything of value, had appropriated one of the valuable bags for the use of four gray kittens, named after four Confederate captains of her acquaintance. With this great treasure she was marching off, when her aunt spied her and capturing the bag, indignantly tilted the four tabby captains out, who joyfully scampered away.

"Are not your grand-parents clothes of more value than four cats?" she scornfully demanded, when the little girl made a tearful remonstrance.

In answer to Capt. Mitchell's cry to make haste, as the firing had commenced along the line, and if they did not hurry they would be forced to ride for miles under fire, the household sallied forth, all the ladies with something in their hands, looking very much like people flying from a house on fire—old Mrs. Mitchell with her Bible and turkey tail fan, and her granddaughter with another sack containing the four cat captains, whom she had run down and captured. They were mewing and scratching, and were a very disagreeable piece of baggage to sit near, as they clawed everything within reach.

One of the sisters, it should be mentioned, was so thoughtless as to come forth empty-handed.

"Are you carrying off nothing?" the others demanded reproachfully.

Abashed she fled back into the deserted house, and snatching up a large looking-glass, for which she had no manner of use, clasped it in her arms after the manner of a breastplate, and sallying forth in this dazzling armor, climbed to her place on top of the baggage in the wagon.

At last every one, servants and all, were packed in the wagons and we started off.

JOGGING THROUGH THE LINES.

For about two miles the dirt road and railroad ran close together. Drawn up along the railroad was a line of soldiers waiting for their time to take a hand in the ball, which was now being opened at Resaca, two miles away, by a grand

cannonading. They looked mournfully at us as we rode by. Then something jostled the wagon, some one lost their balance—it may have been one of the cat captains—and in the confusion an elbow was thrust into the looking-glass breast-plate and shivered it, so the fragments were cast out. The line of veterans broke, the men darted forward to secure the bits of glass, and eagerly scanned such little strips of their faces as they could see.

The little village of Resaca is situated at the junction of two mountain rivers, which here flow together and form the Oostanaula. This river was spanned by a fine railroad bridge, and for these reasons Resaca had been considered as a strategic point of considerable importance, and had been closely guarded for a long time. The line of hills which surrounded the village bristled with fortifications. At the foot of one of these chains stretched a little plateau, and on this ran both railroad and dirt road. As our heavily laden wagons jogged slowly along a shell flew over the breastworks and sailed toward us. It was still some distance from us when a little stream of white smoke issued from it. Old Mrs. Mitchell had never seen one of the pernicious things, and it attracted her favorable notice.

"What is that up there with the white smoke?" she calmly demanded.

As has been said before the old lady was nervous and timid, and had she known the dangerous nature of the object of her admiration she might have taken a fit. After jumping to the conclusion that it was too far off to hurt us some one informed her that it was only a shell.

"Ah!" said the old lady, "is that so. Why, they are very pretty things."

Here the driver turned round in his saddle and surveyed us, but I have no idea whether he thought we were heroes or idiots. His contemplations were interrupted by an officer leaping on the breastworks and shouting, "Double-quick that wagon! Double-quick it!"

A little farther on we met a squad of horsemen. They proved to be Gen. Polk and his staff, and Capt. Mitchell, who was serving under him, rode up beside his father to speak to him.

THE WARRIOR PRIEST.

It was the first time I had ever seen the warrior priest, and it was also the last, for he was killed during this campaign. He was a very fine looking man, and I will never forget the courteous grace with which he bared his head and

bowed in token of sympathy as we passed.

"Where are you to cross the river, Captain?" he asked.

"At the lower pontoon, General. I think it the safest."

We had not gone very far before one of his aides came flying after us.

"The General says you had better cross at the upper bridge. The firing is not so hot there."

As we rode through Resaca the little village seemed fairly to rock from the tremendous cannonading. Many of its houses had been struck.

When we reached the pontoon bridge it was thought best that we should dismount and cross on foot, and it fell to my lot to escort Mrs. Mitchell over. No sooner had we started than a Federal battery not far off opened fire upon us. The soldiers on the opposite side of the river, protected by the high railroad embankment, became quite frantic at our danger and kept screaming to us to "Run! run, ladies! for God's sake run, and get over here."

All of this was lost on old Mrs. Mitchell. She could not hear what they said for the roar of the cannonading to which she had now become accustomed. Neither did she know that we were under fire, though the balls were splashing in the water on each side of us. She did not see very well, so she did not notice them, and no one felt called upon to draw her attention to the fact. She objected to running, preferring to walk; so taking her by the hand we ambled along. Half way across we passed a soldier on guard, whereupon she stopped to ask him if there was any danger there. He was a stolid looking fellow, but he fairly gaped at her; language failed him. Before he could find his tongue I hurried her on, declaring that "it was against orders to speak to the guard." For I knew that if she ever discovered the danger she was in, her knees would give way under her, and I would have the pleasure of carrying her the rest of the way.

THE GOSSIPING OLD LADY.

At last we reached the other bank and were under cover of the railroad embankment. Then the officer in charge of the pontoon came up to speak to us. He was an old friend Mrs. Mitchell had not seen for years, and she greeted him cordially.

"How do you do, Capt. Harris? I am so glad to see you. How is your wife?"

"She is very well," said the astonished Captain, looking first at the old lady

and then involuntarily at a shell flying over head.

She was so busy tattling to the Captain that she had not noticed it.

"And your sisters, how are they?"

"Very well, I thank you," he said politely, not wishing to be outdone in coolness.

"And our friends, the Turners—have you seen them lately?"

He gazed at her in astonishment. The forest trees around were being riddled by shot and shell, but she was so busy talking about her neighbors she did not notice them, their whistling sound being drowned in the louder noise of the cannonading. Men were lying around wounded and dying, but she did not see very well, and she probably concluded that they had assumed those postures to escape being hurt. I believe had she known the real state of the case she would have died of fright.

While she was prattling thus with her old friend I noticed a little group not far off—a squad of soldiers with a woman in their midst, and a horse with a side-saddle on it, standing near. I judged that she had just ridden there, for she stood, with her face dropped in her hands, by the side of a man who lay stiff and stark upon the ground; while the group around, by their looks and gestures, testified their sympathy. Did she come too late? I wondered.

While I thus mused the wagons crossed and we were hurried into them and continued our flight till we reached Calhoun, some six miles distant, being kept on the alert all the way by the shells crashing among the tree-tops.

On reaching Calhoun it seemed almost as if we had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire, as the town was being shelled and the citizens were flying for their lives in every direction. A fierce fight was going on. The Federal cavalry were trying to cross the river and the Confederates were trying to prevent them. We could stand in the street and witness the fray, as the town was right down on the river. But here we had to give up our wagons, so we all dismounted, glad to be relieved from our cramped position, and from the four cat captains, who had escaped from their bag and had been disporting themselves on the backs and shoulders of the company. We took refuge in a little deserted house from which every one had fled.

Excitement is a very good tonic, but it can't keep one up forever. We had no breakfast and were all extremely hungry. The cook, provident soul, had come off with a large basket of bread.

Some other thoughtful creature, just before our flight, had turned all the milk into the water bucket, thinking thus to save both. This idea had met with Capt. Mitchell's warm approval as he chased up and down the house, hurrying everybody.

"A very good notion," said he, "I'll see to that being taken care of, myself."

So the milk was consigned to his charge, and when every one clamorously demanded these viands, the captain said he would enjoy a drink of milk.

"I take great credit to myself for saving it," he added complacently.

The cook produced the bread. The milk, ah! where was it? Nowhere to be found! The last known of it was when it was seen on the hall table just before we left home, and I make no doubt some thirsty Confederate had long since consumed it. A battery of reproachful eyes were levelled on the captain, who looked extremely foolish.

"You would never have made a good butter-milk ranger. You are unfit for the position," said Daisy severely as she sorrowfully devoured her dry bread.

STILL UNDER FIRE.

But the fury of the fight around us soon diverted our minds from our private sorrows.

Some officers climbed a very high hill in front of our little house for the purpose of reconnoitering, and the Federals opened fire on them in fine style. The shells came whistling over our heads striking the houses and shivering the trees across the way, causing the officers to beat a hasty retreat. As for old Mrs. Mitchell, I thought she would have had a spasm. It was the first time she realized she was in any danger. As every shell burst, she leaped up crying, "Lord preserve me!" and as they burst every minute or two, she came nearer obeying the Bible injunction to "pray without ceasing" than any one I have ever seen. By night the dear old lady was very sick, and we were all feeling quite anxious about her.

Early in the day Capt. Mitchell left us, after giving strict orders that we were to remain closely indoors, and not expose ourselves to the gaze of the soldiery, who constantly passed to and fro before the door. As he seemed very anxious and worried, we thought it best to faithfully promise to obey him; but just as soon as we made sure he was out of sight we sallied forth and stationed ourselves upon the

fence, or any where else that we could get a good sight of the fighting going on. We could be in no more danger in one place than another, and preferred to be shot out of doors to have the roof come crashing down upon our heads. As for Daisy, who had so long desired to see a battle, she hung upon the gate, and being anxious to help in the good cause, handed water to every thirsty soldier who passed. It was really strange to see how many of them were athirst.

Commonness of interest did away with ceremony. We frequently asked how went the fight, and many a soldier, taking pity on us after seeing our anxious faces, tried to cheer us with hopes of victory.

Daisy, who was very young and romantic, was thrown into ecstasies of admiration over a handsome young cavalier, who, half reining in his galloping steed, with a graceful wave of his gauntleted hand, cried, "Don't be alarmed, ladies, we will defend you!"

"Oh! is he not a brave defender!" she cried, using a cant phrase of the time.

Soon after there jogged by the roughest sort of a cavalryman, who, wishing to throw in his meed of sympathy, drawled out in a harsh, nasal voice, "Skeered, gals?"

"He is also a brave defender," said I, as Daisy turned away in disgust.

HOMELESS REFUGEES.

After two days anxious waiting in Calhoun for the battle to be over that we might return home, we learned with dismay that Gen. Johnston was slowly retreating, and found ourselves numbered among the vast army of homeless refugees. The home we expected to return to in two days we never saw again for two years, and then it had been swept of everything and was in ruins.

Journeying on the trains with the sick and wounded soldiers we at last reached M——, where kind friends welcomed us. Mrs. Mitchell, recovering from her fright and fatigue, discovered that she was a war-worn veteran. She also learned with great surprise that her trip from home to Calhoun was a far more dangerous affair than her disagreeable experiences in that village, and as it was far pleasanter to think of, she was never weary of saying to the gaping old ladies who came to see her, while she gently fanned herself with the turkey-tail fan, "And I actually ma'am rode eight miles under fire!"

"And never knew it," I wanted to add, but didn't.

No. 19.—The Fall of Richmond.

(By Virginia E. Dade, of Washington, D. C.)

The spring of 1865 found my younger sister Fanny and myself living at the corner of Franklin and ——— streets, Richmond, Virginia. We were room-keeping there, and in the same house lived twelve or fifteen other ladies and a few gentlemen, mostly wounded and discharged soldiers, or men otherwise incapacitated for duty in the field, and who were now serving in the various Government departments in the city.

As "room-keeping" is a term and mode of life which had its origin in the war, some explanation may be necessary. Richmond was so crowded by the women and children who had sought refuge there when their homes were taken possession of by the advancing Federal forces, that rents soon became incredibly high, and it was rarely the case that a single family, even of large means, could afford to occupy a whole house to themselves, and even the mansions of the rich were pointed at with indignation and contempt if they were known to have one unoccupied chamber while so many homeless refugees were begging for shelter. Consequently a house of average size would usually contain from two to six families, each occupying one, two or three rooms, and each having their own private table, but all using a common parlor when the guests to be entertained were not intimate enough to be brought to the family room. We had to practice the closest economy even in the veriest necessities of life, counting out the potatoes for dinner and the grains of coffee for breakfast, when we were so fortunate as to have the grains to count.

My sister and I always managed to have a slice of meat apiece once a day, yet, if an unexpected visitor came in the slices would have to be judiciously cut a little thinner to make them "go around." The necessity for such economy will be readily understood when I quote from my book of household expenses, March, 1865, one barrel flour \$300, one pound coffee \$40, one pound butter \$25, one pound beefsteak \$13, &c., &c. At the same time we were paying \$80 a pair for shoes and \$4 or \$5 apiece for spool cotton.

However, out of our very scantiness we sometimes made good jokes. Usually there would be but one cook for the entire household, a colored woman who would cook often for five or six different families, and it was wonderful how she would keep the different lots of provisions separate, always making for each family a loaf of bread hot for breakfast every morning, and sending up to each the exact quantity of flour or number of potatoes sent down to her. I remember though one very ludicrous mistake which occurred in this connection. I had given out for dinner for my sister and myself two slices of ham, two large sweet potatoes and a cup of rice; our dinner was served, and my sister had just helped herself to one of the potatoes and broken it open when a little mulatto girl came running in, in eager haste, exclaiming: "Aunt Chany say how dat Mis' Brown tater you got!" And sure enough on looking at the smoking tuber, which Fannie was at that moment raising to her mouth, I found that it was a red skinned "tater," while all that I had bought were yellow. However, the mischief was quickly remedied, the pieces placed together and carried to Mrs. Brown, and in the one which she sent back I readily recognized, by its rotund shape, my own golden "sweet."

A MEMORABLE SUNDAY.

Sunday was always a day prolific of startling rumors, owing, I suppose, to persons on that day being idle and prone to collect in groups at street corners and other convenient places of rendezvous, and any little passing spark of a report of a battle, a retreat, or any other military movement was soon caught and fanned into a flame, gathering in volume as it flew from street to street.

On the memorable Sunday, 2d April, 1865, having been kept from church by the illness of my sister, about the time that I supposed the congregations would be dispersing from their various places of worship I stepped to the door to inquire from any passing acquaintance the news from "the front;" for all that day and for many previous the battle had been raging around Petersburg, and the distant roar of artillery had been sounding in our ears the death-knell, we feared, of many of our loved and loving ones, and what was scarcely less dear to us, the fate of the "Southern Confederacy" was hanging in the balance. At any moment we might hear either a shout of triumph brought from our victorious army, or the news of a defeat which would be the crushing out

of our last hope, for on Gen. Lee's success there we all felt depended the life of our young nation.

The first person I saw at the door was a fellow-lodger, Miss Bowers, who came tottering up the steps, pale and agitated, exclaiming: "Oh! have you heard the dreadful news? Gen. Lee's right flank has given way; he has been compelled to retreat, and Richmond is to be evacuated immediately! While Dr. Hoge was in the midst of his sermon a messenger came hurriedly into the church, walked up the aisle, handed him a note, and quickly left. Dr. Hoge glanced anxiously over the mysterious paper, bowed his head for a moment in silence on his desk, then rising, said: 'Brethren, trying scenes are before us. Gen. Lee has been defeated; but remember that God is with us in the storm as well as in the calm. Go quietly to your homes, and whatever may be in store for us let us not forget that we are Christian men and women, and may the protection and blessing of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost be with you all.' Tearfully, for the congregation was composed almost exclusively of women and children, but with a silence that told more than words the intensity of their feelings, they all left the church."

Next came Mrs. Porter from St. Paul's Church, crying "Oh! Miss Lucy, have you heard that the city is to be evacuated immediately and the Yankees will be here before morning? While we were in church a horseman dashed up to the door, dismounted, and entering went up the aisle and handed a paper to the President, then spoke in a whisper to some members of the Cabinet who were there and they all arose and went out. What can it all mean? and what is to become of us poor defenceless women, God only knows!"

"Don't be so desponding, Mrs. Porter," said I. "I don't believe they are going to evacuate, for that has been the false report so often, it is nothing but one of our Sunday rumors."

"Ah! my child, no! The calamity has indeed come upon us at last; I feel that it is true."

Though I spoke hopefully and tried to look as if I did not believe the rumor, a nervous shiver came over me and my limbs were so tremulous and weak that I thought I should fall. Asking Mrs. Porter to sit with my sick sister, to prevent any one from breaking the news suddenly to her before I came back, I ran down to the house of a neighbor, Mrs. Wright, to ask for a little brandy to give my sister to enable her to bear

the dreadful communication I had to make. On reaching Mrs. Wright's door I found her running from room to room, wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and crying, "Oh, my poor child! and her father not here to protect us! and they say the black wretches are in the very front of Grant's army, and will rush into the city before any decent white men are here to restrain them! Oh! what is to become of us?"

Meanwhile her lovely daughter Lulu, a beautiful girl of sixteen, was clinging to her mother, and begging her not to weep so, for she did not believe that all Yankees were as bad as people said they were, and that may be Gen. Lee would drive them back yet.

"Oh! my child, you don't know what you are talking about, and have little idea what is before us."

Finding I could say nothing to comfort her I helped myself to the brandy, and hastening home gave it to my sister, and then broke the news to her as gently as I could.

LOOKING FOR THE YANKEES.

My married sister, Mrs. Carter, with her little daughter Daisy, four years old, and an infant of four weeks was then living a few squares from us, her husband being at the front with Gen. Lee. Thinking we could better bear what was before us when we were all together to comfort and strengthen each other, I brought her and her little ones around to our room. There we sat all huddled together in almost breathless suspense; our thoughts one moment being with the absent dear ones, of whose fate we had not, nor could we hope soon to have, the slightest tidings; the next filled with terrible forebodings of what might be before us. All through the afternoon friends and neighbors were running in and out, bringing fresh rumors, some hopeful, some despairing. About four o'clock we heard an ominous "boom," "boom," "boom" like the sound of artillery nearer than any that we had previously heard. For a moment our hearts almost ceased to beat. We thought the enemy must be very close at hand, and as the booming continued various conjectures were made as to what quarter we might look for their approach, some thinking the sound came from one direction and some from just the opposite one. In order to hear more distinctly, Mrs. Porter and I stepped to the door to listen; hearing it much more plainly outside, we followed on in the direction whence it seemed to proceed, until we reached a neighboring stable door, when, to our

great amusement, we found that it was nothing but the kicking of a horse against his stall, which certainly sounded enough like the distant firing of a cannon to deceive any but the most practiced ear.

Another incident, which gave us the luxury of a smile even at this gloomy crisis, I must here relate. Seeing the consternation into which the whole household was thrown by the news that the "Yankees" were coming, our little mulatto maid Lettie, while sympathizing with the alarm and distress of her elders, was somewhat perplexed to understand exactly what the threatened evil was. So, anxious to get a little light on the mysterious subject, she crept shyly up to my side and whispered timidly: "Miss Lucy, what sort o' looking things is Yankees? Does dey have horns? 'Cause, ef dey does, I seen one on 'em at de show, and he had a tail like a cow." Her little brain was evidently sadly confusing Yankees and buffaloes.

All through the day the various gentlemen belonging to the house had been running in to get their haversacks, canteens, blankets, &c., with a view to following the retreating army, and each one would be besieged by the crowd of ladies with eager cries of: "Oh, Mr. A., do you believe they are going to evacuate?" or "Mr. B., have you any idea where Gen. Lee will make a stand?" But we would only receive the unsatisfactory answer: "We know nothing positively but that we are ordered to pack up all the public documents as a precautionary measure."

A SAD FAREWELL.

Just at nightfall two soldier friends whose duties had detained them in the city till that moment, came to bid us good-bye, for they were then hastening to the train which was awaiting the President and staff five miles out of the city. They asked if they might have the privilege of going into the room "to say good-bye to Miss Fannie, for we may never see her again."

"Certainly," said I, for this was no time to regard empty conventionalities, and I led them to her bedside. It was a scene I can never forget. In their worn suits of grey, armed and equipped with all they could carry for a long and perilous banishment, looking desperate and determined, but with eyes moistened at thoughts of the defenceless women and children they were leaving behind them, these two men entered the chamber of illness which we feared was even shadowed by the death angel's wing. It had been many weeks since they had seen

my sister and they were much shocked at her pale and emaciated face. Scarce a word was spoken, but each knew full well the sad forebodings that filled the hearts of the others. One of them dropped on his knee beside the bed, and taking the little thin white hand in his he lifted it to his lips and pressed upon it a silent and tearful adieu, and they were gone, to meet us in this life again nevermore.

Left to ourselves our first thought was that it would be well to sit up all night to be ready to meet the first warning of approaching danger, but we finally decided that the best preparation for the morrow, which we felt was to be one of those days "that try men's souls," would be to gain all the strength and refreshment we could by a night's sleep, if sleep were possible. So kneeling we offered our united prayers for Divine protection through the darkness of the night, and the probably still darker scenes awaiting us, supplemented by little Daisy's lisping petition, "Dod bess dear papa, and bing him home safe to mama and me;" and then we sought our couches, though we all remained in one room for mutual comfort and protection. I suppose we must have been completely exhausted by the mental and physical excitement and fatigue of the day; for as I have heard is often the case with a criminal on the night before his execution, we soon fell into a profound slumber, though our last waking thoughts were filled with visions of black-faced, blue-coated ruffians, with savage yells and gleaming sabres.

It seemed as if but a few moments had passed when we were awakened by the most awful and terrific sound that has ever sent the life-blood curdling to my heart. It appeared to me, in the excited state of my nerves, and in the pitchy darkness which comes just before dawn, to be nothing less than "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." For a moment after there was a death-like stillness; not a word was spoken, though each felt that the others were awake. Even little Daisy only nestled more closely to her mother's side, and seemed intuitively to feel that this was no common calamity. The first sound that broke the stillness was the ejaculation from my sister: "The death-knell of the Southern Confederacy! and all the bloodshed and suffering of our poor soldiers gone for naught!"

"BLUE COATS" ON THE STREETS.

From that time, 4 o'clock A. M., there was no more sleep for us, for explosion followed explosion in quick succession

all through the day. It seems that the retreating soldiers had put slow-matches to all the government storehouses, arsenals, &c., and the fire was now reaching them one after the other. About 7 o'clock it reached the armory, where, I am told, there were lying 75,000 bombshells, and those who have only heard these explode one at a time can form but little conception of the pandemonium when dozens are bursting at once for hours in succession. One shock was so violent that we thought the house had been struck, for the window-shades were knocked from their fastenings and fell to the floor with a terrible crash, and poor Fannie, with the supernatural strength of terror, sprang from her bed and fell prostrate and fainting many feet from it, and the still burning fuse from a shell was picked up in the yard.

Our toilets that morning were very hasty, and we were just making a feint to eat our ill-cooked breakfast, for poor Chany was the most terrified of the family, and persistently declared her belief that "de judgment day done come," when about a quarter-past 7 Eddie Mills, a boy about 12 years old, came running into the room exclaiming: "The Yankees are coming!" I went to the front door to ascertain if this was really so. It was true indeed; for there, riding quietly up the street and looking cautiously and inquiringly about them, were two cavalry officers, the first "blue coats" I had seen, except as prisoners of war, since a happy, light-hearted girl, I had danced with them at "Old Point Comfort" to the music of the military band, little dreaming in my thoughtless glee that the time would ever come when I would regard those same "charming officers" as my own and my country's bitterest foes; but "times change and we change with them." However, these two looked very harmless, and, a little surprised to find that their sabres, instead of being drawn and carried naked and threatening, merely hung peacefully in their scabbards, I felt much relieved, and took a cheering report to the eager listeners in the back room.

Very soon after we were told that there was a soldier with a gun standing by our front steps who, on inquiry, proved to be a guard stationed there by the Union authorities; for to their credit be it spoken, the first act of the Federal commander on entering the city was to place a guard at every street corner for the protection of person and property. Every few minutes the children of the household were running in with accounts of everything that was trans-

piring, for little realizing the situation they rather enjoyed the novelty and excitement of the occasion.

THE CITY IN FLAMES.

About 9 o'clock the terror-stricken face of Chany appeared at the door, she crying in dismay, "Oh! Miss Lucy, de town burnin' up!" And so indeed it was. The first sight that met my eyes on reaching the front door was Dr. Reed's (Presbyterian) Church, corner of 8th and Franklin streets, enveloped in flames, and in a few minutes the fiery tongues had lapped up and around the steeple, which they encircled in a serpent-like coil, fascinating my gaze with its fatal beauty, till it swayed, tottered a moment, and then fell with a terrible crash where it had stood for half a century like a sentinel on the watch tower of Zion, and it seemed to my excited fancy to exclaim with its dying wail, like Montcalm at the fall of Quebec, "Thank God! I will not live to see the city in the hands of the enemy." Casting my eyes to the south and southeast I beheld the most sublimely awful spectacle that it has ever been my fortune to witness—the whole city in that direction seemed one sheet of fire, while dark clouds of smoke hung like a pall over the scene, and rolled in vast volumes to the north and west. Every moment the devouring monster seemed coming nearer and nearer to the place where I stood, and where the old frame buildings offered tempting food for its ravenous maw; even now it did not appear to be more than two blocks off. One frightful feature in the scene, investing it with an almost unearthly horror, was the death-like silence that prevailed. No cries of fire, no ringing of fire bells, no rattling by of engines, not even the shrieks of women and children, for all seemed dumb with terror, and shrank pale and mute into their dwellings. How I longed for one loud manly cry of fire, or one clang of a fire bell to break the dreadful spell. But there was nothing but the eloquent silence to tell us that our beautiful city would soon be in ruins, and the voiceless helplessness was almost suffocating.

The reason that up to this time no effort had been made to check the progress of the fire was that every Confederate male not maimed, halt or blind, except those in charge of the sick, had left the city the evening before, and the Federals just coming in had not had time to organize a fire department, nor

knew yet where to find the engines or any of the appliances for suppressing the flames. As soon as possible, however, they went to work and by blasting and all the means within their reach did their utmost to save the city, and thanks to their efforts the fire was kept chiefly within the business quarter; so that comparatively few homes were destroyed, though we had numerous alarms from the falling of cinders or burning brands upon our house, which did actually take fire three times, and it was with the utmost difficulty extinguished by the little water that women and children could carry up in pails from the hydrant in the yard to the skylight in the roof.

Little Eddie Mills quite distinguished himself by the heroism with which he kept his place on the roof, with the burning coals falling all around him, for we had stationed him there with a broom to keep wet the blankets spread over the shingle roof; and nobly did this young "Casabianca" stand to his post till the danger was past, for he was, he well knew, the eldest male in a household of twenty-five persons, and seeming to feel his responsibility, he gallantly refused to be relieved by the various ladies who offered to take his broom from him.

But there was a spice of the ludicrous, too, even amid these awful scenes. The fire at one time seemed rapidly approaching the block where my sister, Mrs. Carter, lived, and where her store-room was pretty well filled for war times with provisions which her husband had collected for their sustenance when he should be absent in the field, and his delicate wife and little ones have no one to provide for them. So, knowing these stores would probably be all that our united families would have to live upon in the state of chaos to which we were now reduced, we determined to remove them, if possible, to our own apartments, and Mrs. Carter not being able to bear the fatigue, I undertook to transfer them.

A FORAGING EXPEDITION.

Mustering all the force I could, which consisted of five little children, two whites and three blacks, ranging in age from six to ten years, the larger ones being busy "toting" water to the roof, and encouraging them by the promise of a lump of sugar to each, a rare luxury in those days, off we started on our foraging expedition. The lurid glare of the flames in the burning district, with the masses of smoke-clouds swelling

and rolling over our heads, the silent and deserted appearance of the streets as we passed along, and the novel and remarkable aspect of my little squad of foragers, as we trudged timidly but resolutely on, presented a scene worthy of a better pen than mine.

On our route we saw sights to make a toper's heart ache; for in the gutters in several places flowed streams of wines, whiskeys and brandies, the boardings of loving mothers and other provident women for the use of the soldier boys who might be brought home sick or wounded; these were now poured out into the streets for fear they might fall into the hands of plunderers, and make them indeed the ruffians we so much dreaded. One bottle, however, I rescued for the use of my sick sister, and kept afterwards hid in a little cuddy to which there was no access except by means of a ladder, though all these precautions proved to have been unnecessary, for the privacy of our home, or of any other to my knowledge, was never intruded upon.

On reaching with my little band my sister's deserted house I found the walls already hot to the touch from the close proximity of the fire, and haste was imperative, so seizing two hams I placed one upon the shoulder of each of my two youngest assistants, then spread a tablecloth upon the floor, into which I threw pell-mell tea, coffee, sugar, spices, dried apples, black-eyed peas, infants' clothing, shoes, &c., &c., which, as it may be supposed, presented a most incongruous and ludicrous medley on being reopened. This I tied together by the four corners and put on the head of number three. Dipping into barrels I filled a pillow-case from the contents of two of them, which afterwards proved to be equal parts of corn meal and flour. This I handed, with a jug of molasses, to number four. Taking a sheet I filled it with bed and table linen and clothing of all descriptions. This huge bundle I threw on my own back and held it with one hand, while with the other I helped number five to drag along a tin can about three feet high and one in diameter, which contained a few pounds of lard, to which I had added a ham or two, several bars of soap, &c., &c.

Thus loaded, the procession issued forth. Though fully impressed with the awfulness of the occasion, and the solemnity of the fact that I was making a desperate effort to ward off threatening famine, my pack almost rolled off my shoulders in my convulsions of laughter at our ridiculous appearance when I fancied what Col. —, Capt. — and others

with whom I had so recently promenade and flirted, and who had always seemed to imagine that I was not strong enough to bring my own prayer-book home from church, would think could they see me now! But my mirth was soon checked by the thought that they were at that moment going through sterner scenes and harder trials with our vanquished chieftain. Fancy my chagrin and distress when on reaching home and triumphantly opening my bundles to display my dearly-won treasures, I found the tea, coffee, sugar and spices intermingled in sad confusion, while the meal and flour were well shaken up together, and the bars of turpentine soap had slipped down to the very bottom of the lard can! However, people on the brink of starvation must not be too choicé, and we shall hear from some of these things again.

SEEKING FEDERAL PROTECTION.

As nightfall drew near vague fears began to creep over us, for we felt that with the daylight would vanish most of our courage, and again we began to picture to ourselves desperadoes, under cover of night, forcing entrance into the house. Again our little household was assembled in conclave to devise some means of safety, when in came our next-door neighbor, Mrs. Blaine. We all regarded in amazement at her hardihood venturing out, for of course everything like business was suspended, but she soon explained by telling us she had heard that by going down to the provost marshal's office we could get "protection papers," which would insure safety to the holders of them.

"An admirable suggestion," exclaimed we all, "but," thinks I to myself, "we are very much in the fix of the council of mice, who decided that it would be an excellent plan to bell the cat, when one old grandfather among them inquired, 'Who will put the bell on?'"

Everybody thought the protection papers ought to be gotten without delay, for the shadows were ominously lengthening; but nobody was willing to go to the "City Hall," the very nest of the dreaded "Yankees," to ask for them. A protracted pause—the case seemed desperate—something must be done, soon it would be too dark to think of venturing out. On one hand the idea of making our way into the midst of the terrible Yankees, on the other scenes of horror that might be in store for a house full of unprotected women.

"I'll go!" said I. "I will be one of

any three who will undertake the daring enterprise."

The next volunteer was Mrs. Blaine, and Mrs. Mills, emboldened by her example, agreed to make the third. So, collecting all the veils from the assembled household, we donned three apiece, and linking arms together and followed by the hopes and prayers of all the rest, we sallied forth. On we went, our features set in grim determination, scarce a word spoken. No human being did we pass on the streets save the Federal soldiers strolling about, as if enjoying the sight of the city they had so long striven in vain to enter. To our surprise, we were treated by these with the greatest respect and courtesy, always giving us the sidewalk and ever checking rude laughter whenever we drew near. Still, so strained were all my nerves, so agitating and conflicting my emotions, and so different the scene from our accustomed walks through our beautiful city, that I felt like one walking in a dream and was startled after passing the corner of Seventh and Grace streets. A rustling sound causing me to look around. I found we were treading almost ankle deep in some places through burnt papers, many of them charred and smoked, but on others the writing still legible, so that we could see that they were public documents which had been destroyed, I suppose, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy; and as I now saw them blowing hither and thither in every direction, I thought them a fit emblem of our nation's hopes just scattered to the winds.

Passing by our own beautiful Capital Square, the tenderness welled up from my heart and well nigh overflowed in tears as I thought how dear was that spot to every Virginian, our pride as well as our joy, how her young men and maidens had loved to stroll through those shaded walks, their merry laughter rivalling in melody the music of the band which was wont to enliven the scene, or the old, old story seeming all the sweeter as the gentle maiden listened to it mingled with the splash of the fountain in the summer moonlight. Spring had just spread her first fresh carpet of green over the sward which we had deemed almost too sacred to be pressed even by the dainty foot of childhood; but now with indignation akin to disgust we beheld there groups of negro soldiers, the blackest, it appeared to me, I had ever seen, looking all the blacker, I suppose, from contrast with their bright blue uniform. These were lolling lazily on our beautiful grass, many of them cook-

ing their dinners there, as we saw by the iron pot swinging from a tripod and the smoke curling up through the tender young leaves of the graceful elms, while their mules were browsing near and profaning the spot with their coarse hoofs. But without trusting ourselves for one word of comment, we silently pressed on to the provost marshal's office at the corner of Capitol and Eleventh streets.

AT THE FEDERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Here we found the portico and halls densely crowded with soldiers hurrying to and fro, and to our surprise and relief many other ladies were there, but on the same errand as ourselves. Here, as everywhere else, we were treated with the utmost courtesy. Between two files of soldiers with fixed bayonets to preserve order, we were politely conducted by an officer to the official who was busily engaged in making out such papers as we were in quest of. There we had to await our turn, and, meanwhile, turning to an officer writing at a table, I asked if he would be kind enough to inform me how long it would be before postal communication with the North would be open to the public, as I was very anxious to communicate with friends there.

"It will probably be four or five days, but take your seat here, Miss," offering me a chair, pen and paper, "and write your letter, and I will not only see that it is sent immediately, but you shall receive the reply promptly. Tell your correspondent to direct to care of Major —."

With sincere gratitude I accepted his kind offer, and wrote my letter, which I remember was in these words:

"Fannie is very ill, but we are more comfortable than we could have expected under the circumstances. Write immediately, care of —."

Then handing the pen to my gallant enemy (?) I asked him: "Will you be kind enough to read that letter and add your address?" He took the letter, but without reading it wrote his address and sealed it. I have always been sorry that, in the excitement of the moment, I failed to take particular note of his name, and only remember that it struck me as being German; but should this by chance ever meet his eye he will please hereby accept my grateful acknowledgment of the courtesy and of the true gentlemanly delicacy with which it was extended—an acknowledgment not the less sincere that it has been eighteen years delayed in the expres-

sion. But should my friend, Major —, never see this, yet if it ever happens to come under the notice of any other Federal officer or soldier who did one deed of kindness to any Virginia woman in that her dark hour of need, I beg that he will accept my thanks in her behalf. Here let me say, and be it ever spoken to the honor of the American flag, that, so far as I know, the triumphal entry of the Federal army into Richmond was not disgraced by one deed of insult or oppression to any woman, or indeed to any citizen. All their efforts seem to have been directed toward conciliation, and to bringing order out of chaos, affording protection to person and property, and endeavoring to relieve, as far as possible, the want and suffering which they found here; and I have never heard an opinion contrary to this expressed by a single person who remained in the city after they came.

But to return to the provost marshal's office. In a short time our protection paper was handed us, which forbade any one entering the premises on "pain of death," and authorizing the guard to shoot any person thus trespassing. Seizing the precious document we hastened home, feeling much relieved that we had succeeded in "belling the cat," though the sequel led us to think there had really been no need for any such precaution.

Immediately on the occupation of the city rations were issued by the Federal commander to such as needed them, and few there were who did not. Most persons had invested all their available means in Confederate bonds. My sister and I then had our little all lying in our trunks in Confederate "promises to pay," representing ostensibly many thousands of dollars, but now worthless as so much waste paper, and our only available cash a silver half-dime, worn for years as a memento, which we now spent for medicine. In this state of things it is not surprising that even ladies reared in ease and luxury now crowded to the ration office to get their allotted portion of codfish, fat pork and yellow meal, for this was all there was between them and starvation. The scene which the artist Rogers has perpetuated in marble of "drawing rations" is no fancy sketch, for I saw the counterpart of it when, with little Lettie to carry the basket, I made my way through the hungry throng with mingled feelings of gratitude and humiliation to receive our share. Though we knew our army had been defeated and was retreating we knew not whither, yet hope still flickered in our hearts, for

we thought possibly Gen. Lee might be able to make a stand at some point further South, and our Confederacy yet take a place among the nations of the earth.

GEN. LEE'S SURRENDER.

This continued till on the night of Sunday, April 9, we were sitting in our dimly lighted chamber, for the destruction of the gaspipes in the great conflagration had found us unprepared for the emergency; and now the only means we had of producing light was by putting a cotton string into a cup of lard, (thanks to my foraging party we still had lard) and setting fire to it; but this dim taper in our large room only served to make darkness visible. The hour of our evening devotions drew nigh, the time when our thoughts were wont to turn with peculiar tenderness toward our dear wanderers about whose fate we were still in painful suspense. We were sitting in silence, our thoughts busy with our loved ones, when the stillness of the night was broken by the boom of a cannon, followed in quick succession by a number of other reports. Volumes of surmises rapidly chased each other through our brains. "Was Gen. Lee returning to recapture the city?" "Was Mosby coming?" "Was there a riot going on which they had resorted to the artillery to suppress?" "Was it an outburst of triumph at news of another victory over our poor tattered soldier boys. Our hearts quailed at the thought, when the door burst open and in rushed Mrs. Brown, the claimant of the red "tater" who, though a native of Ohio, had always professed to be a Southerner in sympathy, and as such had obtained and held a lucrative clerkship under the Confederate Government; but now, throwing off the mask which policy had drawn over her face, she rushed triumphantly in, clapping her hands and shouting: "Gen. Lee has surrendered! Gen. Lee has surrendered!" And such indeed, as it proved, was the cause of the firing we had heard. It was a salute in honor of the (to them) joyful news just received at headquarters.

For some time not a word was spoken, and I scarcely knew which predominated, anguish at the extinction of our country's last hope, or indignation and disgust at the heartless demonstrations of joy of this deceitful woman over the destruction and despair of her whilom friends. Though we did not deign to express in words the contempt we felt for her duplicity, yet, as a little incident which occurred a few days after will

show, it was "deep" if not "loud." Nearly every one in the house was sick, either suffering with sore mouth or some other malady caused by the constant use of salt food, which was all that any of us had, except Mrs. Brown, who was furnished by a friend she had in the army with luxuries which sounded tempting to our half-famished ears as the fancied gurgle of water which aggravates the sufferings of the parched traveller in the desert. One day, about dinner time, Miss Bowers came into our room to ask our opinion upon a matter of conscience, about which she was much exercised. She looked pale and haggard from anxiety and insufficient and unpalatable food, but Mrs. Brown had just sent to ask her to come up and dine with her on lamb, spring chicken, lettuce, canned fruits and other dainties, which the fortunate possessor of greenbacks was able to secure. Miss Bowers wanted to know if we thought it would be right for her to accept this invitation to feast with an enemy of her bleeding country. While we were yet trying to help her decide the contest between the cravings of hunger and patriotic devotion the tinkle of her little bell announced her own dinner and settled the mooted question. "I'll go to my fat pork and yellow meal," said she, and, with a polite "No, thank you," to Mrs. Brown's call from her room, she descended to partake of her dinner of rations. Many a less heroic sacrifice to principle has been sounded by poet and minstrel.

THE ENTRY OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMY.

It was a lovely spring morning, a few days after the news of Gen. Lee's surrender had extinguished the last spark in the smouldering ashes of hope, when the sound of gay music caused me to look out upon the most imposing pageant that it has ever been my fortune to behold—the entrance into the city of a portion of Gen. Grant's army. Pride forbidding me to allow the invaders to see me evincing interest in the triumphal entry of the victorious army into our captured city, and yet feminine curiosity impelling me to devise some means of witnessing the gorgeous spectacle, I effected a compromise between the two by climbing to the top of the house and peeping through the balustrade surrounding the skylight; for here I felt safe from observation, as I did not suppose any one would think of casting glances so high. It was indeed a grand sight. As far as eye could reach was one unbroken column of troops, with their

fine horses and wagons, and equipped in elegant uniforms and accoutrements, which to my eyes, accustomed to looking only at our poor, ragged, and oftentimes barefooted boys, appeared as if newly donned for some gala day. The effect was beautiful from the elevated point from which I viewed it; for I could see them winding over Church Hill in the far distance, and then down into the valley and up over Shockoe Hill; their bayonets brightly gleaming in the morning sun, the Stars and Stripes in countless numbers waving in the breeze, and this enlivened by innumerable bands of music at short intervals, which seemed in their choice of tunes to be amiably trying to harmonize the spirit of "Dixie" with that of "Yankee Doodle;" for first would come the stirring strains of "Hail Columbia," while the next band that passed would bring a tear from our poor stricken hearts by the loved tones of "Dixie;" next "Star Spangled Banner," "Mocking Bird," "The Union Forever" and "Bonnie Blue Flag," would each in turn suggest thoughts of the two sections lately arrayed in deadly conflict, but which it would now be the policy of that army to weld again into one. My predominant feeling, as I beheld their grand procession, was admiration for the courage of our own brave little army, and the sentiment arose almost to reverence when I reflected that in the face of such a foe, with unlimited resources at his back, they had held out through four long years of discouragement, and not only with insufficiency of food, clothing and munitions of war themselves, but with the consciousness, in some cases, that their wives and children were lacking the necessities of life, and in others that they were homeless refugees. One striking feature in that scene was the fact that all the doors and windows in the fronts of the houses were closed, and not one white citizen was to be seen, though how many eyes were peeping through cracks and crevices I will not venture to say.

A WONDERFUL ENTERPRISE.

Returning to our room and seeing my invalid sister languishing for want of comforts which we had then no means of providing for her it occurred to me that we might make a little money by selling eatables to the passing soldiers; but where to get the materials to make them was the question. However, summoning our little dark-skinned maid, Lettie, to the conference, her quick wit suggested a plan. We went to work and

out of the provisions secured by my foraging party we made some delicacies (?) pies. To be sure the dried apples were a little flavored with tea, and the scaly particles in the pastry betrayed the presence of meal, while in the lard there was evidently a soupçon of soap, but we had always heard, and our own observation had shown us, that soldiers are not very dainty. So giving Lettie a basket full of the tempting looking *patés* she hopefully set off. Seating herself on the curbstone she pressingly offered her inviting wares to the passers-by, telling them that they were made by "nice white ladies, and not by niggers;" but, eyeing them curiously for a moment, they would pass on, till one of the soldiers, hungrier I suppose than the rest, ventured to take one, and placing the price in Lettie's hand, he broke the pie, and put a piece into his mouth, when, giving poor Lettie an inquiring look, he asked, "Did you say white ladies made these?" "Yes!" said she, with pride in her young mistress' skill, but he, evidently confirmed by this fact in his suspicion that an attempt had been made to poison him, hastily ejected every crumb from his mouth and hurried on, thinking, doubtless, that these Southern women must indeed be the "she-devils" he had heard they were, and not listening to Lettie's eager explanation that the ingredients were all clean, but had gotten slightly mixed. After sitting several hours longer, with no further success, she became discouraged and returned home with only five cents to show for her day's work. We could not afford to waste so much food, consequently the whole family had to make our supper that night off the meal pies; but so sick did I become in about an hour after eating them, that there is no telling what the result might have been had not nature provided her own remedy. The rest of the family fared little better. At all events, even five cents was better than no money at all, so the next morning Lettie took it, and provided with a little basket, went to market for the first time since the evacuation. She returned with a half a peck of "greens" which made our fat pork much more palatable, and though I have frequently since dined at Delmonico's, I never enjoyed his choicest salads, or most delicate *biscuits glacés* more than we did our first mess of greens. However, soon after an officer of the United States Sanitary Commission called, presenting a letter of introduction from friends in the North, and placed at the disposal of myself and sisters any dainty or luxury in their possession, that might aid in re-

storing us to health, and from that time till definite arrangements were made for us by our friends not a day passed that we were not the recipients of some kind of attentions at their hands.

ONLY MEMORIES LEFT.

In about two weeks our male relatives began to return to their homes one by one as they were paroled. Things began to readjust themselves, and now, in 1884, the war is already spoken of as something in the long ago; feelings of sectional animosity are gradually softening, "Dixie" or "Yankee Doodle" is listened to with almost equal pleasure beside the picturesque Hudson or the historic James; prattling children, in whose veins is mingled the blood of Federal and Confederate, listen with eager faces to tales of daring and deeds of heroism, whether the brave heart of the hero beat under a "jacket of grey" or the "army blue," and all unite in placing floral tributes upon the mounds which cover the mortal part of those who fell in the path of what they believed to be duty, and whose spirits have now met in that land which knows no North, no South, no East, no West. God hasten the happy time when all evidences of the devastations of that war will have passed away, and when our country will once more have cause to rejoice that not only peace, but unity and prosperity, reign throughout her borders.

No. 30.—*Sheridan at Charlottesville.*

(*By M. S. S., of Virginia.*)

The exact date has escaped my memory of the dark, rainy night in March, 1864, when the University people were aroused from their slumbers by scouts to be informed that Sheridan was upon them. In a few hours that General would reach Charlottesville with a force of 5,000 cavalry, and citizens were advised to hide their valuables, meat, and above all, wine or spirits of any kind, to lessen as much as possible the horrors of invasion.

In a moment the whole place was astir, lights were flitting from window to window, there was a sound of nailing and hammering, and footsteps, heavy and light, hurrying to and fro. Such reports

had reached us of the vandalism of our foes that we expected no mercy, and were determined to prepare for the worst, in so far as we could, upon such short notice.

Mrs. S—— had an infant of six months old to care for, and ensconcing the sleeping child safely, as she thought, in the very middle of one of those tall, high-post bedsteads, such as were fashionable a hundred years ago; she was in the opposite end of the house packing up for dear life, when the pitiful cries of her baby suddenly reached her, sounding yet more startling from the mournful accompaniment of the never-ceasing pitter-patter of rain that fell all through that anxious night. When she found the child he was in the very middle of the floor beneath the bed, completely hidden from view by the balance, and frightened half to death, although apparently uninjured by his high fall. Oh! the hapless babies of Confederate days—those children saw enough of the downs, if not so much of the ups, of life.

Daylight found us already quite exhausted from our vigorous efforts at hiding things, and still no enemy had appeared. Mrs. S——, her young sister, with the three older children of the family, were dressed in two or three suits of clothes apiece, with cloaks and hats on top of these, to save them from being stolen. They all felt very much stuffed-up indeed. The ladies, in addition, had each made for themselves two little bags of coarsest osnaburghs (almost the only kind of cotton goods procurable) which were stuffed full of silver forks, spoons, jewelry, &c., and these hung around the waist by means of attachment to a belt. They were concealed beneath the outer garments, of course. Her young sister being of a most obliging disposition, Mrs. S—— asked her—if she did not mind—please to tie one or two of the children's silver cups on to her hoops, which were also supposed to furnish conveniences for hiding purposes. With all her amiability, the young lady found herself no little incommoded by the inevitable jangling that ever attended upon her movements.

ACHING HEARTS IN THE UNIVERSITY.

While most of the gentlemen in town felt it necessary to put themselves in concealment to escape imprisonment, the professors somehow attempted nothing of the sort, and a deputation was appointed to go out and meet the invaders, deprecating any injury, especially to the University buildings, and other prop-

erty. Oh! how lovers of that dear institution trembled! and apparently with justice. For, had not venerable William and Mary College been burned to the ground, and had not Lexington shared a similar fate. Was it not sheer presumption to hope to fare better? Ah! there were aching hearts that day within the University's walls, and one at least felt, as the hours of that dreadful day of suspense dragged wearily along, that her heart would break if the University was destroyed, with all its glory, past and future. She felt that she could thankfully go forth with her family to poverty or distress, provided only the University was spared.

The sky cleared up, but sunshine brought no joy with it to us that day. There the family sat, waiting, waiting, heavily accoutred, as we have described them, with nearly all their worldly possessions piled upon their backs.

At last the youngest boy called out in despair: "Well, I don't know what the Yankees will do to us, but if they're coming I wish they'd come along!"

Mosby, with his usual daring, was closely watching the movements of the enemy, and, one hour before Sheridan occupied the place, was standing in a knot of gentlemen on the lawn in front of our house, talking as calmly and quietly as if there were no thought of danger. His very presence and air infused hope and confidence wherever he went. With a countenance youthful almost to boyishness, and a tall, slight form, such as does not betoken strength, General Mosby's spirit caused him to be looked unto as a very tower of defence in those stormy, troublous times.

THE INVADERS APPEAR.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Federal advance-guard appeared, and for the first time in the war we were within the enemy's lines, and helplessly subject to military rule. We did not know that the near prospect of the war ending in victory to themselves was making the authorities at Washington issue strangely lenient orders. Looking upon everything as soon to be theirs by right of conquest, they were not disposed to destroy National property.

The University deputation going to meet Gen. C—, under cover of a white flag, were graciously received, and a mighty load lifted from the minds of us all by the promise that a sufficient guard should be set and all University property respected.

We women stuck closely in the house

and saw as little as possible of the soldiery, whose uniforms, through the force of association, had grown so hateful and hideous in our eyes. We heard, though, that the march had been delayed on account of the desperate condition of the roads, and that Albemarle clay had done its best for the common cause by presenting an almost impassable barrier to the progress of invasion. The muddy, bedraggled condition of Sheridan's men prevented their appearance from being imposing in any respect, save one, viz., that of multitude.

Unused as our eyes were to seeing large bodies of men massed together Sheridan's raiders looked like a countless host, and when darkness fell upon the scene and the blaze of camp-fires in a perfect circle around us showed how completely we were environed, the impression of our besieged and forlorn condition came yet more forcibly upon us.

Requisition was made upon each family for a certain portion of fresh hot bread for the officers' supper, but otherwise there was no interference of the people that night. We were none of us so secure of protection, however, that we could take our natural rest, and when we lay down for a few hours of troubled slumber it was in our clothes, cumbrous about us as they were.

A QUIET SUNDAY.

The next day was Sunday, but there was little or nothing to mark the sacred character of the day. Out of doors there was carnival among the soldiers and a certain set of negroes; in the houses a gloomy, dejected, but not hopeless set of Confederates, for stout-hearted we still were. All the servants, however, were demoralized for the time-being, and friendly though they seemed to be, were evidently excited and incapable of regular work. No one attempted to order them, but somehow meals appeared on the table as usual, of which, however, nobody had any appetite to partake.

At Mr. S—'s the young dining-room servant, a lad of fourteen, seemed greatly agitated just before the arrival of the Federal troops, and asked his mistress, with trembling lips and face of ashen hue: "Miss Mary, will the Yankees hurt *we*?" Ere the same hour had returned the next day he was in the Yankee camp, as proud as could be, astride of a confiscated horse. The nurse, a good-natured girl of twenty-four, deserted her charge for the nonce, but returned to her old moorings after

the raid was over. Good, steady old Chaney, the cook, said not a word, but kept on making the same snow-white bread and crisp muffins as ever, and her old husband, a far inferior character, stuck to her side.

Quite early Sunday morning a widow lady in the neighborhood sent to beg Mr. S—— to come to her assistance, as a party of soldiers were abusing her property dreadfully. Mrs. S—— was now left in a large house alone with three small children, for her sister had ventured to pay a visit to an intimate friend, a few doors off. She was advised not to lock the door, but was too nervous to heed this counsel, and so barred herself in as best she could.

Soon there was a violent ring at the bell. With palpitating heart she answered it herself. There stood a Federal officer of the captain's rank, "sword and pistol by his side," and a red scarf tied about his waist. He asked for the gentleman of the house, but when told that he was not at home, walked quietly off, remarking that he would call again. Let me not omit to mention that he came escorted by quite a little mob of colored boys, who had evidently been employed as guides to the house.

THE CONFEDERATE PRISONER.

Mrs. S—— had hardly recovered from the little shock given by this visit when lo! there was another summons to the front door. Putting the baby on the floor she again opened to the callers, when what should meet her startled vision but her own brother, 1st lieutenant in Company I, Wise's Brigade, dressed in his full uniform of Confederate grey. At his back were three soldiers in the Federal blue, and the truth flashed upon her instantaneously—he was a prisoner. Stung by this conviction, instead of greeting her unfortunate brother, and utterly unconscious of the oddity of her conduct, she drew back in horror first. "What, Charlie, you here?" Then, passionately, with an access of feeling that had all the look of fury, "How dare you? And in your uniform, too!"

The poor fellow, who had plead hard no doubt to be permitted to visit his family, stood a minute in embarrassed silence, then mildly suggested to his sister that instead of being angry she had better spend her breath in giving thanks that she saw him with his head upon his shoulders; "for," said he, "one comrade was shot down, mortally wounded they say, at my side, and if the other had not thrown on a blue overcoat in his

haste it might have fared worse yet with the whole party. We were only reconnoitering, and sorry am I to tell you that we have lost Aunt Maria's splendid carriage horses.

Just here there was a diversion of ideas, for, down the arcade, was seen approaching the lieutenant's younger sister, a fair, slight girl of sixteen. Sensation-loving Aunt Sophie, on first glimpse of "Mars' Charlie" as a prisoner had darted off in all haste to alarm "Miss Rosie" with: "La! chile, come home! come home! Dey done got Mars' Charlie. 'Ef you does want to see him ont more mek haste! mek haste! Your sis' Mary say come home torectly."

Devoted as she was to her brothers—there were five of them in the army—the young girl's heart was torn by grief and apprehension of all things dreadful. Down the long arcade she came, her face buried in her hands, and weeping as if her heart would break, to take, as she feared, a last farewell of her darling brother.

Meanwhile, the four or five Federal soldiers who took part in this scene as guards, were amused and delighted spectators of the stormy emotions experienced by these two Rebel women. They began to think more highly of their own people in capturing one whose imprisonment could stir up such a commotion. Still, the young lieutenant went on to excuse himself to his elder sister for running into such danger. "And for all that, Mary, they would not have gotten us if they had not been Jessie's Scouts dressed in our Confederate grey."

DENOUNCING "JESSIE'S SCOUTS."

This was enough to suggest to his sister's mind a whole train of wrong and injustice done her country by its wily foes, and her wrath falling in a more legitimate direction, she turned her eyes for the first time full upon an open enemy, and in scathing words addressed the most conspicuous one, an officer, who stood fronting her at the foot of the steps:

"Yes, it is in this way *only* you get the advantage of us. In open fight the field is ours. You violate, you shamefully violate the recognized laws of civilized warfare. Outnumbering us as you do, are you not ashamed of such a lawless body as those Jessie's Scouts?"

And thus she was going on in full tide of indignation to reproach one soldier with the wrongs inflicted by his class, when her husband came up, having discharged his neighborly duty to

the widow. As soon as he could possibly gain his wife's ear, he whispered: "Do you know that you are talking to the very man who has been the one to protect the University and save our families from molestation?"

In a moment the current of feeling was changed, and before any one could hinder her she had turned to apologize to one who, by his own action, had proved himself superior to the baseness which she had been censuring. Warmly she thanked him for his efforts in behalf of the University and general kindness to the people.

"If possible," in still greater disgust, her husband said, under his breath, "I should have refrained from the abuse, and been spared the need of such apology."

Dignity is a trait not to be over-valued, but what woman of lively sensibilities could *always* keep her equilibrium under the sudden revulsions of feeling so frequently occurring in those dreadful days of civil war?

As a great favor, the lieutenant was allowed to stay to dinner and pack up a few necessities in a satchel to carry with him (how far?) into a Northern prison. But two armed soldiers dogged his steps everywhere, allowing him not one syllable of private conversation. And yet if the soothsayer's gift had been vouchsafed that family and the veil of futurity lifted, they would have given fervent thanks for an imprisonment that almost certainly saved the life of so cherished a member. The company of which Charles was a member, stationed at this very time near Petersburg, soon took part in one of those desperate sallies that was like nothing but rushing into the jaws of death, and his cousin, the gallant captain, was killed at the head of his men making a charge, and his body, to the great grief of his friends, could never be rescued. Yes, if Charles had not been taken prisoner he could hardly have failed to fill likewise a soldier's grave.

AN INDIGNANT WOMAN.

Ah! it was delightful to have him sit down with them to dinner, but then that dreadful drawback. Could they sit down and eat with those desecrators of Virginia's soil—their ruthless and cruel foes? They did however all sit down together, but there were no silver spoons, and very little eating done on one side. In fact, from the trying associations the very articles of food presented during Sheridan's raid could not for months, nay years afterwards, be partaken of with appetite.

One little fragment only of table talk that day has been preserved from oblivion. Mention was made of the excesses being perpetrated by the Northern army upon the neighboring farm-houses while guards preserved the University and town from spoliation. Again Mrs. S——'s feeling got the best of her discretion and she spoke with indignation of such proceedings.

"Madame," said one of her brother's guards, "you had better thank us for the mischief we fail to do. We could treat the people a great deal worse. Be thankful—"

"Thankful!" echoed she. "I am thankful, devoutly thankful, but not to *you*. When Daniel was saved from the mouth of the lions, I never heard that to them he gave thanks. Not to the lions, but unto God belonged the thanks and the praise."

It was Sunday, and yet one of the Federal soldiers sat down at the piano, and without ceremony began playing waltzes and polkas, in a clumsy fashion, his sabre dragging on the floor at his side. Music grated upon the feelings anyhow at such a time; but Sunday—it was intolerable. Mrs. S—— politely requested him to desist, as in their community piano-playing on Sunday was a thing unheard of. The man paid no heed whatever, but played on until he was tired.

In another hour the bitter parting was over, and the prisoner carried off to be kept in duress, with many others, until the order for marching came.

A SON CHASTISING HIS MOTHER STATE.

Late in the evening the Federal officer who had asked for the master of the house in the morning called again. He now reported himself as an old acquaintance of boyish days—a Virginian too forsooth—the brother of a most estimable, indeed, distinguished minister.

"Ah!" said Mrs. S——, with undisguised surprise, "The brother of D——, why, *he* is a fine man?"

Determined, however, not to repeat the mistake of the morning, she kept very silent, for some time sealing her lips resolutely; for did she not scorn to converse with a renegade Virginian, whose treachery to his State was infamy inexpressible? However, by-and-by, being a cavalryman, he began to boast of his wonderful achievements and those of his comrades, at the same time and in the same proportion depreciating the valor of the Confederate cavalry. Most contemptuously he spoke of all our cavalry, and still no reply was

vouchsafed him, until presently he made an especial attack upon the particular brigade of cavalry to which one of her brothers had belonged since the opening of the war. Two brilliant Confederate victories had been recently gained by this very cavalry, of which Mrs. S— knew the particulars, so that she could not forbear putting in the questions: "How was it with your men at Brandy? How at Trevyllians? The regiment of which you speak so lightly has won many a fight, but never have been made to run yet, you must admit."

And now that the ball of conversation had once been caught up, it was kept flying for some hours.

The captain was asked if he felt no shame and remorse, in turning his sword against his native State, as he aided, for instance, in the desolation of the beautiful Valley, destroying its harvests, burning down residences and frightening the women, in some instances to death. Of course, denying participation in any evil inflicted unnecessarily, he said that he gloried in his task, he was but helping to chastise Virginia for her good, and speedily anticipated the pleasure of seeing her return to her duty and allegiance to the Union.

A STOUT-HEARTED WOMAN.

If she would only ask, he told Mrs. S— she need no longer be deprived of real coffee, white sugar, &c., but that, upon petition, he would send her a bountiful supply of such dainties as they had not seen in her community since the war began. He drew a lively picture of the immense riches of the Federal commissary stores. She told him that she wanted nothing they had, making no complaint of hard fare, since it was better, alas! than our soldiers had. Rather would she content herself upon rye coffee and boiled beans all the days of her life than see his boastful party come off victorious.

At this he exclaimed in wonder, enlarging upon the advantages to be derived from a return into the Union, and the interview closed, after many provoking remarks on his side as to the heinousness of secession, by the lady saying—her four little children grouped around her—"I believe not in the coming victory of which you boast. Rather than see the Confederacy fall I would prefer to die. Yes, when you have conquered, as you say you will, come back and slay me, with every child I have; we shall thank you for it. Beyond that

day I care not for life, for myself or them!"—

The captain laughed, but the poor little children heard their mother's words in trembling fear. And a few weeks later, when the Confederacy had received its death-blow, and the children beheld grief and consternation on every face, they had a separate anguish of their own. With awe-stricken looks they came up to their mother, whispering, "Mamma, will that soldier come back to kill us? Do you think he will come?"

It was some time before the little creatures were perfectly assured that they were not themselves to be offered up as victims upon the shrine of country, and although the mother mourned that her words had cost pain to innocence, she did not and does not regret that thus, perhaps, was impressed upon their tender minds a conviction that, on the Confederate side, war was only waged from a solemn conviction that justice and right were the forfeits at stake.

A DRINK OF FIG-LEAF WATER.

Monday there was an alarm that every house would be searched for meat and arms. As the professors' salaries in Confederate money were merely nominal, the only support was derivable from such stores of salt meat and corn as had been laid by in the fall, hence the abstraction of meat meant, in the eyes of those families, starvation.

Appeal was made to the commanding officer, as it turned out, with effect; but the fears of the inhabitants were not relieved until the last raider had turned his back.

In the afternoon Mrs. S— was sitting alone with her baby in her lap, when, hearing a clicking, clanking sound behind her, she turned her head, and there stood right over her two rough blue-coated soldiers, with pistols in their belts and long swords dangling at their sides. She clasped her baby to her breast, but they let her know, in few words, that their errand was to search the house for firearms, and something to drink, too, the sequel shows, although they did not say so. Every drawer, wardrobe and closet was ransacked, the lady following them and facilitating their search; but when they came to her aunt's room there was found on a closet shelf a tempting looking row of wine bottles. With undissembled glee the tallest soldier seized one, pulled out the cork, threw back his head and took a full draught. Bah! What a spitting and spluttering followed, not to mention cursing.

It seems that fig-leaf water had been proved excellent for cleaning black dresses—here was a fine lot in store, and this brandy-loving soldier was the first to try its virtues, inwardly applied.

Another pair of soldiers, meanwhile, were being marshalled through the lower story of the house and storeroom. A fine gun was confiscated, nothing else contraband found, but kerosene was so precious in those days that what small store of it remained was likewise carefully bottled, and laid on shelves. Another man as thirsty for liquor as his comrade above stairs acted over precisely the same farce, only his punishment was yet severer, and his grimaces of rage and disappointment after swallowing a good gulp of kerosene furnished those hapless Confederates with the only temptation to laughter that had come to them for many a weary day.

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

Tuesday morning came, and with long sighs of relief the people heard that orders for marching had been received, and that "On to Richmond" was again the cry.

The women who had had no heart to peep abroad even before, now came out upon the terraces, rejoiced to behold the departure of their exultant foes.

And it seemed to our unpracticed eyes that the long line would never be seen the last of. The procession was swelled by crowds of servant boys and men on horses stolen from their masters or their neighbors; while many women, too, we heard, insisted on testing the sweets of jubilee, and followed on in the rear. This, I must say, is hearsay—the reports, however, of trustworthy prisoners who were marched along, under guard, in sight of the disorders attending the removal of negroes from their homes. I do not remember seeing any such attendants of the camp myself. But that infants were found in the canal on the line of march, evidently thrown there by their mothers, that (worse than the heathen) they might be rid of such incumbrance, I have from the testimony of others, whose word, I must believe. On hearing of such horrors, who can help re-echoing Madame Roland's cry: "Oh! Liberty! how many crimes have been committed in thy name."

As soon as the grounds were thoroughly and certainly cleared of the enemy's presence Mrs. S—with her baby in her arms, for the nurse was still roaming wildly about, ran over to confer with a beloved neighbor from whom

she had been cut off all these days. Mrs. C—— was a woman of exalted character, beautiful, good, and beaming with the brightness of a rare intelligence. With all her heart and soul she was devoted to the Confederate cause because she believed it true and just. Her faith then was too deeply planted to be shaken by any passing storm, and her spirit was now serene in secure trust that our peerless Gen. Lee would surely be permitted some day, with his scarred and well-tried veterans, to proclaim the victory won at last.

"Yes," agreed both women; "never did my spirit rise so high, never did I feel so confident of victory as when completely surrounded and in the power of our enemies. The greater their number, the stronger the proof of their power, so much the higher rose my faith that God could yet work out deliverance for his people that trust in him."

And yet in how few days was the cup of sanguine expectation dashed rudely from their lips.

We tell the tale; let others draw the moral. For ourselves this is enough. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."

No. 21.—The Sack of Columbia.

(By Mrs. S. A. Crittenden, of Greenville County, S. C.)

The Federal army, under Sherman, lay just on the other side of the Congaree, and the bombarding went on steadily, without, however, doing much damage. Hampton, with a feeble force, was left in command of the defence of the Capital, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston withdrew towards North Carolina. To the women and children of that doomed city things began to look gloomy in the extreme. Many refugees who had come from Charleston, and other parts of the low-country, resumed their flight, seeking safety in the upper districts, nearer the mountains. Many residents of Columbia followed them; in fact, nearly all who could get away fled, leaving their household goods to the mercy of the invaders. Shells and cannon balls have voices of singular persuasiveness to induce non-combatants to

"move on," and not many willingly keep reserved seats to listen to their music.

Never shall I forget a little incident that occurred on Thursday afternoon before the occupation on Friday morning. I was promenading the front piazza, listening to the dull boom of cannonry as it came borne on the western breeze from across the river, feeling all the horrors of the situation, when my attention was attracted to a ragged little darkey—one of the institutions of all Southern cities—as he went whistling quite unconcernedly on the opposite side of the street. Suddenly a bombshell came hurtling through the air, struck a limb just over his head, shivering it into a thousand pieces. Like lightning the little Arab rolled himself into an inconceivably small black ball, crouching against the fence, with scarcely anything visible but the whites of his eyes, which he turned in amazement towards the shattered limb. For one brief moment he lay there, then springing up he exclaimed in accents of the most abject terror, "Fore God, I thought he had me!" and fled like the wind.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

On Thursday night there was little sleep in the beleaguered city. I had dressed a day or two before for any emergency, and did not remove my dress for a week. I had taken an apron of strong Scotch gingham, doubled it up and run casings in it, and into these casings stowed away important papers belonging to my husband, some money and a few articles of jewelry. This I wore as a bustle and was undisturbed in its possession. Others were not so fortunate. Many had their clothing torn off and their persons searched by the lawless soldiery and the mob who reaped such a harvest on that fearful night of February 17, 1865.

On Friday morning, while we were at breakfast, a sound of musketry broke the ominous stillness, and we learned that the Yankees had crossed the river on pontoon bridges, and that the city was virtually in their hands. The mayor and some of the chief municipal officers had gone to Gen. Sherman's headquarters and surrendered our beautiful Capital, and received from him the comforting assurance that Columbia should be as safe as it had been under Mayor Goodwyn's own administration.

"Some of the public buildings, such as the Arsenal and Armory, will have to be destroyed," said Sherman, "but I will select a calm day for the purpose,

and nothing else shall be injured. Go home and sleep in peace, Mr. Mayor; your city shall be safe." How well he kept this promise! let Columbia's burning homes, her desolate streets and her houseless, starving children tell.

I hope but few of my readers know from experience what the sacking of a city is. I hope fewer still may ever know. Columbia had foes without and within, for though the slave population had behaved well during the war, it was but human nature when freedom came to them so suddenly that they should receive it extravagantly, and go with outstretched arms to welcome their deliverers. I heard of some of these deluded people who actually knelt in the street before the incoming troops, like the heathen throwing himself before the car of Juggernaut for the wheels to roll over him. Well, the wheels did roll over many of them. Of the thousands who left Georgia and the Carolinas to follow the fateful fortunes of the Yankee army few reached Virginia, and fewer still returned to their old homes, which they sighed for when too late.

A friend told me of one old mauma who was more fortunate than many of her compeers. On Tuesday, when the army was leaving with its motley train of camp followers, this old woman was seen seated in a stolen carriage, drawn by stolen horses, dressed in the enormous headgear of aristocratic, ante-bellum days, fanning herself—February though it was—with a huge palmetto fan. My friend accosted her:

"Hallo! Aunt Sallie; where are you going?"

"La, honey, I's gwine back inter de Union!" with a complacent and patronizing nod of her sable head.

THE CITY IN FLAMES.

No pen can adequately depict the horrors of the burning of Columbia. Every hearthstone was an altar on which the Yankees sacrificed to their gods—Vengeance and Hatred—and every blazing roof-tree will be a burning record against their wanton cruelty in the day of final count. All day the storm had been gathering. Here and there some outrageous act gave a foretaste of what was in store for the "Rebs" between the setting and rising of the sun.

Mr. B., among other merchants, had struggled hard to protect his property through the day; but his store had repeatedly been broken open, and Yankees, negroes, and, oh shame, some Southern whites, had plundered it at

will. Seeing how useless it was to contend for order among the disorderly, and for law among the lawless, he abandoned everything and came home, where we waited, in a treacherous calm, the unfolding of events.

About 10 o'clock P. M. the signal rockets began to go up, and soon the incendiary fires blazed out. I was told that squads of drunken soldiers, followed by a rabble of drunken and excited negroes, paraded the principal thoroughfares, entering about every fourth house with torch and oil, and soon had blocks and whole streets one mass of living flame.

We stood in the observatory and saw these fires—these tokens of a nation's shame and sin—kindle, one by one, along the horizon's verge. Soon they flashed out of the darkness, nearer and nearer, rose higher and higher, spread wider and wider, until nearly the whole city became one seething sea of billowy fire.

My husband, being Northern born, though strongly Southern in feeling, many persons thought his home would be spared, therefore the house was packed from basement to attic with the furniture of our neighbors sent hither for protection; but, alas! the Demon of Destruction was no respecter of persons or property, and at 2 o'clock in the morning I took a little bird in its cage, which I could not bear to leave to the flames, in one hand and my little child's hand in the other, and walked out from under our burning roof into the cold and pitiless street. Hundreds, nay thousands were there before me; some not so well off as I, for they were invalids. None of us had any pillow but the frozen ground, nor any covering but the burning heavens.

The terrified lowing of cattle, the frenzied flight of pigeons circling high above their blazing cotes, the ribald jests and brutal assaults of our drunken conquerors, the dun clouds of despair rolling between us and the pitying eye of God, made up a picture whose counterpart can be found only in the regions of the eternally lost.

A Federal officer said to me next day: "I knew when General Sherman sent for the seventeenth (Logan's) army corps, that he had black work for it to do."

"VÆ VICTIS."

On Saturday morning we took refuge with some kind friends in the suburbs whose house had been overlooked rather than spared, and not until Sunday did

we venture back to look at the ruins of our once beautiful home.

Oh! the utter, utter desolation of a city in ashes and its people wanderers! Even the very landmarks were lost, and you stood a stranger on your own threshold. Nothing was left but the smokeless chimneys, keeping ward over the widespread ruin. Hundreds of Yankees, with ramrods and bayonets, were prodding the still smoking soil in quest of buried treasure.

On Tuesday morning the blue lines formed and the invaders left Columbia—a city once a synonym of all that was beautiful and elegant—a heap of ruins; her living homeless and scattered, her dead insulted and desecrated. To me the curse of the broken-hearted sounded above their steady tramp and martial music. Confusion and terror went before them and want and despair hovered in their rear. *Væ Victis* may not have been inscribed on their banners, but it was written in characters of blood and living fire on the hearts and homes of a conquered people.

I remember going, a few Sabbaths after the destruction of the city, to hear one of our ministers. He was one who had been personally abused by the Vandal horde in their mad riot, on that fatal night, and a just and holy indignation still burned in his clerical bosom.

"My friends," said he, warming in his discourse, "Let us be faithful in following our Divine Master until we come to the New Jerusalem, the golden city, not a desolate place like this, but ever bright and fair, and I assure you, my friends, there will be no villainous Yankees there." Then remembering that he was pledged to preach a doctrine of forgiveness, he added reluctantly and doubtfully, "Unless they have entirely new hearts."

I could not refrain from adding a mental amen to this sentiment.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention. If this be true Columbians should have been the most inventive people on the face of the earth during that spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, for their needs were certainly great.

Left without shelter, clothing or food, and with no means to obtain either, their condition was indeed deplorable. I heard of many persons sustaining life for several days upon the corn picked up around the feeding troughs of the Yankees' horses.

A lady whom I had known in her days of prosperity came to me, with the tears streaming down her cheeks and said:

"If you have anything divide with me

—my little children are at home crying for bread.”

Alas, I was but little better off.

LOYAL AND NOBLE NEGROES.

To the eternal honor of the negroes be it spoken, that many of them aided and sustained their former owners in these trying times, with a devotion as surprising as it was noble.

One old fellow brought a store of provisions and laid it before his former master, saying: “Massa, it nearly breaks my heart to see you in dis old shanty, but it would break entirely to know you were hungry and couldn’t get nothing to eat.”

“But, Peter, my good fellow,” returned his master, “I cannot take these things from you and leave you and your children to starve.”

“No danger of dat. Peter’s used to helpin hisself, and dat, massa, you never could do, you nor ole miss neither.

“Peter,” said the master with a suspicious moisture about his eyes, “we have fallen upon evil days; but, perhaps, I might live to repay you.”

“You’s done dat already, massa; you’s took care of Peter a good many years, and I’s sure it’s his time to take care of you and ole miss.”

All honor to Peter; and to all, who like him, did not forget—

“The tender grace of a day that is dead.”

My friend, Mrs. H., with whom we had taken refuge, had some negroes left in her charge by a relative who had fled from the city. It became a serious question how they should be fed, as she did not care to drive them away, and they showed no disposition to leave.

“I’ll tell you what I will do,” said she, “I will go to Sherman and demand food for them. Will you go with me?”

“Although a disagreeable mission, I did not like to refuse, so with a few other ladies, who, like myself, were refugees, we set out to find Gen. Sherman’s headquarters. I believe they were in the old Meyers house; at least we found them without difficulty, with a sentinel pacing up and down in front of the gate.

“Where is General Sherman?” asked Mrs. H.

“He is not here,” replied the sentinel.

“Where is he, then?” impatiently.

“I don’t know,” indifferently.

“When will he be here?”

“I don’t know.”

Turning at the end of his beat he saw Sherman coming around the corner.

“That is General Sherman,” indicating the approaching figure.

Mrs. H., with characteristic impetuosity, rushed towards the General, exclaiming: “General Sherman, what is to become of these people?” pointing to the negroes who had accompanied her.

“I really do not know,” he replied, with an amused twinkle in the eyes that travelled from her face to the stolid darkeys.

“Are they to starve?” she exclaimed.

“I hope not,” he replied composedly.

“But they will,” she cried excitedly, “if you don’t give them something to eat; and it is your duty to do it,” she continued, disposed to read the General a homily. “You don’t make war on them. You say you are their friend. They have nothing to eat and will starve unless you feed them. General Sherman, will you let them starve?”

“My friend,” said he, going to her and patting her on the shoulder, “my friend, don’t get excited. Be calm.”

I forget whether he promised to provide for her dependants or not, but all the provisions they, or anyone else, did get from the Government was a very small portion of beef from some poor condemned cattle which were left in the city park when the Yankees took their final fitting.

A SHAMEFUL OUTRAGE.

Here let me give you an incident that occurred in our sister State of North Carolina. A surgeon-dentist, a man of position, ability and unquestioned integrity, lived within that broad swathe of desolation cut by the Federal army in its victorious march. He afterwards came to Columbia and from him I heard an account of the shameful outrage.

Years had passed and Columbia, rising from her sackcloth and ashes, had clothed herself anew in the beautiful and strong garments of energy and enterprise. We had accepted our trials as a part of the fortunes of war, and were disposed to forgive if not to forget.

Conversing one day with Dr. G., our dentist, he expressed an undying hatred for the men who had caused him so much grief.

“If anybody,” said he, “hates the wretches who followed Sherman’s army more than I do, it is because his capacity for hating is greater than mine. This is strong language, but I am justified in using it. When Sherman’s army passed through my place in North Carolina, some of his camp-followers, in their greedy search for treasure, entered the graveyard, dug up my

dead children, opened their coffins, and left their bodies exposed to birds and beasts, less vile than they. Tell me to forgive them? Never! My outraged dead, with their mute lips, cry out against it! The desecration of all the nameless bones of my countrymen, left to bleach on our hillsides and valleys, forbid it. Every instinct of my manhood is hatred towards those human jackals."

THE "CITY OF CHIMNEYS."

Scenes in Columbia During and After the Great Fire—Keeping House Under Difficulty.

(By A. P. S.)

The 17th of February, 1865! What a day! Who that lived through that night of horrors and the subsequent summer of privation and utter hopelessness can ever forget its events? Looking back through all these years, persons and occurrences are so indelibly stamped upon my mind as to seem a very part of my existence. After the evacuation of Columbia by the Confederates, my father being absent in the Government service, we, like many others, were left without a protector and at the mercy of the enemy, then pouring by the thousands into our town. True we were surrounded by our servants, who on other trying occasions had shown their loyalty and devotion to us; but what guarantee had we of their present fidelity? And as it proved in two hours after the surrender all, except one, were on the streets getting what they could from their Yankee benefactors, and returning so drunk as to be perfectly useless and almost unmanageable.

Happening to look out of the front window of the home we occupied I observed a pyramid of carpets coming down the street with very uncertain steps, when, upon calling my mother's attention to the sight, we discovered our man servant who had just become possessed of an elegant Brussels carpet "donated" to him by a Federal soldier. Upon his mistress asking him to what use he intended to put his property, he replied with considerable difficulty: "I'm going to cut it into blankets sure, thank God." While trying to persuade him that it was not lawfully his, another of our contrabands appeared loaded with half of a millinery stock, which she intrusted to "Mistress" while she was absent on another "snatching" expedition. How such quantities of things

were packed away for such a length of time was the surprise of us all, to whom a new ribbon was a rare treasure, and a hat that had been altered only three times a God-send. Let the young ladies of to-day imagine how the Confederate girl prized her finery, and how proudly a palmetto hat, plaited and made at home, was bravely worn trimmed with the Secession cockade.

DESERTED BY THE GUARD.

As the blustering, windy day wore on there were whisperings that perhaps it would be best to secure a guard; whereupon we were provided by a kind friend with the semblance of security in the shape of a foreigner in Yankee cloth, who could scarcely understand or be understood by us, but who, nevertheless, managed to let the servants know he was on the hunt for silver and wanted to know where ours was hid. After making a pretence of eating his dinner he extended his hand to the youngest of us, then four years old, who told him very curtly she "didn't shake hands with Yankees." Whereupon he tried to explain to the little Rebel that he was not a Yankee, which distinction was not appreciated by her or those much older than this Southern babe. By 8 o'clock he let us know he was going, as he wanted to see the fun.

Imagine us four children with only a delicate mother for our protection. At this time the fire was raging all around us with only one way to leave our house. The younger children were dragged out panic stricken; little M. with one shoe and stocking on, the other lost in the confusion, had to be replaced with a soldier's sock. As hats could not be found a square of homespun was torn off and tied gypsy fashion over her bright little head.

As soon as we left the front door there was a rush through the back way by Yankees. One sober servant tried to save a trunk for "Mistress," but was prevented by a kick from a Yankee, which sent trunk, darkey and contents rolling over the floor. He, with an oath, told her "to help herself to what she wanted as he would take care of the rest."

A FRIEND IN NEED.

After going a few steps we were met by Major James G. Gibbes, who offered his services to my mother, inquiring if we had any valuables concealed, as he would endeavor to secure them. Alas! he didn't know the nooks and corners

where the mother of invention dictated we should place our treasures. One elegant breastpin and earrings were in the back of a sofa, dozens of spoons and forks packed in a mattress in the third story, while down in the basement in a hogshhead of corn another larger amount reposed. Of course to save all was an impossibility, so with my lead up he rushed, and by the glare of the burning houses tore one mattress open and gathered what we could. The other was dug out of the ruins some days after in a melted, ruined condition, but its recovery meant bread for the actually starving owners during the succeeding summer. Armed with our spoons and forks we rejoined our party, where I found our nurse, (who had by this time recovered from her intoxication,) with her infant in her arms and a few pounds of sugar on her head, ready to follow us out of the immediate range of the fire.

While on our way, (I with M. in my arms) we heard a great scrambling behind, and on looking around L. and I saw to our great amusement a soldier trying to take the negro's child in mistake for some coveted prize. When we said, "Let him have the child, Agnes, and keep your sugar," she replied, "I rather keep my child than have ten pounds of sugar." So much for maternal affection.

By the time we reached a shelter we were nearly spent with our tedious walk. While resting in Major Gibbs's parlor mother met one of her neighbors, who informed her that nothing had been saved for her family, as she was unassisted and had her hands full to keep her children together, and to accomplish this she had counted them twice in the last two hours. Poor Mrs. M.—! she did indeed remind one forcibly of the old woman in the shoe; only she had neither broth nor bread for the numerous mouths clamoring so eagerly for "something to eat."

FLYING FROM THE FLAMES.

After remaining two hours we were told to move on farther up town, as it was safer from the flames, so with fifty women and children we took up our weary tramp to the northern part of the town, where we hovered around until daylight in an open square. We fortunately saved several pairs of blankets, three of which were intrusted to the only man of our party—aged seven. Finding them too cumbersome for his arms, mother tore a hole in them and put them on his neck, Indian like; but to our consternation, when we halted and began to count up our savings, here was our little

hero minus two of the treasures. They were actually taken from around his neck, and in his bewilderment were not missed by him.

At sunrise we wandered up to the Lunatic Asylum, where we got breakfast and were housed two days and nights. How many homeless wanderers found here a place to rest and something to stay their hunger it is impossible to estimate. The grounds were covered with one moving, miserable mass of beings, old and young, from the aged man to the babe a few weeks old. All received the same courteous attention from the superintendent, Dr. Parker. Sometimes the permanent inmates of the asylum would elude their attendants and mingle with the new-comers, who, in their hasty toilets made the night before, would present such grotesque figures as to look much more in need of the surveillance of the keepers than those for whom they were engaged. We met one lady who came crawling towards us in a most peculiar manner, who told us she and her young baby were quite well, but she found locomotion rather difficult as she had the whole of her baby's wardrobe tied to her hoopskirt, as that was the only means she had of saving it. Another poor soul was limping, and when asked the cause of her ailment, replied she had several gold and silver dollars in her shoes which had blistered her feet so as to almost prevent her moving.

After the Yankees left the "town of chimneys," with only a few houses standing, the negroes recovered from their intoxication and began to look about for their former masters. Two of ours found us after two days' search and did what they could to relieve our necessities. The houseman came with an offer of a house if we would take immediate possession, for it had been given to him by the Yankees. Of course we accepted the place, and we went to inspect it. Residences were not to be had for the asking, and any place outside of a refuge for the insane seemed welcome.

IN A NEW HOME.

Not a lock, bolt or bar on door or window—not a chair, one old bedstead so mean as to escape the destructive clutches of the plunderers, and one bench with a foot off, constituted our furniture. After "looking around" the question was asked, "how are we to sleep?" At length it was decided we would go back to the hospitable walls of the State institution for another night at least. Next day we made a second attempt at housekeeping

which resulted in our staying. By some means mother succeeded in borrowing a moss mattress two inches thick, which was for her and the two younger children's use, L. and I contenting ourselves with a blanket over some boards put on trestles and resting our heads on the side of the big bed for a pillow.

We realized now the anxious and pressing needs of our little ones from day to day. How our mother stood the trial is a marvel. Husband and brothers in the Yankee lines; no home, not one cent, scarcely a change of raiment, and starvation at our very door. Then it was the Southern woman showed her true worth. Uncomplaining and helpful, she accomplished more to make us comfortable than one would imagine from the poor means at her command.

The second morning of our establishment in the house of somebody else we heard a tremendous thumping at the steps and on going out found our good friend, Mr. J. J. McCarter, loaded with biscuits his wife had made and sent to us. Never was the greatest dainty so devoured as those biscuits were by us.

After his departure who should come hunting us up but old Mr. Alfred Huger. Having missed us from our place at the Asylum he never rested until he knew where we had gone. I think I see him now taking an inventory of the things in the cottage, and his exclamation, "My God!" when we showed him our sleeping accommodations. I remarked to him that we had nothing to wash our faces in that morning and we had to go to the well, which was not so nice. Thereupon he spied some old rusty dish-covers in the back of the yard, and after unscrewing the handles, stopped up the holes with cork, and handed one to L. with the suggestion, "Now you can use that for your pretty face." He also volunteered to furnish us with looking-glasses to any number, if we "were not particular as to the shapes, for he had a great number." Thanks to Yankee ingenuity his once elegant mirror was converted into these of smaller size at short notice.

Only one thing now was wanting to make our toilet department a success.—a decent comb—which was supplied soon after by a Confederate soldier much to our delight, for we were seriously thinking of relieving ourselves of our "crowns of glory," which were fast becoming unmanageable snarls. Being satisfied with our present arrangements in this line, mother now turned her attention to our pantry.

A PEEP INTO THE PANTRY.

The only thing we could call our own was a box left by one of our runaways, who, although anxious to leave and experience the delights of freedom, was not unmindful of "mistress and the children." In her divided state of mind the said box, packed by her, contained such a conglomeration of provisions as to make its utility a serious question of doubt. Starch and rice tied in the same bag, while tea, sugar, coffee and salt in small quantities well mixed represented her generous intentions towards us. Of course the last named articles had to be thrown away with many expressions of regret. The rice we managed to boil—shall I say eat?—and it had a more decided resemblance to starch than the small grain so indispensable to all Southern tables.

About this time, Dr. Goodwyn, the Mayor of the city, had his hands full. Accepting Sherman's generous "donation" of the poor and disabled cattle too inferior for food for his army, the Mayor pastured them in the city park, and, after some days of rest, the least objectionable were butchered and distributed from a small building on Plain street, known as the "Ration House," which for many days was the resort of all. Another kind friend, Dr. Simeon Fair, told us of this market, and gave us the additional information at the same time that meal would be distributed also. In proof of which acceptable news he took out his handkerchief with his share of meal—one pint—and handed it to mother as his contribution to our storeroom. Each morning ever after, L. and I could be seen trotting to market, as to be late meant no breakfast or dinner for that day.

One morning as we passed the ruins of the house we had occupied we heard a noise, and looking more closely, what should bound out to meet us but Joe's dog. He, boy-like, had grieved so much over his loss, it was with great rejoicing we returned home, although the basket carried for our daily prog was even lighter than usual. Since the market, such as it was, came to be a certainty the actual want of sustenance was not such an hourly dread, for although the supply was neither varied nor great still it was infinitely better than parched corn, which many less fortunate were only too thankful to secure.

Having bread and meat our next task was to get seasoning for the same. Salt all during the war was scarce and commanded fabulous prices. How was it

possible to get the much desired article? On one of our rounds from market L. suggested that we return by Main street so as to vary our monotonous walk. When half way up we saw persons digging in the ruins of the stores and to our greatest delight saw bushels and bushels of salt. To fill our aprons took very little time and even less to return every one of us with something to gather up and carry the prize home for our immediate use. Coffee and tea still remained unknown to us, however, except when friends would send in a pitcherful on rare occasions.

The kitchen conveniences were so meagre it scarcely requires more than a few words to give an idea of the difficulties under which we prepared our repast. One oven propped upon bricks, and one frying pan—those were all, and not having much to cook, the scarcity of utensils was not so serious a matter as one would suppose. A superfluity of them would have occasioned some perplexity as to the uses to which we could put them, and given aggravating suggestions to the appetite not possible in any manner to be gratified.

THE TABLE FURNITURE.

Our table furniture consisted of four plates, different sizes, one cup, knives and forks with and without handles, and one very delicate dish. Finding it a very inconvenient, not to say unsatisfactory, way of quenching our thirst, we were at our wits' ends how to get a supply of cups or tumblers, when we were shown a novel way of cutting glass known only to the Confederate boys, who had to tax their ingenuity too in the matter of household contrivances.

About a week or ten days we were cut off from all that in any way pertained to the Government, so dear to every Southern heart, and were waiting—waiting for news, when one evening about dusk we heard the tramp of horses, and on going to the door we beheld the glad sight of two soldiers dressed in the old grey, dingy and worn, but what matter? They were our boys, and such were always welcome, and the provisions were shared with them to the last crust. We had neither lamps nor candles, but a bright fire of light-wood knots supplied the deficiency and furnished light for our first reception.

Noticing our want of crockery they offered to cut us tumblers. But how? Getting a few empty bottles they tied a strap around them, and providing themselves with a stout twine began operations. Each took an end of the string,

and after sawing vigorously until the glass became hot, cold water was poured upon it, when the bottle was transformed into a drinking glass of large capacity. Care had to be taken how the "tumblers" were used, fearing we might cut our mouths; but so long as they lasted they were in demand and popular with us all, and when company called they were brought out for their use quite as readily as if made in the most graceful designs.

THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING DRESSES.

Mr. Gibbes, ever on the alert to help misfortune, had succeeded in saving several bolts of cloth from his store on Main street. His home being in danger from the flames he threw his dry goods in the well on his premises as the only way of preserving them, and there they remained several days. After the withdrawal of the Yankee troops he fished up his goods and opened store again in the second story of his kitchen. Although his stock was not so large nor as elegant as I have since seen, still no store was more thronged or goods in such requisition. My dress looked as if an ink stand had been upset over it at irregular distances and L's had a decidedly washed out look, but it was a new dress, and what girl of sixteen has not a weakness for that garment? The making of the dresses was an event. They were cut out with a pair of gigantic scissors lent us by a lady who had been a "clipper" of bills in the treasury department. As we did not have laces or embroidery as a garniture for our robes, the shears could be used without much difficulty and very effectively in our first attempt at mantuamaking. In stockings and socks we could supply ourselves, for being in the Confederacy meant that each woman could handle her knitting needles with a dexterity seldom equalled. The difficulty of getting shoes was a serious consideration with us, and a perplexity which occasioned many uneasy glances as the poorly tanned leather would begin to look the worse for wear. The store had none, so little M. had to discard the shoe she wore on the night of the fire, and when she was shod again found the new shoes much too uncomfortable for quick walking and so bad a fit as to be discarded upon urgent occasions.

GENEROUS THROUGH ALL.

It was wonderful how generous and eager each was to help the other in those days. No one was so poor as not to be able to give from her little stock.

One friend, hearing of my mother's ill health, came with a small flask of brandy, a little bag of flour and a cup of loaf sugar for her especial use. As soon as she had left all the precious things were repacked and sent immediately by L. to some other sufferer more in need of them, and who being in the country could not secure them on any terms. Delicacies made at a sacrifice for the sick were sent from one friend to another until they reached the original source. Such self forgetfulness as exhibited by the Southern women has rarely been seen. Gen. Lovel called to pay his respects and announced his presence, not with the orthodox visiting card, but by sending in two baskets, one containing a peck of coffee and the other as much sugar. Having suffered severely himself by the fire his generosity was doubly appreciated by us.

Lee's and Johnston's surrender ended the long struggle—and how to live through the long summer ahead of us was the problem. Dr. Goodwyn, finding his means at an end for providing for the town, appealed to the Yankees in command of the post for wagons to bring food to our city, which teams were entrusted to Mr. Joseph D. Pope, who was fortunate enough after a trip over into Georgia to bring back provisions which lasted some while longer. The generous friends over the line did indeed respond to our cry for help in no niggardly manner. Cloth was cut from the looms and sent, while boxes of clothes and bags of bacon and corn were despatched at the earliest moment. Vegetables fortunately were plentiful, but how could we buy when our pockets were guiltless of greenbacks! It was no unusual thing, however, to see the freedmen and their wives come into town and sell their prog for a dress or vest, as the case may be. A veil brought an untold amount in chickens and eggs. The blacker the vendor the more ardent her desire to appear genteel, and like the "white folks," and as nothing gave her that appearance to the extent of the formerly prohibited head gear, any price must be paid for the possession of respectability, to say nothing of the protection of delicate features and complexion.

Fruit we had, too, thanks to my friend Mons. Grenavault. His basket, brought by himself, helped us eke out our rations, which but for his generosity we would have found scanty more days than one. After a while his visits were looked for quite as a matter of course by us all, and a disappointment keenly felt if the peaches disappeared altogether before he made his tri-weekly visit.

During all these weeks not only domestic cares pressed upon the heads of families, but the sick soldier had to be cared for too. Many too feeble to be moved had to remain in the Campus and be nursed and fed at the Government expense. (?) They were representatives of a dead nation, and unless provided for by individuals would have suffered more in those months than in all their previous war experience. Each lady pledged herself for so much, and that word was redeemed even if her friends had to go on short commons. Little children were willing to be denied when the sick soldier was the recipient of their bounty. It was a sad and touching sight to see these men when able to be up sitting in the grounds cutting off the offending buttons with the C. S. A., to be replaced with the sober black horn, thus tossing down the belligerent grey and transforming themselves into peaceable citizens.

No. 22.—The Confederate Chiefs.

(By Mrs. James Evans, of Florence, S. C.)

In the winter of 1860-61 were heard the first mutterings of the storm which was destined to overwhelm the whole country with ruin and desolation. The question of "State Rights," which had lain dormant for many a year, awoke to full life and vigor. South Carolina took the lead, and the "Fire-eaters" of that State were eager for the fray. Some of the other States, and Virginia among them, were more conservative, and waited to see whether the matter could not be settled by arbitration rather than by an appeal to arms. The president of the convention which met at Richmond, Virginia, was Mr. John Janney, a lawyer of considerable distinction, and one of the leading men of the State. In person Mr. Janney was tall and very erect, of a stern countenance, clean shaven, and with snow-white hair, which, together with his far-seeing wisdom, won for him the nickname in the convention of the "White Owl." In manner he was grave and dignified. Mr. Janney was by birth and education a Quaker, and as such was opposed to war, and did his utmost to preserve peace. But after the

Ordinance of Secession was passed by her sister States, Virginia loyally joined them, and threw all the weight of her influence, and it was great, on the side of the South.

Up to this time there was much diversity of opinion among the people. The younger portion were anxious for Secession, seeing in the war which must follow only glory and fame. The elders, with the wisdom which age brings, were totally opposed to it. They saw only the horrors of war, stripped of its mantle of glory, with its long train of attendant evils. But when the deed was done, the rubicon passed, all united, and went to work with a will. As fast as companies were formed, the ladies undertook to fit them out. In that time of pressing need self was forgotten, and their whole time and energy was devoted to making clothes for the soldiers. In our little town of L. the courthouse was the place of meeting, and thither all the ladies resorted to pass the day at work. Some would cut out garments, others work the machines, while still others would finish them off. Coats, overcoats, pantaloons and havelocks were made in great numbers. Ladies who had never done harder work than that with a cambric needle now stitched industriously on coarse cloth, making heavy garments. They seemed to find nothing too hard for them. Besides this, they knit quantities of socks of the coarsest yarn, and so engrossed were they in their work that when they went to visit their friends they would take their knitting, some even knitting as they walked or drove, and ply their needles as they discussed the all-absorbing topic, the war. Then came the parting with fathers, husbands, brothers, lovers. But there were none craven-hearted enough to bid them stay. Indeed the women urged them on, and did any of the men hold back they soon felt the scorn of the weaker sex and were incited to their duty. The women would help them don their equipments and bravely send them off with a "God-speed," though there might be "a tear in the voice" and in the eye.

QUAKER SPIES.

After the companies left there was quiet for a time, only interrupted by the quartering of some troops in our midst. L. was nestled among the foothills of the Catocin Mountains, a spur of the Blue Ridge, and near the Potomac River, which separated us from Maryland. A few miles above L. was a settlement of Quakers from Pennsylvania, who

were strong Unionists, and gave information of every movement to the enemy. These people, during the whole war, acted as spies, and caused much trouble. If a soldier went into the town he was informed upon, and in a few hours the Federal troops would be there to search for him. They would go at any hour of the day or night and search the houses from attic to cellar.

The first troops sent to L. were from South Carolina, Col. Sloan's Regiment, and right hospitably were they received. They remained but a short time, however, being recalled to take part in the first battle of Manassas. We, distant forty miles from there, were daily expecting to hear of a fight. On Sunday morning, July 21, we were made aware that a battle was in progress, by the booming of cannon, which was plainly heard. Oh, the suspense and anxiety of that day! It was useless to attend church, for who could join in prayer and praise or listen to a sermon for thinking of loved ones in such a time of peril? The next day tidings of the victory reached us, and our sorrow was turned into joy.

In a short time a brigade under command of Gen. N. G. Evans was sent to occupy the place and remained there until its final evacuation, after the battle of Ball's Bluff. This brigade was composed of Virginia cavalry and artillery, and Mississippi infantry troops. The Colonels of these regiments were all men of some note. Col. Burt, of the 18th Mississippi, was a noble man, a genial companion, and a gallant officer. He fell fighting bravely at the head of his troops, at Ball's Bluff. Col. Featherstone, of the 17th, was a member of Congress and resigned on the secession of the State. He has again been elected, and now represents his State in Congress. Col. Humphreys, of the 13th, has been Governor of Mississippi since the war. One company of the 18th Regiment was commanded by Capt. Brown, who was in the United States Senate. He likewise resigned and hurried home to raise a company. He was a stern disciplinarian, but exacted no more from his men than he was willing to do himself. When on a march he would walk through a mud-hole, and rather than let them break ranks would make his soldiers do the same. He bore all hardships with them, and they were devoted to him.

Five hundred sick and wounded had been sent to L. from Manassas, and this, together with the arrival of new troops, gave our patriotic women full occupation. Hundreds of the soldiers

were sick with measles and typhoid fever. Every available building was used for a hospital, and the ladies were engaged in nursing the sick and preparing food for them. Many of the sick were taken to private houses, where they received every attention. No one as yet felt the privations of war, and the appetites of the most fastidious could be gratified. While the elder ladies were thus ministering to the sick, the young ones found pleasant pastime in adding to the enjoyment of the well. Every evening the dress parade was attended by numbers of young ladies, and the soldiers visited a great deal and seemed to find soldiering a very pleasant thing. There was much riding on horseback, in which the Virginia ladies excelled. One evening I went for a ride towards the river, to see the fortifications between our troops and the Federals. My horse took fright and ran away with me, and, much to the consternation of my escort, a gallant captain, bore me over the lines. I checked him, however, in a few moments, and returned before the Federals, whom we could plainly see, could capture me. I did not venture so near them again.

A GAY WINTER IN RICHMOND.

In September it was thought probable that this part of the country could not be held, as the Federals were in large force just across the river at a distance of not more than two miles. My friends, therefore, determined to send me to Richmond. The railroad from Alexandria to L., which had only been completed a year previously, and which was the nearest route to Richmond, had been destroyed by our troops immediately on the evacuation of Alexandria, and all communication was by private conveyance. Dispatches were carried daily between L. and the main army by couriers, who kept us informed as to its movements. I set out in a carriage with my brother to go to Culpeper Courthouse, where the army then was, that being the nearest point where I could take the cars. It was a wearisome journey of thirty or forty miles, and when we reached there we could see nothing but soldiers. On every side were encampments, and the bustle and stir of thousands of troops, and all that goes to make up a vast army. The hotel was crowded with visitors, like ourselves on their way to the Capital. Although everything was far from comfortable, my fatigue, after the day's journey, caused me to sleep soundly, notwithstanding the din which

assailed my ears. On the next morning I took the cars for Richmond, and joined the vast company of refugees which flocked thither from all parts of the Confederacy.

The winter of 1861-62 passed quietly enough, for the contending armies were in winter quarters, while in the city there was much gayety. Numbers of the officers and soldiers, taking advantage of the lull, left the army to visit their homes, and were constantly passing and repassing. The usual bustle attendant on furnishing a great army was apparent at all times, but as yet privations and hardships were scarcely felt. As the spring opened, however, the scene changed. All was activity. Bodies of troops were constantly in movement. In May, 1862, the advance of Gen. McClellan up the Peninsula, with the view of capturing Richmond, caused a panic, and numbers of the citizens left their homes to seek safety elsewhere. I was among this number, and went to Hanover. But in a few days we were again compelled to seek safety in flight, and a battle was fought there the day after we left.

It was October before I again found myself in the city. All during the summer we were kept in a state of dread by the ghthing on all sides. Stonewall Jackson was performing prodigies of valor with his troops in the Valley. They seemed ubiquitous, for one day they were here, another day there, and still another somewhere else. They were called "The Flying Infantry." There was much gloom felt in the city from the effects of the recent battles, and this was increased by the great battle of Fredericksburg, which took place in December and closed the military operations of that year.

A REAL OLD VIRGINIA WEDDING.

During the winter of 1863 I attended a real old Virginia wedding. The groom was surgeon on Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and he was killed in a little more than a year after the happiest event of his life, while attending to the wounds of Gen. Dunovant of South Carolina. Among the guests at the wedding were Gen. Fitz Lee, nephew of Gen. R. E. Lee, a brigadier in Gen. Stuart's Division; Gen. Rosser and Major Von Boreke, a Prussian officer, who was on Gen. Stuart's staff. As all was quiet along the lines at that time, many of the officers obtained permission to attend the festivities, which were kept up for two or three days. Gen. Stuart, however, took the precaution to have daily communi-

cation with his command, which was not far distant, and kept several couriers there for that purpose.

An incident occurred on this occasion which showed Gen. Stuart's gallantry to the fair sex, which was proverbial. Capt. F., an officer in Gen. Lee's brigade, had asked his permission to attend the wedding and had been refused. He appealed to Gen. Stuart, and was again refused. He determined, however, to go without leave, being ignorant of the fact that both these officers were to be present. He, with the other groomsmen, was awaiting the summons to the marriage, when Gen. Stuart entered the room. He greeted them with his hearty "Well, Boys," and glancing round to see who the boys were, his eye fell upon the culprit. He looked at him a moment with his eagle eyes, but spoke not a word, then turned and moved away. But the captain knew that his fate had been determined. As a friend Gen. Stuart was genial and even familiar with his soldiers. As a general, he brooked no insubordination, and Capt. F. knew that nothing less than a court-martial awaited him. He laid his case before one of the ladies, who promised to intercede for him. During the evening all went merry as a marriage bell. Towards its close the lady said laughingly to Gen. Stuart: "General, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Granted before it is asked," replied the General instantly.

She then pleaded the cause of Captain F. Gen. Stuart listened silently until she ended. After a little hesitation, he told her that as he had promised to grant her request, he could not now refuse. But for that Captain F. would have been broken of his commission, and tried for desertion. It came near being a serious frolic for him.

GEN. STUART AND MAJOR VON BORCKE.

Gen. Stuart was a brave, daring officer, ever on the alert, and executing the orders of his superior officers with the utmost dispatch. He was much censured for what was termed his vanity and love for admiration. In truth he was chivalric, devoted to the ladies, and they poured their homage at his feet. He would go forth sometimes at the head of his troops covered with garlands of flowers, his horse's head and neck likewise bedecked. He was as full of frolic as a boy when there was no fighting to be done, but when the war-cry sounded he was eager for the fray. Gen. Lee had a just appreciation of this, the greatest cavalry officer of the century, and said

of him that, if a difficult work was to be done, Stuart would accomplish it if it were within the compass of human endeavor.

Maj. Von Borcke, who was an officer in the Prussian army, attracted by the fighting, had come over to this country on leave of absence. He attached himself to Gen. Stuart's staff, and threw himself, with all his heart, into the cause of the Confederacy. He received, at a later day, a wound which well-nigh proved fatal, and which caused him many months of pain and languishing. After the war he returned to Berlin, where he belonged to a noble family. He was anxious to take back with him one of Virginia's fair daughters to grace the Court of the Emperor, but she declined the honor thus thrust upon her, preferring a more humble lot among her own people. Maj. Von Borcke was a man of noble presence, standing over six feet without his shoes, and of size corresponding to his height. He was remarkably handsome, of a pure German type of beauty, and his manners combined a courtly ease and elegance, with much dignity, which only contact with the best society could give. He was quite the rage with the girls, and his attractions were enhanced by his speaking English very brokenly. That made him altogether charming. He remained in the army until it was disbanded in '65.

MR. DAVIS'S RECEPTIONS.

During these winters it was the custom of President Davis and the Governor of Virginia to have weekly receptions at their respective mansions. Governor Letcher, after his term of office, which embraced the period of the secession of Virginia, was succeeded by "Extra Billy" Smith. These levees were thronged, and the President, who was very feeble in appearance, often looked completely exhausted. One evening I attended one of these levees and carried in my hand a bouquet composed of heliotrope and mignonette. On being presented to Mr. Davis he remarked on my flowers and quite an animated discussion ensued as to our favorite flowers, the mignonette being his favorite. He impressed me as a man of extensive information, speaking of flowers and their cultivation with as much ease and fluency as he did on matters of statesmanship.

On that same evening I was introduced to Gen. John Breckenridge, who happened to be in the city. He was, I think, the handsomest man I ever saw. Not only was his countenance of re-

markable manly beauty, but so majestic was his figure that a stranger passing him in the street would pause and turn to look at him, and he was as brave as handsome. On another occasion I met Gen. Jack Morgan, the great cavalry officer of the Army of the West. One was sure at these places to meet all the distinguished persons who were in the city.

It was only during the winter, while the armies were in winter-quarters, that any gayety took place. Sometimes, however, movements of troops took place during the winter, and it was heart-rending, in the latter part of the war, to see the condition of the men, ragged, dirty, barefoot or with tattered shoes insufficient to protect them. One day Gen. Hood's division passed through the street on which I lived. In the house were some thirty boarders, school-girls, and, it being dinner-time, they asked leave to give their dinner to the soldiers. On receiving permission, each girl took her plate, and rushing to the door, emptied it into the hands of the first soldier that passed. The yell of satisfaction that was raised fully repaid them for the sacrifice of a meal. Sometimes, too, we would see parties of prisoners led through the streets to the prisons, and their appearance was abject and squalid in the extreme.

As the years passed on the difficulty of obtaining provisions and clothing increased. To those who had plenty of Confederate money it was difficult—how much more so to those who had but little of the filthy lucre. Not only was there a great scarcity of supplies, but the most enormous prices were asked for them. The refugees found it very hard to live. Many of them, especially those in the departments, lived in one or two rooms, barely sufficient for their actual necessities, poorly furnished, doing their little cooking for themselves, glad to get enough food to supply their need. There were many devices to make old clothes look almost as good as new, much turning and contriving, and the costumes which were the result of this ingenuity were much admired, albeit they were not equal to Worth's. A new dress was a luxury not often indulged in, and worn with great respect and tender care. I well remember one summer, which I was to pass in visiting friends, the only dress I purchased was a calico, for which I paid an exorbitant price, and which I wore with great pride. The country people could spin and weave and make their own cloth, but those in the towns had not that advantage.

Among the refugees in Richmond was the family of Hon. James M. Mason, who, with Mr. Slidell, had been sent as commissioners to the Court of St. James. They had been compelled to leave their homes in Winchester, Va., on the occupation of that place by the Federals, and suffered all the privations of refugee life during his residence in Europe.

GEN. LEE AND JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

Gen. R. E. Lee was well known to the people of Richmond, frequently visiting his family there. He was as remarkable for his piety as for his other noble qualities. It was the custom of the Episcopal ministers to hold services at their churches during the Lenten season at 7 A. M. The weather was often intensely cold, but Gen. Lee never failed to be present when he was in the city, though I never heard of his participating in any of the gayeties going on in the evening. Mr. Davis, too, was a frequent attendant on these early services, and he always attended both morning and evening services on Sunday, unless some pressing affairs prevented. One Sunday morning, when a battle was expected, he was suddenly called out of the church, and after that the eloquence of the minister for once failed to chain the wandering thoughts of his congregation. As soon as the service was over there was an eager questioning as to what was the news.

Another prominent character was the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of war, who could be daily seen walking to and from his office. He was small in person, with marked Jewish features and the impersonation of neatness and trimness. His administration of the affairs in his department gave an earnest of the distinction at which he arrived before his death.

In April, 1863, was fought the great battle of Chancellorsville, a grand victory for the Confederates. But the rejoicings over the victory were changed to lamentations, for the death of Stonewall Jackson caused a nation to mourn. His remains were brought to Richmond and laid in state in the Capitol, and for three days it was viewed by immense numbers of people who thronged the building, entering by one door and passing out by another, each pausing only to drop a tear for the lamented dead. The fine statue of Stonewall Jackson, presented by the English through J. Beresford Hope, to the Southern people, and now standing in the Capitol Square in Richmond, is a noble testimony of the esteem and ad-

miration in which he was held as well abroad as at home.

Next came the advance of the army into Pennsylvania, and the terrible battle of Gettysburg in July, '63. The whole Confederacy was again plunged in gloom, both for the loss of the battle and the personal loss to so many Southern families. The fall and winter of '63 were spent by the Federals in efforts to reach the James, while our troops remained on the defensive. In the spring of '64 Dahlgren's famous raids around Richmond took place, and one party came very near the city. The gentlemen of the city, who for various causes were exempted from the regular service, were formed into a battalion to be called to the field in case of danger to the city. This battalion, which comprised the whole male population, was ordered out to meet the raiders, leaving the women and children wholly defenceless. Great was the anxiety felt by them. So near was the fighting that the musketry firing could plainly be heard, while the boom of the cannon was continuous.

My sister was visiting friends in the country, twenty miles distant, and was cut off from her home, the trains being all stopped. She was so overwhelmed with anxiety about her family that she promised her trunk and its contents to two negroes if they would take her to the city. They got a hand-car and pushed it all the way to the city, she sitting on the trunk, which she left with them on her arrival in Richmond.

During this raid the gallant and daring Stuart lost his life. His remains were brought to the city and interred in Hollywood Cemetery. On the day that he was buried, although it rained incessantly, a large concourse of people followed him to his grave. As we stood beside it, the booming of cannon around the city, mingled with the sullen roar of Heaven's artillery, seemed to do honor to the departed hero. Dahlgren himself was killed in the raid, and a report said that on his person were found orders to kill Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet, to pillage and burn the city and kill men, women and children. Our joy was the greater that we should have been delivered. The raiders at one time approached within one and a half miles of the city. All during the fall and winter of 1864-65 Grant was besieging Richmond and Petersburg.

A BRIDAL TOUR THROUGH THE SNOW.

It was during that winter that I determined to link my fortunes with those of one of the Confederate soldiers, and it

was early on a cold morning in January, 1865, that the knot which united us, for weal or woe, was securely tied by two clergymen. Immediately after the ceremony we set out on our bridal tour. This was not long, for so surrounded was Richmond by the Federals that one could not journey far without meeting them. The snow had fallen all the day before, and as the train filled with a motley crowd of citizens and soldiers moved out from the station the sun rose and shed its beams over a scene of resplendent beauty. The earth seemed covered with a mantle of ermine, spangled with diamonds, and the smoke from the Seven-hilled City rose behind us on the frosty air. Our destination was Charlotte Courthouse, and the station was reached by 5 P. M. But after leaving the train a drive of five miles was before us, and only a four-seated vehicle, with one poor horse, to convey seven persons. This had been provided for us, but my husband gave up his seat to a lady, and tramped through the snow, while I, a bride of a few hours, assumed the reins and drove to the village. There, however, a warm welcome awaited us, and we were compensated for the discomforts of the trip. We were sumptuously feasted on roast fowl, with dried apple pies for dessert, a third course of cracked walnuts, while to complete the luxurious feast was coffee. I will not attempt to make my readers believe that at that period of the Confederacy we had *real* coffee. But by a clever admixture of okra seed and sweet potato, flavored with extract of coffee, and sweetened with sorghum, we were actually beguiled into the belief that we were drinking coffee.

The time allowed by the furlough, which required the signatures of six general officers to obtain as many day's leave, soon drew to a close. Just at this time a freshet washed away the railroad, and my husband found himself between the horns of a dilemma—whether to wait until the road was repaired or walk forty miles in the depth of winter to rejoin his command. He seized the one most agreeable to him, feeling that his devotion to the Confederate cause did not need this final test. In a few days the road was in running order, and he left for the South, while I remained behind to watch events, and await the end which was nearer than we believed.

THE PRIVATIONS OF REFUGEE LIFE.

During my residence in Charlotte I experienced more severely than ever the

hardships of refugee life. One of the greatest wants was that of lights. In the early period of the war, after the antebellum supply of candles was exhausted, they were made by passing a wick through a mixture of beeswax and rosin several times, until it was the size of a quill, and then winding it around a wooden frame. This answered the purpose admirably. But as the supply of wax diminished these candles were kept for special occasions, and we sat during the winter evenings by the firelight, which, though rather conducive to drowsiness, served to knit by, that being our only evening work. In summer we used a taper consisting of a wick floating in some kind of oil, which served to light the house. There were a few new books, among them "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo, and "Great Expectations," by Dickens, which were published on coarse brown paper by a firm in Mobile. These were eagerly read, and the books were lent from hand to hand until they were well thumbed, if not entirely worn out. The refugees eked out their scanty subsistence by raising fowls, vegetables, &c. One day we visited a lady, and her father, an old officer in the Mexican war, came into the room and said, very triumphantly, "Now I am going to have plenty of chickens." When asked his reasons for knowing this, he said he had bought a great many eggs and was going to set all his hens. The change in his countenance was quite amusing when told he could not compel the hens to set.

Among the refugees at Charlotte was a gentleman from Alexandria, who was living when hostilities began in Illinois, near the city of Chicago, where he had invested his means in real estate. His legal adviser during his residence in the West was President Lincoln. He returned to Virginia immediately on the Secession of that State to cast in his fortunes with her, leaving his property in the hands of Northern tenants. He confidently expected it would be confiscated or sold for taxes. Through the kindness of Mr. Lincoln it was preserved intact, and he even sent him a safeguard to proceed to Chicago and look after it. Though he did not avail himself of it then, it was chiefly instrumental in his getting possession of his property after the surrender. I mention this incident as it illustrates one phase of Mr. Lincoln's character, that he was a man of warm attachments and a true friend.

Another family of refugees was from the North, people who had left home, property, everything behind them for the Southern cause. They were really

worse off than most of us, but they bore their privations in a truly heroic spirit. There were among us few even of the comforts of life. What we had always regarded as necessities now became luxuries. Some few persons managed to keep a little tea and loaf sugar for use in cases of sickness, not to be touched at any other time. Coffee was made of various things, usually rye, but sweet potatoes and okra seed both made a better substitute than the rye. The rye coffee had a disagreeable taste, while the other was simply a hot beverage. Buttermilk was much sought for, and many persons used nothing else when it could be procured. Words would fail to tell of the devices to make palatable dishes of the few materials that we had. One lady made a pudding of corn meal and dried apples boiled together, and eaten with a sauce of butter and sorghum, which was considered a masterpiece of the culinary art.

FLYING FROM THE FEDERALS.

The difficulty of communication was so great at that time that weeks would elapse without my hearing a word from my husband, and we only knew by the occasional papers which reached us of the movements of the enemy and of our own troops. Sherman was making his famous march through the Carolinas, spreading terror and desolation on every side. Towards the end of March rumors reached us of the probable evacuation of Richmond. At length the dreadful news came that Richmond had fallen! This was soon followed by the news of Lee's surrender. Everything was alarm and confusion. We, whose friends were with the army further South, were afraid of being cut off from them and knew not what to do. At Charlotte was a family of refugees from New Orleans, friends of the President. The husband of one of these ladies, and brother of the other, was Mr. Davis's namesake and one of his aides-de-camp, and consequently a person of considerable importance in the eyes of the Federals. He arrived one evening with a wagon train to take his family somewhere, anywhere out of the line of march of the enemy. Knowing my anxiety to rejoin my husband, they proposed that I should accompany them, and I gladly assented. There was little time to consider the matter, for they were to leave early the next morning. So hastily packing my trunks, I prepared to join them, and bade farewell to my friends in Charlotte. The train consisted of four wagons, guiltless of

springs, and each drawn by two mules, and the party was composed of Captain B., his wife and child, sister and two brothers, both officers, and myself, with the drivers, one of whom was also the cook.

We travelled a few miles, and halted at noon for dinner, which consisted of fried ham, biscuit and coffee. This, with the occasional addition of milk and eggs, which we would procure at farm-houses, constituted our meals three times a day for two weeks. After dinner we resumed our journey until sunset, when we halted again for the night. We were very glad to alight and stretch our limbs, for riding in a road wagon, jolting over rough country roads, is not one of the delightful experiences of life. It was a novel feeling to the ladies to be out for the night, with no roof but the tent of the wagon, no bed but a mattress spread in it. The gentlemen camped out in army fashion. But the scene was worthy of the gypsies. The wagons were placed in a square, the mules tethered and fed, a fire lighted, and then all gathered around it to watch the operations of that important personage, the cook. The most delicious viands would not have been more enjoyed than was our homely meal, eaten in our fingers, with a tin cup for the coffee, which had the merit of being hot and continuing so for a provokingly long time. The only thing to mar our pleasure was that the smoke always would come towards us, and kept us constantly moving from side to side. Thus passed the first day and night of our journey, and the rest were, with little exception, like it. The tent of the wagon formed an agreeable shade, and with books, and talk, and song, we contrived to while away the time, while our mules plodded wearily along. One night we passed in a house. We camped near it, and to our surprise found that it was occupied by a family of refugees from New Orleans, well known to Mrs. B. The lady of the house insisted on our spending the night with her and treated us most hospitably. At the end of a week we reached Halifax Courthouse, and stopped for a day to rest. The day after we resumed our journey, intending to cross the Dan River and get into North Carolina. But before we reached the river we literally stuck in the mud, so deep was the swamp, and were obliged to return to Halifax. Leaving the ladies in safe keeping, the gentlemen, after giving us some of the mules to pay our board, rode away, and we heard no more of them for some time.

A VISIT FROM THE FEDERALS.

I went into the country to visit an old schoolmate, and while there the first detachment of Federals passed through that section. They camped near the house and the owner, Mr. C., thought that the best way to save his property was to show some attention to the commander, Gen. Kerfoot, and his officers. He visited their camp and invited them to take supper with him. This they willingly did, while we most unwillingly received them. They behaved like gentlemen, and the evening was passing quietly away when Gen. Sheridan was mentioned. I very rashly said, "I hate Gen. Sheridan." Gen. Kerfoot arose from his seat and walked into the middle of the room.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we cannot sit here and hear a lady say she hates Gen. Sheridan."

"Yes, I do hate Gen. Sheridan," I said again. "No one could help doing so after his burning all the barns and houses at their home, and destroying everything."

I put on a bold face, but was really very much alarmed, for many had been sent to prison for a less offence. Mr. C. came to my relief, however, and explained matters, and the General resumed his seat and said nothing more on the subject.

The civility of the family did not prevent their being robbed. The next morning the house was surrounded by soldiers, who took everything they could lay their hands on, though only a few entered the house. My friend was the youngest and the darling of the house, whose slightest wish had been a command. As we saw one of the soldiers leading off the last of the carriage horses she said to him: "Please don't take our last horse, for we cannot even go to church." He looked at her very unconcernedly and said: "This is no time for jiggeting and gallivanting about," and led the horse away.

The next morning tidings reached us of Johnston's surrender at Greensboro', and of the consequent cessation of hostilities. One old horse was found which had been turned out to graze, and with that I managed to return to the village to await some news of my husband. In a few days he arrived, having ridden horseback from Greensboro'. After a stay of two weeks he set out to ride to South Carolina. He was obliged to depend upon the liberality of the people during the whole journey to supply his wants, and notwithstanding the poverty to

which they had been reduced, their losses by the enemy and the frequent demands upon their hospitality, he was only once refused food.

ONCE MORE IN RICHMOND.

I, with five Mexican dollars, which my husband received on the disbanding of the troops, was to endeavor to make my way back to my home on the Potomac. It was so disagreeable travelling on the regular train, which was filled with soldiers and negroes, that I decided to try and reach Richmond in some other way. I parted there with my travelling companions, but learned afterwards that Miss B. had married in Halifax and made it her home.

I joined a party going to Richmond, which consisted of three gentlemen, two ladies and three children. We received permission to go on a special train, consisting of an engine and one car, divided into two compartments, which carried a party of Federals repairing the telegraph wires. They had all been broken down. One of the gentlemen of the party had been in charge of the prison at Andersonville, Ga., and was much afraid of being recognized, and we were careful never to call his name. We set off on Monday morning, and reached Richmond, 100 miles distant, on Saturday night.

It was a relief to be once more in the Capital city. But what a change! Where stately buildings had stood, nothing remained but blackened walls in the burnt district, and the people were in a terrible state of depression. The Blue-coats were everywhere, and martial rule prevailed. I parted with my travelling companions again, as I wished to spend a few days in the city. During my stay I for the first time met that grand old soldier, Gen. Lee, who was residing quietly at his home there. He was much annoyed by the curiosity of Northern people who flocked to the city and would wait near his house for a glimpse of him when he would go out for a walk. So greatly did it annoy him that he at last would only go out after nightfall.

I obtained a pass from the Federal commander to go on a steamer to Alexandria. Joining two ladies, who were also going there on a pass, we made a very pleasant trip down the James, up the bay to the mouth of the Potomac, and up that river to Alexandria. Here my two friends left me, for I determined to go on to Washington and take a train for Baltimore. I had some fears in doing this, as my pass was only to Alexandria. However I determined to take

the risk. I was allowed to get off at Washington, and after a delay of two hours went on to Baltimore. There I spent four days, and then took a train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which took me to within a few miles of my home, to which I returned after an absence of nearly four years.

No. 23.—Faithful Old Nancy.

(By Mrs. Cornelia E. Screven, of LaGrange, Ga.)

During the war I resided in the pleasant village of Dorchester, Liberty County, Georgia, situated five miles from the seacoast. It was selected as a point suitable for the encampment of soldiers who defended the coast of our county, and from this point pickets were sent out in various directions for our defence. One company was frequently exchanged for another, but it is remarkable that we had always the good fortune to have in our midst gentlemen of respectability, education and good morals, which rendered their sojourn among us pleasant and agreeable. With the exception of a detachment from the Third South Carolina Cavalry, whom we gratefully and pleasantly remember for their watchful care and gentlemanly attention, our coast was guarded by troops from various portions of our own State.

Occasionally a false alarm would startle our little community, throwing us into considerable excitement for a few days, but nothing of consequence occurred to disturb the "even tenor of our way" for several years, and our soldiers who were compelled to lead this inactive life wearied and chafed under the necessity, and longed for orders to proceed to the front, where active service and, as they hoped, all the honor and glory of war awaited them. In time their ambitious desires were gratified, and one company after another left their quiet encampment on the borders of our little village for the battlefields of gallant Old Virginia, some to sleep the sleep of death under her blood-stained soil; some to languish in gloomy prison cells, enduring hunger, weariness and cold; while others returned to homes and families wounded, scarred, disabled for life, and with hearts bleeding for the "Lost Cause."

It was not until December, 1864, that the horrors of war burst upon our village in real earnest. We were aware that Sherman was advancing toward the coast, but his near approach was studiously kept from women and children by our forces for fear of producing an excitement among them. Couriers were kept out at various points to gain whatever information they could respecting the movements of the enemy, and daily reports were sent in to the encampment, thus preparing our men for the impending advance.

I pass on to the memorable morning of the 13th of December. The day was cool and brilliantly beautiful, and my daughters and Miss Maxwell, a niece who was visiting me from Athens, proposing a walk, wandered off into the village while I remained at home to superintend some work which had to be done in my garden. While giving directions to the servant I was attracted by the clatter of horses' feet some distance up the road, but very rapidly approaching. Looking intently in the direction of the sound a horse and rider came fully into view, and seemed to pass before my dizzy sight upon the "wings of the wind." Pressing the rowels into the sides of his panting charger, all flecked with foam from head to heels, and urging him at every step to greater speed, he passed rapidly out of sight, and left me wondering what the matter could be.

"Some one must be going after a physician," I said.

Charles, the servant who was working the garden, looked at me for a moment and then spoke.

"I don't want to relarmin' you, missis," he said, "but I tink dat's one of dem carriers Mars Wimberly sen' to spy 'pon dem Yankees what dey 'spectin'."

An indescribable terror seized me, which I could not at once define, but in a moment I comprehended the whole situation, and I said quickly: "Run to the camp as fast as you can and ask Lieut. Conyers to send me word if anything is the matter."

Seeing my terror, the poor negro became excited beyond control, and with a cry like a warwhoop he bounded over the fence, not waiting to open the gate, and took a bee-line for the encampment, jumping palmetto bushes and little oak scrubs with the activity of a wild deer.

AN EXCITED VILLAGE.

I ran into the house and, hastily snatching a hat from the rack, hurriedly made my way into the village in search

of the girls who had left me but a short time before. Everybody was in a state of excitement. Nothing was to be gained by a further suppression of the truth, and the news that the enemy were near by had flown like lightning over the village, striking terror to the hearts of all. I exchanged a few words with some of my neighbors, who were feeling the crisis more seriously than they liked to express. Miss Maxwell tried to establish cheerfulness by assuring us that the natural civility of Americans would be a protection to us; but she failed to remove the anxiety that sat upon the faces of all.

When we arrived at home Charles was there.

"Jist as I tell you, missis," said he; "de Yankees is comin' shure 'nough. Lieut. say he will be here shortly."

"Well, Charles," I answered, "I want your assistance now, and I want to know if you are going to be true to me in this emergency."

"Yes ma'am," said he emphatically, "I'll never leave you, missis, 'till you tell me you don't want me no more."

"I believe you," I replied, "and as we have no time to lose, you must give me your help at once. Make a pen in the thicket the other side of the stable and hide the hogs we are fattening; be quick about it, as the Yankees are only ten miles off."

Just then Lieut. Conyers called at the gate. Miss Maxwell and myself went out to meet him, and, to our surprise, saw the whole company drawn up in marching order a little distance from the house.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" I inquired; "are you retreating?"

"We are," he replied. "It is madness to attempt to contend with such tremendous odds. Our forces are dwindling to a mere name. Men are badly wanted in the field, and it is best we should save ourselves for future use."

"How shall we receive them?" I inquired.

"With dignity," he replied, "and without the least sign of fear. You cannot prevent their entering your house; therefore you had better conceal all articles of value that you possess. I have no time to lose," he continued, extending his hand to both. "Please thank the ladies of Dorchester for their kindness to our company. We shall ever gratefully remember them. Good-bye, and may God protect you." Another pressure of the hand and the gallant lieutenant, with his little band of men, were making all haste to avoid the advancing enemy.

I appreciated the situation of the company, and approved of their course, but as I proceeded to the house I felt as though my last hope had expired; that we were desolate, alone and in the power of a vindictive and relentless enemy, who had declared vengeance against our homes and firesides. A look of profound sorrow passed over the usually bright face of Miss Maxwell as she realized our unprotected condition, but, quickly rallying from the depression, she drew from the folds of her dress a beautiful little dagger, which had been presented by a young Confederate, and laughingly said, as she brandished it around, "I am sorry to part with our brave boys, but *this* will protect us in the hour of need."

I proposed that we should collect and conceal the articles of silver and jewelry in our possession and she assisted me, with my daughters, in doing so. In our sitting-room was a sofa, which stood near the fireplace and just outside, under the curve of one arm, a place had been accidentally cut in the haircloth; this I considered a safe place to conceal the silver and slipped in fifty-four pieces in the way of spoons and forks. A tea set was hastily hidden away in a large box, and a great pile of old "Southern Literary Messengers" were thrown carelessly upon it, and it was left in the library to take its chance. My younger daughter, a girl of thirteen, placed some of her treasures in a small box, and without my knowledge hid it away under the front steps. Trunks, bureaus and wardrobes were securely locked and the keys placed in my pocket. Nothing more could be done, and with palpitating hearts, and a keen sense of our utter helplessness, we sat down to await the issue.

THE FRIGHTENED NEGROES.

It was not long before Charles rushed into our presence, intense fear depicted upon his countenance, and followed by every negro in the yard.

"Oh, my God, missis!" he exclaimed, "don't you hear dat shootin' up de road? Lord! Lord!" he continued, "all Cap'n mens is goin' to be kill."

"I hope not, Charles," I replied; "things look very dark for us, but you all must try to be calm, and look to a Higher Power for protection."

"Yes, ma'am," he said, but I noticed that he trembled fearfully. Indeed, all of the negroes were much alarmed, and Sophy, Miss Maxwell's maid, and Delia, our house servant, were sniffing audibly.

Nancy, our cook, was the only fearless one in the crowd, and she held forth in this wise: "I tell Char!', missis, he oughter shame to git so sca'd, an' he a man, too. I neber see shish a skittish nigger sence I born; settin' shish a zample to dese young niggers. I can't manage dem none at all."

Another volley of musketry reached our ears, much nearer than the first. The utmost consternation prevailed. The negro girls ran up stairs and hid under the beds, while Nancy went out to her younger children. Suddenly we were startled by the tramping of horses and voices shouting in the distance. We ran to the windows and saw one of our Confederate soldiers flying for his life and pursued and fired upon by two regiments of cavalry. Charles stood close behind me, and in an undertone as though afraid of being heard said, "Lord how he do fly! He coat-tail jist a' arguin wid de wind." The poor fellow was certainly minus a coat-tail, but Charles's excited imagination supplied one.

We had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing the distance lengthen between the pursued and his pursuers. Our soldier had the advantage. His horse was fresh, while the Yankees, as well as their horses, were jaded and worn by a long and tiresome march through our State. We afterwards learned that he plunged into the depths of a swamp, and after several days of hardships and perils succeeded in making his way once more into Confederate lines across the Altamaha River.

The two regiments proceeded to the old dilapidated town of Sunbury, immediately on the coast, for the purpose of communicating with their fleet, which lay just outside the bar. For a signal to this fleet they fired the old Baptist Church and burned it to the ground.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were surprised by a straggler calling at the front gate. Miss Maxwell and myself went out on the verandah, and he asked for a glass of water. I called Charles to take a bucket of water to the gate, but he was nowhere to be found; so I took it myself and sitting it on the verandah, he came to the steps and drank like a famished beast.

TERRIBLE NEWS RECEIVED.

We were extremely anxious about the company whom we were certain had encountered the enemy, and could not forbear asking him if he had seen anything of some Confederate soldiers a mile or two from the village.

"I should think I have," he replied. "They are all lying dead up yonder at the forks of the road."

"Dead?" I cried. "Merciful Heaven! our men all dead, did you say?"

"Yes, all of 'em dead; they'll never fire another gun. Here's a watch," he continued, "that I got from one of the bodies," and taking a handsome gold watch from his pocket, asked if I recognized it.

"I do not," I replied. He smiled, and returning the watch to his pocket, asked the way to Sunbury. We directed him, and mounting his horse he rode away.

I looked at my niece, who had been hitherto silent; her face was as white as death, and her eyes burned with indignation and grief.

We passed into the house and communicated the sorrowful intelligence to my daughters, who were horror-stricken and wept unrestrainedly at the sad fate of our soldiers.

Evening's dusky shadows were gathering slowly over our little village when two more men presented themselves at our gate. They dismounted, secured their horses, and coming up to the verandah, bowed respectfully and asked if they might take the liberty of asking for a glass of water.

"Certainly," I replied, and again placed the bucket on the steps, from which they drank immediately. They sat on the steps awhile and rested themselves, and I thought they were certainly the most wearied and exhausted-looking beings I ever beheld—ragged, filthy, and covered with dust from head to feet; but their demeanor and address denoted the gentleman. They apologized for their appearance, and said: "We hope to be relieved by supplies from our fleet, which we understand is in sight."

I inquired if they could give me any information respecting the skirmish which had taken place that morning at the forks of the road, between their forces and ours, and one of them replied: "Oh, nothing serious happened."

"Why," I said, "one of your men passed by here a while ago and told us our men were all killed."

He looked irritated, and said: "There is not a word of truth in it; the cruel hound only wanted to distress you. Your men made their escape into the swamp on the left of the road, and not knowing what snare might be set for us we did not pursue them but a short distance. I picked up," he continued, "a knapsack belonging to a Confederate, which contained a few articles of cloth-

ing and a small Bible, which has the name of 'Lieut. James Campbell' on one of the blank leaves; below the name is written, 'A gift from my mother.' I presume he values it for her sake, and I will take pleasure in restoring it to him if you will undertake to do so when the opportunity offers."

I assured him that I would gladly return it to the owner. He thanked me, and said: "I regret that I am not permitted to return the clothing, but of course you understand the rules of war."

They rose to leave, and I inquired if we would probably be disturbed during the night by stragglers. They both assured me that we could rest in perfect safety, as their rules were very stringent and all privates required to answer to roll call at a certain hour.

"I am Adjutant Mitchell," he said, and, turning to the other, "this is my friend Lieut. Baker, both of the Third Kentucky Regiment, and if you will permit me, I will call in the morning to see how you are faring and give you all the protection in my power."

I thanked him, glad to avail myself, in this frightful crisis, of the least kindly assistance.

"DON' CALL MY NAME SO LOUD."

After they had left, I went out to look for Charles, but he was not in the yard, and none could tell me where he was. I went to the back gate and called loudly, "Charles! Charles! Oh Charles!" Suddenly, I heard a whisper not more than ten feet from me. "Hush missis, don' call my name so loud."

"Why, Charles," I said rather startled, "what on earth are you doing in that clump of palmetto bushes?"

"Oh, missis, dat Yankee!" said he rising slowly and looking suspiciously around. "I was dat scared when I seen him comin up to de house I blegged to run and hide myself, and den I gone an' fal' to sleep, and now you see dat; I obersleep myself My, my, I ought'n to done so."

"No you ought'nt," I said rather sharply, "and I'm very much surprised at such conduct. It's very cold and there is no wood cut to make a fire in the house."

"Well, missis, I'll make dat all right directly," said the good-natured creature; and then with a look of real alarm he said, "but spos'n dey hear de axe."

"Well, spos'n they do," I said, and partly provoked and partly amused I returned to the house.

We soon had a blazing fire, and after

securely fastening the doors and windows we took tea; the last plentiful meal that we had upon our table during the whole Yankee raid.

After tea we discussed the events of the day and the probable horrors of the morrow. The night wore slowly away; we did not retire to our rooms, but took it by turns to sit up and watch. None of us slept, and the next morning we were wearied and worn from excitement and want of rest. We were anxiously awaiting breakfast and a cup of coffee, when we were startled by the tramping of horses and jingling of metal. We all made a rush for the back door, from whence the sound proceeded, and saw that the yard was crowded with men and horses. They were coming into the house, when we met them at the door.

Miss Maxwell hastily whispered, "Now, aunt, be brave; show no sign of fear."

The leader of the thieving band approached me and demanded my keys.

"What do you want with my keys?" I inquired.

"I am ordered by the commanding officer to search your house for fire-arms."

"I have none," I said emphatically.

"I must obey orders," he said, "and if you do not give me your keys I will break down every door in your house."

By that time we had been pressed nearly to the front door by the crowd who were rapidly filling the hall and parlors. I produced the keys, and he said, "Come on boys, we'll go up stairs first."

His impudence nerved me with uncommon strength of will, and, taking my stand on the stairs, I said, "I am forced to submit to this order, but I defy another man to put his feet upon these steps. I have already been promised protection, and am expecting an officer every moment to guard my house."

This seemed to intimidate them, especially the ringleader, and he commanded them to stand back. Miss Maxwell took my place on the steps, while I followed the thief up stairs. He unlocked the wardrobe, and, drawing his sword from the scabbard, proceeded to pick out all wearing apparel upon its point. They were dashed upon the floor, trampled upon and badly cut. My bonnet and crape veil were so badly crushed and cut that I never wore them again. He extracted many articles of clothing, which he distributed among negroes; a valuable telescope, ten fine blankets, leaving us only five, which he did not

find, and a carpet, which was cut up for horse blankets. He searched the bedding and even divested the pillows of their cases. He next went to the bureau, but, catching a glimpse of his hideous face in the mirror, he seemed to forget everything else, and, taking up the hair brush, proceeded to arrange his fiery red bristles, which stood off like "quills upon the fretful porcupine."

A PICTURE OF A NONDESCRIPT.

I shall never forget that picture, as he stood before the bureau. He wore a fine silk hat, stolen of course; the nose underneath turned up to the rim, lips like an African, with two snags between, eyes blood-shot, a ragged coat made of three different patterns of carpeting, pants with the knees out and shoes with the toes out completed the picture which so fascinated him in the mirror. Some one called him down stairs, which broke the spell that bound him, and the other rooms escaped being searched.

One of his brother-thieves met him in the hall and said: "I'm terribly hungry, let's get something to eat; there's some breakfast in the kitchen, we can begin on that."

"All right, go ahead," said the carpeted brute, "I'll look into this room first."

It was a shed-room on the back piazza, which I used as a storeroom, and which was moderately well filled with groceries and provisions for those times of scarcity and high prices. I had neither time nor place to conceal them, and was compelled to leave them to the mercy of the enemy. In a half hour the room was entirely emptied of its contents and the provisions sacked and hung around their saddles. By that time the breakfast had been demolished, all the chickens caught and decapitated and hung on their saddles, and a fine pig, belonging to the cook, slaughtered and given to her, to prepare for their dinner, which they would take on their return. They then departed for other houses, where they joined their brother-thieves, who were committing the same depredations upon others.

I blush to say these men were Kentuckians, belonging to the Third and Fifth Regiments of Kentucky Cavalry.

We were standing in the hall, discussing the lack of breakfast, when we saw Adjutant Mitchell and Lieut. Baker dismounting at the gate. They came hastily forward, and with real sincerity the adjutant said, "I fear we are too late to have saved you some trouble."

"Yes," I said, "we are completely torn

up, provisions all gone, everything they could find of value appropriated, and last, but not least, every particle of our breakfast eaten up."

His face reddened, and he said, "I am very sorry, but we could not possibly get here sooner."

They both looked much improved, and as though they had been enjoying the benefit of a bath.

My younger daughter came out on the verandah to ask me a question, and while I was replying she discovered a ragged, dirty creature creeping from under the step with her treasured box in his hands.

"Oh!" she cried, "that man has got my box," and looking imploringly at the two men, she said: "Please take it away from him, papa's picture is in there, and I would not lose it for the world."

They rose hastily, and demanded the box, which was given up without any trouble, and restored to my daughter, who thanked them and retired.

"Is your husband in the army?" inquired Adjt. Mitchell.

"My husband is dead," I replied.

"Pardon me," he said, with a delicacy known only to sensitive persons.

"I suppose you have relations in the army."

"I have a son only sixteen years of age," I replied.

"Oh what a pity!" he said. "Why did you let the boy go?"

"His country required him," I said.

"But he is so young."

"Yes, he is young," I said, "but he has an old head on those young shoulders, and an eagle eye and a steady hand, and is considered a never-failing marksman."

"He certainly has the requisites of a good soldier," he replied, smiling at my enthusiastic description of my son.

It was rather cool on the verandah, and I invited them into the sitting-room, where a bright fire was burning. They met my daughter and Miss Maxwell, and, bowing politely, they both took seats on the sofa. Lieut. Baker was a heavy man, and as they sat down the sofa jarred considerably, one roller being off, and the silver jingled perceptibly. Both looked around suspiciously, and Miss Maxwell, with her usual ready tact, rose and placing two chairs, said: "The springs of that sofa are so loose perhaps you will find these more comfortable."

They rose to take the chairs, and again the silver jingled, much to my discomfort and alarm. They glanced at each other with an amused expression, and I

was convinced that they suspected the truth, though they took no further notice of the occurrence. They remained with us until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when they returned to Sunbury. The silver was removed.

DEAR OLD "NANA,"

as we called her, upon whose dusky bosom all my children had rested in infancy, did not desert us when starvation stared us in the face. She managed all of that day to ward off the pangs of hunger which threatened us, and that night, after every thing became quiet, she brought me a really nice cup of corn coffee which I quite enjoyed.

"I know it ain't good like de rale coffee," she said; "you mus' try to drink it, it'll keep off de headache. Heap of debilitment goin' on Missis," she continued, "but dere's a jes God dat's going to punish dese Yankee severe. I like to faint wen I hear dey gone an' bun down de house of God; but I mus' tell you all good night, an' go to my little chillun, dey git so scary 'bout dem Yankee."

The night passed quietly away, and in the morning Nancy supplied us with a scanty meal—the best she could do for us. About 8 o'clock Adjt. Mitchell and Lieut. Baker called to say that they had received marching orders, and to leave the Bible for Lieut. Campbell, which he had forgotten to bring the day before.

"I hope when this cruel war is over," the Adjutant said, "we will be a band of brothers again, and none will welcome the day more joyfully than I."

Enclosed in the Bible was a note for Lieut. Campbell, which I had the pleasure of delivering at a later day, and which was appreciated.

That day a new set, the scum of the army, encamped at Medway Church, swarmed over our village. My house, it is true, had already been rifled of everything valuable and comfortable which they could find, but notwithstanding that, they made it a thoroughfare, which was annoying and disgusting. Chewing, smoking, singing indecent songs and using profane language was the order of the day. We could not escape it, for they were everywhere. At length night threw her friendly mantle once more over our little village, and again we were free from the rabble.

I sent Charles that night on a "foraging tour," but he could get only a bushel of corn and a peck of sweet potatoes. He ground on a hand-mill in the kitchen some of the corn, and the next morning Nancy prepared a dish of hominy and a few potatoes for breakfast. Before it

could be brought into the house a squad of Yankees rode up and devoured it. She again prepared more, which met with the same fate. The grist had all been used, so Charles had to grind more, and no sooner had it been finished than another squad rode up and demanded it for their horses.

Nancy could stand it no longer. She ran into the house in great excitement, and said, "Missis, for God sake come out yer, and see wat you kin do long dese yer debbils. I done cook two breakfus for you, and dey eat it up fas as I kin cook it, and now dey goin' to take de grist Charl jist done grinin' for me to cook more."

Much against my inclination, but for the sake of my two younger children, who had had no supper the night before, and were complaining of being hungry, I went out into the crowd, determining to accost them politely. As I stepped in the kitchen door I saw that the grist had been appropriated by one man, who had it in a basket and was coming to the door.

I approached him, and said: "Please don't take that meal, my children are very hungry, and we have nothing else to eat."

He looked savagely at me and said: "D—n you, I don't care if you all starve; get out o' my way or I'll push you out the door," and thrusting the basket against me, did push me out of the door. Some one caught me and prevented my falling to the ground.

Nancy flew out of the kitchen and cried: "My God, I neber 'spected to see shish doins."

"HURRAH FOR THE LITTLE REB!"

Miss Maxwell, who was standing on the back piazza, ran to me; her eyes literally glared with anger and indignation, and her feelings were beyond her control. "Oh you intolerable brutes!" cried she; "if I was a man I'd blow out every particle of your brains; if I had a pistol I'd do it anyhow, woman as I am."

The vile wretches raised a perfect shout. "Hurrah for the little Reb! Hurrah for the little captain!"

I took her by the arm and said: "We had better get into the house."

As we approached the steps a bright looking fellow stepped up and said: "Ladies, I am at your service; if I can do anything for you let me know it now."

"Well, come into the house and keep those brutes out," Miss Maxwell replied, "Don't let one of them place a foot in

this house to-day, or I shall have a thousand spasms, because I am powerless to shoot the insulting hounds."

The boy drew from his belt a revolver, and commenced walking through the hall, from back to front steps. Miss Maxwell and myself retired to the sitting-room, and, overcome by the terrible excitement, burst into tears.

At length the yard was once more cleared of the thieving horde, and the door of the room being open the boy entered. We were still in tears—tears of the deepest indignation. He took his seat, and looking sympathizingly at our distress said: "Ladies, do-d-don't cry. I never saw a woman cry in my life but what I had to cry too," and with the back of his hand he wiped away the fast falling tears.

We looked at each other, Miss Maxwell and myself, greatly surprised. The position was really touching, but at the same time so ludicrous that we burst into an uncontrollable fit of hysterical laughter. Two Southern women and a Yankee crying together was no doubt a rare occurrence at this time, when Yankee brutality and vengeance was so severely visited upon unprotected women and children of the South.

Nancy and Charles foraged around and succeeded in getting us something to eat during the day. Our young protector did not partake with us, saying he had some hardtack in his knapsack, which he insisted upon sharing with the younger children.

Our brave little champion, whose name was Hughes, and from Pennsylvania, took his departure that evening about sunset, and we never saw him again. That night our breakfast of sweet potatoes was cooked in the ashes in our fireplace and despatched in the morning before the Yankees arrived.

About 10 o'clock Capt. Hayes, who represented himself as one of Kilpatrick's staff officers, appeared at the door. He made some inquiries as to our condition; said he understood we were receiving rough treatment at the hands of their soldiers, which they did not permit. I simply stated our real condition to him, and he departed "to see about the other ladies," as he said. But more of this champion of the "ladies" at another time.

Our situation had become most critical and starvation seemed near at hand. I could procure no corn for the hogs, which the Yankees had never discovered, and concluded to have them killed and salted up. Charles accordingly made every arrangement to do the work in the dead of night, but unfortunately

he overslept himself, and did not get through till some time after daylight. While he was engaged in cleaning them a Yankee drove up, in a stolen buggy, of course, and demanded that the meat should be cut up and placed in the buggy. Charles ran in, greatly distressed, and related what had happened. Miss Maxwell and myself went out and remonstrated with the thief, but it did no good. I said: "If you will not return the whole of the meat to us, let us have a part of it."

"Not a rib of it, not a single rib of it; so you might as well shut up your hoe-cake trap and go about your business." He whipped up his horse and drove rapidly off.

"We'll get even with you yet," cried Miss Maxwell, little realizing how soon her words would be verified.

THE EVACUATION OF SAVANNAH.

The next day not a Yankee was to be seen in our village, and though nearly starved out and literally living "from hand to mouth," we enjoyed the quiet, the rest so sweet after days of such anxious and torturing suspense.

Late that afternoon I learned that the whole of Kilpatrick's division, with the exception of two regiments, had proceeded to Col. Anderson's plantation on the Ogeechee road, eight miles from Savannah. My heart sank at this information, for I could well understand what this movement portended—the probable storming of our beautiful and beloved city.

My thoughts instantly reverted to my son, who was a member of Col. Symons's regiment of boys, then stationed at Thunderbolt. I was wild with apprehension. What would be the fate of my child, in whom every hope of my heart was centered, and to whom I looked in later years for comfort, happiness and protection? At one moment I pictured him wounded, bleeding, dying; at another, the horrible prison cell would present itself to my excited imagination; then Hope, sweet Hope, which "reigns triumphant" in every human heart, would suggest the possibility of a safe return and brighter days, and a ray of comfort would be imparted to my distracted mind.

Several days passed, during which time we were sorely troubled in the anticipation of sorrowful news from our city. The Yankees had ceased their visits to our village for several days, and were desolating other localities in the interior of the county.

On the 23d we received intelligence

that Savannah had been evacuated by our forces on the night of the 20th. They crossed the river on that wild and stormy night by means of a pontoon bridge, and those stationed at Thunderbolt, Whitmarsh and adjacent points crossed in steamers from Fort Jackson to Screven's Ferry. The evacuation was successful in every detail. The city was emptied of all army stores and of every soldier, except a few who deserted. The passage of the river was unattended by any serious accident, and the *esprit du corps* excellently maintained.

A heavy burden was in a great measure lifted from my heart; thus far my son was safe, but I trembled to think what the future might bring.

The Yankees did not return to the village the next day, nor the next, and Sunday morning, which was Christmas, dawned beautiful and bright. The day was soft and warm, and the balmy sweetness of spring seemed to have suddenly broken upon us. Tempted by the beauty of the weather, and feeling assured that the Yankees were still in the interior and upper part of the county, I determined to visit a sick friend. It was the first time I had left the premises since the morning of the 13th. Miss Maxwell and my eldest daughter walked over to sit awhile with our next-door neighbor, and my younger daughter, with her little brother and sister, remained at home in the care of our faithful servant "Nana."

I had scarcely arrived at my friend's house when my little boy came running in with breathless haste to tell me that a Yankee was at our house, and that he was talking to "Sissy."

I immediately returned with all possible speed, but when I arrived at home the Yankee had departed. My daughter was sitting just where I had left her, by the window, with her little Bible in her hand, and without the least shadow of excitement upon her face.

"My child," I said, "were you alarmed when that man came and found you alone?"

"No, mamma, not in the least. Nana ran in and stood right behind my chair all the time, and I knew she would not let him hurt me."

Nancy was still in the sitting room, and still excited. "No chile," said she, "he would'n a dare to tech you wid he leetle finger wile I was yere; I would 'a' jump on um like a wile cat. He ax Sissy," she continued, turning to me, "to play on de planner, but I tell um missis don' 'low dat insurmunt open on Sunday none at all. He say 'taint Sunday, its Christ-

mas. I say it's Sunday and Christmas too. Den he git up and say, well, I got to go down yer a piece, but I'll be back in tree hours, and den you shill play a chune for me, wedder yous wan to or not."

"JAMES POPE, HOG-THIEF."

At three o'clock he returned and again asked to have my daughter play. Miss Maxwell and myself both instantly recognized the hog-thief. He flung himself lazily on the sofa, and did not again ask for a "chune," as I decidedly refused to allow my daughter to play.

It was not long before three more appeared, all very much intoxicated. They were extremely boisterous, used very profane language, and were disposed to be very familiar with the young ladies. One of my daughters made an attempt to leave the room and was prevented by one of these rough creatures immediately getting between her and the door. I became exceedingly alarmed, but made every effort to conceal it. It was a fearful situation. We were in the power of fiends incarnate, and none to protect us from their brutality. I lifted my heart in silent prayer to God for deliverance from this terrifying situation, and oh! joy unspeakable, it was sent.

We heard a step on the verandah, and a young man appeared at the door. I instantly recognized him as a soldier who had brought me a letter secretly from my mother, who lived some distance away. He was a Kentuckian by the name of Coffie, and a gentlemanly young man. I managed to whisper to him very soon after he was seated: "For Heaven's sake, get these men out of my house." He comprehended the situation at once, and said: "Don't be alarmed." And, after talking in a friendly way to them for a while, managed very skilfully to effect their exit. Before he left he offered to leave his pistol with us on account of our unprotected condition, and presented it to my younger daughter, who was standing on the verandah with us. "Now," said he, "go and hide it until you have occasion to use it." He bade us good-bye, and going out to his horse, rode away.

My daughter and little boy took it in the house, and raising the lid of the piano, placed it safely away from Yankee eyes. As she turned to leave the room she discovered a pocketbook lying on the sofa, in the identical corner where the hog-thief sat, and bringing it to us on the verandah we opened and ex-

amined it. It contained thirty dollars in greenbacks, sixty-five in Confederate money, a set of goldstone jewelry, some steel pens and postage stamps and a due-bill, which revealed his name—James Pope—and to which the children attached "hog-thief;" and last, but not least, a love-letter, which ran as follows:

DEAR JIM: I receve your knote, an I have bin a crien ever sence becos you are a goin to the wars—do don't let them rebble injins kill you. I hope you will come back safe an soul. Your luvin, SALLY ENNIS.

P. S. What was that you drump about me?

As Miss Maxwell predicted we were even, but sooner than I anticipated. I was amply paid for my hogs. We never saw the man again.

The next morning the Yankees were back in crowds. Two who were quite gentlemanly in their deportment came in the house and sat with us. They seemed to be a check upon the others, and we were glad to have them. They had not been there long before we heard peals of boisterous laughter in the yard, and while I was wondering what the matter could be Nancy came running in.

A BUTTING MATCH.

"Missis," said she, "I wish you come out yer and stop dese Kankee f'om dey debilment."

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Dey jis makin' Owen and Jim Hart butt one-a-nudder samelike goat. De chillun is mos' butt dey brains out, and dey nose is jis a bleedin' all ober dey nice clean shirt buzzom I put on dem Christmas day."

Remembering my experience in interceding for the grist, I did not venture to interfere in the butting match, so I said "perhaps these gentlemen will go out and put a stop to it." They rose instantly, and going out, quieted the disturbance.

Poor Nancy was much exercised, and, ordering the children to the negro house, followed them with a switch in her hand. "You lem me ketch you out yer agin," said she, touching them up at every step, "I'll lick you to deat, I'll mek you know how to fool long dese yer Yankee." The two men who quieted the disturbance rode off in the direction of Sunbury.

About noon my eldest daughter was sitting with me on the back porch when a man stealthily crept around the house and stood before us. We were entirely alone—all the Yankees having disappeared and Miss Maxwell and my younger daughter having gone up-stairs.

"Have you any meal?" he said.

"No," I replied, "we have none."

"I know that's a lie," he said; "where's your meal?"

My daughter crimsoned with indignation, and rising from her chair and stamping her foot, she said, "Begone out of our presence, you insulting brute; how dare you say that my mother lies?"

I was very much alarmed, but instead of resenting the rebuke as I thought he would, the miserable wretch only laughed, and took his seat on the steps. I wore Miss Maxwell's watch for safe-keeping and concealed the chain within my dress, but unfortunately a small portion of it had escaped between two of the buttons and his greedy eyes discovered it.

He sprang quickly to his feet and approached me. "What have you got hanging to that chain?" said he.

"What chain?" said I, not being aware that any part of the chain I wore was visible.

"That," said he, pointing at it. I looked down and saw that a small piece of it hung from my dress. I said nothing.

"Is it a watch?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," said I, "it's a watch."

"Well, give it to me instantly," he said coming so near that I could not rise. "I will not," I said with determination.

"Give it up, or I'll choke you to death," he said, laying his hands on me violently.

My daughter stood by me like a heroine, commanding him to release me, and while in that position, actually in the clutches of the brutal wretch, Providence again sent me deliverance. The same two men that befriended the cook in separating her little boys and the Yankees, rescued me from the peril which threatened. As the thief saw them he released me and escaped through the front gate. They had called to bring me some potatoes and a quarter of mutton—the first meat we had tasted for many days.

CHARLES AND THE DUTCHMAN.

Poor Charles, who had become quite consequential, and very familiar with the Yankees, met with a misfortune which I must relate: In crossing the yard that day, all dressed in his Sunday best, he was accosted by a Dutchman who was meeting him in the following manner:

"Hello! you tamn plack niggir, vat ish you doin' mit dem foin shoes on your plack veet?"

Charles looked at the Dutchman and

then at his feet and seemed at a loss how to reply.

"Dake off dem zhoes," continued the man.

"Oh, massa, I can't take off my shoes, dese all I got," said Charles.

"Dake off dem zhoes, I zay," in a voice of thunder. "I vill zhoot you," and thrusting his bayonet alarmingly near the poor negro's head, he dropped to the ground and hastily took off the shoes.

"Vat ish you doin' mid dem foin zocks? Dake dem off too," commanded the Dutchman.

Charles looked up pleadingly at the man, and said in a reproachful tone, "Lord, massa, you ain't gwine to take my stockin too."

"Off mit dem," and another thrust of the bayonet warned him it was useless to resist. The man then took his seat on the ground, and pulling off his own shoes and socks, which were broken and filthy, compelled the poor negro to put them on while he appropriated Charles's "foine" ones.

"Now you plack dog, I vill dake dat hat an' dem gloze," said the greedy monster.

Poor Charles did not again remonstrate, but pointing to the stable, they both walked in that direction. In a very short time they emerged from the stable, where a complete transformation had taken place. The Dutchman in Charlie's suit, rolled up fully six inches around the ankles, and Charles in the Dutchman's filthy rags, six inches too short. "Duthey" went his way, and poor Charles, mortified and crestfallen, proceeded to the kitchen, where he related his grievances to the ever sympathizing Nancy.

January came, and the Yankees were no longer in our midst. The encampment at Old Medway Church was abandoned, and peace and quiet once more reigned in our county. But oh what desolation met our eyes on every side! The torch had been used unsparingly and house after house lay in ashes. We made every effort to escape from the county and impending starvation, but the Altamaha River was fearfully high, and it was impossible to cross. My servants remained faithful to the last, and the contents of the Yankee's pocketbook we turned to account on many occasions. After long weeks, when we had ceased to expect a Yankee, we were greatly surprised one evening late at a knock at the door. Charles, who had resumed his butlership, answered it. To our utter consternation two Yankees walked into the sitting-room. They were dressed in new and

handsome officer's uniform; I recognized at once Capt. Hayes, who introduced his friend, as Capt. Messenger, of Virginia. They had "business in the county, and thought they would call to see the ladies." I was exceedingly indignant at this presumption, and treated them distantly. In the course of the evening Capt. Messenger went to the piano, and striking a few chords, asked for a light.

"We have nothing but the firelight," I said; "your men have destroyed all of our candles."

"Ah, indeed!" he replied; "If I had known that you should have been supplied from Fort McAllister."

THE YANKEE'S CRUEL THREAT.

Ten o'clock came, and still they did not leave. At length Capt. Messenger yawned, and stretching his arms over his head, said to Capt. Hayes, "Supper time, is it not?" Whereupon Capt. Hayes took out his watch, looked at it, and said "rather late," and he yawned.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have no supper to offer you. We are reduced to two scanty meals a day; we never have supper."

"Ah," said Capt. Messenger, "if we had been aware of this fact Col. Murray would have supplied you from Fort McAllister."

Silence reigned for a while. At length turning to my niece Capt. Hayes said, "Miss Maxwell, how long do you suppose this war will last?"

"Until the South is victorious," she replied.

"The South will be conquered at an early day," he said.

"How will you do it?" she asked.

"We will draw your men from the field, by starving the women and children," said this magnanimous champion of the "ladies."

"Never," cried Miss Maxwell; "you don't know the women of the South. They will dig one common grave, and lie down and die in it before they will call their husbands from the field, but" she continued, "with oyster banks to the right, and palmetto roots to the left, we will live and defy your cowardly tribe, renegades and all."

Capt. Messenger colored and said, "Did you mean to imply that I am a renegade?"

She replied scornfully, "If the cap fits you, sir, you may wear it," and with the air of a queen she swept from the room, followed by my eldest daughter.

The gallant Captains became fully aware that their presence was unwelcome, and rising bowed themselves out

of the room. 'Twas a blustering night, but they built a fire across the road and sat there in their handsome uniform, enveloped in clouds of smoke, until morning, when they departed, fully convinced that they would never be received as guests of Southern ladies.

The Confederate soldiers who escaped when the Yankees appeared crossed the Altamaha River and joined Col. Hood's battalion, stationed at Doctor Town.

We remained in our desolated home until the month of February, when Col. Hood, with some others, came to our relief and removed several of our families into Confederate lines. When we arrived at Doctor Town Gen. McLaws furnished us with a special train and free transportation to Thomasville, where Miss Maxwell's father met us and took us to his hospitable home in Early County.

Months passed away, during which time we received at intervals the most depressing intelligence from our army. At length tidings which wrung all loyal hearts reached us. Lee had surrendered. Our last hope of success had perished, and the blood of our brave men, sprinkled like sacrificial dew upon the altar of our country, had been in vain.

I had heard nothing from my son since the evacuation of Savannah, and it is needless to say I was sorely troubled. Day after day I watched and waited for him, and when hope had almost subsided into despair my anxious, troubled heart was relieved of its burden. My child was restored to my arms, and our joyful hearts overflowed with gratitude to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" for this great blessing, which brought once more to our little family circle peace and contentment.

No. 24.—Starvation in the Valley.

(By Shenandoah, of Warren Co., Va.)

During the late war there was perhaps no section of the country subject to such continued and varied trials as the north-western portion of the Virginia Valley. It was "debatable land," lying near the dividing line of the armies, and knew not to-day whether to-morrow would find it under the dominion of the Blue or the Grey. Scattered through the country were farm-houses, inhabited at this time solely by women and children and old men too decrepid to handle

weapons in the field or implements of husbandry at home. These were dependent upon their own exertions for the necessities of life. Too far from the Potomac to run the blockade and obtain supplies by trading across the border, and levied upon for the sustenance of each army in turn, their condition was most unenviable. All that could be prudently spared, in the first place, had been patriotically donated to the support of the Southern army. Then came that inhuman order of Sheridan's: "The Shenandoah Valley must be devastated till the crows passing over it will have to carry their rations with them." This edict was carried out with a zeal worthy a better cause. Midnight skies were livid with the flames from burning mills, where was being consumed the breadstuffs gathered for winter stores by each little neighborhood. Helpless women and children looked on while granaries, meat-houses, hog-pens and hen-houses were rifled of the meagre stores that had been collected with much labor and privation. Cows were driven off, sheep there were none, and every horse that could drag a plough or draw a cart was impressed for the use of the Federal army or shot to render them useless to the Confederates.

Then came the vital question to these sorely tried people: "What are we to do? Without horses to till the ground or haul fuel for winter fires, how can we keep our children from freezing and starving?" Up to this time the ladies, many of whom in ante-bellum days had never learned to use the broom—frail, delicate women—had, with the help of grandfathers and children, or the desultory aid of freedmen, managed to cultivate enough of the pasture lot and garden to supply the family needs for food; but even this without horse power would become impossible. Equally impossible without some mode of conveyance was it for these unhappy people to seek food and protection within the Southern lines. There seemed nothing left for them to do but to subsist as long as they could on the herbs and roots from their little gardens, and after that death by starvation, or deliverance by the Southern army. The latter hope seemed a forlorn one, and the approaching winter was looked forward to with feelings that will long be remembered in the Valley.

A WIDOW'S WOES.

It was at this period and in this locality that the incident which I am about to relate occurred. Mrs. B., a widow

lady and relative of the writer, lived on a snug farm, washed on one side by the quiet Shenandoah, and overshadowed on the other by the blue Massanutten mountains. Her only two grown sons were in the army around Richmond, and she was left in her lonely, isolated home with a house full of children to support and protect. Up to this time they had struggled along bravely enough, even after their old servants had deserted them. The boys, though young, managed to cultivate the garden and some small patches of grain. The girls milked the cows, fed the pigs and poultry and helped with the housework generally. The cooking-stove and wash-tub took the place of sewing machine and piano in the once cozysitting-room, yet despite their privations they kept brave hearts and always had a wholesome meal and cheerful words for any Confederate that might pause at the hospitable door.

But at last came a woeeful day when these means of livelihood at one fell swoop were taken from them. A band of blue coated cavalymen came to "clean 'em out," and the meaning of this phrase can only be understood by those who have suffered the process. Everything eatable, dead or alive, was confiscated. One of the little girls, hearing the piercing squeals of the butchered hogs, ran out, and with streaming eyes begged for a small porker that was about to be sacrificed. The tough soldier had a soft spot, (as who has not?) and touched by her entreaties gave piggy into her keeping. The rescued innocent was thenceforth domiciled in an outer room and christened "Job" because of the afflictions it had seen in the wasting of its household. They were fortunate enough to have concealed in the kitchen "loft" a few bags of grain, intending to send them to the mill a little later. By parching and pounding this they managed to make cakes that could be eaten, and upon this, with a little sorghum molasses and dried fruit that had been hidden away, they subsisted for a time.

"JOB," THE PET FIG.

In all these days of death "Job" never failed in his portion; his little mistress faithfully divided her rations with him, and he grew and fattened as only such an admired animal could. Indeed, he became quite an important member of the family, following his owner from room to room like a dog, and seeming to realize his dignity as one of the only two four-footed beasts remaining on the place. The other quadruped was a

superannuated horse, blind in one eye, and so clearly unfit for the commonest duties that the Yankees had not thought "Old Bet" worth killing. They little guessed the abilities buried in that old skeleton.

On one occasion some Federal officers stopped at the house, and seeing the piano in the unused parlor, requested one of the young ladies to play. She complied, sorely against her will, but afraid to refuse. Her little sister, attracted by the unwonted sound of music, stole into the room to listen. "Everywhere his mistress went," Job, like the much parodied lamb, "was sure to go." So in he walked, grunting his appreciation of the performance and gazing with placid curiosity at the officers. These latter, surprised and shocked at such an addition to their audience, expressed their unreserved opinions of the same. The little girl, indignant at this reflection upon her protégé, stepped to the front with flashing eyes, exclaiming:

"If it is a pig, I'd rather have him in my parlor than a Yankee soldier. He always behaves himself and you don't."

Discharging this Parthian arrow she retired in good order, followed by her uncouth attendant and amid roars of laughter from the astonished officers.

Perhaps in the days of prophets the widow's little store of grain might have been miraculously multiplied and the keg of sorghum increased, but in that degenerate time no such thing occurred. Day by day the supply diminished and the caskes grew thinner, till at length one morning the mother announced with tearful eyes that the last of them appeared on the table before them. An ominous silence ensued, broken by the entrance of Job, who walked around to where his mistress sat and waited for his accustomed food. A sudden look of intelligence flashed into the faces of the older members of the family, and the mother, reading their thoughts, said:

"Nellie, I'm afraid it has become a question of Job's life or ours; he is very fat and would last us a good while, or else we could exchange the meat with Bob Crow for some corn, and hold out till the Southern army comes and leaves us something. It can't be long before they come to help us now."

"Kill Job!" cried the child, "I'd just as soon eat a piece of Emma as to eat him. Oh! mother, just wait, anyhow, until to-morrow. I heard Uncle Jake tell Bob Crow this morning that the Yankee General had brought a whole lot of things over to Middletown and that the Rebels could get a plenty to eat

if they would only go for it there. Only just wait and let us see if it is so."

ANYTHING TO SAVE JOB.

The child's pleadings prevailed, and during the day there was a confirmation of the morning report. An old, gray-haired neighbor stopped at the well for a drink. He had a meal sack on his arm, and told them he was on his way to M., six miles distant, to draw rations for his family of orphan grandchildren, and advised them to lose no time in following his example.

The Federal authorities, smitten with late regret for the vigorous measures that had reduced the Valley to its present condition, had really sent a store of army supplies to the neighboring village, from whence each family could draw rations enough to at least sustain life. But this clemency was accompanied by such conditions as to render it a great trial to any Southerner who availed herself of it. Besides, it was a difficult matter for women and children to walk so far and carry away a sufficient supply for even a very small family, and there were no other means of transportation. The matter was discussed pro and con in the widow's household, and the motion "laid upon the table" over night.

Next morning, while breakfasting on a few small potatoes, minus salt, there appeared at the door Mrs. S., the wife of a neighboring farmer. She was mounted on a queer specimen of a steed, the remains of what had once been a stout plough horse, but now a sad wreck of its former self. Having been for weeks hidden in the swamp it was gaunt and fly-bitten, and one of its feet, which had been stung by a snake, was swollen to the size of a man's head. Still even such a "mount," as this was considered rather a "swell" affair in those days, and they all flocked to the porch to welcome their visitor.

She, too, was full of the tidings that "there was corn in Egypt," was on her way now to M., and wanted Mrs. B. to accompany her.

"But, how can I go?" quoth the latter. "I can't walk so far with such a load, and your horse can only carry you."

"Saddle Old Bet there and try her. She ought to last you there, and, maybe, live to bring you back. Anyhow, it's worth the trial."

"All eyes turned upon Old Bet, who was at that moment calmly munching the contents of a straw bed which had been emptied upon the ground the evening before for her benefit. And all saw

that though the spirit was there, the flesh was ominously weak.

"Besides," added Mrs. B., "I've never asked a favor of the Yankees, or placed myself in a position to be humiliated by them. I don't believe I could do it."

"Yes you can," was the reply. "Anything rather than see the children suffer. And as for favors, I don't consider that we're asking any favor of them. It's only getting back a little of all they've stolen from us, and I believe in doing that whenever we can. Come, get ready, and let us be off."

"Yes, mother, anything to save Job," summed up Nellie. And before she knew what she was about, Mrs. B. found herself perched upon a dilapidated saddle on old Bet's back, hobbling down the lane in the wake of her enterprising neighbor, bearing on her arm the empty sack that was to bring back food to the waiting household.

They might almost as well have been mounted on snails for the progress they made, and when they came to the river, which had to be forded, it proved a very Rubicon to them. It was crossed though, as all Rubicons are, in the course of time, and noon found them at their destination, where

A STRANGE SCENE MET THEIR SIGHT.

From all quarters were coming the wretched inhabitants, intent, like themselves, upon securing food for the hungry mouths at home. Here a tired woman, with a babe on one arm and a little toddler clinging to her skirts, appeared with a home-made basket to carry away her treasures of flour and meal. There a twelve year old boy, dragging a little wooden cart of his own construction, and very proud of overcoming the difficulties of transportation. Old men, bent and gray, leaning on their stout canes, and having slung over their shoulders the cast-off haversack picked up from the deserted battlefield. Aged women, hobbling along, accompanied by tow-headed grandchildren, and bringing neatly folded in hand their calico "bundle"—handkerchiefs. Shy young girls, with basket and bag, blushing under the impudent leers and coarse jests of the loafing soldiery. All were there, but never a man appeared among them capable of bearing arms. These were all with Lee and Rosser at their posts of duty. Two or three sorry wrecks of horseflesh, similar to those we've described, were fastened near the commissary quarters, with these exceptions, the applicants were all afoot. As our two friends rode into view they were greeted

with laughter and jeers by the young orderlies and privates lounging around.

"Halloo, sis!" cried one, as the swollen foot of Mrs. S.'s horse caught his eye. "Halloo, sis! you've been living so high at your house that your horse has got the *gout*—you can't want any rations."

"No! no!" cried his comrade, "they've been running a race, this one has lost his *shoe* and they've shod him with a *camp kettle*!"

A little further on another group seemed struck with the corrugated appearance of the poor fly-bitten animal's back, and one exclaimed:

"I say, boys, alligator hides is the fashion for horses to wear this fall."

Then they were besieged with offers for their steeds. One wanted Bet for a work-bench, another thought she'd suit him for a hat-rack. There were wagers laid upon the comparative speed of the two poor beasts, and amid this clamor and raillery they made their way to the store. Here the weary waiting for their turn to be served, the questions asked, the impertinences to which they were subjected, need not be chronicled by me. Enough, that they finally obtained the supplies, and struggling back to their waiting horses with their burdens, they remounted and set out for home, when the sun had already commenced its decline.

If the morning's journey had been slow and painful, much more so was the return, for the poor tired animals had the increased weight of the full sacks to carry. Sometimes Old Bet's strength seemed utterly to desert her at the foot of a hill, and she would stop in the full belief that she could not budge one inch further. Then Mrs. S. would call out:

"Mrs. B., it is nearly dusk. These woods are full of Yankee raiders, and we *must* cross that river before dark."

Then Mrs. B. would pluck up courage, wipe a furtive tear from her eye and gently urge Bet a little further on. But this process, often repeated, consumed much valuable time, and when they at length reached the river bank night was upon them. Arrived there, they found to their dismay that the stream had risen some inches since morning, it having rained in the mountain the night before. If the fording had been difficult when their horses were comparatively fresh and the river at its usual height, it would be sheer madness for Bet to attempt it in her present exhausted condition. Holding a council of war, Mrs. S. said:

"Now, you know, Mrs. B., I've got to go back to my sick baby to-night at all risks. My horse is stronger than

yours, and both he and I can swim if necessary. You couldn't swim a stroke if your life depended upon it, and mustn't try to cross. But, I'll tell you what you can do. Go to Mrs. Harris's just through the woods, there's a near cut through the fields, and stay there all night. I will call by and tell the children not to be uneasy about you."

"But," cried Mrs. B., "How can I find my way to Mrs. Harris's. It's too dark to see the road."

"There's no road to see. Just cross the corner of this field and skirt the edge of the woods for a little way, and you can see the lights from the house just below the hill."

A LONELY NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

With these directions she was compelled to content herself, and waiting on the bank she saw her companion plunge into the stream. Then she heard the splash and struggle through the rushing waters, and, after what seemed an eternity, heard the faint sound of the horse's hoofs as he struck the further shore. Then a feeling of forlornness came over her such as she had never felt before, as she turned to seek the house of the neighbor with whom she purposed spending the night. She followed the directions given as well as she could, but, after stumbling along through the darkness awhile, and finding no signs of human habitation near, felt sure she must have lost her way. Once she heard the baying of dogs, and tried to guide herself by the sound, but it grew fainter, and she knew she was going away from instead of approaching them. The reader must recollect there were no enclosed fields then; the fences had been long ago devoured by a hundred campfires. The country was like open prairie, roadways were abandoned in favor of "short cuts" and were overgrown with brambles and grass, old landmarks had disappeared, and one might wander without let or hindrance for miles through the desolated country with but little to guide his way. Hence it was impossible for Mrs. B. to guess where she was or what course to pursue. By the faint glimmer of the stars she could see that she was in an old stump field—an impassable river on one side and a dismal wood on the other. In her despair she thought of shouting aloud for help. Then she remembered that the camp of the enemy could not be very far distant, and her dread at being discovered by some of the roving parties of soldiery was greater than her fear of spending the chilly, lonely night in this

terrible solitude. She continued to struggle blindly on, till at length old Bet, who had been giving unmistakable signs of failing, stopped short with a groan, trembling in every limb.

Accepting the inevitable with the calmness of despair, Mrs. B. dismounted, took off the sack and saddle and prepared to camp for the night. She first took some meal from the bag and held it to the horse's mouth. It was eagerly devoured, and as much more as she felt she could spare. Then the night being a cool one even for autumn, she wrapped the saddle blanket about her, and so reclining on the saddle with her head resting on her precious stores, she waited with what patience she might for daylight and release. The wind sighed mournfully through the dry rustling broom-sedge where she lay, and the air seemed full of moans and whispers. Sometimes there came from the woods the hoot of an owl, then the cracking of a dry branch, sharp and sudden as the report of a pistol, would startle the overwrought nerves. Many times she fancied she could hear the muffled tread of horses or stealthy steps of soldiers approaching, and her blood curdled in her veins, and she waited with bated breath and closed eyes, fearing the fate that might befall her. The half-charred, half-bleached stumps around assumed uncanny shapes in the dim, weird light. Sometimes they seemed like crouching beasts of prey, ready to spring upon her; sometimes they seemed misshapen human figures rising from the ground. Then again she seemed in the midst of an old neglected burial ground and these were the grotesque stones that marked the forgotten graves. Then came to her remembrance all the horrible tales she had heard when a child, stories of ghosts and demons, of sorcery and crime, told by the negro nurses as they sat by the blazing kitchen fire in the old home. All the vague superstitions buried with her childhood returned to haunt her now with redoubled horrors as she cowered alone in the gloom and silence there. Then, too, there were the real, tangible troubles, the ever recurring thought of the children at home, their unprotected condition, their grief and despair if she should never live to get back to them. The only comfort she had through the cold, weary hours of that dreadful night was the proximity of old Bet. 'Twas something to have near her a living, breathing creature of whom she was not afraid. And the horse, either attracted by the food or with a vague sense of companionship, remained close beside her, occasionally

rubbing her gently with her nose, as though to assure her that she, too, was keeping vigil.

MORNING AT LAST.

Finally, when the chill and loneliness and fatigue had become almost insupportable, she heard a cock crow quite near, then another, and she knew that morning was at hand. The dawn at last faintly streaked the eastern sky, and soothed and relieved by the sight the tired woman sank into a profound slumber. The sun shining full in her face awakened her, and rising stiffly she rubbed her eyes, looked around and remembered where she was. The horse was still near, and 'twas the work of but a few moments to saddle and equip her for her journey. A column of smoke ascending above a hill to the left suggested that a dwelling was not far off. Turning in that direction and proceeding a few hundred yards, she came in sight of the very house she had sought so vainly the night before. It was too provoking to think her having been within such easy reach of shelter and safety and to have missed it as she did. The cause, too, was apparent enough now when she looked back to her starting point. Instead of moving in the direction indicated, she had been all that time traveling in a circle and going over the same ground.

She was soon made welcome to her neighbor's house, and had sympathetic listeners to her story of "hairbreadth 'scapes." All possible aid and comfort was afforded her. One of the boys carried her across the river in a small boat, and conveyed her bag of provisions from thence to the house for her. There how she was welcomed and made much of and pitied; how that precious sack was opened and part of its contents converted into a savory dinner, such as had not cheered them for weeks; how Job was released from durance by his little mistress, who had previously hidden him in the cellar for safety, it is not my part to tell. But I must relate the fact that old Bet survived that journey, and as soon as she felt strong enough for the undertaking left Mrs. Harris's protection and struck out for home. There she appeared one morning standing expectantly before the door, and was received with joyful acclamations by the whole family, and another straw bed was emptied for her delectation.

Little Nellie's devotion to her swinish protégé brought its own reward. Events proved that there had been a mistake in the christening of the animal.

Instead of "Job" it should have been "Tabitha," or "Elizabeth," or "Deborah." This fact received confirmation when, as time passed, she presented her mistress with a number of infantile copies of herself. These grew and flourished wonderfully to a pig, and furnished the small family not only with bacon, lard and spare ribs the next season, but enough was sold of their flesh to supply many a deficiency in other necessaries of life. "Mrs. Job" herself, as we must now call her, was not sacrificed to these needs, but lived to a green old age, the "progenitress" of many a family of curly-tailed descendants. Even when peace was declared and the sons of the house returned to their "own vine and figtree," the broken fortunes of the family rendered such addition to their means of subsistence very necessary.

The writer remembers attending an entertainment in honor of the returned soldiers after the close of the war and meeting with Miss Nellie clad in a very becoming "store-bought" dress with accompanying ribbons, and a pair of fine cloth boots upon her feet. Remarking upon the unwonted resplendence of this attire, she asked the young lady if she had received, as was very common then, a box from some friends residing in the North. "Oh no," she replied. "Job got these for me. At least, the last lot of pigs I sold brought the money for them. And, more than this, only think, I sent on and bought mother some real 'store tea' and coffee too."

No. 25.—Fayetteville and Wytheville.

By Mrs. James Kyle, of Argyle, Clinch Co., Ga.

As the United States Arsenal was situated at Fayetteville, the first act was the order that the militia should be sent out. The Independent Company (organized in 1793) and the LaFayette Company were the two organized companies of the town, and they marched to the Arsenal April the 19th, 1869. Col. Anderson was in command, but he being sick, the command devolved upon Col. De Lagnal, who, finding it useless to make any resistance, asked permission to salute the flag, which was granted, and he then turned the Arsenal over to the forces. The Arsenal was then garrisoned by the Independent Company, and this Com-

pany and the LaFayette Company offered their services to Governor Vance and entered for six months. My husband and cousin were both members of the Independent Company.

On the day the companies marched away our work commenced. We immediately organized our Soldiers' Aid Association, determining, with the help of God, that no soldier's family should suffer. Our first act was to write to Raleigh, N. C., and ask for a contract to make drawers and shirts. The material was furnished us and we cut the garments, giving them to the soldiers' wives to make.

The Independent and LaFayette Companies were sent on to Virginia and took part in the memorable battle of Bethel, which occurred June 10, 1861. Of course our town was filled with mourning and lamentations when the news of the battle reached us, for so many from our midst were there that we could not help thinking that a part of them at least had fallen. Our mourning was soon turned into joy, however, as we heard that we had not lost a single man from either of our companies.

In a few days I left with my mother for our summer home in Wytheville, Va., where I found plenty of work to do, as Floyd's Brigade was quartered near the town. The measles, one of the evils of camp life, broke out. Mrs. Alex. Stuart, a sister-in-law of J. E. B. Stuart, and as noble a woman as he was a great man, and myself rented rooms in the old Haller House, and sent word to Gen. Floyd that we were ready to take charge of the sick. We had thirty-two cases of measles from the Patrick Company at one time. After his command left the building was turned into a Wayside Hospital and taken charge of by the ladies of the town. As it was right on the railroad troops were constantly passing, and it was a haven of rest to many a poor, weary soldier. Whenever we received telegrams saying that troops were coming we were always at the depot with lunch for them.

I returned home with my mother the 1st of October, and then it was that our work for the soldiers commenced in earnest. Every carpet and curtain that was available was turned into blankets, as we felt we must make every effort to have everything in readiness for the winter campaign. We worked then with willing hands and light hearts. With Lee and Jackson as our leaders how could we think of anything but victory? Everything seemed so bright and hopeful. Our six months' troops

returned home in November flushed with hope and victory, but they were soon in the field again. My husband was first lieutenant in a Randolph company.

The year of 1862 our hearts were continually cheered with good news from the army, though now and then some brave fellow from our midst would fall in battle. In 1863, however,

THE CLOUDS COMMENCED TO GATHER.

and in that year one of the most painful and harrowing deaths that I ever saw occurred at the Wayside Hospital in Wytheville. A Mr. Gregory, of Georgia, having started home sick became worse and stopped there a few hours. Soon after he reached the hospital he was taken with lockjaw. The Rev. F. A. Goodwin, of St. John's Episcopal Church, my pastor, watched with me that night. The unfortunate soldier was perfectly conscious, and that made it so much more painful for us to see his great agony. Every now and then Mr. Goodwin would repeat passages from the Scriptures and pray for him to try and comfort him, and we could see from his countenance that he understood all that was said. Just as the morning dawned his spirit took its flight and he was freed from all pain and suffering. We closed his eyes and folded his hands with an earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father that his sins might be blotted out and that he might be received in the army of the Good Shepherd. We laid him to rest in the cemetery in that place and I wrote to his mother, giving her an account of his last moments. She seemed very grateful that loving hands performed the last offices for him.

On the 17th day of July news was received that a raiding party was making its way towards Wytheville by what is called the Big Sandy Road, led by Lieut.-Col. Powell. That same evening my sister's little boy was so ill that she had just had him baptized. Mr. Goodwin had not left the house more than a half hour when one of the servants ran in and said the Yankees were coming down the hill. I had sprained my ankle the day before and was not able to leave my room. My mother was in the room with me, and my sister brought all of her children and mine in the room with us. There was no gentleman in the house, and the children seemed perfectly paralyzed with fear. To calm them my sister said: "Dear children, we have no one to look to but God; we will seek His protection in prayer."

Just as we arose a servant came in crying, "They are firing into the other room!"

Just then a ball passed through the room which we were in. Of course we were terror-stricken. I seized a towel, pinned it to my crutch and put it out the window, hoping to attract their attention. In a few moments steps were heard on the stairs. My sister opened the door and said she would like to see the commanding officer. He stepped forward and asked what she wanted. She said: "Sir, I ask your protection. You see my helpless condition—my mother old and infirm, my child in a dying condition and my sister not able to walk. If your men are hungry they will find everything they need in the dining room, or you can take all you wish out of the house. All we ask is a shelter." He replied, with an oath, "My orders are to level this house to the ground. It has always been the headquarters of all the Rebels."

By that time the house was filled with his men. My sister turned and said: "Children, follow me," and she went down the stairs, my mother following and her little ones clinging to her. My nephew handed me my crutches and just as I reached the door a man snatched them from me, cursing all the time. I would have fallen, but was caught by one of the servants and she and my nephew carried me down stairs. As we got to the hat rack my mother reached out her hand to get her bonnet and shawl. They were taken from her.

In that short space of time they had broken to pieces the elegant parlor furniture, had it piled in the passage as high as the wall, and it was burning. As I was carried by they

THREW MY CRUTCHES ON THE FIRE.

I saw them in the parlor breaking the mirrors and glasses. My sister calmly walked out of the house, without once looking back, with her children following. My mother had my little boy by the hand; the others were clinging to the nurse. When I reached the front door they put me down to rest. An Irish soldier picked me up and started to take me to a house across the street; but one of the men said to him, "We are going to burn that too," so he carried me back of the Methodist Church. One of the servants returned to see if she could save anything, and she said they made a fire on each bed. I suppose they thought this necessary, as the house was perfectly fire-proof. They permitted her to take out one small trunk with

some of her own clothes and a few of the children's clothes.

My sister's home was just as lovely a spot as was ever seen. It was elegantly furnished with everything that could add to our comfort and enjoyment. Fortunately they did not find the wine cellar. That was in the basement at the end of the passage, filled with choice liquors and wines.

It was no light matter to be turned out of doors at night with eight little children and not a change of clothing. Everything in the world that we had was destroyed. All of the buildings that my brother-in-law used as quartermaster were destroyed, and a good many more buildings. There is no telling how much damage they might have done, but the whistle of the train was heard and some one told them we were expecting troops. Lieut. Powell was shot at our gate just as he was coming out by a young boy.

My husband was wounded on the 6th of May, 1864, at the battle of the Wilderness, and was captured the 20th. Not hearing from him I wrote to my cousin, who was in the same command. He said he was left with the wounded and he had not heard from him since. After he was captured he wrote me a letter, giving it to a man at Port Royal, Va., to mail, which he did not do until the latter part of July. Just imagine my terrible anxiety, not hearing from him in all that time. But I was compelled to control my feelings as my mother's health was failing rapidly. Indeed she was never well from the time we were turned out of our house in the night. She pined so for her mountain home that with her physician's advice I started with her and my four children across the country in a carriage. She died just ten days after we reached my sister's. Death, just at that time, seemed a happy release from all the cares and trouble by which we were surrounded. My grief was so great that I could not shed a tear and it did not give way until the latter part of the month, when I received a letter from my husband. When I saw his handwriting

TEARS CAME TO MY RELIEF.

In October I started home, leaving my little daughter with my sister, who expected to follow me the next month. I took my little ones and my niece, who was a young lady, with me. My sister was taken ill and I did not see my little girl until the following July. My husband, being still a prisoner, was carried with the officers to Morris Island, and

was under fire there for forty-two days, and from there he was taken to Fort Pulaski. How I lived through that winter I cannot tell. After Christmas I applied to Dr. Fessington for a situation as assistant matron to the lower hospital. They were bringing the wounded from Fort Fisher, Wilmington and other points. We already had one hospital and were establishing another. I shall never forget the doctor's look of amazement when I applied for the situation. My reply was: "Doctor, I don't want any pay, but I must have constant occupation or I will lose my mind." I went every morning at nine o'clock and staid until one, and I always went late in the afternoon to see that the wants of the patients were attended to during the night. I always dressed all the wounds every morning, and I soon found that my grief and sorrow were forgotten in administering to the wants of the sick.

Such patience and fortitude I have never seen. Not one murmur did I ever hear escape their lips. My Prayer Book was my constant companion. I carried it in my pocket, and many a poor soldier have I soothed and comforted with holy prayers. One day as I entered the hospital I noticed a new face. I made my way to him as I was struck by his gray hair and said: "You are too old to be here." He smiled and his answer was quite a rebuke: "One never gets too old to fight for one's home and fireside. I had no sons, so I came myself." He proved to be a Mr. Johnson of Georgia. I made him my especial care, but to no avail. He died on the 8th of March.

Now I will speak of another soldier who died the same day. His name was Sanford, and he was just in the prime of life. It was really pathetic the way he spoke of his wife and home. The surgeon promised him a furlough, and when I went and told him we had written for his wife to come and take him home I shall never forget his expression as he exclaimed: "Am I to see my wife and my home." Alas! the poor fellow did not live to see his wife again.

On the 10th of March Hardee's men commenced to pass through Fayetteville. It was a day of humiliation and prayer. When I left the hospital I told them they would have to do without me next day as I wanted to do what I could towards feeding some of our hungry soldiers, as we had nothing but bread and meat to give them. My uncle, Dr. Kyle, went with me, and we stood in the store door on Hay street. We soon attracted the attention of a soldier and told him what we wished to do. My

uncle, myself and two servants were kept busy the whole day. Three of my neighbors and myself prepared the bread and meat. It was enough to make anybody's heart ache to see the ragged men. One came forward. He looked like a boy of eighteen or nineteen. He had a little iron pot and I said: "Child, you look so tired, why do you carry that iron pot?" and he answered: "I keep it to cook with." I offered him a twenty dollar Confederate note for it, with which he bought twenty loaves of bread and divided it among his comrades. When night came on I closed the door with a heavy heart. They were still coming.

About 9 o'clock they sent for me to come to the hospital, and the horrible scene I witnessed there I shall never forget. The wounded had been brought in from Longstreet, where a portion of Hardee's men had had an engagement with Sherman's men. I staid with them until just before daylight and did all I could to relieve their wants. Even then I did not hear a single murmur. Such fortitude has

NO PARALLEL IN HISTORY.

Next morning I had breakfast prepared for some of them, but on reaching the hospital I found only two patients there. Those who were not too ill had been carried away in the ambulances, and the worst cases were sent to the upper hospital. Two ladies of the neighborhood were there with the sufferers.

I had been in the hospital only about a half hour when an officer came up the steps and said: "Ladies, if you have a home and children you had better go to them, as Sherman is entering the town." I finished binding up the arm of a soldier, and when I got to the door I found the street crowded with men. I said to the officer: "Sir, mount your horse and fly;" but he replied, "I will see you safely across the street." He was captured by a Yankee just as we got across the street. I made every effort afterwards to find out the brave officer's name, but was unsuccessful.

I had gone only a little distance when I met one of my servants, who begged me to hurry home, saying they were all "frightened to death." Looking up the street towards the courthouse, I saw a Yankee soldier make a man take off his clothing in the street. When I reached my room at home I sank into a chair and felt that I must give up. My nurse, fortunately, did the best thing for me, placing my little boy in my arms. I then felt I must be brave. I said, "God

alone can protect you, my children. He delivered Daniel out of the lions' den, and if we will only look to Him, He will deliver us." In a few moments my cook ran in and said: "Oh, Miss Annie, they have broken open the smoke-house and are carrying everything off." One of the men came up on the porch and said: "Madam, where is your meat? We want meat." I certainly did feel a little triumph when I replied: "I gave the meat to Hardee's men yesterday." He rejoined: "Hardee's men won't want meat or anything else long after we catch up with them." They entered the kitchen and took our dinner that was cooking, with the pans, ovens and all, and they searched my house from top to bottom, taking everything they could carry. My uncle soon got me a guard, and I felt greatly relieved.

OH, THE HORROR OF THOSE DAYS!

It is impossible to write or to tell what we endured, and it never will be known until we stand before the judgment seat of God. After the fall of Harper's Ferry the families and workmen were removed to Fayetteville, in consequence of which a number of handsome dwellings were added to the Arsenal grounds. It was a lovely spot, and we justly felt proud of it. But Sherman's torch reduced it to ashes. Fayetteville suffered more than most towns, for we had five cotton factories in the town and one at Rockfish, just a few miles away, and they were all burned to the ground, leaving hundreds of people without work or any means of gaining bread. And as we had been robbed of all we had, we, of course, could not help them. As soon as night came on we could see fires in every direction, as all the buildings in the country were burnt. I can compare it to nothing but what I imagine Hades would be were its awful doors thrown open. But for the kindness of my servants I don't know what would have become of me. They were very faithful. One walked up and down the passage all night, and the other stayed on the back porch. Still I was afraid to close my eyes. But for my nurse we would not have had one mouthful of anything to eat. She hid some things in her own room, and in that way saved them.

One morning I had a message from the upper hospital asking me to come. I went up and found that six men had died and been buried in two holes in the yard just wrapped in their blankets. I got there in time to close the eyes of the

seventh. Soon after Mayor McLean went out and met the army and surrendered the town. The Federal officers insisted on putting the soldier that had just died in the grave with one of the three, but I would not allow it. I went to the mayor and got a permit for a coffin and the hearse. Then Mrs. Guion and myself, with two of the men from the hospital, followed his remains to the place where we had been burying the soldiers.

The next day Sherman's army crossed the Cape Fear river, the bridge having been destroyed by our own forces. Most of the things that were stolen by the invaders were carried down as far as Wilmington and put on board a vessel bound for New York. The vessel was burned just before it reached its harbor, and we had the comfort of knowing that none of our handsome furniture and household treasures reached their destination. Just a few days after Sherman left I went to a few of my gentleman friends and raised sufficient money to buy twelve coffins and to have thirty graves dug. I had the six bodies in the hospital yard and the others that were buried where they camped disinterred, making twelve in all. Major McLean went with me to the cemetery to select a spot where we could have them all buried together. We could not get a square large enough to hold them all, so he gave us the back part of the cemetery, overlooking Cross Creek, a very pretty situation, with room for all, and a space large enough left to place the monument. Eighteen were buried in a field across the creek and we had them all taken up, and just at sunset Dr. Huske, rector of St. John's Church, read again the words: "I am the resurrection and the life," the coffins were lowered to their resting place, and the souls of the dead entered into the rest of Paradise until they should arise to meet their Lord and Saviour.

No. 26.—Hospital Scenes.

(By Miss Emily V. Mason, of Lexington, Va.)

One day there was brought into the hospital a fine looking young Irishman covered with blood and appearing to be in a dying condition. He was of a Savannah regiment, and the comrades who were detailed to bring him to us stated that in passing Lynchburg they had descended at the station and hurry-

ing to regain the train this man had jumped from the ground to the platform. Almost instantly he was seized with vomiting blood. It was plain he had ruptured a blood vessel, and they had feared he would not live to get to a hospital. Tenderly he was lifted from the litter and every effort made to staunch the bleeding. We were not allowed to wash or dress him, speak, or make the slightest noise to agitate him. As I pressed a handkerchief upon his lips he opened his eyes and fixed them upon me with an eagerness which showed me he wished to say something. By this time we had become quick to interpret the looks and motions of the poor fellows committed to our hands. Dropping upon my knees, I made the sign of the Cross. We saw the answer in his eyes. He was a Catholic, and wanted a priest to prepare him for death. Softly and distinctly I promised to send for a priest, should death be imminent, and reminded him that upon his obedience to the orders to be quiet, and not agitate mind or body, depended his life and his hope of speaking when the priest should appear. With child-like submission he closed his eyes and lay so still that we had to touch his pulse from time to time to be assured that he lived. With the morning the bleeding ceased, and he was able to swallow medicine and nourishment, and in another day he was allowed to say a few words. Soon he asked for the ragged jacket, which, according to rule, had been placed under his pillow and took from the lining a silver watch, and then a \$100 United States banknote greeted our wondering eyes. It must have been worth \$1,000 in Confederate money, and that a poor soldier should own so much at this crisis of our fate was indeed a marvel. I took charge of his treasures till he could tell us his history and say what should be done with them when death, which was inevitable, came to him. Though relieved from fear of immediate death, it was evident that he had fallen into a rapid decline. Fever and cough and those terrible "night sweats" soon reduced this stalwart form to emaciation. Patient and uncomplaining he had but one anxiety, and this was for the fate of the treasures he had guarded through three long years in battle and in bivouac, in hunger and thirst and nakedness.

A STORY FOR BANK CASHIERS.

He was with his regiment at Bull Run, and after the battle, seeing a wounded Federal leaning against a tree and apparently dying, he went to him and found he belonged to a New York regiment and that he was an Irishman. Supporting the dying man and praying beside him, he received his last words, and with them his watch and a one hundred dollar banknote which he desired should be given to his sister. Our Irishman readily promised she should have this inheritance "when the war ended," and at the earliest opportunity sewed the money in the lining of his jacket and hid away the watch, keeping them safely through every change and amidst every temptation which beset the poor soldier in those trying days. He was sure that he would "some day" get to New York and be able to restore these things to the rightful owner. Even at this late day he held the same belief and could not be persuaded that the money was a "fortune of war;" that he had a right to spend it for his own comfort, or to will it to whom he would; that even were the war over and he in New York it would be impossible to find the owner with so vague a clue as he possessed.

"And did you go barefoot and ragged and hungry all these three years," asked the surgeon, "with this money in your pocket? Why, you might have sold it and been a rich man and have done a world of good."

"Sure, Doctor, it was not mine to give," was the simple answer of the dying man. "If it please Almighty God when the war is done I thought to go to New York and advertise in the papers for Bridget O'Reilly and give it into her own hand."

"But," I urged, "there must be hundreds of that name in the great City of New York; how would you decide should dishonest ones come to claim this money?"

"Sure I would have it called by the priest out from god's holy Altar," he replied, after a moment's thought.

It was hard to destroy in the honest fellow the faith that was in him. With the priest who came to see him he argued after the same fashion, and as his death approached we had to get the good Bishop to settle this matter of "conscience money." The authority of so high a functionary prevailed, and the dying man was induced to believe he had a right to dispose of this little fortune. The watch he wished to send to an Irishman of Savannah who had been

a friend, a brother to him, for he had come with him from the "old country." And for the money! he had heard that the little orphans of Savannah had had no milk for two long years. He would like "all that money to be spent in milk for them." A lady, who went South the day after we buried him, took the watch and the money and promised to see carried out the last will and testament of this honest heart.

A TEMPEST IN THE PEAPOT.

As the war went on, and provisions became scarcer, and our appetites more voracious, only peas, dried peas, seemed plenty, and these were old, often musty, and generally filled with worms. We made them up in every variety of form of which dried peas are capable, only they were not canned. In soup they appeared one day, cold peas the second, then they were fried, (when we had grease;) baked peas came on the fourth day, and then began again the soup. I could but sympathize with the convalescents who clamored loudly for change, but what could we do when there were but peas, corn bread and sorghum! At length convalescing nature could stand it no longer. I was told the men had refused to eat peas, and had thrown them over the clean floor, and daubed them on the freshly whitewashed walls of their dining-room. The unkindest cut of all was, then, that this little rebellion was headed by a one-armed man, who had been long in hospital, a great sufferer, and in consequence had been pampered with wheaten bread and otherwise "spoiled." Like naughty school boys, I found these men throwing my boiled peas at each other, pewter plates and spoons flying about, and the walls and floor covered with fragments of the offensive viand.

"What does this mean?" I asked. "Do you Southern men complain of food which we women eat without repugnance? Are you not ashamed to be so dainty? I suppose you want pies and cakes."

"They are filled with worms," a rude voice cried. "I do not believe you eat the same?"

"Let me taste them," I replied, taking a plate from before a man and eating with his pewter spoon. "This is from the same peapot. Indeed, we have but one pot for us all, and I spent hours this morning picking out the worms, which do not injure the taste and are perfectly harmless. It is good, wholesome food."

"Mighty colicky, anyhow," broke in an old man.

The men laughed, but I went on taking no notice of a fact which all admitted.

"Peas are the best fighting food. The Government gives it to us on principle. There were McClellan's men eating good beef, canned fruits and vegetables, trying for seven days to get to Richmond, and we, on dried peas, kept them back. I shall always believe that had we eaten his beef and they our peas, the result would have been different."

This was received with roars of laughter, put the men in good humor, and they ate the peas which remained, washed the floor and cleaned the walls.

Such is the variable temper of the soldier—eager to resent real or imaginary wrongs, but quick to return to good humor and fun.

But the spoiled one-armed man had Gen. Lee's socks put on him and went to his regiment the next day.

THE STORY OF GEN. LEE'S SOCKS.

Speaking of Gen. Lee's socks—an "institution" peculiar to our hospitals—I must explain its origin and uses. Besides that, Mrs. Lee spent most of her time in making gloves and socks for the soldiers. She gave me at one time several pair of Gen. Lee's old socks, so darned that we saw they had been well worn by our hero. We kept those to apply to the feet of those laggard "old soldiers" who were suspected of preferring the "luxury" of hospital life to the activity of the field. And such was the effect of the application of these warlike socks that even a threat of it had the effect of sending a man to his regiment who had been lingering months in inactivity. It came to be a standing joke in the hospital infinitely enjoyed by the men. If a poor wretch was out of his bed over a week he would be threatened with "Gen. Lee's socks," and through this means some most obstinate chronic cases were cured. Four of the most determined rheumatic patients who had resisted scarifying of the limbs, and what was worse, the smallest and thinnest of diets, were sent to their regiments and did good service afterwards. With these men the socks had to be left on several hours, amidst shouts of laughter from the "assistants," showing that though men may resist pain and starvation they succumb directly to ridicule.

A HEROIC YOUNG OFFICER.

It was after the battle of Fredericksburg—the Wilderness perhaps—we were

ordered to have ready eight hundred beds, for so many our great field hospital accommodated. The convalescents and the "old soldier," with rheumatism and chronic disorders, who would not get well, were sent to town hospitals, and we made ready for the night when should come in the eight hundred. The Balaklava charge was nothing to it. They came so fast it was impossible to dress and examine them. So upon the floor of the receiving wards (long, low buildings hastily put up) the nurses placed in rows on each side their greatly burdens, covered with blood and dirt, stiff with mud and gravel from the little streams in which they often fell. The female nurses, armed with pails of toddy or milk, passed up and down giving to each man a reviving drink to prepare him for the examination of the surgeons, while others, with water and sponges, wet the stiff bandages.

As I passed round looking to see who was most in need of help and should first be washed and borne to his bed, I was especially attracted by one group. A young officer lay with his head upon the lap of another equally distinguished looking man, while a negro man-servant stood by in great distress. I offered a drink to the wounded man, saying: "You are badly hurt, I fear."

"Oh no," he replied. "Do not mind me, but help the poor fellow next me, who is groaning and crying. He is wounded in the wrist. There is nothing so painful as this. Besides, you see I have my friend, a young physician, with me, and a servant to ask for what I need."

So passing on to the man with the wounded wrist, I stopped to wet it again and again, to loosen the tight bandage and say a comforting word, and so on and on, till I lost sight of this interesting group where all were so interesting, and forgot it till in the early morning I saw the same persons. The handsome young officer was being borne on a litter to the amputating room, between his two friends. His going first of all the wounded heroes proved that his was the most urgent case. Rushing to his side, I reproached him with having deceived me with his cheerful face.

"Only a leg to be taken off," he said. "An every day affair."

I followed to see him laid upon the terrible table which had proved fatal to so many. Not only was his leg to be taken off at the thigh, an operation from which few recovered, but he had two wounds beside.

From this moment I really lost sight of this doomed man. He was of a

Louisiana regiment, (the Washington Artillery, I think,) for he came from Washington on the Red River. One could see that he was of refined and cultivated people, that he was the darling of the parents of whom he constantly spoke. Yet he never complained of his rudestraw couch or seemed to miss the comforts which we would fain have given him, nor did he lament his untimely fate or utter a murmur over pangs which would have moved the stoutest heart. He could not lie upon his back, for a gaping wound extended from his shoulder far down upon it, nor get upon one side, for there the arm was crushed. We were forced to swing him from the ceiling. And soon the terrible leg became covered with the fatal gangrene, and all the burning of this proud flesh could not keep death from the door. In the burning, fevers, in the wild delirium, every word betrayed a pure and noble heart full of love

TO GOD, TO COUNTRY AND TO HOME.

Only could he be quieted by the sound of music. We took turns, my sister and I, to sit beside him and sing plaintive hymns, when he would be still and murmur "sing, pray, pray," and so we sung and prayed for three long weeks, till we saw the end draw near, and lowered him in his bed that his "dull ear" might hear our words and his cold hands feel our warm touch. One evening he had been lying so still that we could hardly feel his breath, and the rough men of the ward had gathered about the bed, still and solemn. Suddenly the pale face lighted with a lovely glow, the dim eyes shone brilliantly, and he rose in his bed with outstretched arms as if to clasp some visible being, and his voice clear and cheerful rang out:

"Come down beautiful ladies, come."

"He sees a vision," cried the awestricken men. We all knelt. The young soldier fell back—dead!

In another ward lay upon the floor two young men just taken from an ambulance dead, as was supposed. Their heads were enveloped in bloody bandages, and the little clothing they had was glued to their bodies with mud and gravel. Hastily examining them, the surgeon ordered them to the "Dead house." I prayed they might be left till morning and bent over them with my ear upon the heart to try and detect a faint pulsation, but in vain. But neither of them had the rigidity of death in their limbs, as I heard the surgeon remark. Turning them over he pointed to the wounds below the ear, the

jaws shattered, and one or both eyes put out, and reminded me that even could they be brought to life it would be to an existence worse than death. Blind, deaf, perhaps unable to eat, and he muttered something about "wasting time on the dead which was needed for the living."

"Life is sweet," I replied, "even to the blind and the deaf and dumb, and these men may be the darlings of some fond hearts who will love them more in their helplessness than in their 'sunniest hours.'"

And so I kept my "dead men," and the more I examined the youngest one the more was my interest excited. His hands, small and well formed, betokened the gentleman. His bare feet were of the same type, though cut by stones and covered with sand and gravel. After searching for a mouth to these bundles of rags, we forced a small spoon between the lips with a drop of milk punch and had the satisfaction to perceive that it did not ooze out, but disappeared somewhere, and all night long in making our rounds and passing the "dead men," we pursued the same process. At length, with the morning, the great pressure was over and we found a surgeon ready to examine and dress again these wounds, and we were permitted to cut away by bits the stiffs from their bodies, wash and dress them, pick out the gravel from their torn feet and wrap them in greased linen. With what joy we heard the first faint sigh and felt the first weak pulsation! Hour after hour, day after day, these men lay side by side, and were fed drop by drop from a tube lest we should strangle them. The one least wounded never recovered his mind, which had been shattered with his body. He was rather of the earth earthy and soon returned to his mother earth, while the younger one, though he could neither speak nor see, and hear but little, showed in a thousand ways that, though his mind wandered at times, he was aware of what went on about him, and was gentle and grateful to all who served him. As he had come in without cap or knapsack, and there was no clue to his identity, over his bed was marked

"NAME AND REGIMENT UNKNOWN."

In the meanwhile, by flag of truce from the North, had come newspapers and letters making inquiries for a young man who, in a fervor of enthusiasm, had run away from school in England to fight the battles of the South. His mother

having been a South Carolinian, he told his father he had gone to fight for his mother country, and for his mother's grave! Traced to Charleston, he was known to have gone to the army of Northern Virginia, and to have entered the battle of the Wilderness as color-bearer to his regiment, in bare feet. As nothing had been heard of him since the battle, he was reported dead, but his distracted friends begged that the hospitals about Richmond might be examined to see if any trace of him could be found. We saw instantly that this runaway boy was our unknown patient. Informed of our suspicions, the assistant surgeon-general came himself to see and examine him, being himself a Carolinian and a friend of his mother's family. But the boy either would not or could not understand the questions addressed to him. And so weeks passed in the dimly lighted room to which he was consigned, and many months went before we could lift the bandage from the one eye; before he could hear with the one ear and eat with the wounded mouth. Fed with soups and milk, he grew strong and cheerful, and was suspected of seeing a little before he confessed it, as I often saw his head elevated to an angle which enabled him to see the pretty girls who came from the city to read to him and bring him dainties. These, moved by compassion for his youth and romantic history, came to help us nurse him, and risked daily choking him in their well-meant endeavors to feed him.

At last all the ban lages were removed save a ribbon across the lost eye, and our "dead man" came forth a handsome youth of 18 or 19, graceful and elegant. And now the surgeon-general claimed him for his father, and with much regret we gave him up to the flag of truce boat, and he was lost to us till the end of the war. Sent to England he had a new eye made, and came to see us after the fall of Richmond, bringing me a fine present, his enthusiasm and his gratitude nothing damped by time and change. Even with the two eyes, he saw so imperfectly that he was soon obliged to seek for a life companion to guide his uncertain steps. In Charleston he fell in love with one of his own family connection, and like the prince and princess in the fairy story, "they were married and lived happy ever after."

THE BREAD RIOT.

Everyone who has known hospital life, in Confederate times especially, will remember how the steward—the man who holds the provisions—is held responsi-

ble for every short-coming by both surgeons and matrons, and more especially by the men. Whether he has money or no, he must give plenty to eat, and there exists between the steward and the convalescents, those hungry fellows, long starved in camp and now recovering from fever or wounds, a deadly antagonism constantly breaking out into "overt acts." The steward is to them a "cheat"—the man who withholds from them the rations given out by the Government. He must have the meat, though the quartermaster may not furnish it, and it is his fault alone when the bread rations are "short."

Our steward, meek little man, was no exception to this rule. Pale with fright, he came one day to say that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half-cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, had beaten the baker and threatened to hang the steward. Always eager to save the men from punishment, yet recognizing that discipline must be preserved, I hurried to the scene of war, to throw myself into the breach before the surgeons should arrive with the guard to capture the offenders.

Here we found the new bakery, a "shanty" made of plank, which had been secured at great trouble, levelled to the ground, and two hundred excited men clamoring for the bread which they declared the steward withheld from them from meanness, or stole from them for his own benefit.

"And what do you say of the matron?" I asked, rushing into their midst. "Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to this theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen a chicken for a year, forcing an old breastbone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken, who has made you a greater variety in peas than ever was known before, and who latterly stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker and hang my steward! Here guard take four of these men to the guardhouse. You all know if the head surgeon was here forty of you would go."

To my surprise, the angry nine laughed, cheered, and there ensued a struggle as to who should go to the guardhouse. A few days after came a "committee" of two "sheepish" looking fellows to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of these poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and their

old enemy the steward had been sent to town to buy it. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper on which was written:

FOR OUR CHIEF MATRON,
IN HONOR OF HER
BRAVE CONDUCT
ON THE DAY OF
THE BREAD RIOT.

It was the ugliest little ring ever seen, but it was as "pure gold" as were the hearts which sent it, and it shall go down to my posterity in memory of the brave men who led the bread riot, and who suffered themselves to be conquered by a hospital matron.

No. 27.—Sherman in Orangeburg.

(By H. J. B., of Atlanta, Ga.)

Says George Cary Eggleston: "During the latter part of the year in which the war between the States came to an end, a Southern comic writer, in a letter addressed to Artemus Ward, summed up the political outlook in one sentence, reading somewhat as follows: 'You may reconstruct the men with your laws and things, but how are you going to reconstruct the women? Whoop-ee!'" That there is "far more truth than poetry" in this somewhat uncouth yet decidedly expressive sentence, no one who is familiar with the spirit displayed by our Southern women both during and since the war, can deny. The explanation is simple enough. The men were "drafted," or "enlisted," and went to the war, first from a feeling of genuine patriotism, and fought courageously and well, but afterwards, when hunger, cold and "grim despair" had dulled the glittering edge of that patriotism, then they struggled on against the overwhelming odds more from the force of necessity than anything else.

Not so the women. Heart, body and soul they were enlisted in the "glorious cause," as they termed it, and heart, body and soul they remained in it till the curtain was rung down upon the last sad scene in the drama—nay, beyond this. They sent fathers, husbands, brothers to the bloody scenes of battle;

they laid the very nearest and dearest of their heart treasures upon their country's altar, and remained at home to encounter fiercer conflicts than even those enacted upon the fields of carnage; to endure pain, hardships, suffering that would have made even the men's hearts quail. Abused, insulted, starved, and often driven to the very verge of desperation, they indeed played the tragic part in the awful drama of warfare. And yet through it all their loyalty never wavered, or could their fond belief in the righteousness of the "glorious cause" ever be shaken.

From the beginning until the end it was still the same. When hope died within the souls of the men the "divine spark" was but newly kindled within the hearts of the women; when grim despair stalked abroad within the camps of the soldiers, brave cheerfulness sat at endless feast within the homes of the soldiers' mothers, wives and daughters. Said a commanding general upon the fields of Petersburg, as he took off his hat and bowed his head in reverence to the band of dauntless young women who, amid the storm of shot and shell, stood immovable and chanted the "Song of the Camp," "God forever bless these women! Each one of them is worth a whole regiment of men!"

BINNICKER'S BRIDGE.

As my pencil pauses over these last words I happen to glance at the calendar hanging above my desk. It is the 9th of February, and strange coincidence!—this night nineteen years ago Sherman's army crossed the South Edisto at Binnicker's Bridge and camped in the fields that surrounded our dwelling.

Never can I forget that night of horror. Even the minutest detail of it remains now engraven upon my brain in letters of fire. All day long we had been expecting the enemy, waiting his dreaded approach in fear and trembling. A helpless band of women and children, our ears having long ago grown familiar with the countless stories of the deeds of brutality and violence enacted by Sherman's men on his "March to the Sea," what accession could we hope for at the hands of men who neither respected the helplessness of old age, the virtue of woman, or the innocence of childhood? Who had sworn when once their feet had touched Carolina soil they would lay the proud old State in sackcloth and ashes.

I had "run" from the enemy once before, being one of the many unfortunates whom his rain of shot and shell had

forced to leave Atlanta, but now I was literally at my "row's end," I could go no further. For the time being I had found a safe and pleasant refuge in the family of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Dr. S., who owned the fine old plantation on the banks of the South Edisto, where the scenes enacted in this sketch are principally laid.

We were both the wives of Confederate soldiers, my husband being with Kirby Smith in Tennessee, and her's a surgeon in Johnston's army. The house we then occupied stood and still stands one mile from Binnicker's bridge, on the South Edisto River, and was justly considered in those days one of the largest and finest in that section of country noted for its many commodious and hospitable Southern manor houses, in spite of Gen. Sherman's assertion in his memoirs that the people in and around Orangeburg were of an inferior class and many of their dwellings scarcely habitable.

I neglected to state that the bridge across the Edisto at this point had been destroyed by Capt. Kanapaux and his men a few days before for the purpose of obstructing the passage of the enemy, as he vainly hoped. The bridge gone it seemed almost impossible that they could effect a crossing, as all the swamps in the vicinity were overflowed, and even the construction of a pontoon bridge seemed for the time impossible.

The Confederate forces consisted of a part of a Georgia regiment, commanded by a Col. Johnson, I believe, the number of which I do not now remember, but that it was a mere handful of men I know upon good authority. Little did they think, poor fellows, that just across the river, and almost within sound of them, lay the bulk of Sherman's army. Somehow the impression had gotten abroad, doubtless by his own adroit manœuvring, that Sherman, with the full strength of his forces, was bearing upon Augusta, and had left merely a raiding party behind him to complete the destruction of the railroad from Bamberg to Orangeburg. Very little apprehension was at first entertained of their intention or desire to cross the river at the point, where but a mere handful of our men guarded it. For two or three days they had kept up a slow kind of desultory firing, occasionally "picking off" a stray "blue-coat" as he carelessly exposed himself upon the river's bank.

STARTLING NEWS.

However, on Tuesday afternoon, just before sundown, one of our colonel's aides came rushing up to the house to

inform us that it was Sherman himself, with his centre corps who had been for the past two or three days in camp on the opposite side of the river, and worse than all, they were on the point of effecting a crossing at a point a short distance below. Quite a number of the neighbors had met with us that afternoon to decide upon a course of action in case the Yankees did succeed in effecting a passage of the Edisto, and the consternation this news of the soldier created in our midst can better be imagined than described.

Previous to this startling announcement we had about come to the conclusion that we would try to get away if we could. 'Tis true that Sherman had made official announcement that if we would remain in our homes they would not be destroyed, neither would we be molested so long as we remained passive. But with the full details of the many deeds of brutality enacted by his men, of which helpless women and children were the victims, while "hoping against hope," we yet awaited the inevitable with sinking hearts. We knew now that it was impossible for us to get away, time was too short, besides the weather was bitterly cold, and the roads wet and almost impassable in many places. Some of our children, too, were sick, and we dreaded the exposure for them.

No sooner was the information given us by the soldier than our friends hastened at once to their homes to hide their mules, horses and other stocks in the hammocks and swamps, and the masculine portion of them, old men, boys nearly grown and a few soldiers home on "sick leave," to conceal themselves wherever they could, for well they knew that no mercy would be shown to youth or respect to gray hairs when once they were caught.

The sun was just sinking as our men began their retreat. Poor fellows! how sad and forlorn they looked as they filed slowly by the gate. I stood upon the piazza and watched them with the tears rushing down my cheeks—the first and only time my courage quite forsook me during the whole of that dreadful time. My heart was in a perfect agony of suspense over the future fate of my sister-in-law, myself and our young and helpless children, yet there was not a cord within it but ached keenly as I gazed upon this forlorn band of worn and defeated heroes who had nobly born the brunt of a hundred battles and must yet retreat ignominiously before the advancing hosts of the enemy and leave the helpless women and children. I could well imagine their feelings, as with bowed

heads, tattered clothing and pinched hungry-looking faces they passed with slow, monotonous

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP ALONG THE ROAD.

Many moments I stood and watched them with an agonized heart. With their departure every remnant of assistance and protection seemed snatched away from us, and I dreaded, beyond the power of pen to describe, what I knew we had to encounter, for my sister-in-law was a timid young creature and I knew she and the children would look to me for everything. I prayed fervently to God to give me courage to meet the foe with firmness, and that I might never forget that I was a true Southern soldier's wife, and I believe that prayer was answered, for when the time of trial came I never faltered.

As I saw the rear of the small body of our men passing the gate I ran out to them and entreated them to tell me how long it would be before the Yankees came. An officer answered at once hurriedly and excitedly:

"For God's sake, madame, go back to the house, unless you want your head taken off by a sharp-shooter. They are right up the lane, not a half mile away. Do you not hear the firing?"

I was not long in getting back to the house after this, you may imagine. I went into my sister's bedroom and found her terribly excited.

"Janie," I said, "let us go into the parlor and meet them there."

She demurred at first, but finally consented in fear and trembling, and we went, followed by the poor, frightened children, who were too young, thank God, to take in fully the situation.

After sitting a while before the fire my sister-in-law became dreadfully nervous, and begged that we should go back to the room we had just quitted. She was afraid, she said, that we would be shot at through the windows, (the blinds of which were wide open,) for the sound of the firing up the lane was gradually growing nearer. I tried to pacify her, but in vain, and finally we went back to the bedroom. There I took up a book pretending to read, in order to show her, as I hoped, that I was not afraid. But I couldn't distinguish one word from another. The whole page was a blur before my eyes. I grew nervous and restless myself. The intense silence oppressed me. I began to grow anxious for them to come. Anything to end the dreadful suspense.

Arising, I went to one of the windows

to reconnoitre. The night was bitterly cold and the moon was shining clearly and brightly, so that all outward objects were clearly discernible. While I stood there I saw a man, whom I rightly guessed by his musket and uniform to be a Yankee soldier, enter the yard by a side gate and move slowly and cautiously towards the rear of the house, followed by another and still another. They were sent in advance to see if the way was clear, I was sure, and in a little while, apparently well assured of this fact, they retreated to a small strip of woodland in plain sight of the house.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

But a few moments elapsed after this preliminary inspection until the whole army came in upon us in overwhelming numbers. The lawn, the yards, the halls, every room in the house, not excepting the one bedroom we had reserved for ourselves, were soon filled with the struggling, cursing mass of blue coats. For a time Pandemonium reigned supreme. The most terrible scene pictured in the Inferno could not compare with it. Their first object seemed plunder. Closets, bureaux and trunks were violently opened and ruthlessly rifled of their contents. Nothing seemed sacred from their vile touch—pictures, old letters, locks of hair, pressed flowers and other hallowed mementoes of the dead were scattered about and trampled upon as worthless objects.

You could hear their clothes crackle and snap as they moved about, for according to their own accounts they had waded through the swamps up to their waists, and every garment was frozen stiff, and when their work of plunder was finished their next desire seemed to be to get to the fires to warm and dry themselves. And, pushing and jostling and swearing, they crowded us away from even the one fireplace and stood there turning themselves around before the cheerful blaze as they could find room to do so, the ice as it melted running in pools of water from their clothing and the smoke and steam arising therefrom making the close atmosphere almost unendurable.

Out in the yard, and all around the plantation we could hear the work of destruction going on—cows lowing, pigs squealing, lambs bleating, turkeys, geese, chickens and ducks squawking.

Very soon the officers in command arrived. I heard their tones of authority as they came into the hall. I also heard one of them ask if the house was occupied, and our own home servant, who

stood close to our door on the point of entering, replied:

"Yes, sir," she said, "and the ladies want to see you a few moments in the parlor."

We had instructed her to say this, as we desired to ask for a guard to protect us as soon as the officers came.

I listened anxiously for the answer, and all too soon it came, falling upon us with brutal, stunning force.

"The ladies, the d—l! If it hadn't been for them encouraging and egging on the men to fight the war would have been squelched years ago."

For a few moments I felt completely dazed by this speech. Were these the men from whom we were to ask mercy and protection? I tried to move across the hall to the door of the parlor, which had just closed behind them, but for the moment I seemed rooted to the spot. Making a mighty effort I recovered my composure and my courage at the same time and turned and spoke to my trembling young sister-in-law.

"Come, Janie," I said, "let us go now and get through with this hateful business as speedily as possible."

"No, no, I cannot!" she said, bursting into tears and looking at me so pitifully that I saw it would be a cruelty to force her. There was then no other alternative for me than to

"FACE THE MUSIC" ALONE.

As I entered the parlor two of the officers who were sitting in front of the fire arose at once and politely greeted me. I was sure neither of these could have been the speaker of the language I had heard from the hall.

I told my errand at once, which was to beg a guard for the house.

They answered that they had no authority to grant the request, and I would be forced to wait until the General arrived.

I replied to them that we had understood Gen. Sherman had promised protection to all those who remained in their homes, and we expected that protection, and if we did not get it right away, we would not need it when we did get it, for the men were at that very moment plundering the house and laying violent hands upon everything worth appropriating.

No sooner had the words been uttered than both turned at once, and, going into the hall, each caught hold of the first soldier that came in his way and gave them orders to clear the house immediately, and to keep guard until relieved.

In a few moments we were alone and unmolested, but, alas! our home was bare—our larder especially so, not a day's provisions having been left to us.

Very soon the General and his staff arrived. As the men had done before them the officers began crowding into every room where there was a fire to warm themselves. I left my room at once and went again into the parlor, as I wished particularly to see Gen. Sherman, although I was uncertain as to whether or not he had yet arrived.

The room was completely filled the second time, and I did not meet with the ready politeness and attention the two officers had at first shown me.

As I made my way to the fireplace my attention was at once attracted to one of the officers who sat in the corner with a map open on his knee. From the pictures I had from time to time seen of him I knew at once that this was

GENERAL SHERMAN.

But I determined to feign ignorance so long as I could. The map proved to be a complete diagram of all the farms, roads and rivers in Orangeburg County. As I advanced towards him he raised his head at once, and without any preliminaries whatever, asked abruptly:

"Whose farm is this, madam?"

"Dr. S.'s, sir," I replied at once.

Another officer, whom I afterwards learned was General Howard, standing near, questioned me at this point:

"Is he a Mason?"

"He is, sir," I answered again.

"I want nothing but the truth, remember," said Sherman again as abruptly and as offensively as before.

"Unlike yourself," I answered hotly, "I am incapable of anything else, sir."

A slight flush of annoyance gathered upon his face for a moment, but in the same brusque, methodical manner he went on with the questioning:

"Is Dr. S. in the rebel army?"

"He is a surgeon, sir, in the Confederate service."

"Ahem! In what command is he at present?"

"He is a member of a regiment that owns that glorious old hero, Joseph E. Johnston, as their commander-in-chief."

"There is no need for such answers as these, let me assure you, madame," he said, for the moment losing control of himself. "Pray remember monosyllables are preferable, where there is no necessity for more elaborate words."

I bowed, half mockingly.

"Are you a rebel soldier's wife, madame?" he questioned again.

"I?"

"Yes, you."

"Am," I said the word slowly and then paused to look into Gen. Sherman's face with the most innocent stare imaginable.

"Well?" he questioned, impatiently.

"I am the"—I go on, then another pause—"wife"—I say again, pause—"of"—pause—"a Confederate soldier, and glory in the thought"—the last words being rolled out with a volume and an intensity that surprised even myself.

At this moment the book was shut up with a vicious snap, and the back of the hero of the "March to the Sea" was politely turned upon me.

"I say, my little man," exclaimed one of the officers present at this juncture, as he patted my little nephew Willie upon the head, "did you ever see so many Yanks before?"

"O yes, sir," the child answered quietly.

"Where?"

"In Atlanta."

"Are you from Atlanta, madame?" the man turned to ask of me.

"Yes," I answered. "I am one of those whom Sherman's shells drove from a dismantled city. He has made some of us women wade through seas of pain and suffering, I can tell you; but as much as we have suffered from his cruelty, there isn't one of us who would exchange places with him in the next world for all the wealth and stores he has allowed his men to steal from we poor down-trodden rebels, as he terms us. By-the-by, how long before he will be here? I am nearly dying with curiosity to see him. I hear he is the very

"HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE ARMY."

As these words escaped me a broad smile went the rounds of the officers, and Sherman himself, who without doubt saw through my feigned ignorance, turned at once and said sharply:

"I don't think your presence is further needed here, madame. You may retire," and putting on his hat he himself walked towards the door.

"Thank you, kindly, for the permission," I said, with broad sarcasm, as he passed me.

A moment later the door closed upon his retreating form, and that was the first and the last time my eyes ever rested upon Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman.

As I also turned to leave the parlor my attention was attracted by an un-

usual noise in the adjoining room, which was the family dining room. Knowing that the servants had placed several sacks of meal and flour in there, and had, as I thought, secured the doors, my suspicions were at once aroused. Making my way to the door that stood between the parlor and dining room, I opened it and glanced in. I was so angry and amazed at what I saw that for the time I could only beckon to one of the officers. He came at once, just in time to see three or four burly soldiers "skedaddling" down the steps that led into the yard, each with a sack of flour or meal upon his back. The manner in which they had effected their entrance was plainly evident as the officer and I stood beside the door through which they had made their hasty and ignominious retreat. They had broken the lock.

"There goes our last morsel of food," I turned and remarked to the officer, feeling too indignant and too entirely outraged to have resort to woman's usual refuge in times of trouble—tears. "I am sorry, madam," he said kindly. "I will speak to the general about it. He will see that you do not suffer."

As I passed through the parlor on my return from the dining-room I chanced to overhear several words of a conversation going on between two officers. They were discussing the events of the day, and among other things spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the dauntless bravery of a young Confederate officer who, throwing himself in the rear of his men, had tried to rally them even after they had commenced to retreat, and was shot down in the act. My sympathy was at once aroused. He was a "boy in gray," he had fallen fighting for the cause we both loved in common. I must know all that I could about him. If still alive he must be found and taken care of; if dead then his body must have such burial as became a soldier and a hero.

Stepping to the side of the officers I asked them to tell me the name of the brave young commander. They answered,

"MAJOR HULSEY."

My feelings of sympathy were now changed to keen pain and intense solicitude, for Major Hulsey was a relative of my husband's and sister-in-law's families.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"I suppose not, madame," he replied, "or at least he was not when we found him."

"Where is he now?"

"In the branch at the head of the lane," they answered, as coolly as if they had said, "in the next room on a feather bed."

"Gentlemen," I entreated, "will you not have him brought to the house? If really Major Hulsey, he is related to us; and if he is not Major Hulsey, it is all the same; he is one of our soldiers, a brave defender of our rights, and as such I crave—nay beg the privilege of ministering unto him."

I think I touched the right chord when I addressed them as "gentlemen," for that they were gentlemen, as well as officers, their after conduct showed plainly. My earnest, entreating words seemed to have the desired effect upon them. They arose at once and went out, and a half hour later the wounded young officer was brought in on a stretcher. I had him at once carried into the dining-room, where a large fire was now blazing, and laid upon a mattress placed upon the floor.

Soon a crowd had gathered within, whether from pure curiosity, or a desire to warm themselves before the roaring fire, I could not decide. Doubtless it was from both.

One glance into the face of our brave young soldier, ashy gray in its pallor where it was not covered with clots of congealed blood, convinced me that he had not long to live. The bullet had done its fatal work, passing in through the left temple and lodging in the brain. I saw, also, that it was not Major Hulsey, but a stranger. However, I made up my mind that I would, for certain reasons, keep this knowledge to myself.

As I stooped above him to render what assistance I could, it was all that I could do to keep from crying out in nervous horror as I caught sight of the ugly, ghastly wound, which looked ten times ghastlier now as the warmth from the fire caused the congealed blood to flow afresh. I knew this would never do, and making a brave effort at control, I strove zealously, but, alas! vainly to staunch the flow of blood. Just as I had almost given up in despair a kind-faced young officer made his way to my side, and bending above me said gently:

"Madamie, I have a flask of brandy here. Get a spoon and we will see if we cannot force him to swallow some."

I did as bidden; but, alas! it proved fruitless. With all our efforts we could not force it past the tightly clenched teeth, and in a little while his struggles ceased, he lay passive for a few moments, and then with a few hoarsely muttered, disconnected sentences and a

nervous twitching of the muscles of the lips, the brave young soldier had

FOUGHT HIS LAST BATTLE.

As the last breath escaped him I burst into tears, folded the hands, still stained with their own life blood, across the pulseless heart that would never stir again at sound of the martial reveille.

Tenderly bathing the face and hands of the dead young soldier, and smoothly brushing the soft dark hair, I prepared to leave him in charge of two of the soldiers, who, through the sympathetic interest of the young officer who had proffered me the flask of brandy, were detailed to watch over him until morning, when I had determined to see the commanding officer and arrange for a proper burial.

I can never forget the kindness of this young officer, whom I afterwards learned was Capt. L. M. Dayton, aide-de-camp to Gen. Sherman. He was considerate, courteous and gentlemanly in every intercourse with us, and but for him our trials and sufferings would have been increased tenfold. Wherever he may be now, if living, should these lines chance to meet his eye, I beg he will accept this grateful tribute from a Southern woman, who admired him for the generous, chivalrous man he was, as well as the brave and noble officer—though he wore the blue.

While arranging the clothing of the dead young soldier I had noticed that all his pockets were turned wrong side out as though they were hastily rifled of their contents; while a portion of his watchguard, which had evidently been cut, still hung from a buttonhole in his vest.

I at once made known these discoveries to Capt. Dayton, who upon instituting a series of inquiries, soon found out that the burly officer, who had attempted to give me the rebuke, was the one who had shot him down; that he, also, was the one who had rifled his pockets of their contents and that he still had in his possession his horse, watch, pocketbook, some letters and papers and one or two photographs.

Then and there I made up my mind that I would never rest until I had each one of those articles, with the exception of the horse, of course, in my possession. They would be sacred treasures to his relatives and friends, whoever and wherever they were. I believed that I could trace them up by means of the letters. I they enlisted Capt. Dayton in the work, and he promised he would re-

turn them to me if it lay within his power.

A FAITHFUL DOG.

Returning to the bedroom, where my sister-in-law awaited me almost in hysterics, I called our faithful dog Lion—who through all the *melée* had remained crouching under the steps, and thus escaped what would surely have been his doom if some of the soldiers had discovered him in the yard or hall—and, locking the doors, laid down on the rug before the fire, and with the faithful, watchful brute between my sister-in-law and myself we passed the night without once closing our eyes.

The wretchedness and horror of the long hours that passed can never be described. With all my enforced bravery I felt like screaming out more than once. All through the night the men came tramping through the house, and every now and then the knob of our door would be turned as though by some one seeking entrance. Every time the latch would click Lion would spring up and growl, and then with a muttered curse the would-be intruder would turn and walk away. How earnestly we prayed for daylight, and how rejoiced we were when it came at last no one but ourselves could know.

The next morning I spoke to Gen. Mower, who had been left in command by Gen. Sherman, of the annoyances to which we had been subjected during the night. He apologized for his men by saying he supposed it was those who had come to him for orders and mistaken our room for his.

On going out upon the piazza I was amazed to see a chain of breastworks almost completely surrounding the house, and asked the General when it was done.

"During the night," he replied, evidently much amused at my surprise and consternation.

I asked him why it was done, but this time he shook his head without replying. I afterwards learned that they still entertained doubts as to whether or not our men had retreated. They still believed they were somewhere near *Am-burg*, and I did all that I could to enshrine the belief.

After breakfast, which was certainly the sparest and most frugal to which we had ever sat down, I sent my little nephew Willie to hunt for Camden, our colored carpenter, who had also been left in charge of the plantation during Dr. S.'s absence in the army.

As soon as Camden came I told him I wanted him to make a real nice coffin for one of our soldiers who lay dead in the dining room.

"Oh, Mittie, please ma'am don't ask me," he entreated in genuine fear.

"And why not, Camden?" I questioned, secretly provoked with him for acting so.

"'Cause the Yankees 'll kill me if I do. They done threatened me now what they'll do if I waits on you uns."

I saw that the negro was badly frightened, and believed every word he uttered, and remembering what a good and faithful servant he had been in the past I refrained from the scathing rebuke that trembled upon my lips, and sent him away in silence.

Sending next for Robin, another old family negro who had often been tried and not found wanting, I made the same request of him. I found him even more violently alarmed than Camden. In fact he was completely demoralized.

"O Mittie, ma'am, for de good Lord's sake don't ax me to do it. De Yanks done swar ef I waits on any ob de white folks wid out dey gives me de permission dey string me up by de neck, sure."

I now saw that I would be compelled to appeal to Gen. Mower. I went at once and begged that he would have a coffin made for the dead young officer. He treated me with respect and courtesy and promised that it should be done at once.

While waiting I went again to the dining-room, to see if there was anything I had left undone. While there I made the discovery that the dead Confederate's boots and socks had been stolen during the night, but otherwise the body was undisturbed. In the broad glare of the sun, that penetrated the now curtainless windows, I had a better view of the young soldier, as he lay in his last dreamless sleep. He was a noble specimen of manhood, large and finely proportioned, with a finely-rounded head and a face handsome and pleasant even in death.

That afternoon as I was sitting on the piazza waiting for the soldiers to bring out the coffin containing the dead, Capt. Dayton brought me the recovered articles, the watch, letters, papers, &c., and from the latter I learned for the first time the name of the intrepid young hero. It was

MAJOR ROBERT NEWTON HULL,

of the Sixty-sixth Georgia Regiment, and a nephew of Gen. Wm. and Major Noble Hardee, of Savannah, Ga. Among

others there were four letters, written by himself on the morning of the day he lost his life. I read each one of them, not from curiosity, but with the holy purpose in view to find out what I could of his family and friends, so that I could write to them of his death, and burial and turn over to them the few articles that had come into my possession.

The contents of one of these letters I remember distinctly, and I hope it will not be looked upon in the light of a want of proper reverence for these sacred relics of the dead, or of delicate consideration of the feelings of the living that I make an extract from it here. It was to his brother-in-law, and ran as follows:

"I write this setting upon a log, just in sight of Cannon's Bridge. I am sent to cover the retreat. My men are completely demoralized, and I fear when the crisis comes they will be found wanting. Nevertheless, I shall do my duty. 'Coming events,' 'tis said, 'cast their shadows before,' and even now I feel a presentiment of evil. Perhaps I shall never see another sun set, but if I fall it will be with my face to the foe."

How quickly this presentiment was verified his tragic fate gave full evidence. Never fell a nobler or a braver man. Even his enemies praised him for his dauntless courage. "Why," said they, "he rushed on us with the ferocity of a tiger, cheering his men on to the last, and fell with the war cry still ringing from his lips!"

We buried him just in front of the gate, under a spreading live oak, and his grave is there to-day, marked simply by the plain marble head stone, some unknown friend sent afterwards, which bears the simple record of his birth and death.

No. 28.—The Bride of '61.

(By Sarah D. Eggleston, of Mississippi.)

When the first talk of the secession movement reached me at my father's plantation in a remote district of Mississippi it had an unpleasant sound to me. Southern born and bred as I was, and with my full share of indignation at the arrogant assumptions of Northern demagogues and their cool disregard of the constitutional rights of the South, yet I dreaded to see that fatal plunge into the waters of a Rubicon from which there could be no retreat except with dishonor. But after Mississippi had fol-

lowed the lead of South Carolina, and singly and in pairs other Southern States wheeled into line, gallant old Virginia being the last to take the field, but moving promptly to the front when she did, oh, how the blood coursed through the veins of us girls! My sisters and cousins and former schoolmates gathered in the old plantation house—as with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes we talked over the battles yet to be fought and dwelt upon the speedy triumph of the Southern arms, just as if it were already an assured fact.

In every village and hamlet companies were rapidly formed and their services eagerly offered to the Confederate Government, then recently established at Montgomery. The war spirit was so fully aroused and so general that nearly always there were more volunteers than were needed to make up the complement of the company, and many had to be rejected. I can well remember how serious a trial this was to many young men. "The war will be over before I get into a fight," are words that were frequently heard in those days.

These early companies were enrolled and drilled with no little ostentation—all having fancy names and flags of their own—and their departure for the seat of war or the training camp was generally attended with much ceremony. When the Fencibles, of Raymond, got marching orders one of the girls in our set, noted for her personal and intellectual charms, was invited to present to the company a silk banner made by the ladies of the place. I can see her before me now, as she stood in her dazzling beauty, handing the flag to the captain of the company.

"The ladies of Raymond," she said, "feel assured that the company will bring this flag back to them untarnished by defeat."

Alas! at the end of the four years there came back to the place less than a baker's dozen out of the one hundred and four brave fellows who cheered my friend's speech that day, and of these few some wore empty sleeves and some were on crutches. When they marched away, with the flag flying over their heads, there were moist eyes all along the line. They saw the tears and heard the sobs of mothers, wives and sweethearts, who had come to take a last look at them.

Shortly after that event, which was in the spring of 1861, I was married to a soldier who was

IN FOR THE WAR,

and our honeymoon was passed in New Orleans, where he was temporarily sta-

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tioned. After all that we have passed through, I find it very difficult to realize that I ever had certain notions that once were general throughout the South. For instance, a relative of my husband's was so kind as to offer us his furnished house, his own family being out of the city for the season, and my widowed sister kept house in partnership with us. Our only servants were two negro girls, sent down by my father, who were by no means thoroughly trained as housemaids, having spent most of their time in the cotton field, and it is in connection with them that I am reminded of certain notions once prevalent in the South, the very existence of which at any time or place it is hard now to realize.

We thought it a bold undertaking to keep house with only two servants, and what is still more remarkable, everybody, from Louisiana to Virginia, with whom we became sufficiently well acquainted during the year 1861 to mention the subject, regarded our experiment as a capital joke. What seems now to be the funny view of it is, that three young people living together could have thought they had any possible use for two servants of any sort.

But there were some incidents connected with that first housekeeping of ours which seem funny even now, and which in these strictly personal reminiscences may not be considered as irrelevant.

There was a magic gate connected with the house. The yard was fenced in by a brick wall about seven feet high, in which was a solid wooden gate, or, perhaps more accurately speaking, a door. That was the only passageway from the street to the yard, and consequently to the house itself. Incredible as it may seem five different people were forced to climb that gate during the month that we occupied the house.

I was the first victim. The very day that we moved into the house my sister went out shopping, and, after seeing her to the street car, I returned to the gate, and to my horror found that I could not open it. There was but one thing to do, and watching a chance when the street was free of passengers, I did it. That is to say,

I CLIMBED THE GATE.

The next day an express wagon drove up with two servants from the country. Again the gate took a notion not to be opened. Vainly my sister and I tried on the inside and the negro girls on the other side.

"There is but one thing to do, Sucky,"

I said, speaking from the gallery that looked down on the street. "You and Milly will have to climb it."

"Hi, Miss Sarah, we can't clam *now*," glancing at the expressman.

"He is busy with the trunks and will not see you," I said.

So the servants climbed over in full view of a small crowd that had been attracted by the unwonted spectacle, and of whose presence the climbers had not been aware until they faced the street after getting astride of the wall.

One morning three guests sat at our breakfast table—my father, over seventy years old, Lieut. M— and P—, the owner of the house. All three had been provided with latch keys, and it was thought that all had slept in the house the night before.

"That's a most infernal gate of your's," said my father; "I tried in vain to open it last night, and finally had to climb it."

"Since you mention it," said Lieut. M—, "I climbed it too."

"And I would have climbed it," said P—, "but I was afraid a policeman might catch me in the act and take me to the guardhouse, so I slept at the hotel last night. I shall send up a locksmith to the gate this very day."

About this time I witnessed in New Orleans the funeral of Col. Charley Drew, the first Louisianian that was killed in the war, and I have often thought of it since, on account of its marked contrast with subsequent funerals of Confederate soldiers, after we had learned that war was a stern reality, and not a mere pageant. Col. Drew had been a rising politician in the Crescent City, and perhaps the most popular man there. He was among the first to don the gray, and he lost his life on the Peninsula, under Magruder, leaving a widowed bride behind him. He was the sort of man to merit the funeral honors that were paid to him, to be followed to his grave by almost the entire population of a great city, with flags at half-mast and draped in mourning; amidst the booming of minute guns, and with military bands playing the Dead March. And yet had he been killed two years later than he was, he would simply have been laid in his bloody gray clothes in the common grave with his slain comrades. Even the simple ceremonies that were observed at the burial of Latané had to be denied to the vast majority of our Confederate dead.

I was in New Orleans when

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS

was fought. Of course, the news was

received there with a delirium of joy, but I felt as other Southern women felt when news came of victories. I could not rejoice until after I heard how it had fared with my brothers and other near relatives who were in the battle. And this reminds me how fearful a sound used to be the cry of the newsboy announcing the latest news from some battlefield, and the list of the killed and wounded.

I soon heard that no one in whom I was interested had even been wounded at Manassas, and then I gave myself up to the full tide of joy over the glorious news.

A week later I was reminded that amidst the shouts of triumph I had been hearing, women's tears were falling near at hand, and that was when I saw passing by my door the funeral procession of one of the Washington Artillery, killed at Manassas.

I spent the winter of '61-2 at Norfolk, Virginia, and even there, with the war so near to their doors, people were still living very much as they had always lived. There was still an abundance of everything, for the effects of the blockade had not begun to be seriously felt, and Confederate money was at par. But occasionally one might see living illustrations of what was in store for most of us.

Crossing one day, from Norfolk to Portsmouth in the ferry boat, I entered into conversation with a lady sitting near me and learned from her that she was a refugee from Hampton, then recently occupied by the Federal forces. I remember wondering that the lady could bear so great a trial as that so calmly as she did, and thought how fortunate it was for me and my sisters that our Mississippi home was so remote from the seat of war that it was not within the range of possibility for us to have to undergo what this poor lady had suffered. And all the time the home that seemed so safe from danger was on the line of Grant's future march from Bruinsburg Landing to Jackson.

Norfolk, always noted for its generous hospitality, had all its doors spread wide at this particular time; for there were stationed in its suburbs three or four regiments from the far South, and balls and picnics were the order of the day, varied with a wedding from time to time, but the time had not yet come for the typical Confederate wedding.

I have said that people in Norfolk still lived as they had always lived, yet at the hotel where we were staying there were some changes for the worse. Coal had disappeared from the grates, and

green pine logs taken its place, to remain unconsumed. It was here that I became acquainted for the first time with Confederate coffee. It was made of parched meal, and not only was it the first I ever tasted but the last, for after that I took cold water in preference to any and all counterfeits of coffee.

In Richmond, whither I went from Norfolk, and spent there the greater part of the summer of '62, the expense of living was already so high as to be almost beyond the reach of persons with moderate means. Boarding, in my case, was out of the question, so I was fortunate in being invited by my aunt, who was a resident of the place, to keep house in partnership with her. At the time our troops were falling back from Manassas and the Peninsula before the advance of McClellan, and panic prices even in the necessities of life were beginning to prevail. Confederate money was rapidly deteriorating in value, for I believe it was generally thought, even in high circles, that

THE CITY WOULD SPEEDILY FALL.

A common subject of conversation then when ladies met in social intercourse was that of bombardments. I used to hear maids and matrons coolly discussing the average loss of life among non-combatants in a city under bombardment, and whether the cellars would afford safe shelter from the enemy's shells. They were expecting a siege like that of Saragossa or Sebastopol, and had made up their minds to bear unflinchingly all the hardships and dangers inseparable from it.

That the whole Confederacy was already in a state of siege was brought home to me by a little incident. My husband, in the retreat from Norfolk, after the evacuation of that place by our forces, had lost all his clothes but the suit on his back. He wrote me that he had borrowed a couple of shirts from a friend, but was much in need of drawers. I went in search of material for drawers, and after having tried in vain nearly every dry goods store in the city, was about to give up in despair, when a shopkeeper handed me down some damask table cloths. My husband pronounced them the best drawers he had ever worn.

Jackson's brilliant campaign in the Valley, followed by the Seven days' battles, gave us other topics than bombardments to discuss. I, for one, had never had the shadow of a doubt of the final success of our cause, and I am sure I felt as every other Southern woman felt.

Men may have reasoned and made calculations about the matter, but few, if any, women did. Final defeat was a thing too horrible to be even thought of at any time; but, now, after our great victories—why, we believed that Mr. Lincoln himself was convinced that he had undertaken a hopeless task.

While McClellan's army lay before Richmond, ladies were in the daily habit of going out to the neighboring heights to witness artillery duels, that is to hear the reports and watch the flashing of the guns. And another thing I remember about those days when the battles were raging around Richmond, when the ambulances would return every evening to the city filled with the wounded and the dying, (the dead were left on the field,) every woman watched with feverish anxiety lest an ambulance might stop at her door, bearing some of her dear ones.

I attended St. Paul's Church in Richmond where the President had a pew. On one Sunday a messenger came to him during the service, and after a few whispered words, both left the church. The incident caused intense though suppressed excitement.

From Richmond my husband was ordered to Mobile. After a residence in the latter place of a few months I found myself once more on

THE OLD PLANTATION.

When I had left it, more than a year before, I thought that it was as remote from this war as it had been from the Mexican war and destined to remain so, but now we could hear from time to time a dull jarring sound, like that of distant thunder off towards the northwest. It came from Vicksburg, distant about thirty miles on a bee line. The war was really coming home to our doors then! We became accustomed to the ominous sounds, as people sooner or later become accustomed to anything that is inevitable.

A radical change had taken place in the household economy. I found my sisters dressed in homespun. The shoes they wore were made by the plantation cobbler, and their stockings were knit from cotton spun and twisted on the place. The hot loaf-bread and rolls that had never been absent from the breakfast table a single day in the olden times (for we are Virginians) had now given way to corn bread in various styles. We made a joke of having as many of these varieties as we could invent—making up the dough for the different sorts with more or less water, or milk, or sorghum—

for this homely syrup had usurped the place of the golden syrup of Louisiana. Excellent pound-cake, too, we learned to make of corn meal.

Plantation life was the typical Southern life before the war, and that event put to a severe test its power of self-maintenance. It stood the test triumphantly. We had always been the most dependent of all people calling themselves civilized, as it is feared we have again become so, but during the war a well-equipped Southern plantation proved to be a little world in itself, supplying in abundance all the necessities of life in the way of food and clothing and many of the luxuries. There were no revenues coming in, but we had no more use for money than Robinson Crusoe had on his island. There were abundant food crops of every sort, but especially were the corn-cribs almost bursting with their heaped up treasures of grain, and that ensured an abundance of animal food; fat beeves, and hogs, and mutton, and poultry, with an endless supply of butter and eggs. Iron and salt were the only indispensable things that the plantation could not supply, and the salt question became a very serious one, and all sorts of devices were resorted to to obtain it. I remember that the earth in the floors of old smoke-houses was dug up and placed in hoppers to be drained of what salt it might contain.

Old time hand looms that had been driven into the obscure corners of out-houses by the manufactured goods of New England were once more brought from their hiding places under the dust and cobwebs and vigorously put to work. I knew of refined young girls who growing impatient with clumsy slave labor took the shuttle in hand themselves and wove patterns that would not be ill-looking even in this era of aestheticism.

WORKING FOR THE SOLDIERS

was our constant occupation. In every village and hamlet and country neighborhood societies were organized for that purpose. We made clothes and knit socks for general distribution, and prepared delicacies for the hospitals or for our own kinsmen in the field, and so it happened that the women of the South did something towards feeding our armies and still more towards clothing them. We were ready to make any sacrifice that might possibly advance the cause.

About the period now under consideration, in the country contiguous to Jackson and Vicksburg, all the pleasure

horses were levied upon by the quartermaster's department, and there was one incident connected with it that amused and delighted us when it happened.

There lived near us one Mr. S., a wealthy planter noted before the war for his love of the almighty dollar, and after it began for his Union proclivities. It happened that the impressing agents came to Mr. S.'s during his absence and took his carriage horses to Jackson, distant about twenty miles. He was in a towering rage when on returning home he learned what had happened; but after sleeping on his grievance he determined the next morning to try what conciliation would do toward the recovery of his favorite horses, and forthwith dispatched a servant to Jackson with a pair of inferior horses to exchange for them. When the negro rode up to the artillery camp with the fresh pair of horses he was hailed by the captain.

"Bring them this way, old man. We are badly in want of another pair."

"Marster, say how—"

"Tell your master he is a trump, and we are much obliged to him. And now you toddle home, old man, before you get killed by a stray shot from somewhere."

And so it happened that our Union neighbor contributed four horses when he had been expected to give only two.

Like other women who sought to be as much with their husbands as possible, I performed an unusual amount of travelling during the war, for whenever the place where my husband was stationed was thought to be threatened by the enemy he would send me away from it and recall me again after the danger had passed. In that way I went from Norfolk to Richmond and then back to Norfolk, and later from Richmond to Raleigh, N. C., and back; while from Mobile, where my husband was stationed for the longest time and towards the close of the war I made frequent trips to my father's house in Mississippi and later in Macon, Ga., whither my family finally went as refugees. Of all

THE PICTURES OF THE WAR

that are stamped upon my memory those connected with that railroad travelling are still the most vivid and the most terrible. It was attended with great risks, for the rails and the road-bed and the running gear of the cars were all worn out. The conductor's lantern was the only light inside the train. We sat in darkness all night,

jolting over uneven rails and rickety bridges, and when at last the sun rose, thankful that we had been spared to see it.

The cars were always crowded, sad-looking women and crippled soldiers forming a large percentage of the passengers. Before the war it was not customary in the South for ladies to travel without a male escort, even when two or three ladies were in company. After the war began, we thought nothing of scuffling along single-handed. On one of the many trips that I made without an escort or even female companion, I had sought in vain for a seat in the crowded car, and was standing by the stove with my bundles in my arms and trying to hide my tears, when the conductor came along, lantern in hand, and offered to find me a place.

"Will you make room here, please?" he said, touching on the shoulder a woman whose body was extending over some package that rested on two seats and was partly covered with a shawl. As she raised up and turned her haggard face towards us, we saw that she had been clasp ing in her arms a rude coffin!—doubtless containing the remains of her husband that she was taking home for burial from some hospital or battlefield. Alas! passengers and freight of that sort were common enough in those days.

On one trip that I made I had a nominal escort in the shape of a boy twelve years of age, the son of an intimate friend, whom, in truth, I was escorting. As might have been expected of an urchin at his time of life, he was too restless to remain seated more than an hour at a time, and, as was also to be expected of him, he made his desire to drink an excuse for leaving his seat so often, and made the open bucket in which the drinking water was kept in a rear corner of the car, the objective point of his excursions.

"This water has a peculiar taste, George," I said, handing him back the cup he had brought me, after I had taken a single sip of the water.

"It's jus' min'al water, Cousin S.," he said, with his peculiar lisp.

The next morning at early dawn I went to the water bucket myself, that I might get a cupful of water to dampen my towel, and relieve my hands and face of some of the dust and soot in order to make myself more presentable. I found a poor soldier bathing his wounded and shattered arm, which seemed then almost in a gangrened condition, in the bucket of water that had been provided for the passengers to drink. No wonder that George thought the water had a

"min'al" taste.^o The wonder to me was that it had not proved fatal to him, for he was not content with a single sip as I was.

BORROWING A BABY.

To passenger trains on most roads there was attached a "ladies' car," from which all but the gentler sex and their escorts, when they happened to have any, were rigidly excluded. This car was far more comfortable than any of the others, and of course, men travelling without any female companion would often make efforts to elude the vigilance of the guard at the door of the ladies' car and get a seat in it. Consequently, ladies travelling alone often had pressing offers, generally from soldiers going home on furlough or returning to their commands, to carry bundles or valises from one train to another when there was a change of cars.

"Please lend me your baby, madam," I once heard a soldier ask. He formed one of a group standing on the platform at a depot where the train had just stopped. The lady spoken to was sitting next to me with a crowing baby in her arms, and without the slightest hesitation she handed it to the stranger through the car window. Soldier and baby both disappeared for a time. When next they were seen they were coming into the ladies' car unchallenged by the deluded guard. "Thank you, madam," said the soldier, handing the baby back to its mother, and then dropping into a comfortable seat. Just then the whistle blew, or doubtless the baby would have been borrowed over and over again until all the soldiers had got into the ladies' car, and the bewildered guard been made to believe that he had been promoted to the command of a travelling baby show.

On one occasion I was travelling alone from Macon, Ga., to Mobile, for the purpose of rejoining my husband at the latter place. We changed cars at Montgomery, and soon after I had taken my seat I heard a gentleman say that an order had been issued by Gen. Maury, the commanding officer at Mobile, forbidding non-combatants to enter the city, for it was thought that the place would soon be attacked. I was in dismay at hearing such news as that, for it was doubtful whether I had money enough to get back to Macon.

"What I say is certainly true," the gentleman said, when I questioned him on the matter, "for some ladies were made to leave the train at Pollard last night."

"But if you have a pass," he continued, "there will be no trouble about your getting through."

But I had no pass. What to do, I knew not. Only I had made up my mind on one point, and that was to go on to Mobile or be put off the train by main force. Just before we reached the line that non-combatants were forbidden to cross, I saw the glare of a lantern and heard the word "passes!" Throwing myself down on the double seat, I pretended to be sound asleep. The officer at last paused at my seat. "Pass!" I heard him say, but I gave no answer. Twice more he repeated the word, and still I pretended to sleep. Then he passed on possibly taking it for granted that any one who could sleep so soundly must necessarily have a mind absolutely at rest on the subject of passes, and indeed everything else.

"What would you have done," I have since been asked, "if the man had persisted in waking you up?"

"Pretended to be deaf and dumb," was my answer.

At the time that I slept so soundly, I was returning from the wedding of one of my sister's. I remember that when I was going on to Macon I mentioned to the conductor the object of my trip and the hour appointed for the ceremony.

"Then you'll be too late," said the conductor, "for we are behind time and cannot possibly make connection at Columbus."

"You must not talk that way," I said. "Get through in time and I'll invite you to the wedding."

He entered into the spirit of the thing, and actually pushed through in time.

Before concluding the account of my railroad experiences during the war, which I have written without any chronological order, I must mention one amusing incident connected with it. I had taken my seat in the train bound west from Meridian, when I saw a strange woman with her eyes fixed directly on me, elbowing her way through the crowded aisle.

"Please ma'am," she said, when she at last reached my seat, "try to make the conductor pass me over the road free. I think I ought to travel free, for I am a poor widow. I have had two husbands killed in the war!"

A CONFEDERATE WEDDING.

There was a marked contrast between my sister's wedding as a refugee at Macon and my own a little over two years earlier—that is, before any material change in the way of living had been

brought about by the war. On the latter occasion the bridegroom, who had come on furlough from the Army of Northern Virginia, was married in a calico shirt, and thought himself lucky to have a new one. My bridal present to my sister was a pair of kid gloves that had cost \$50 in Mobile. When the bride was about to put them on it was noticed for the first time that both were right hand gloves.

"I am glad of that," she said, "for now I shall be forced to wear one at a time, and so they will last twice as long."

That thing of wearing one glove at a time got to be common enough in Mobile, and doubtless in other places where gloves were worn at all.

My bridal veil was used by my sister, as it had already been by two other brides in Mobile. Of the four whose brows it decked, all but the writer have been widows for many years past.

I was in Mobile when the Federal forces, under Grant, marched from Bruinsburg to Jackson, preparatory to enclosing Pemberton's army within the lines of Vicksburg; but my sisters were still on the plantation. They were five in all, the oldest being 22 years old and the youngest hardly ten. My father, when he heard that Grant had landed at Bruinsburg, endeavored to take a part of his negroes to the east of Pearl River, and so the girls and our little brother, 12 years old, were left without even a nominal protector.

It was quite apparent that everything on the plantation was in a state of disorganization, and yet the negroes that were still there were, with one exception, kinder in their manner and more respectful, if possible, than ever before.

The girls, remaining in the house all the time, were not aware that Federal troops were on the place until a squad of them had been encamped for several days within a quarter of a mile of the house. From the subsequent behavior of these men, there is little doubt but they were stragglers acting without orders. Finally, the girls saw the blue coats at the front gate. They came swaggering in and ordered all firearms there were in the house to be delivered to them. A couple of boys' guns and an old Mississippi rifle were handed the leader of the squad. In the meantime the others were "going through" the house—searching in wardrobes and bureaus and closets—in a word, wherever they thought anything of value might be found, and appropriating whatever came to hand. Fortunately the silverware had all been buried, and the girls had taken the precaution to let out the

contents of a barrel of brandy in the cellar.

BOLD THIEVES IN BLUE.

My sisters soon became aware that they had fallen into the hands of a set of men that were common thieves rather than honorable soldiers of a great government. They stole everything that they could lay their hands on and were coolly insolent with it all. The girls, thinking that a fearless bearing on their part was the best policy, spoke to the scamps boldly enough.

"You stole that ring," said S. to the leader of the band, who came into her presence flourishing on his little finger a ring belonging to one of the family.

"Yes, I did steal it," was the reply. "I scorn to tell a lie about it."

There was a fire and burglar-proof safe in the house with a combination lock. How our little brother happened to know the combination is more than I can tell, but perhaps it is well that he did, for two of the brutes held cocked pistols to his head and forced him to open the safe. They found only a few dollars to reward them for their valorous act.

For nearly a week my young sisters were in the power of these people, and shut out from all communication with the outside world and knowledge of the great events that were taking place so near to them.

The men did have the decency to go to their camp at night, but they lounged about the house all day long, to the unspeakable annoyance and disgust of the family.

The leader of the band put on the most consequential airs imaginable, and was piqued at the small degree of awe that he inspired.

"You don't know who I am," he said one day. "I am a far more important man than you take me to be."

"O, yes," answered one of the girls, "we suspected all along that we were entertaining Gen. Grant in disguise."

The fellow took the sarcasm literally and was evidently so pleased at the supposed compliment that there was a change in his manner for the better. But still the situation was almost unendurable.

Sometimes the man intimated that they had orders to burn the house down, and they constantly threatened to hang my father the moment he returned, as he had appointed to do by a certain time.

"We treat you like gentlemen," they said one day, "but we cannot answer for what other troops may do when they come along."

At length the girls made up their minds to leave the place at all hazards, and although one of them was on crutches on account of a wrenched ankle, all five of them and our little brother took to the public road on foot, carrying with them a few changes of clothes that had been hastily tied up in bundles.

Fortunately at a few miles from the house they met our father returning with a wagon, and he and they together made their way to Enterprise, Mississippi, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and thence to Mobile. At the last named place they arrived in a sad plight indeed, two of them bareheaded.

After the Federal lines were closed round Vicksburg, our old neighborhood fell once within Confederate lines, or rather on the side of the "debatable land" that was nearest to them. Some of my sisters returning to the place found everything very much in the condition that they had left it, and they succeeded in transporting to Mobile many things that proved of value to them as refugees. Many of the old family servants cast their lot with them and accompanied them first to Mobile and then to Macon.

LIFE IN MOBILE

during the war was, perhaps, gayer than in most other places. There was a stampede from there immediately after the fall of New Orleans, but when the first panic was over, Mobile came to be regarded as one of the safest points in the Confederacy. Like Norfolk, it was always famous for its hospitality, and added to that feature was the fact that it was, during the greater portion of the war, the only seaport in the South that remained in our possession. Consequently, it was the objective point for all young officers belonging to our Western armies who longed for a little gaiety after hardships in the field. There was a round of receptions and parties and balls, none of them attended with any serious expense, but no less enjoyable notwithstanding that. At these fashionable gatherings the gentlemen, as a rule, wore homespun, and the ladies dresses that had been turned and "adapted," perhaps, several times over. Gloves had long become obsolete. I have heard the ladies of Mobile criticised severely for indulging in this apparent levity while our brave soldiers were enduring every hardship and peril in the field, and our cause trembling in the balance.

But gaiety of manner is not necessarily a proof that the heart is not bleed-

ing. In the whole South there were no truer women to the Confederate cause than those gay daughters of Mobile. If they did "fiddle while Rome was burning," they also "fought the fire" as bravely as any of their sisters elsewhere. They were ever ready with their means and their time to help on the cause—nursing in the hospitals when the opportunity offered, and working with both sewing and knitting-needles in behalf of the soldiers in the field.

High prices during the winter of 1864-65 made it difficult for people of limited means to obtain even the necessities of life. Gold was selling at from \$40 to \$45—that is to say, one needed that many dollars in Confederate money to buy what could be bought for one dollar in gold. Besides this apparent rise in merchandise of all sorts, there was a real rise in the price of many articles on account of their scarcity. Ordinary shoes sold for \$150 a pair; calico, \$30 a yard; flour, from \$400 to \$600 a barrel; corn meal, \$50 a bushel. How any class of people except these who had gold to exchange for Confederate money could live under such a state of things is a mystery. It is not surprising that there were narrow escapes from bread riots more than once in Mobile, and doubtless in other cities of the Confederacy. I witnessed a demonstration of the kind in Mobile. Dauphin street, for several blocks, was thronged with poor women, mothers and wives of soldiers in the field, demanding food for themselves and children. I heard that finally the fire engines were ordered out, and the poor women dispersed at the point of the nozzle. At that very time the ostentatious display of luxurious extravagance by certain officials of the quartermaster department was the common town talk. During the time that I spent in Mobile I witnessed

THREE FUNERALS

that are worthy of mention as illustrative of the spirit of the times. From the house in which I was boarding a widow started forth all alone to bring home the remains of her eldest son, killed at Malvern Hill six months before. She got back to Mobile on the day she had expected when she left, bringing the body of her son with her, and firmly believing that she owed her success in finding it in the midst of the long array of the dead to the direct interposition of Providence. The burial services for the widow's son were performed at the Cathedral, with all his kindred around him, and with the impressive ceremonies of his mother church.

It was different with a gallant Mary-

lander who died at Mobile in the midst of strangers; and yet he was nursed as tenderly as he could have been by those nearest to him, and when the time for nursing had passed, his bier was lovingly decked with flowers and moistened with women's tears. As calamities thickened round our common cause, we felt bound in closer ties even than those of kindred.

As I had heard the guns before Richmond in the early stage of the war, I could now, in the last stage, hear those at Spanish Fort across the bay from Mobile, for the attack on that place had begun. I was attending service at Trinity Church, the distant booming of the cannon being heard from time to time above the voice of the minister and the responses of the congregation, when I heard the sound of shuffling feet along the aisle, and looking towards the door, I saw some men in threadbare gray bearing a coffin towards the chancel. Without a word being exchanged between the strangers and the minister the latter proceeded to perform the burial service for the unknown dead, all the congregation devoutly taking part. Who was he? Only an obscure soldier who, the day before, had been brought over from Spanish Fort mortally wounded, and had died that morning in a hospital.

After the services were over, the ladies lingered round the church door listening sadly to the bombardment.

"All that I have in the world is there," said one of the ladies, "my only child is under that fire."

"And my husband is there," I said.

Two months had passed since the day at Appomattox, when my husband and I, going on a visit to my old home, drove up to the tavern in the village of Raymond.

"You back here, B—," I said to the one-armed host, who came forth to receive us, for I had known him as a boy, and remembered that he still was one when he went off to the war with the Fencibles.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered; "since I lost my arm at Sharpsburg, I have been trying to make a living at this sort of business."

"Yonder in that grove was the camping-ground of the Fencibles when they were first organized. I see some white objects there," I said. (I am quite near-sighted.)

"What you see," explained B—, "are the tents of the negro regiment, now camped on our old ground."

And such a change as that had taken place in a little more than four years!"

No. 29.—A Band of Heroes.

(By a Virginia Woman.)

Being in Richmond during the session of the Convention which withdrew my loved State from the Federal Union, and having been in Virginia from the beginning of the war to its close, I can jot down some incidents which may be more or less interesting to those conversant with them, and to save from oblivion persons and scenes which are passing away from memory, and place a few just laurels on the graves of some of our known and unknown martyred dead.

The spacious parlors of the Spottswood Hotel were nightly filled with ladies who warmly discussed the topics which were debated in Convention by day. I can give no idea of the enthusiasm of the Virginia women at the probability of their mother State asserting her sovereignty and joining her sister States in their struggle for independence. Very few of our women were opposed to Secession; they were not only willing, but impatient for the Convention to withdraw Virginia from the Union. Governed by feeling, they thrust judgment into the back-ground, and were for immediate action. We taunted our grand old mother State with her prudence, her slowness—indeed, some were so unfilial as to say she was in her dotage—but we since have been compelled, with bitter tears, to confess what simpletons we were, how blind, not to appreciate her glorious efforts for peace. Virginia saw from the beginning what would be the result to the whole South if our cause was lost. Experience has taught us how grand she was in her conservatism, and when all her efforts for an honorable peace were unavailing, casting her mantle, with its glorious "*Sic Semper*," around her coerced sisters, she bared her bosom to the foe and received their daggers, even to the hilt.

I returned to my home a week or two before the secession of Virginia, but my husband kept me daily advised of the progress of events. Fort Sumter fell on the 13th of April. Lincoln's proclamation, calling on Virginia for 75,000 men to coerce the South, was met with the warmest indignation everywhere, and on the 19th of the same month she asserted her State sovereignty and added

one more star to the Southern Confederacy.

In a short time Virginia was as a great camp. From mountain to seaward, the excitement was immense. New companies were formed, old ones filled up. Boys of fourteen and fifteen years of age caught the infection, and organized themselves into companies. Sewing societies were formed by the ladies to work for the soldiers and do whatever they could for the general good.

THE FIRST MARTYR

to the cause in Virginia was a youth of not more than 17 years.

When it was reported in the streets of Richmond that the *Pawnee*, a vessel of war, was below Richmond for the supposed purpose of attacking the city, the excitement was intense. Old men, young men, boys, armed themselves with whatever was available, to repel the invader.

Young Henry St. George Tucker was appointed by Governor Letcher one of his aides on the occasion. He caught a severe cold riding hither and thither during the night (the first Sunday after Virginia's secession) carrying dispatches from one end of the city to the other. In a few days his young life passed away from the effects of pneumonia. He was a youth of rare purity, an earnest Christian boy, as faithful to his Captain, Christ, under whose banner he had enlisted from his earliest childhood, as he was to his native State. His mother was a daughter of a former minister to the Court of St. James, and he a nephew of one of Virginia's most honored sons, John Randolph Tucker, who is now doing her loyal service in Congress.

I now lay my simple wreath on the grave of this youthful martyr.

When the telegram was received in Lynchburg announcing the secession of Virginia, excitement was at fever heat. That night the Confederate flag was raised on the heights across the river, low fires were kindled on the cliffs in honor of the event, and also of the fall of Fort Sumter.

Well I remember my enthusiasm. I imagined our independence almost achieved, that all our victories would be bloodless. I thought of Virginia going forth in her might, "conquering and to conquer," not widowed and conquered.

How deep the sword has pierced the souls of the women of the South words and time would fail me to tell.

In a few days business was almost suspended in the town. Male schools were

closed, new volunteer companies were organized, old ones recruited, and were under marching orders. How busy our hands and how full our hearts in working for our loved ones, who seemed as if they were preparing for a fête,

INSTEAD OF BLOODY GRAVES.

Ah! how well do I remember seeing a boy, as bright as he was beautiful, drilling, in the absence of an officer, a party of raw recruits. As it happened, one of the recruits was his teacher, a gentleman of very high culture, who had been engaged in teaching for many years, having been a graduate of the University of Virginia and Princeton. Being a warm secessionist from the first, determined to show his devotion to his principles, he enlisted as a private, when upwards of 40, and would never accept higher rank.

When I first saw them, the beautiful boy was double-quicking at a furious pace, his teacher, who seemed almost exhausted by the exertion, not being of very delicate proportions. The next time I saw the boy, I laughingly remonstrated with him for making his teacher run about so much. His eyes sparkled with fun as he replied: "I am only paying him back for some of the discipline he put me through at school."

Alas! both these gallant spirits, the boy, brave as he was beautiful, and talented as he was brave, sealed their devotion to their country with their lives.

This boy's career was so remarkable that I must give a short sketch of it. He joined one of the companies which were preparing for the field, but his father made him resign, thinking it would be as "destroying" seed corn, to send one so young to the war, but when he went with his command to Leesburg he took his son with him. After having been with his father a week or two, the boy was stricken down with fever. The physician who attended him had him carried to his own home, where he was most tenderly nursed. His father was ordered to the field before the convalescence of his son, who temporarily joined one of the Leesburg companies.

He was in the battle of Leesburg, and fought so courageously as to draw on himself the attention of the general commanding, who in his report mentioned him as

"THE YOUTHFUL HERO."

He soon returned to his home, and the next spring his father permitted him to join one of the Lynchburg com-

panies. After a month or two this company was ordered from the Potomac to the peninsula. At the battle of Williamsburg he was severely wounded, shot through the lungs. Gen. Johnston evacuated the peninsula the night after the battle of Williamsburg. This youth remained in the old city, and he was the recipient of loving kindness. He was an inmate of a home of those who had known him in his earliest childhood, Williamsburg having been the place of his birth. One of our own surgeons was left in charge of our wounded. This boy received the most skillful attention and nursing, and at the end of five or six weeks was well enough to be carried to Old Point, where he was exchanged and returned to his home.

You may well imagine how joyfully and thankfully he was received by his family, to whom he was so dear; as beautiful as ever, and having the prestige of being wounded almost to the death for his country at 16 years of age, you may know what a hero he was in their eyes.

In a few months time he received an appointment in the navy and was ordered to the *Palmetto State* at Charleston. After remaining there for a month or two, he was sent to the school ship *Jamestown* at Richmond. He soon wearied of the inactive life and routine, and became restive under the discipline, and before long joined Mosby's command. We know the sad sequel. He gave up his young life at the age of 19 years and a few months, and left bleeding hearts behind him.

A short time after the secession the young men from Virginia who were at the United States Academy at West Point, after a circuitous route, reached home. I was at camp on the outskirts of the city, having gone to see the soldiers go through their evolutions the evening of the arrival of the cadets. Some of them were brought up to my carriage to see me, I having known them at West Point the previous fall. Among them was young Rosser, who would have graduated had he remained that summer. He was made a brigadier, and was a dashing cavalry officer. He is now a successful railroad official. The next was James Dearing from near L. He also attained the rank of brigadier. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw. At the time of his return he was not 21, having been at West Point about three years. He was dangerously wounded a few days before the close of the war, and brought to our ladies' hospital, where, after a week's time he died, leaving a

young wife, a widowed mother and only sister to mourn his loss.

The next was Pelham,

"THE GALLANT PELHAM,"

as Gen. Lee called him. He was as beautiful, and as modest and gentle as a woman, but brave as a lion. He fell the second year of the war at the head of his battery, mourned by all.

The youngest of the lot who returned from West Point, was a youth of rare talents and character. He did his country good service for four years, and is now hard fighting the battle of life as a journalist to provide food and raiment for his family.

For one or two months Lynchburg was as an enormous camp. New companies filled with raw recruits from the mountains and adjacent counties were ordered there to be drilled. Some of the returned cadets from West Point and the Virginia Military Institute were the drill masters.

Soldiers from many parts of the South poured in before going to the field.

The first two was the Oglethorpes from Savannah, a splendid body of men, and a company from Mobile, composed of the best elements.

It gave the people of Lynchburg much pleasure to do all in their power for the comfort of the soldiers, by having them at their houses and doing for them as far as they could what their own mothers and sisters would have done. The strangers were taken in and sheltered as if they had been sons and brothers. We "cast our bread on the waters," and in many instances it came back to us.

About the middle of May our own company, the "Home Guard," the "Rifle Greys," the "Wise Troops," and others were ordered to the field made up of our husbands, sons, brothers and other relatives and friends. I cannot now think of it without a pang. We sent them forth, with prayers and blessings, to do and dare, for what we believed a most righteous cause.

A few days before a regiment from Arkansas was ordered to the field the colonel came to one of our most prominent and active ladies (who had then five sons in service, and wished she had twelve to send,) and requested that if it was possible that she and the other ladies would make some arrangements to take care of ten or twelve men who were unable to march. She found she could get two rooms, which had been used by a club. These were arranged as

well as circumstances would admit, and this was the beginning of

"OUR LADIES' HOSPITAL,"

which did good service to the end. Mrs. Lucy W our president, was known far and wide, and many had come to bless her. The ladies advertised for furniture, provisions, money, all of which were cheerfully given. Our matron, whose services were gratuitous, remained in charge until, and for several weeks after, the close of the war. Mrs. Feaglis' name is remembered with gratitude by many still living, who were the recipients of her faithfulness. Mrs. Oley and herself have both died, but their remembrance is blessed.

In July we realized that our victories were not all to be bloodless. Bull Run and Manassas are too well known for me to dwell on them.

The anxiety we women felt, and the suspense we were in when we learned that a battle was imminent, may be conceived, but not told.

Some of our men who were not in active service went to the field to do all in their power, as the emergency might require. How anxiously and prayerfully we waited their return.

Many of our private homes, as well as hospitals, were filled with the sick and wounded.

Gen. Kirby Smith was brought from Manassas to Lynchburg. He was the guest of a family whose hospitality I do not believe was excelled, rarely equalled, by any then in the Confederacy. From the beginning to the close of the war they were princely in their benefactions, supplying to the wounded and sick in hospitals such delicacies as the Government could not supply. Gen. Nicholl was also one of their most cherished guests for months, he having lost an arm and leg in the service of his country. Alas! sad reverses have come on this generous family. Death has been busy with this household. Their head died several years ago; his widow and only child are bravely at work in the city of Baltimore. There they have opened within the last three or four years a seminary for young ladies. If merit can command success they will be most liberally patronized. I will say *en passant* that when Gen. Smith returned to his home in Florida he carried with him a fair Virginia bride, a daughter of the Hill City.

Time with its manifold changes rolled around. So many sick and wounded

were brought to the ladies they were compelled to enlarge their borders.

A vacant hotel was loaned, and they went to work with might and main to take in all that applied, and that were permitted to come to their hospital by the surgeons.

At last when the army of Virginia was merged in that of the Confederacy, and the government moved to Richmond, the ladies thought they could

DO BETTER FOR THE CAUSE

by having their hospital placed on the same footing as the government hospital. There being opposition to us from some in authority because we were an outside organization.

My husband being in Richmond, I was requested to go down and find out what could be done. The day after I reached Richmond he called on Mr. Benjamin, who received us most courteously.

As soon as my mission was made known to him, he said he would commission us as a regular hospital, on the same footing with the others (but an independent one) a ladies' hospital. That he would send us a surgeon already in the service, or appoint any we might name.

We were most grateful to him, and in a short time everything was satisfactorily arranged. We had our own surgeon, steward, matron, (the same who was with us when we had only two rooms,) male and female servants, and I think added much to the comfort of the sick and wounded by this arrangement. I will now add another wreath to those I have already twined.

When Virginia seceded old William and Mary closed its halls as an institution of learning. The young men who were attending lectures at the time entered the service and became soldiers. Among them was one who deserves a tribute at my hands. I knew him from early childhood. He was a soldier by inheritance.

His great grandfather was Gen. Hugh Mercer who fell mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton, during the Revolution of 1776.

Young Mercer loved all the details of a soldier's life. He would sometimes pay the soldiers to let him keep guard when their turn came, and was never much happier than when acting sentinel.

The company to which he belonged took part in the battle of Williamsburg. His captain having been wounded, and seeing the men demoralized, he seized the flag and calling on them to follow him

fought until he received a wound, which though painful was not dangerous. He was with the army when Gen. Johnston

EVACUATED THE PENINSULA.

On arriving at Lynchburg, he was placed under treatment. After his furlough had expired, he was sent to the army of Northern Virginia, where he remained about twelve months. He was then transferred to Tennessee.

This youth went through the whole campaign, through summer's heat, and winter's cold, without a serious attack of sickness. He returned after the surrender to Lynchburg, where his family were refugeeing. In June, went with them to their home in Williamsburg, and on the first day of September, 1865, died from pneumonia, contracted from bathing, leaving father, mother, sisters and brothers, and many friends to mourn him. There were none braver who fought for their country than young Thomas Hugh Mercer. He was a warm-hearted, affectionate boy, full of life, and a favorite with all who knew him.

During the first year or two of the war the people would, in spite of their surroundings, sometimes be very happy. When no battles were imminent, and their friends being on furlough or sick leave, they would have quite a gay time. Concerts, tableaux, charades and private theatricals were gotten up on several occasions for the benefit of the Ladies' Hospital.

One of the most beautiful scenes of tableaux and pantomime I ever saw was "The Powers of Europe recognizing the Southern Confederacy," performed by some of our young ladies and young men who were in town from the field.

I remember seeing "Richard III," acted entirely by soldiers. It was very amusing—more of a comedy, as it was acted, than a tragedy—and with all my partiality for

OUR YOUNG DEFENDERS

I do not think they threw Booth and Barrett in the shade. They enjoyed it, and that was sufficient. I remember "Richmond" was personated by our young hospital steward (who was quite a favorite with us) dressed in Confederate uniform.

Scores of weddings took place, a number of them being in my immediate circle of friends.

Two or three of them which began with such brilliant prospects have ended in clouds and darkness. It makes the

heart sick to recall some of the changes that have taken place.

Being in the city of Richmond in the fall of '63, I was a guest at a dinner party given by the President and Mrs. Davis in honor of a young married pair. The youthful bride was, of course, the observed of all observers, attractive, bright, a daughter of the Sunny South, the groom a young Virginian, not more than 21 or 22 years, a captain in the army, stationed at one of the arsenals in the South. Among the guests was a son-in-law of an ex-President of the United States, and his wife was the granddaughter of a junior member of Congress, and also a great niece of Patrick Henry.

Another guest was one of the prominent men of Virginia, a lawyer of eminence and a statesman. I remember well his appearance and that of his wife. There were several other guests at the dinner.

Twenty-one years have passed since that entertainment. "Now look on this picture, then on that."

The young bride, after several years of suffering, died from a fatal disease, hastened on by grief, on account of the death of a dearly loved brother, who was lost in the Pacific Ocean.

The then groom is now fighting a hard battle to provide for the wants of a large family.

The son-in-law of the ex-President died in extreme poverty five or six years after the war. His wife is still living, working to support herself and educate her only child.

The lawyer died in the city of Washington eighteen months after the surrender, while engaged in carrying on a very important suit, for which, had he lived to see it decided, he would have received a very large fee.

I must hasten to bring my reminiscences to a close. The ladies' hospital

CONTINUED TO DO MUCH GOOD.

I could fill a book with incidents connected with it, some of them very sad and touching.

I cannot close, however, without mentioning the other lady who was connected with it from the beginning, and pay her a passing tribute.

Mrs. Lucy W. was the president of the hospital, and the vice-president was the wife of a commodore in the navy of the United States, who was at the time of Lincoln's election with his ship on the coast of Africa. She was a Virginia woman, and had two sons in the Confede-

rate army. Her only daughter was married to a young officer from South Carolina.

When Commodore A. returned to the United States and decided to remain in the Union, his wife was of course greatly grieved. He was, however, put on the retired list.

In the latter part of 1863 she went under a flag of truce to Philadelphia, where he was stationed, expecting to return to her family, but in the course of a few weeks she died, and now lies in a cemetery near Philadelphia.

The conflicting feelings she labored under were too much for a frame already greatly enfeebled. While she remained in Virginia she did all in her power for the welfare of the hospital, and was most tender and kind in her ministrations to the sick and wounded.

The ladies' hospital received officers as well as men. We made some warm friends among them. One most highly prized by us was from South Carolina.

He came to the hospital in '63 and remained several weeks on the sick list, but when he learned that a battle was imminent, he hurried to the field and in half an hour after joining his command he was wounded. He would have been killed, but for a cross he had on his watch guard. This cross, the gift of a friend, saved his life by turning the ball from its course.

He was brought back to the ladies hospital, but erysipelas having broken out, the surgeon requested me to have him moved to my home, which I did with much pleasure.

He was a favorite with all who came in contact with him, being courteous and considerate to all classes.

I did not see him for more than twelve months after he again joined his command, but in the battles around Petersburg he was shot through the leg, which was badly broken.

He was again our cherished guest and was with us in many trying scenes.

At one time we thought he would die. His friends were informed of his critical condition. His nearest and dearest were with him till the close of the war. He is still living, most honored and beloved by those who know him.

On the morning of April 25, 1865, my husband came in, when we were at breakfast, and said he could hear from our front gate

THE BOOM OF CANNON.

We all paused to listen. It was the end of so many cherished hopes and illusions. A telegram was soon received,

saying that our beloved Robert E. Lee had surrendered. I will not dwell on it. Words cannot express our grief.

That evening and night our house was filled with our brave boys, who had come up to join, if possible, Gen. Johnston. One poor fellow was so exhausted that he was sent to my dressing room while supper was being prepared. He slept so heavily that he could not be aroused until the next morning.

The last soldier I saw in uniform, fully equipped, was Col. Mosby.

He came a week or two after the surrender to Lynchburg, I think to be paroled, having been informed that he would not be molested. My husband being on the street, heard that notwithstanding the general's promise that he should not be molested, there were threats made to do him harm. He returned to his office, where Col. Mosby was, and informed him of what he had heard, so he might be prepared for violence.

Col. Mosby was not of commanding presence, being small and not erect; but I learned that on that occasion he was well worth seeing.

He took his pistols from their holsters, placed his back against the door opposite the one they would come in, and determined to sell his life at a dear rate, as he would not be taken prisoner. His eyes were very fine. My husband said, his form became erect, his nostrils expanded, and his eyes seemed to burn. His expression I remember well was "that it was a sublime sight to see him."

Happily for all parties they did not put their threats into execution. We went up to the general's office, walking through the streets.

I cannot close these desultory reminiscences without saying a few words about the Richmond women. No place in the Confederacy did the sick and wounded receive more loving care than in Richmond. I am sure there are many still living who remember all their kindness with the warmest gratitude.

I have endeavored, in a very humble manner, to show to those who may read what I have written, what some of our women went through during the war. I have gathered up only a few fragments, and much that I know has been unsaid. I have endeavored to twine a few wreaths for our dead, who gave up their lives for a cause that was lost, but, I trust, still loved by our women. I trust the remembrance of the dead, who shed their blood for us, will be tenderly cherished as long as we, the women, live.

No. 30.—On Neutral Ground.

By Mrs. Susan Archer Weiss, of Richmond, Va.

In the winter of 1861-2, I found my self in Warwick County, on James River pent in between the opposing camps of Newport News and Young's Mills, the former of which was at this time in command of Gen. Phelps, and the latter of Gen. McLaws, under Gen. Magruder at Yorktown. The residence of Capt. Nelson Smith, in whose family I was staying was about five miles distant from Newport News, and over eight from the Confederate camp, whose outlying pickets, however, were stationed within a short distance of the house, on the opposite side of a broad creek which formed a sort of boundary line between Confederate territory and neutral ground, as it was called, extending thence to Newport News.

This name had been given in consequence of Capt. Smith's and one or two other families, not Southerners born, professing "neutrality" on the question of the war, a position which exposed them to the distrust and suspicion of both sides though as regarded my husband—a retired English sea captain—there were officers in both camps who justly respected him as an honest and well-meaning gentleman; as a general thing however, no one would believe in neutrality as a question of a political struggle such as this, and in consequence the family was closely watched by both Yankees and Confederates, with many and dire threats of vengeance in case of any treacherous dealings on the opposite side.

Meanwhile parties from both camps constantly called at the house, generally in search of information in regard to the last visit of "the enemy," with much cross-examination and many hints thrown out as to the supposed secret and treacherous dealing of the family, together with suggestions from the Confederates of withdrawing them into their lines, and from the Yankees of burning down the house.

Such had been the fate of many a residence within a dozen miles of the Yankee camp, and as far as the sight could extend over the level country were to be seen blackened and half consumed abodes standing in the midst of unculti-

vated fields. The very orchards were destroyed, and the wells and springs rendered unfit for use by the bands of Federal soldiers under the name of scouting parties, who constantly roved about this desolated district, visiting the few families who, too poor to seek refuge elsewhere, had been compelled to trust to the mercy of the invaders, and helping themselves to whatsoever they fancied in the way of provisions, and even furniture. I saw one man with a broom and bed quilt and another with a coffee mill, taken from these poor people, whilst a third displayed an old-fashioned gold ring, a wedding ring evidently, which he had appropriated from a woman to send North to his sweetheart as

"A REBEL RELIC"

Capt. Smith's family had not escaped similar depredations; pigs, poultry and forage having disappeared with every visit of the Yankees to the place. A valuable mule and wagon were at one time taken, and shortly after Mrs. Smith's beautiful riding horse was appropriated by Col. Taylor, of the First N. Y. Regiment. She afterwards, towards the close of the war, recovered the animal by order of the provost marshal, Col. Christensen, a Dane by birth, and a most honorable, courteous and kind-hearted gentleman, to whom the ladies of Norfolk were much indebted during the occupancy of that city by the Federals.

I was assured by the poor families in our neighborhood that, though sometimes visited by scouting parties from the Confederate camp—who were always hungry and short of rations—not a man among them had taken "so much as a turnip out of the field" without permission and offering to pay for it. Indeed, Gen. McLaw's orders on this head were most rigid, and the punishment of a transgression severe, considering the temptation to half-starving men. But once had they in any manner molested Capt. Smith's property, when two cavalrymen of Cobb's Legion crossed the creek, and, on his declining to sell them a mule, had taken the animal as their right, with many and severe reflections on his "neutrality," and the peace and luxury in which he and his family were supposed to revel "while the South was expected to starve and freeze, and fight and lay down their precious lives in protecting them and their property." Mrs. Smith made complaint to Gen. Cobb of this proceeding, on which the mule was promptly paid for, and the men as promptly punished for disobedience of orders.

It occasionally happened that cavalry horses would stray from the Yankee camp, and once, when several of these had been for some days grazing about the fields in a drove, Major Hawes, of the Tenth Georgia, was sent across the creek with a company to capture them, in order to replace some which had been lost by our cavalry. The Major was a tall, fine looking man, superb in a brand-new gold-laced uniform and a tiger-skin cloak, and he was apparently gratified by the effect of his appearance on the young ladies of the family, as he rode past our house on his war-like enterprise. It was, therefore, somewhat amusing to behold him returning in the evening at the head of his company, who were acting as escort to two shaggy, wretched skeletons of horses, plough horses which had been left behind by their owners in their hasty flight from the Yankees, and had since run wild in the woods and fields. Two of the men were dragging the animals along by rope halters and others urging them from behind, while a poor little colt, wild with fright and weak from starvation, tottered after its mother. I took a pencil sketch of the scene, which I afterwards presented to the Major, whose brilliant capture of war-chargers became

A STANDING JOKE IN CAMP.

Capt. Smith, in anticipation of being subject to a siege between the two camps, had taken care to lay in an abundant stock of provisions. Warned also by his first experience with the Yankee foraging parties, he now removed everything movable into the comparative security of the dwelling house, making a special sanctuary of Mrs. Smith's sleeping-room, a long, double apartment on the first floor, originally intended for a summer saloon. Here a person seated at the back windows could look upon a foreground of handsome bed-room furniture, and thence across a desert of polished floor to a distant perspective of sugar and spirit casks, terminating in a horizon of mountains of wheat and potatoes piled against the walls. What riches in the shape of plate, money and jewels lay hidden beneath these honest looking specimens of farm productions, the Yankees never discovered, though they several times ransacked the house from garret to cellar, on the pretence of "searching for concealed Rebels." The potatoes they spared, having an abundance in camp, but the spirits were made free with; and these being of a choice quality, polite calls on Capt. Smith thenceforth became

much in vogue, with delicate intimations that "a drop of something" would be appreciated.

In time the spirits disappeared, and the call was then for hot coffee; so that this, too, began to fail, and finally gave out. We were then compelled to resort to substitutes, such as parched wheat and corn, and sweet potatoes cut to the size of coffee grains, roasted and ground; but none of these could boast the flavor and aroma of the genuine Arabian berry. In this distress Mrs. Smith earnestly considered by what means a supply of the much needed coffee could be obtained. To have held any commercial dealings whatever with Yankee sutlers, who were amiably selling at an immense profit to themselves, to supply any and all of our wants, would have been, to use Mrs. Smith's own expressive phrase, "to bring a Confederate hornet's nest about her ears;" while, on the other hand, though stores might be had in Williamsburg and Petersburg, it was doubtful whether she could obtain permission to pass the pickets for this purpose.

Finally, it was suggested that I, being known as a genuine Southern woman, might have some influence with Gen. McLaws, even though he had openly expressed his distrust of Mrs. Smith as a Northern born female, and probably secretly inclined to her native side of Mason and Dixon's line. This insinuation had given her great offence, inasmuch that she had sent him a spirited message to the effect that "she was a Scotch-Douglas, and a woman was no more a Yankee for having been born at the North than a man was a horse for being born in a stable." Henceforth there had been declared war between the two, and it was with much misgiving that I ventured to convey her request in regard to the coffee.

In reply to my pathetic appeal, reinforced by a gallon of fine oysters from our beach, Gen. McLaws sent a note, saying that he would propose Shylock's terms—a pound of coffee for every pound of Yankee flesh and blood. Thereupon we, of course, considered the matter as at an end, and that we must henceforth console ourselves with potato-water coffee as the imaginative marchioness did with her orange-peel wine.

It so happened that some days after this, while rambling about the hedges in search of evergreens, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a gigantic, stern-looking Yankee soldier in blue overcoat, who informed me that he was a deserter from Newport News. I was anxious to go over to the other side and

JOIN JEFF DAVIS'S ARMY,

as he believed the South to be in the right in this contest. He begged me to show him the way to the nearest picket; and fearing lest should he venture alone he might be fired upon, I accompanied him down to the creek. At sight of his tall blue-clad form looming above the bushes the three picket-men on the opposite bluff sprang to their arms, but my appearance reassured them, and at a signal one of them crossed the creek, here at its mouth very broad, and at high tide deep. The Yankee stood motionless, intently watching the advancing rebel, with a sort of grim smile on his thin lips, probably at the very unmilitary appearance of the tattered hat and homespun suit. The wearer was, however, a manly looking young fellow, with bright keen eyes which as his horse came dripping up the bank, he fixed sternly and rather suspiciously on the new recruit. I explained the situation and requested him to take the man into camp; but just then a thought struck me, and I hastily wrote on a slip of paper addressed to Gen. McLaws:

"General, I send you about two hundred pounds of Yankee flesh and blood, for which I shall expect, according to your promise, an equivalent in coffee."

This the South Carolinian promised to deliver into the General's own hand; then turning to the deserter quietly demanded his arms. He produced a huge claspknife and a silver pencil-case and tooth-pick, with which these valuable additions to the Confederate armory, the gallant Carolinian recrossed the creek, the new recruit mounted behind him.

Unfortunately it turned out that the deserter was suspected of being something of a "crank." Accordingly I received from Gen. McLaws a very elaborate reply, in which he explained that "my consignment proving to be in a somewhat damaged condition about the head, I surely could not consider him bound by the terms," &c. So Mrs. Smith's negotiations ended, and no more oysters from her beds found their way to the General's tent. As for the deserter, I heard long afterward that he fought well through the battles between Yorktown and Richmond, and this is all that we ever knew in regard to him.

We had one deserter to the Yankees from the Tenth Georgia—a New Jersey man, by-the-by, who at Newport News gave as reason for his defection that he was "half starved." Beside the Yankee just mentioned several others came over

to our side from the Federal camp. One of these swam the creek on a cold night and hailed the picket, to whom, as they sat around the embers, he expressed himself eloquently in favor of the Confederate cause, declaring himself to be a Southerner by birth and in heart, though brought up at the North. About three months subsequent, on a dark night, one of the picket men caught the sound of a breaking twig, and then a slight splash in the water, and fancying it to be caused by a wild duck threw a stick in the direction of the sound. Instantly there was a dead silence, which exciting the man's suspicion he gave a challenge, and then cried

"HALT! OR I WILL SHOOT YOU DEAD."

On this there emerged from the creek a tall form, which on being led to the camp fire was recognized as the former pretended deserter from Newport News. He had carefully concealed about his clothing and protected from injury by the water, a number of maps and charts of fortifications about Richmond and Yorktown. He was sent back to Richmond, and I do not know what became of him.

It was a wretched life that which the pickets led in sight of our windows. Poor fellows, there on the high bank they always stood, exposed without shelter to the bitter winds and the blinding rain and snow, and often after a stormy winter's night encased in an icy coat of mail. Their rations at this time were poor and scanty, consisting of corn meal and salt bacon, with occasionally potatoes or rice. I have seen them at their picket fire thawing frozen corn-bread in the ashes and making "tea" of sassafras roots, and they considered it a lucky day when ebb-tide left a few mussels and oysters stranded at the foot of the bank. These were abundant on the beach above, and we could get them for the trouble of picking them up, so that there was no danger of our being starved out, even if other provisions failed. Once, I remember, it was agreed that we should in the lack of other amusements and by way of variety have a family *roast-oyster* picnic on the beach. It was a pleasant day in March, and we chose a spot not far from the house, whence we could command a view of the Yankee approach and thus be enabled to retreat in case of an alarm. No one feared the Confederates, who now never molested the family, but were indeed on rather friendly terms since Mrs. Smith had generously taken to sending hot breakfasts to the pickets. We built a fire and

spread a tablecloth on the dry sands, with plates and the necessary adjuncts of an oyster-feast, while two or three negroes, wearing blue Yankee overcoats, waded out into the black marsh left by the receding tide in search of oysters.

The feast was at its height when suddenly there was a wild shout, a charge of horse and a gleam of naked swords, and we all, grown people, children and servants, rushed wildly up the bank, our screams and the shouts reaching the ears of a family nearly a mile distant, and sending them flying in terror into the woods for refuge. When, gaining the lawn we paused to look back, we beheld the attacking cavalry party in gray uniforms standing with their swords sheathed and plumed hats lifted in earnest apology and explanation.

They had happened to ride down to the picket in time to see a great smoke above the bank near our house, and a number of Yankees, as they thought, moving about, and eager for a skirmish had crossed the creek, and screened by the high bank came suddenly upon the supposed marauders, scattering terror, to say nothing of broken crockery, among our innocent and unoffending party. There was a little tearful indignation expressed by the young ladies, humble and profuse apologies from the officers, and finally the feast was resumed by all together, with much laughter at the ludicrous appearance presented at the moment of the sortie. I remember that one of these officers was Capt. T. MacIntosh, of either Charleston or Savannah, whose subsequent death at Gettysburg was so much lamented by Gen. McLaws, whose aide he was. He was a frequent visitor at Capt. Smith's, as were many other of the Southern officers, who were always welcomed and most kindly entertained by the family, who, despite their neutrality in the question of the war, did certainly manifest great preference for the society of Southerners.

ONE OF OUR CHIEF TROUBLES

in this troublous time was, the ambuscading of Federal soldiers on our place. They would come in large or small parties and, concealing themselves within the garden hedge, patiently await the appearance of "rebel" visitors, upon whom they would fire with as eager enjoyment as if engaged in a deer hunt. The major of a Georgia regiment had been thus killed, and several others wounded; to avert which sacrifice in future, I invented a "danger signal" from

my window, which all the pickets understood, and by means of which, doubtless, many a life was preserved. For a time we rested secure in this signal, but it at length began to be suspected by the Yankees. One day a party of forty came upon the place, and, having placed sentries under the widows looking toward the picket, ambuscaded as usual behind the garden fence, with their muskets thrust through the interstices, commanding the approach from both the creek and the road by which the Confederates frequently came from the pickets higher up.

Now it so happened that just previous to the appearance of this party I had been informed by a poor picket man, who had come to the house to beg for "a piece of bread," that at Lee's picket (about a mile distant) was a party of about twenty cavalry who were going toward Newport News on a scouting expedition. In this case I knew that they would stop at Capt. Smith's, and the question now was, how to warn them of the danger and certain death lurking behind the hedge? In vain did I go to my window. There stood the German sentry, who each time lifted his musket with the warning to "go pack, or he would kill me dead." Then I looked at the crouching forms of the blue coats and the long line of glittering steel in the hedge, and my Southern blood boiled, only to chill again with horror at the thought that at any moment the gray uniforms might come into sight at the entrance of the avenue, not three hundred yards distant.

Something *must* be done to save them, and I resolved to make a desperate attempt. In front of the house, facing the river, no sentry was posted, for the tide was high and the waves beating roughly against the foot of the perpendicular bank. Watching my opportunity I flew across the lawn, dropped from the edge of the bank into the water, and supporting myself by the tough roots projecting here and there, made my way to the mouth of the creek, on the opposite side of which the Watts Creek picket was stationed. The men seeing me thus naturally imagined that I had fled from some danger, and running to their horses were about to cross; but knowing that this would expose them to danger, I waved them back, and made the best of my way up the creek, through tangled thickets, and marsh and mire, in mortal fear, not of the enemy, but of *snakes*. More than once I could not suppress a scream, and once stood half paralyzed with terror, as the end of a black crooked stick upon which I had stepped darted above the

surface of the water. At length I came in sight of a lookout, perched in the branches of a tall tree, and thereupon waited until an officer came to me, when I explained the whole situation. I had not been a moment too soon, for when the lookout descried me the scouting party had been in the act of starting for Capt. Smith's. I returned home by the road, with

A HEART SO LIGHT

that I cared nothing for the black looks of the soldiers behind the hedge, who, recognizing me, suspected my errand.

But I can never forget the excitement of that wild walk to the picket, and the agony of the fear lest I should be too late. And it is a rather curious circumstance that the officer to whom I on this occasion gave my warning I recognized as having met once before in a dance at a fashionable party in Richmond.

Some days subsequent to this adventure I was quietly reading at my window, while in the yard below a poor man named Bonneville was sawing wood for Mrs. Smith. Too lame and sickly to be of use in the Confederate army, he remained at home with his family in a little farm house so near our lines and so buried in the woods that it had not yet been discovered by the Yankees. On this occasion he wore a blue overcoat, and lest this should expose him to being mistaken by the picket for a Federal soldier, he had bound about his hat the well known white band which served in our army as a Confederate badge when gray uniforms had given place to many-colored rags and tatters. Suddenly there was a wild commotion without, and I saw a squad of Yankee cavalry gallop into the yard and surround Bonneville, while their leader, a corpulent, red-faced German, struck him down by a blow across the head with the back of his drawn sabre, under the impression of his being a Confederate soldier.

They then demanded the "rebel young woman," meaning myself, upon which, against the persuasions of the family, I went out and inquired why they wished to see me. The leader, (a New York butcher, by-the-by,) told me that I was a prisoner, and must mount behind one of the dragoons, as they meant to carry me to Newport News. This I refused to do, and informed him that I should certainly report them to Gen. Phelps by the first opportunity, as I was sure that he knew nothing about these visits to Capt. Smith's place.

He looked considerably astonished,

and even attempted a sort of apology, but they nevertheless put Bonneville, bleeding and half unconscious, into Capt. Smith's cart, and having helped themselves to what forage they could carry away, departed with their prisoner. An hour after the poor man's wife and daughter made their appearance, in the greatest distress, and implored me to go to Newport News and "get him off." A council of war being held, it was decided that *somebody* must go; not only in behalf of Bonneville, against whom the Germans might bring any charge to justify themselves, but in order to report the ambuscading, and, if possible, get the return of the cart and mule. Nobody else being willing to undertake this possibly dangerous mission, and I having formerly known Gen. Phelps at Fortress Monroe, it was decided that I was the proper person to go.

Accordingly on the following morning I set forth for a five-mile walk to the enemy's camp, without the shadow of a fear of any danger that might offer—a feeling which I believe to be in itself the best protection against danger. Instead of the road I took the solitary beach, once or twice turning a little aside on coming to the ruined dwellings sprinkled along the high bank. The first of these, a small farmhouse, had not been burned, probably its vicinity to the Rebel pickets being its protection. The floors were white and polished—Christmas decorations of holly berries and cedar were still upon the parlor walls and some common furniture remained, the rest having been carried off by the Yankees. On one of the posts of a bedstead was stuck an old-fashioned pasteboard "band-box," flanked on the opposite post by a leghorn bonnet of antique pattern and trimming, through whose crown was visible several bayonet thrusts. I could not but fancy the grief of the poor old lady, the owner, could she have beheld this desecration of her

TREASURED "SUNDAY BONNET."

In the yard, under an apple tree, was a little stool, set off with bits of gay-colored china, and beside it, faded and sodden with many a rain, lay a little child's calico bonnet. So hasty had been the flight of this family when the news came that "the Yankees had landed and were burning all before them." A little further I came upon the handsome villa of Capt. Pembroke Jones, late of the United States navy, but now in the Confederate service. Several attempts had been made to fire it by means of heaps

of books, which lay half-consumed on the heavy floor, and the yard without was strewn with broken mirrors, French china and marble slabs of furniture which had been thrown from the windows. Still further on I found in front of a burned dwelling a large family Bible, carefully covered over with Morocco, and containing genealogical records of the Gilliam family, extending many years back. It was lying open on its face, with the binding partly burst, as though having been thrown or kicked out of the doorway. I took it up, carefully wiped away the mud, and concealed it where I could find it on my return. Years afterward it was restored to its family owners, who had mourned its loss as one of the most treasured of their possessions.

Passing on my way I presently saw two tall, rough-looking Yankee soldiers with muskets, advancing briskly toward me out of a cedar thicket. For one moment my heart failed me, but the next I quietly awaited their approach, and answered in reply to their questions that I was going to Newport News to see the General commanding. They spoke a few words together, and then remarked that they would accompany me part of the way as there was "a bad place to cross above." They inquired if I were "a Secesh lady?" "Yes," I answered, "a Virginian and a Rebel," and I noticed that this knowledge did not in the least abate their respectful behavior. At the "bad place" they pulled down a fence and laid the rails across the mire to prevent my getting my feet wet—an unexpected courtesy for which I thanked them. They were New Jerseymen, I think they said. Farther on I encountered several more stragglers and passed them in nearly the same manner without a sign from them of rudeness or disrespect, even though I declined to answer the inquiry of one of them, a corporal, as to the nature of my business at Newport News.

So I came at length in sight of the outer picket post, a tall brick house, surrounded by a chevaux-de-frieze of wagons, carts, ploughs and branches of trees, with the entrance

GUARDED BY TWO BRASS HOWITZERS.

Here I desired the sergoant on guard to send a note to Gen. Phelps, who, in reply, sent two officers with a polite message that he was at that moment engaged in pressing business with officers just arrived from Washington; but that he could see me in about an hour, if I could wait until then. I declined to wait, but

made known my errand to the two officers, who courteously assured me that the matter should be attended to; that the General knew nothing of the "lawless doings" of these straggling Germans, and they both expressed an opinion of the "Teutonic element" in the Federal army not at all complimentary or eulogistic. Indeed, I never heard the Germans and Dutch soldiers spoken of by the native-born Americans in the Federal army save in terms of the greatest contempt, as "brutes," "hogs" and "fit food for powder"—while on the Southern side it was very different. I have no explanation of this.

The officers would have persuaded me to remain and see the General, saying, that there were ladies in camp, wives of officers, who had formerly known me; but I preferred returning home, declining the offer of a conveyance under a flag of truce. I was presently overtaken by an officer in naval uniform, who introduced himself as Lieut. Morris, of the *Cumberland*, which noble looking vessel, together with the *Congress*, the *Minnesota* and several others lay in full view, guarding the passage of the river. He knew my family, he said, and one of my relatives, Dr. Richard Jeffrey, of the navy, was an old friend and comrade of his. He was himself a Virginian; and when in the course of our talk, as we walked along the river bank, I glanced over the burnt and desolated country, and remarked, "this is Virginia, your mother State," his eyes filled with tears. We paused for a moment to look at the Federal men-of-war, and in special the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, the proudest and stateliest of them all, with not a thought of how near their fate was, when one would be in flames and the other engulfed beneath the waters upon which she now so proudly rode. He saw me safe in sight of Capt. Smith's residence, and though we never again met, I am mistaken if, remembering how he looked and how he talked, this gallant but recreant son of Virginia did not, before the war was over, suffer many a pang of remorse for the part he was taking against the State which he professed so to love and revere, even though he had "at first" considered it his duty to fight under the "Old Flag."

On the day following this expedition of mine we were all greatly surprised by the appearance of

A BRILLIANT CAVALCADE,

in blue and gold and crimson sashes, dashing up the avenue from the direction of Newport News. It was presently

explained by the appearance in the midst of a light wagon, wherein sat Mr. Bonneville with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling, guarded on each side by a dragoon, whilst in the wagon stood a tall sergeant, waving over his head an immense flag of truce. About a dozen officers led the van, and the rear was brought up by Capt. Smith's mule and cart, at sight of which Mrs. Smith, in a gush of gratitude, hastened to produce her most carefully concealed treasures of wine and brandied peaches, with plenty of pumpkin pies and other edibles which had been reserved for rebel visitors, and so entertained the Yankees as she had never before voluntarily done. The officers sent up their cards to the ladies, and it was thus that I became acquainted with several Northern gentlemen, including Col. Olmstead and Col. Christensen, before mentioned, and at this time provost marshal of Newport News, of whom in all my subsequent acquaintance with them I cannot speak too highly, as courteous, kind-hearted and honorable gentlemen.

During this visit I pointed out to one of the officers our three picketmen across the creek, standing on the bluff, watchfully eyeing the blue uniforms and the flag of truce, now conspicuously mounted upon the piazza. It was his first glimpse of a "rebel," and as he gazed at the ragged figures and heard from Mrs. Smith that their rations that day consisted of corn-meal and rice, he expressed the greatest surprise at their being "willing" to endure it. "They will have to give up," said one of the officers to Capt. Smith, with an air of conviction; but the other replied, "I am confident that men such as these, backed by the Southern women, must win in the end, if they can only obtain food and arms." And, no doubt, he was right.

Thenceforth there was no further ambuscading on our place, nor were we favored with any more "surprise parties" from the German camp. Unfortunately, other families in the neighborhood did not fare so well, for, not long after this, I came upon a procession of two or three hundred Federals who had clearly been on a foraging expedition among the farm-houses. They had cab-bages and fowls stuck on their bayonets and two slaughtered cows and some pigs on a wagon, while in a farm-cart sat a woman, with two little children, and a baby in her arms. Behind the cart, in the midst of the soldiers, walked a white-headed old man in

BLOOD-STAINED SHIRT-SLEEVES.

His head and feet were bare, and his

lips firmly compressed in a sort of fixed despair. Some miles away rose several columns of black smoke, where these marauders had been burning the houses of these poor people, whose greatest offence was that they had sons and husbands in the Confederate army. I have never forgotten that scene, and to this day my heart burns with pity and indignation when I recall it. Nor was this the doings of those whom the Yankees called "beastly Germans," but the work of certain regiments of New York volunteers under their own officers, and by command or permission of Gen. Mansfield.

Meanwhile, we were all anxiously awaiting the appearance of the *Merrimac*, or the *Virginia*, as she ought to be called, concerning which the Federal officers made many a joke. There was a Methodist preacher at Newport News, whose name I have forgotten, but whose vindictiveness toward everything *Southern* struck me with horror, as being not only the reverse of Christian, but almost inhuman. I well remember the malignant delight with which he anticipated the "blowing the *Merrimac* to atoms, with every rebel on board." He afterward wrote an account of this battle for the Northern papers, making it out to have been a great Federal victory, notwithstanding that he had beheld with his own eyes the *Cumberland* sunk, the *Congress* burnt, the blockade broken, and the little "rebel" fleet led triumphantly past the guns of the fort and the fleet to Norfolk. I would not, of course, speak a word of irreverence against "the clergy," but, in all my experience, I have observed that at the North the most vindictive enemies of the South were, first, the Methodist preachers, and next, the women.

Concerning this grand naval battle, (which I witnessed from beginning to end,) I can only refer to it very briefly in passing, and tell how after this event McClellan's army began to pour in at Newport News, and how they sent down artillery and drove in our pickets preparatory to an advance, and then commenced their "On to Richmond" march, with the events of which every Southerner is familiar. Thenceforth no dingy gray figures were seen on the bluff, except that the negroes declared that in crossing the creek they had seen the figure of a rebel soldier marching up and down in the old place, which melted away and vanished as they approached. And to this day the site of the Watts Creek Picket is said to be haunted.

No. 31.—The Last Place Captured.

(By M. R. T., of Asheville, N. C.)

It seems to me that of the hard experiences at the beginning of the civil war, the hardest was that of any officer of the United States army, whose convictions and love of his own State obliged him to resign his commission and join the Southern cause. Such was the experience of my father. A native of North Carolina, a graduate of West Point, a true and brave officer throughout the war with Mexico, he was occupying an honorable position in the quartermaster's department, with the rank of major, when the first news of Secession reached him in far-off Fort Riley. For it was far-off in those days, in the then Territory of Kansas, and only connected with the outside world by stages to Fort Leavenworth, the nearest army post. Across the Kansas prairies travelled the news that North Carolina had seceded, and with it came the great change of my childhood.

But I was not old enough to understand much of what Secession portended. My life, as I then knew it, was full of a child's happiness, and of the frolic and fun of a girl, with, I am afraid, rather tom-boyish proclivities. As it happened, my only playmates were boys—my two brothers and the three sons of an officer, who afterwards became a general in the Federal service. I had always known and loved the blue uniforms of the United States soldiers, the drum and fife, and bugle, the flags and cannon, the marching, the drilling, the parading—all the sights and sounds of a garrison. Even the guardhouse—before which oftentimes a soldier, for some misdemeanor, would stand still on a stump for hours; where the prisoners, with ball and chain, worked day after day, an armed guard watching them; where a stately sentinel gravely paced up and down, at all hours of the day and night. Even the guardhouse held a fascination very dear to a child whose years had been passed at Fortress Monroe and Fort Snelling. And though the army life was not all play—not all marbles and ball, and many gallops over the prairies on Indian ponies, yet probably the every day hours of regular study, and the Sunday lessons and read-

ing—made me all the happier. However it may be, the parting from the garrison home was sad enough, and children's tears can be very bitter, though their sorrows be short-lived.

AN OFFICER'S DAUGHTER'S EXPERIENCE.

I wish I could recall more distinctly our journey South. We crossed the lines by flag of truce, (my father had preceded us and joined the Confederate army,) at Fortress Monroe, and went immediately to the capital of North Carolina. There we were soon in the midst of all the excitements of war time, and, attending as I did, a large school, I soon learned to think as did the girls around me; I soon learned to hate the "Yankees," and to love the South, as if I had always lived there. And yet it was at first so new a life. I remember one thing that struck me as being so strange. In walking or riding—for I had my horse and saddle—every negro I met spoke to me politely—"how d' ye" being the usual words of salutation. It seemed so odd that these negroes, whose black, unfamiliar faces were such a curiosity to me, should bow and smile and speak as if they had known me for years. And yet I learned to like the kindly greeting, and rather miss it, these latter days, when "colored persons" are too particular to speak to any one without having had an introduction, and even then the greeting is not the simple, humble, polite acknowledgment of old days, but is most apt to be an affected little laugh, or, perchance, a careless nod.

It was in February, 1865, that, my father being ordered to Asheville, we left Raleigh and went to this mountain town in Western North Carolina. At that time the cars only ran to Morgantown, sixty miles from Asheville, and those sixty miles we travelled in an ambulance, spending one night at Pleasant Gardens, a place familiar to all travellers among the North Carolina mountains. Asheville itself, at that time, was a village of perhaps one thousand inhabitants, but to us it seemed a land of plenty—a land, indeed, "flowing with milk and honey," after the dearth of food we had met with in Raleigh. That it was so far from the railroad, so much out of the way of ordinary travel, so hidden in its circuit of mountains, was probably the reason of its abundant supplies, else poor, starving Confederates, or eager, destroying Federals would long ere these last months of the war have despoiled it of its good things.

FAMILIAR SPOTS IN THE OLD NORTH STATE.

There had been very little fighting in Western North Carolina, and there were few Confederate troops there. To be sure there had been raids from the "bushwhackers" of Tennessee, and the formidable and altogether horrible "Kirk" was held in constant terror in Asheville, but the town boasted of but two batteries for its protection. One of these, Battery Porter, a hill in the midst of the town, is now looked upon, I understand, as the future peaceful site of a handsome hotel. And the other, overlooking the town and commanding it, as well as a most extensive and glorious view of the surrounding country and the distant mountains, is the far-famed "Beau-Catcher," possessing now though a much more attractive name, that of "Beaumont." With the new name it became the property of a Charleston gentleman, and when the handsome house which now crowns its summit is filled with the gay, and the young and mirthful, no one will dream that a spot so charming has been a Confederate battery, with heavy earthworks and bristling cannon, intent on death and destruction. But, however ready the "implements of war" the town was destined to be taken without one blow struck in its defence.

We were much startled and excited, one day, hearing a large "Yankee" force was approaching Asheville from South Carolina. Our commanding officer, Gen. Martin, immediately sent a flag of truce to meet and confer with the enemy, and soon after the generals on both sides, with their respective staff officers, assembled on the roadside and an amicable meeting took place. It seems there was at the time an armistice between Gens. Johnston and Sherman, and knowing this neither Gen. Martin nor Gen. G—, (the Federal general,) could expose their troops to battle. It was scarcely likely that Asheville, with its few soldiers, could have withstood Gen. G—'s force. The most we could have done would have been to arrange terms of

HONORABLE CAPITULATION.

I do not know whether or not this fact was known to Gen. G—, probably not. At any rate, it was decided that the Federal troops should have safe passage through our lines, proceeding on their way to Tennessee, and as they had no rations, Gen. Martin agreed to fur-

nish a certain amount of provisions, to be returned at a reasonable time.

I will say just here, that these provisions were returned through Gen. Thomas, to whom Gen. Martin wrote, stating the facts of the case, several months later, and somewhat to our advantage, for the citizens of Asheville had only been able to give the Confederate rations to Gen. G——'s three thousand troops, while Gen. Thomas returned the rations of the United States soldiers, which included coffee and beans. These rations, if I remember aright, were divided amongst the townspeople, in the same proportion in which the other rations had been given.

Both generals pledged themselves, if either received news of the cessation of the armistice, to give the one ignorant of the fact a notice of twenty-four hours before attempting any hostile movement. A pledge, alas! deliberately broken by the Federal general, as the sequel will show.

Everything being thus satisfactorily arranged, Gen. G—— and some members of his staff dined with Gen. Martin, and I remember thinking how strange it was that officers should dine companionably together, who, a day later, might be doing all in their power to compass one another's capture or death. But such are the changes and chances of war!

To see the "Yankee" troops march through the town I, with several girls of my own age, betook myself to the front balcony of a friend's house, which faced the road, and there we watched the blue uniformed figures tramp slowly past and listened with pleasure to the brass band, which we thought very fine. We looked at one another in dismay, though, and made more than one grimace as suddenly the band struck up "Yankee Doodle;" indeed, I believe several of us were feminine enough to put our fingers in our ears. But as the strains of "Yankee Doodle" died away and were instantly followed by those of our much-loved "Dixie," well rendered, we felt we could forgive our enemies much. Could we have foreseen the events of the next evening, Wednesday, April 26, 1865, certainly we would not have been in so charitable a frame of mind.

SURPRISED BY THE FEDERALS.

The following day passed as usual, and in the afternoon I walked to a near neighbor's to pay a friendly visit. There, as dusk was approaching, we were startled by the sight of men riding

rapidly up and down the road in front of the house. We could not distinguish their uniforms, and I can't recall that we heard a single shot or any unusual noise. But the very air seemed impregnated with some subtle element of disturbance, as I hastened home, fearing I knew not what. At the door I was met by mamma, who hurried me into the house, drawing me into the dining-room with one of my brothers, the other being in Virginia—locking the front door, and telling us the Federals had returned, and the town was at their mercy. Mamma had pulled in the window-shutters, and she bade us stand in the corners of the rooms away from the windows, in case the soldiers should attempt to shoot through, and I remember my fright, as we stood huddled together as far from the windows as possible.

A while we waited, and then the trampling feet were heard, the rattle of muskets, then footsteps on the front porch and a thundering knock at the door. Mamma went bravely and quietly from the room, making us promise to close the door behind her as soon as she had passed out. We heard her in the hall endeavoring to parley with the soldiers, before unlocking the front door, but they were impatient to enter and she found she must turn the key at once. Then, with noise and rude jostling, they came in. Fortunately there were not many of them—eight or ten, perhaps—and they did not seem inclined to murder us in cold blood, as I had fully anticipated. They were more anxious to obtain plunder than anything else, and eagerly sought any spot where they thought valuables could be found.

PLUNDERING A GENERAL'S HOME.

The table was laid for tea, and one of the men, spying several silver napkin rings, dexterously transferred them to his pockets, napkins and all. What eatables were on the table they helped themselves to without ceremony, and wandered round the room, peering into every nook and corner. As it happened, we had very little furniture, and the room was rather bare, but on the wall, over the mantelpiece, was a very fine portrait of my father. Before this one of the soldiers stopped, and my heart quaked lest he should destroy or mutilate it with his sabre; but he only looked steadily at it a moment, and then queried of me:

"Whose picture, Sis?"

"My father's," I answered bravely, but scared out of my senses.

Not being myself labelled, this answer was scarcely calculated to give the man much information, but he seemed satisfied, as he continued:

"A darned rebel, hey? But it is mighty like Gen Grant, anyway, blast me if it ain't!"

A direr insult he could scarcely have offered, but I wisely refrained from expressing myself to that effect, and with another look at the portrait the man passed on.

Finding so little of value in the dining-room, the men, no doubt disappointed, called for lights and required to be shown over every room in the house. They were looking for arms, or hidden rebels, they said, but it was strange that they peered into every trunk and box, every bureau and closet, if their search were, indeed, only for these. We held the lamps and candles for them as they poked and stared about and helped themselves to anything they saw fit to take. They possessed themselves of several pieces of jewelry, and, among other things, I remember an old-fashioned and very pretty silver card-case—now in my possession—which one of the soldiers slipped into his pocket. All these articles we were fortunate enough to recover later, the officer in command actually obliging the men to give them up on complaint of their having been stolen from us.

AN OPPORTUNE ARRIVAL.

What mamma most feared as we passed from room to room with the "Yankees" was, that on reaching the closet where there was a demijohn of whiskey, the men would become intoxicated, and there would then be no saying what dreadful things they might do. So she delayed as long as possible approaching this closet. But finally there was no help for it, and in much trepidation she opened the door. It was a large closet, on the lower floor, opposite the front door, and the men crowded in. But just as they would have taken the whiskey a noise was heard outside, the front door was opened, and an authoritative voice, approaching the open closet, exclaimed sternly:

"Men, what are you doing there? Go to your quarters, immediately!"

There was no evading such a command from one evidently in authority. The men slunk away and our experiences for the night were over, a

guard being appointed and we being no more disturbed.

The officer, who had thus summarily put an end to the depredations of the soldiers, had come to the house with my father and several other Confederates, who had been taken and then paroled to report to Gen. Stoneman, in Tennessee. But they never did so report, the following letter being received by Gen. Martin just as the officers were starting on their way to Tennessee. It speaks for itself, and probably no experience of the last days of the war was quite like this of the officers and soldiers of Asheville. A capture and yet no capture, a parole and yet no parole.

A LETTER FROM GEN. PALMER.

HDQRS. OF E. TENN. CAVALRY DIV., }
HICKORY NUT GAP ROAD, April 28, 1865. }

General: I could not learn any of the particulars of your capture, and of that of Col. Palmer and other officers and men at Asheville on the 26th, and, as my troops at that point were obliged to leave immediately, there was no time to make the necessary investigation. I, therefore, ordered your release on a parole of honor to report to Gen. Stoneman.

On further reflection I have come to the conclusion that our men should have given you, under all the circumstances, notice of the termination of the armistice, and that in honor we cannot profit by any failure to give this notice. You will, therefore, please inform all the officers and soldiers paroled by Gen. Brown, last evening and this morning, under the circumstances above referred to, that the parole they have given (which was by my order) is not binding, and that they may consider that it was never given.

Regretting that your brother officers and yourself should have been placed in this delicate situation,

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM F. PALMER,
Brig.-Gen. Comd'g.

Brig-Gen. J. G. Martin, Asheville.

After the receipt of this letter the officers all went to Franklin, N. C., where they remained until they heard of the surrender.

Young as I was at the time, the uncertainty, anxiety and terror of that April night were not soon forgotten. And yet our adventures were very tame compared to those of some of the other households of the town, where the Yankees showed more cruelty, more hatred, and more love of plunder than with us.

Asheville. I understand, boasts of being "the last place captured," and though I don't know that there is any especial advantage attached to that fact, I earnestly trust my second experience of capture, first or last, will never come to me, or to any one dear to me!

No. 32.—Wilson's Raid in Georgia.

(By Mrs. C. B. Howard, of Atlanta, Ga.)

For four years had the cloud of war rested upon our homes. Very nearly had it touched me, for husband, brothers and many near and dear kindred were in their country's service, and yet so fortunate had I been that none of my very dearest had gone never to return. My home was situated in that signally favored belt of middle Georgia, the very last to be visited by an invading army.

Living upon an ample plantation, and raising all our provisions in abundance, we esteemed it a pleasure and privilege to entertain our friends from the seaboard and mountains, as in turn their homes fell into the possession of the Federals. Our house at times was full to overflowing, and with attentive ears and sympathizing hearts did we listen to narrations descriptive of perils either by gunboats on the coast, or hasty retreats before Sherman's advancing army on his "March to the Sea."

One incident was so graphic, so altogether rare and unexpected, that I cannot refrain from incorporating it in this "o'er true tale" of personal experience. Old Uncle Bobbie and Aunt Carrie H., as they were called by all who knew them, a most estimable couple, plain, unpretentious, but respected and loved by all their neighbors, lived not far from Atlanta. They had labored and saved in their youth in order that comfort and repose might be theirs in their declining years. Devotedly pious, their hearts were not set upon their earthly stores, but the self-denials of early life and the gradual process of acquirement, had caused them to place a just value upon their property. Every cow had a history; their horse was almost a member of the family; each pig had a personality; while their feathered pets were loved as they can only be when, day after day, their food is dispensed to them by the hand of their mistress.

Their little cottage, a model of neatness, with its spotless floors and snowy beds, its shining water-bucket and daintily clean gourd on the orthodox Southern shelf at the end of the shady porch; the well swept yard and carefully cultivated garden with its borders of

sage, thyme and rosemary; its spreading scuppernong vine and strawberry bed; the apple trees, and peach and pear, all proved the humble abode one where peace, plenty and content had their perpetual home. Truly Southern by birth and feeling, they profoundly sympathized with their neighbors, whose dear ones were in constant peril, but being childless the severe pangs of ceaseless anxiety had been spared them. Afar off had the smoke and din of battle seemed to them, so tranquil and uneventful had their lives hitherto been, that it almost transcended the bounds of their imagination to suppose that a tornado of passion and malice could assail them, leaving desolation and dismay behind.

But day after day the rumors of approaching danger increased; the enemy was slowly but surely coming nearer and nearer; wondrous tales of their unfeeling cruelty, of their wanton and malicious mischief were heard; and could they hope that their dear home would be spared? They trembled with apprehension, yet, conscious of their own inoffensiveness to all mankind, a sense of protection rested upon them and in blind security they pursued their daily tasks serenely, and at night lay down to rest with a feeling akin to ancient Job's, when he said,

"I WILL DIE IN MY NEST."

So it came upon them, at last, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, for one sunny afternoon when Uncle Bobbie was calmly enjoying his *post-prandial* pipe, and Aunt Carrie busily polishing her shining tins and glossy stove, an unwonted noise of trampling feet and rude voices caused them to spring to the open door in alarm, and they knew the hour of fate had come! In shorter time than it takes to relate, the soldiers were dispersed over the premises. Old Sorrel was quickly saddled and bridled, with U. S. A. conspicuously outlined upon the saddle blanket. Four pretty calves, with two of their mothers, whose affection had prompted them, on this very afternoon above all others in the year, to return to their young sooner than usual, were soon driven among the already captive herd; the pigs were speedily shot and appropriated, while the chickens found no quarter, but rapidly augmented the larder of the foe. Not content with these achievements, the smoke-house was emptied of its contents, the wheat house, corn crib and pantry were visited in turn. Aunt Carrie's blankets,

quilts, snow-white coverlids, spoons and cutlery were stowed away in the capacious saddle-bags, while Uncle Bobbie's Sunday shoes, hosiery and underwear were gleefully distributed.

The worthy couple stood aghast as the plunderers peered into every nook and corner, taking everything that they could possibly use and much that they could not. In silence did they listen to the rough jokes and profane exclamations of their enemies; in each breast was the tide of feeling surging higher and higher; at last it broke forth over all barriers, and it was Uncle Bobbie's voice that rang out clear and loud and startled all within its sound by its unexpected and unparal eled purport, "Glory, glory Hallelujah!"

Never in the old brown meeting house, when revival joy was highest, had the old man experienced such an overwhelming sense of God's special fatherhood to him; never had he read more clearly or more rejoiced to read his "title clear to mansions in the skies."

"Yes!" again sounded his triumphal shout: "Glory to God in the highest! Thank God, I have a mansion in the skies, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, where such as you will never come to molest me! Yes, thank God, my eternal treasure is laid up above, where thieves cannot break in and steal."

Here Aunt Carrie could stand it no longer, and as her train of thought had been in a different vein, she most unsympathetically exclaimed: "You, Bobbie, hush! Don't be such a fool. Ain't you got any sense? Don't you see these wretches have ruined us, and what do you see to shout about, I'd like to know."

"Old lady," interposed one of the men, "you don't seem to be as good a Christian as your husband."

"No, I ain't," was the emphatic reply. "I wish the devil had the last one of you, and it would rejoice me to see him roasting you."

It would be a neat ending of this true incident if I could relate that the soldiers, conscience-stricken, restored their ill-gotten possessions, but such was not the fact; they deliberately kept all they had taken and rode away.

PREPARING FOR FLIGHT.

As I have said, my home was in middle Georgia, and not a Blue-coat had I seen up to April, '65. My husband, in leaving me on a plantation with nearly two hundred negroes, had said he felt no fears in doing so, but charged me not

to remain at home should a raid advance upon us. There had been no need to follow his advice up to that date. One bright spring morning, however, news came that Gen. Wilson's command was approaching Columbus, only sixty miles away. We knew the defence there would scarcely be strong enough to repulse them, and doubtless they would march without the slightest opposition to Macon. In that case we would be directly in their path.

My overseer had long since gone to "the front," but, fortunately for me, I had my brother-in-law, on the adjoining plantation, to consult in regard to my movements. He was recovering from a painful wound, received some months before, and was still on crutches. I lost no time in going to him. We decided to make our preparations as rapidly as possible for flight, leaving before sunrise the next day for a point some fifteen miles below us in a thinly settled neighborhood, which was too poor to attract stragglers from the main column.

I returned home and hastily acted. There were five or six negro men, the most intelligent and trustworthy on the place, to whom I determined to speak privately and separately, assuring each of my confidence in him, and saying how much I depended on him and his influence to assist me in carrying out my husband's wishes.

The first I saw was Adam, the shoemaker. My special point with him was the fact that he had come from my family, "my side of the house," and belonged to me before I was married. I dwelt upon this circumstance, hoping it would influence him (as truly it did) to show the faithfulness and loyalty which I knew he possessed. He declared I should not regret my confidence, that he would deserve it, and promised in response to my request to signify his determination to go with me before my assembled people that night.

In turn, I spoke to the leaders of "the ploughs," of the "hoe-hands," the blacksmith, the carpenter, the coachman, and had a satisfactory interview with each.

By nightfall my preparations were completed. My family consisted of two sons, thirteen and eleven years old, two daughters, aged seven and two. At that time, as it happened, I had but one guest, a beloved and congenial first cousin, a young lady of talent and fortitude, the one above all others of my kindred I should have selected in those troublous times to cheer and sympathize with me always and ever. Our personal effects and household movables were carefully packed in trunks. My hus-

band's deeds and other papers I wore about my person. Bedding, carpets, cooking utensils, provisions and provender for man and beast, sufficient for our maroon of uncertain length, filled five wagons.

I had given instructions that immediately after supper all the adults on the plantation should present themselves at my back piazza, and promptly was the summons obeyed. It was a picturesque scene as row after row of dusky figures gathered around, the flickering torches revealing their curious and excited countenances. Standing upon the piazza were my cousin and myself and my four little children, the only white faces on the premises. I thought, then, what a revelation it would be to the Yankees to see with what confidence I regarded our "slaves," living among them without a quickened pulse of apprehension for years, and now calling them to my aid in order to avoid a meeting with those of my own race and color.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Now, right here, I wish to pay a tribute to the exceeding unsurpassed loyalty of our quondam slaves. Can history produce a parallel? Women and children left alone on isolated plantations for years with negroes whose faithful services continued as unchanged as if the lurid cloud of war had not risen above our once peaceful horizon. Such was my case, yet never a disrespectful word or look did I observe. The regular routine of plantation life continued, seed time and harvest, winter and summer came and went, and duties were performed and responsibilities met in a way to spare me all perplexity and annoyance, the strong ties of affection between mistress and servants remaining to the last. Can I ever forget our Sabbath evening prayer meeting, when my full heart ran over as their simple, earnest prayers ascended to our common Father to protect "our dear master and bring him safe home to us again?" It is such recollections that make us older ones regret the "Lost Cause" and our "dead institutions;" for where now are those loyal hearts?

Alas! unmarked graves claim many, and of those who remain how often in sickness and want do they need the watchful nursing and care that was always their portion. Ah! how it touches us to read now and then, in the gazettes of the day, an obituary tribute to an aged faithful servant, one of the "old régime," to whom freedom has

been but an idle word, who has unwaveringly cast in her lot with her former owners; who had virtually declared, "entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." I still am blessed with one of these; she, who nursed my children, and who, having none of her own, lavished upon them the tenderest affection, still "belongs to me." Through prosperity and adversity she has always been by my side, has never once contemplated leaving us; never spoken of "wages;" but, fully identified as one of our family, blended with all our interests, her chief aim in life seems to be to shield me from fatigue and over-exertion, and, so often beyond her strength, unless I watch her, she quietly performs for "love" duties that "money" would not win from her. As my children grow up and marry, each one endeavors to seduce her from her allegiance to me, telling their "Da" they need her more than I do; but no argument or persuasion succeeds; she, who was my playmate as a child, my maid as a young lady, the nurse of all my children, declares that no place can be home to her but my roof-tree, and there will she live and die.

A SAD FAREWELL.

But to return to my assembled audience as they stood with curious expectancy, awaiting what I had to say. In few words I reminded them of their master's absence; how he had committed his wife and children to their care; how desirous I was to be able to tell him on his return that they had deserved his confidence to the last, as fully as they had up to that present moment, but now they would find that the hour of trial had arrived; the Yankees were near, might arrive the next day; it was highly improbable that they would molest the women and children, therefore they could remain at home with safety, and I would feel no anxiety about them; but the men I wished to accompany me, for they would most assuredly be taken captive. "Therefore," I concluded, "all who would promise to go with me could signify their determination by taking one step forward."

Immediately the men to whom I had previously spoken did so, their promptness influencing the others, who followed their example with two excep-

tions, both protesting that I should find them there on my return, but they were unwilling to leave the women and children unprotected. Of course, I had to consent. I then advised the women how to act, giving them the keys, directing them to secrete the contents of the smoke-house, which were sufficient to last them till the following year, suggesting to them to tell the Vandals, if they commenced to destroy the corn cribs, wheat-house or syrup vats, that these supplies were for them, and by their loss they would be the chief sufferers.

It was late ere we slept, and by dawn of day I was up, marshalling my forces. The horses and mules were hitched to the already packed wagons. My little ones and nurse, cousin and I, in our old family carriage, headed the procession. Before sunrise we filed slowly up the long avenue, being joined at its head by my brother with his family and cavalcade.

It was a lovely morning, and as I looked back at my beautiful home thoughts far too deep for expression were mine. The comfortable mansion, planned and built for my convenience just after our marriage, was I looking at it for the last time? Those shapely trees, water oaks, elms and magnolias, some of them planted by my own hands; the hedges of Cherokee roses, the clambering vines, ere sunset how trampled and scorched might they be around a smouldering heap of ruins. The sweet home, where till this cruel war happiness had ever dwelt; and then, there came thoughts of him who made that happiness, far away in hourly peril. Oh, what wife that has lived through that fearful time can ever forget it?

Slowly we wound along the road, ever and anon fancying we heard in the distance the measured tramping of armed men. What a long, long day it was; how often we paused in our talk and strained our ears to listen to we knew not what; how impatiently we crept along to keep pace with our slower teams, or halted so as not to be too far in advance.

My eldest boy, on his pony, acted as courier under his uncle's directions, riding back and forth, with all the importance of a field marshal on parade, carrying messages, hurrying up the laggards, secretly hoping, I much suspected, that he would see the Yankees before the day was over, for, in his intense Southern partizanism, he endowed them with every evil trait humanity could know, in which cowardice stood pre-eminent, therefore he felt that many could be put to flight by one

"Confed.," and his uncle, though wounded and unable to walk, was to him a tower of strength.

THE FEELINGS OF YOUNG CONFEDERATES.

The feeling regnant in the breasts of the little "Johnny Rebs" of that time was illustrated by an incident which enlivened that "long, long, weary day." A tallow-faced urchin, bringing his calves from pasture, halted in open-mouthed astonishment as we came in sight. Standing upon a little elevation upon the side of the road, he presented a typical appearance with which we are all familiar—barefooted and in his shirt-sleeves, with copperas-dyed pants, supported by a home-knit "gallus," veritably in the singular number, extending diagonally across one shoulder and fastened to his rolled-up trousers with a wooden peg. So negative a character did he seem that my brother, to amuse himself and us, addressed to him this query: "Well, my little man, suppose I was to tell you I was a Yankee, what would you do?" To our astonishment, his face brightened, with a very positive jerk of his head and flash of the eye, and he replied: "If ye was to, and I was to think ye was a-tellin' of the truth, I'd knock you off that hoss and pick up a light-'od knot and bust yer brains out!"

It is needless to say the laugh was turned upon my brother, in which he most heartily joined.

As sunset approached, we turned into a narrow private road, and soon prepared for the night by placing mattresses in a small deserted house by the wayside. Our gentle cow, companion of our pilgrimage, gave the little ones their usual supper, and supplementing our cold lunch with hot coffee, we went to our broken slumbers, having placed sentinels around our cabin. At early dawn we resumed our march, and in a few hours established our camp on the borders of a swamp, where we thought ourselves comparatively secure. We pitched our tents on a level sward, with the primeval forest trees towering over us; soft pine straw to quite a depth, covered with carpets, formed our floor; improvised bedsteads, with bedding in abundance, made us very comfortable; our cooks prepared hot meals for us, and if it had been simply a maroon, we would have much enjoyed it. The forest leaves had attained their full growth, but were still in that tender and fresh stage which is so beautiful; the air was laden with the fragrance of the hickory, the wild grape blossom and the honeysuckle, blended with the de-

licious perfume of the bay and magnolia buds in the adjacent swamp. As we lay in the door of our tent and gazed into the sky, intensely blue in its speckless beauty, we thought: "And only man is vile."

Then we talked of what we should do if, after all our precautions, we should still be overtaken. My cousin and I, after forming and rejecting many plans, finally determined upon one thing only, and that was that we would assuredly break our demijohn of whiskey! for, we agreed, it would never do to let the Yankees get hold of that; bad as they were sober, we fancied Pandemonium could not present their parallel if drunk! Mules might have colic, negroes might be snake-bit in the future, but, the first sight of a Blue-coat, we made a firm compact, was to be the signal for the relentless destruction of that five-gallon demijohn!

TERRIBLE NEWS.

My children and their little cousins played gleefully and without a care the livelong day; the negroes basked idly in the sunshine; the horses and mules grazed slowly within their prescribed limits; our gentle cow chewed her cud in mill wonder, perchance, at her surroundings; and our second night of refugee life closed in upon us. At midnight we were aroused suddenly by some one hailing our little encampment with the inevitable Georgia greeting, "Colonel! oh, Colonel!"

My brother hastily responds, "Is that you, Colonel?"

"Yes, Colonel!"

"Well, what is the news, Colonel?"

"O! great news! terrible news! Columbus has fallen, the Yankees are coming on rapidly, burning and laying waste as they come. Negro men are carried off by force if they are unwilling to follow. They will probably pass here to-morrow. I came over to tell you as, of course, you would like to know how matters are going."

My brother thanked him and he galloped away. He was a man who lived on the road over which we had passed the day before. Our sleep was not so profound the remainder of the night, and the day brought us increased misgivings as to our safety, with the conviction also that a crisis in our condition was approaching; therefore, it was hardly more than we expected when soon after dinner a sudden noise was heard; exclamations of surprise and alarm, a loud whirr all about the camp—I can compare it to nothing better than

a prolonged rising of partridges from cover. Then from the chaos of indistinct sounds came below the breath, as it were, words of terror, "Yankees! Yankees!" A rush to the swamp by the maid servants and some of the men.

In the midst of the confusion a few little incidents stand out in bold relief. My nurse flies by with my baby girl in her arms, feet up and head down. My brave little courier, with dilated eyes, his little brother close in his lead, darts up to me: "Mother, must we hide?" hardly waiting for my assent before he seeks the shelter of a huge tree, only to peep from behind it, like an ostrich, with reversed position. One old negro, with a pair of trace-chains in his arms, ashy with fear, quite unconscious of what he is doing, races round and round in a circle. Jingle! jingle! jingle! go the chains, adding to the great confusion. "Put down those chains!" thunders my brother. "Yes, marster!" replies old Ellick, and jingle! jingle! jingle! still he circles with no motion towards obeying the order, which is repeated without the least effect.

A silly little episode, but one which was very vivid at the time, and has given us many a hearty laugh as a reminiscence: My cousin and I, fearing we might be surrounded and prevented from executing our pet project, eagerly seize the demijohn without casting a glance behind us, only intent upon not being noticed until we had accomplished our purpose. We drag the demijohn behind a tree, and lift it, with the intention of letting it break by its own weight falling upon the ground; but our arms are weak and tremulous, and the carpet of pine needles is all too soft for that, so it rolls over unharmed, and we are foiled.

"Cousin! I know where there is a hatchet!"

"Run, get it," said I.

In a moment the sharp tool was raised aloft, and simultaneously with the sound of shivered glass, deluged with the whiskey shower bath we stood! But the demijohn was empty!

Then, drawing a long breath, we turned to look at what was passing near us.

ONE SOLITARY HORSEMAN,

clad in blue, was the centre of a group, momentary increasing. My brother, on his crutches, was conversing quietly with him, while his wife and children stood close by. Old Ellick, embracing his beloved trace-chains, but quiet now as ever was the Greek slave, gaped

in wonder. We hurried towards them to inquire the meaning of this new surprise, and were told this single soldier had been sent to tell us an armistice had been declared, and we might go home in peace.

After many questions, we withdrew to change our drenched garments, followed by various ejaculations of regret at the loss of so much "good whiskey," and declarations that if "Mistis" had only told them, they could have hid it where it would never have been found. The scout, unbuckling his pistols, placed them at some distance, and confidently laid down to sleep. On being asked if he was not afraid to do so, he replied: "O, you darsent hurt me, 'cause the armistice is out."

Early the next morning we began our return, truly glad our exodus had been so brief and so happily terminated, that the comic had preponderated, where we had feared the tragic. When late in the evening we drew near our home its familiar features greeted us, unharmed by torch or axe. In a few days all traces of excitement were over, the smoke-house refilled, our dwelling in order, and with the exception of one of the men who had refused to go with me, and two others who had slipped off, taking valuable horses with them, our whole family, white and colored, had resumed the even tenor of our lives, waiting only for the glad day, which soon arrived, when the husband, father and master returned, welcomed and beloved by all.

No. 33.—A Child Wife of 1863.

(By L. F. J., Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory.)

You ask me to tell that story over—the story of the child-wife of '63. Will it waken deeper love for the "Boys in Grey," who sleep on an hundred fields, wrapped in the shreds of the Bonny Blue Flag? Will it make my boy, who looks at me with his father's eyes, honor more truly than ever, memories so sacred still to me? Ah! well, I'll open them this heart so sad, so weary, with its long waiting here, and tell you its story of sorrow, pain, woe—but, even now, perhaps, I'd best leave untold this sad, true story. Yet for your sake, my boy, I will tell it to their sons, and let them know how brave, how true, are those who sleep "under the daisies," and how

fondly their memories are cherished by the women of '61.

I was going North to finish my education, and had reached the little town of T—, accompanied by my mother. The morning after our arrival the firing began at Fort Sumter. Mother said, "My child, we must turn back; there will be war now; your brothers will certainly go; we will be cut off from all communication with the South, and I should go wild! Oh! my boys, my noble boys! they will all be killed, for well I know they will defend this South-land to the last. Oh! my Lord, what shall I do?"

My poor little Yankee cousin, who had been making me a six months' visit, and with whom we intended returning North, was wild with grief.

"Oh, auntie, what shall I do?" she cried; "I can not go on alone. My home—my mother!—what shall I do? Please, auntie, go on and take me home!"

It was decided we could go no further; so we, Fannie and I, bravely asked for the school of that town, which, we learned needed teachers. She had taught a year; I was just from a Georgia college, but mother thought me quite ignorant, since I had graduated so young, and was very anxious to finish my education North. We could not return to my home, for it had been rented for the two years which mother expected to spend North with me.

So we remained in T— that year, and made quite a success of our school. Brave little Fan helped to pay for, and was even present at the giving of a beautiful blue silk flag to the "T— Guards."

The day on which the presentation took place their gallant captain offered his heart and hand to dear little cousin, and when she modestly told him "she had no heart to return, for she had left it at the Burlington University, way up in chill, Republican Vermont," he looked at her with dewy eyes and told her the folds of his "Bonny Blue Flag" should guard her even to the gates of "Washington City." It did, my boy. Under a flag of truce she was passed over "the lines" and committed to those who

CARRIED THE YANKEE GIRL SAFELY HOME.

"Return to your lover in peace," said this gallant Southron, "I fight Yankee men to the death, but wage no war against their women."

Little Fan, noble and true, would say, "Oh, do stop this cruel war, I don't want you to kill my dear friends down

South!" even as she had begged the Confederate boys not to kill her dear ones up North. Brave little girl, often did I look at you through tears during that cruel year of '62.

I was now in my fourteenth year; my "soldier lover" had written me one letter. A Confederate flag was stamped on the envelope. Ah, how well do I remember the afternoon on which I received it! Sitting on the top step of the front veranda, I saw the kind gentleman with whom I boarded, coming up the white gravel walk, bordered with its spring flowers. He said, as he held up a letter, "Now this little girl can't deny she has a soldier lover in the Confederate army!"

I was glad and frightened, too; I knew the chirography, but I feared for mother to discover that I had ever dared to think of a lover. With trembling hands I broke the seal and read the contents. "Fort Pickens" said the date, while merrily wrote the soldier lad. He told me how sweet I had looked at his "senior picnic" at the old "Rock" near the College; how fair were the wreaths of jasmine which I had twined about his hat that day, but how much fairer was I; how sweet the birds had sung in the "cedar bowers," but how much sweeter my voice had sounded to his ear. Ah, what a genial, rollicking soldier-boy's letter it was—the first from camp! Not a gun had been fired; the First Georgia Regiment was drilling into battle order. Ah, it was only fun then! The writer modestly hinted what a pleasure it would be to have a young lady correspondent, and wished I could see the young "Lieutenant's handsome suit"—it was quite becoming." Yes, son, this is the same letter, all yellow with the finger prints of time, all blotted with countless tears! Mother said when she read it, "Well, he is a dear, good boy; you can write to him and cheer him—he'll need it by and by."

We now returned home. The letters, stamped with dear little flags in red, came and went faster and faster. The regiment moved again and again, now in South Carolina, now in North, then to the wild mountains of Virginia. But, amid the swamps of the "Savannah," the tar kilns of North Carolina and the wild, bleak mountains of Virginia, the "soldier boy" was ever the same. No word of complaint, no murmur, no regret.

"My soul I give to God, my heart to thee, my *life* to my native land," he wrote, when the clouds of war grew dark and fierce.

"Write bright, happy letters, my

daughter," said mother, "it is about all he has to cheer him now."

Then came the wild news of battles! battles! Then the wilder, sadder tale of the "Laurel Hill" fight, in the bleak mountains of Virginia. Then, oh, God!

MY SOLDIER-BOY WAS LOST!

All that could be learned was, his gray-haired father, the captain of the company, was determined not to surrender, and that he and his men were cutting their way on hands and knees through the Laurel—lost on the mountains. After a few days they were telegraphed "safe." My soldier-boy's mother had gone on to Virginia, wild with grief, as soon as she had heard they were lost, for all she had, husband and two sons, were there, save her eldest boy, an officer in "Hampton's Cavalry." When she found them my poor boy was sick with typhoid pneumonia, from the terrible exposure, while his father was prostrate from the "six days' hunger," for not a mouthful had they, excepting "birch bark" and a weed called "sheep sorrel," but McClelland did not capture them! Do you wonder I cannot bear, even now, to see bread wasted?

While my heart was aching for my soldier lover, news came that my own brother had lost his arm in the battles around Richmond. My father, wild with grief, went to find him. Way up in Eastern Virginia, under a car-shed, on a board, he found the poor fellow—maimed, almost dead, and he brought him home! His right arm was gone: but when the surgeon and chaplain told father how noble he was, how brave on the field of battle—how much nobler when it came to amputation, begging the surgeon to wait on the other poor fellows first, and leave him to the last—to give them the chloroform, as there was but little, he could do without it—waiting till midnight, then letting them cut off the mangled, shattered limb, way up to the shoulder, without a murmur or groan—by the dim light of a tallow candle, too—ah! well, mother said he was her brave boy; do you doubt it?

Just before father came home with him, dismissed from service, my second brother had died in camp. Mother said, "He is in Heaven; I am satisfied." When they brought my eldest brother home to die—my mother's idol!—his men begged to come to him, and wept like little children when denied; they told how like a father their captain had been to them, and sent fond "good-byes" by every mail, until our hearts ached to see how they loved him. Calmly he

folded his arms on his breast and said, "I am glad I am born to die; I only wish to live for my wife and my country. Like a child going home to its father's house, so I am going home to God. Mother, stand there, where I can see you, and sing,

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

Without a word or tear, my mother stood in full view, and sang, all through this grand old hymn! I looked at her in silent wonder and thought, "she will not disturb the peace of his death." Darling mother, one by one the cruel war broke all your heart chords, and without one word of murmur or complaint, when it was all over, you laid down in the green church yard too! You could not keep your boys on earth, you would not take them back from your South-land's altar—all you could do was to go to them!

Now came the news of my lover's father's death; then his next older brother was killed, while bravely charging a battery at Gettysburg. Our loved ones were all going from the fields now; none were left us, save the eldest brother to my lover, and the youngest to me.

My soldier lover now had a "furlough," for the first time, and he begged to come to see me. Poor boy! he was sad and sorrowful enough now. Earnestly he begged to make me his wife; so mother consented, if he would wait until the next March, '63. I would be about 16 then, and she disliked for me to marry younger. The boy lover pleaded in vain; mother would not consent until March. So back to camp the disappointed soldier boy returned; but March soon arrived. The appointed day came—no groom was there. Two days of suspense passed by. My own heart said, "he is true."

"It is war times daughter, trust him," said mother.

"If he proves false," my youngest brother said, "I'll kill him."

"What then, my boy?" mother asked.

"I'll get into the thickest of the battle and be killed too," he replied.

"He is true," replied mother, "wait my children."

Then this, our youngest pet, whom war could not claim because of his youth, returned to his regiment, which he had left to attend his only sister's wedding.

Looking into the up train, which passed him on his way back, my brother saw my lover on his way to me. It was too late then to get aboard this up train—so he had to go on to the next station, and wait for the night line.

Returning home, he heard my lover's story of "robbery and danger," and quickly begged pardon for all unjust suspicion. Now, a "Child-wife," I went with my soldier-husband to his distant home, determined to be brave and strong as mother said I must be, though I knew her heart was breaking when she gave me up. One short week and my husband's furlough recalled him to his regiment, now stationed at "Lake City," Florida.

Now I knew the pain of parting—oh! it was *cruel* thus to tear his bride away. Ah! that year of grief and woe. My God, how did I live it through! In battles here, in battles there,

MY BOY HUSBAND FOUGHT.

Only twice did I see him, and those were flying visits. Then they brought him home to me, all shattered with disease, and bade me nurse him back to life. Only sixteen months of married life, and yet it had seemed an age of woe and pain! But you, my baby, my boy, you comforted me and cheered me; your dear little face, all full of innocent smiles, which your father now looked upon for the first time, blessed him, too, and bade him live on, if but for your sake and mine.

Six weeks passed, and the physician said my husband was out of danger, yet urged him not to return to camp. But the calls of duty grew louder and louder, so he kissed wife and "little one," and went back to his regiment, now stationed in Charleston, S. C.

In a short time he wrote back to me there would be an "armistice of ten days" around Atlanta, and if I wished, go to see mother during this armistice. So I took my nurse and babe and went home. Oh! mother was so glad to see me, and kissed you, my boy, in wild delight. Alas! only one night's sleep under the dear old "roof-tree," and then they told me the "Yankees" were coming. Mother kissed me sadly, and said "return at once to your husband's home, my daughter; the railroad will be destroyed. You will be nearer your husband, in your own home; your first duty is to him." So I gathered baby to my breast and told mother good-bye.

My youngest brother had been knocked senseless by a shell while fighting in the "ditches around Atlanta," since my marriage. So shattered were his nerves by the shock it had thrown him into "St. Vitus's Dance," and the surgeon had sent him home to recruit. Mother had nursed him back to moderate health, and as he was now

only fourteen she had insisted on his taking a country school until he should entirely recover his health. He had done so; kind friends had given him a position, and he was teaching on the railroad. As I had to pass him on my return home, I consoled my sad heart with the thought of stopping to see him. I had just spent two days with him, when at dinner on the third he came in bringing me a letter, which had been forwarded to me from my mother's home. It was from my husband, begging me to return to him at once; he would meet me at our home. He had been in the fight on "James Island," had fallen fainting on the battle-field, been carried back to the hospital, and was now advised to return home until stronger. So he had accepted the physician's certificate and obtained a furlough. I at once got aboard the cars and hastened home to meet him.

Ah! can I ever forget that wild, storming night? I was only a child, and my baby and nurse were all my attendants. Augusta was under "martial law." Exactly what to do I did not know. But everywhere I had been compelled to go some kind friend had been raised up to meet my emergency. Thus it happened that sad night.

A KIND "SOLDIER IN GREY,"

was on the train; he passed me safely through Augusta, and put me under care of the conductor on my next train. At 3 o'clock that night I reached the station at which I got off. From this point I went to the village in which I lived by carriage.

When the train stopped, the storm was so wild and fearful, and it was so dark, I did not know how to get to the hotel, though but a short distance. Here again the kind "Confederate," who was ever ready to protect woman, came to my aid.

"Madam, you seem to be travelling alone; can I assist you?"

"If you please, sir," I gladly replied, 'have my baggage put off and taken up to the hotel.'

He did so—then came to me, took my babe and guided me to the hotel through the fearful storm. Here he bade me good-night, and hastened back, just in time to catch his train, I suppose.

I called for the porter and asked for a room. The sharp lightning and heavy thunder frightened me so, I could scarcely speak. My husband's mother had a servant hired at this hotel who was father of the nurse with me. She spoke to the porter and said, "Uncle Sam, is my Daddy here?"

"Who is your father?" he asked.

"Why, Uncle Sam, don't you know me? I am Ann—Handy's daughter."

As if he had been shot, he whirled around and said to me, "Is this Mrs. —?"

"Yes," I replied; "don't you know me, Sam?"

"Why, no, mistis; you is so bundled up, and the storm is making sich a powerful noise, I didn't know you."

"Did you meet Jim?" he continued.

"Jim? What Jim?" I asked.

"Why, marster's Jim. He went up the railroad arter you de day before yistiday."

"Why, Sam, what did he go for? What is the matter?"

"Why, my Marse W.'s very sick," he replied.

"Oh, my husband!" I cried, "where is he? What is the matter, Sam? He wrote me that he would meet me here to-morrow. Where is he, Sam?"

"In Charleston, mistis; don't feel so bad, please mam, he is better now. De best thing you can do is, go up to your room, mam. Dey expected you, mam, and your room is ready."

"Strange," thought I, "why should they expect me?"

"Sam, please let me see Mrs. F.—the landlady—at once? I want to ask about my husband."

"Oh, no, Mistis, you can't; she is dun gone out into de country, dis very evening, to see her kinfolks."

This made me feel more strangely than ever, for I was sure I had heard her voice in the next room since I had come in.

"Oh! Sam, please let me go home," I cried in my agony.

"No! no! Missy, not dis wild, stormin night. Ah! Mistis, I caint; dare is no horses here; dey all hired out to some soldiers to go out in de country, dis very evenin'."

"Stranger still," I thought, "for there is a livery stable here."

"Mistis, please go up stairs to your room and go to sleep; I'll wake you jist as soon as it is light, and send you out home."

So I went to my room, not to sleep, but to walk its floor in my agony. As soon as day came my nurse went out to her father's house. Just before breakfast she returned, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Ann, what is the matter?" I cried.

"Miss L—," thus she called me, "Daddy say come down to de back poarch."

I hastened down. Handy stood there sobbing, like his heart would break.

"Oh! Handy, do tell me what you all mean?" I cried.

"Where is my husband, Handy?"

"Ah! missis, my marse W is dead! Ole miss had a telegram one day he comin; next day got anudder he dead."

"Ah! my boy, do you wonder mama could not reply? Do you wonder that they bore me faint and mute to the carriage, which had been waiting all night for me, and carried me back to my home without one word? Kind-hearted Sam, he knew I was

A POOR LITTLE CHILD WIFE,

weary and worn. His heart beat kindly, if it was under a black skin, so he would have me sleep, as he thought, till the morning light; "then I could bear it better," he said. Ah! me, my boy, nearly twenty years are gone by, and I cannot find "the better," even now—only this. "Thy will be done."

Just one month had passed, when one dreary night we waked, mother-in-law and I, to hear the clatter, clatter of horses hoofs on the streets of our pretty little town.

"What can it mean?" said mother as she sprang to the window.

"Soldiers," I answered "but whether Yankee or Confederate, I cannot tell."

There had been fighting up above us, towards Macon, the day before; we had heard the heavy roar of cannon, and knew Sherman was coming; but we supposed that he would follow the Central Railroad and pass through our little village. Alas! for our hopes, "Sherman is coming!" was the cry at day-break, and the soldiers we heard, during the night, were skirmishers from Hood's army, who were skirmishing with the enemy's "advance guard."

Solemn and sad rose that November sun. Breakfast past, untasted. Confederate soldiers were stationed in battle-lines, even up to our front doors. Sitting in the parlor windows, I could put out my hand and touch the files of soldiers. Soon the skirmish fighting began; volley after volley was poured forth and returned by the advancing army. Now a horse came wildly rushing through the ranks; see, a dying soldier in grey is being dragged at the stirrup! Oh, God, how horrible that sight! Here falls a man, yonder others. Wildly beats my heart, and regardless of danger, I spring into the window, and would have sprung into the ranks below, when a Confederate soldier rushed into the room, saying, "For God's sake, ladies, go into your cellar! Don't you know these bullets will kill you?"

For the first time I thought of danger, and told him we had no cellar.

"Go into the back rooms, then, and stand in front of your middle chimney. Here, take this poor baby and put him on a pillow in that fireplace."

Soon mother, myself and the little negroes were all huddled up at the fireplaces, while the bullets rattled like hail-stones against the house.

The "fighting" had continued but a short while, when a second soldier rushed into the room where we were and exclaimed: "My God, ladies, we are fighting the whole of Sherman's army; we thought we were fighting a skirmishing party, but its the whole army. Take care of yourselves, ladies, we'll have to run, and that fast, or we will be captured."

"Oh! what shall we do? What shall we do? Please stay with us," I cried.

"I would gladly do so, if I could do you any good, but they will take us prisoners right off. Lock your doors; keep inside. If the Yankees come to the doors, unlock them and stand in them. Be sure to ask for a guard. Be polite, and you will not be mistreated, I hope. Good-bye; God bless you ladies; it is the hardest thing I ever did—to run!"

I now looked out. Over the fences and fields our Confederates were flying. The last horse I saw leap the fences was that rode by the kind soldier, who had come in to speak to us. One wave of his cap, and he was gone, like a flash.

The fighting was now over, so I ventured to a front window. These windows faced the two roads leading to the capital of Georgia, at that time. Looking out, I screamed in horror. It seemed to me

THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COMING.

Here came the "wood-cutters"—I do not remember the military term—clearing the way before the army. Men with axes on their shoulders, men with spades, men with guns. Men driving herds of cattle—cows, goats, hogs, sheep. Men on horseback with bunches of turkeys, bunches of chickens, ducks and guineas swinging both sides the horse like saddle-bags. Then the wagons—Oh! the wagons—in every direction—wagons! wagons!

"What does it mean? Have they stripped the whole country?" I thought. "Oh! we will perish."

Then they began to stop, and I saw they would camp in our town. Now came the soldiers, cavalry and infantry. One thousand men is a heap; but when it was all the corps of Sherman's great army, I could easily be excused if I

thought it was the world—certainly the world was well represented.

Now the rush of Yankee ruffians! Our doors were well barred and locked, but they shook them so we knew they would soon break them down. So mother and I went to open them. Fierce-looking men confronted me—the veranda was full!

"Please, gentlemen, you will not harm women and children, will you?" I said—remembering that our soldier-friend had told us to be polite.

I don't know why, but they shrank back, while the man nearest me stammered, as he pulled out a five-dollar greenback and said, "We want provisions; we'll pay you for something to eat."

Mother was indignant; she told him to put up his greenback, that he well knew they would take all they wanted; it was useless to sham!

But the fellow offering the money did really look ashamed.

All day long, the men and wagons poured into the town. "Rip! rip," went the yard and garden fences, as they tore them down and pitched their white-winged tents at our very doorsteps—no yards, no gardens, were spared in our ill-fated village. Now the soldiers, with hateful leers from their red eyes, would walk up to the steps of the back veranda, on which we stood, and throwing down the hams and shoulders of our meat, which they had found, would cut them up with savage delight, in our very faces! Next, they found the sugar, flour, lard, salt, syrup, which mother had stored away in a cellar, dug beneath one of the negro houses, by a trusty servant. The significant nods which they gave us as they brought out these things, said plainly as words, "You see, you can't hide anything from Yankees."

Like statues mother and I stood looking on, and saw them take all the provisions we had, then kill the milk cows and other stock about the lot—saw them find the wheat and grain we had hidden in the attics between the walls; stood silent and sad as we saw the "potato hill" robbed, and knew that now our last hope for food was gone. Yet, even in the midst of our sorrow and distress

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT OCCURRED.

One of the officers had ordered some little negro boys, who were following the camps, to catch mother's chickens. As they were "running them down," in the back yards, mother stood on the veranda looking at them. Involuntarily she sprang down the steps, ran

through the midst of the soldiers out into the garden spot, broke some peach tree switches and started "full tilt" for the negro boys.

"You little black thieves," she cried, "put my chickens down. If I don't know what to do with Yankees, I do know what to do with niggers; I'll switch you good."

The soldiers roared with laughter and clapped their hands in a hearty cheer, as they saw the crest-fallen look of the little darkies, who stood tremblingly holding out the chickens to mother. An officer stepped up: taking the chickens in his hands, he gallantly presented them to mother, saying:

"Madam, had you treated my soldiers as you have these little negroes, they would have been conquered too."

Mother blushed as she took an old rooster and several hens from the officer; but, nevertheless, she carried them into the house and pushed them under an elegant bed! There the old rooster and the frightened hens sat, mute as mice, and forgotten, until the morning on which the Yankees left. Then suddenly, to the surprise of every one, out stalked the rooster, flapped his wings, and crowed lustily several times, while one by one came forth the trembling hens, gazing around at their strange home in queer surprise! It was too funny! The whole affair was so ludicrous and the behavior of the old rooster so comical, I never recall it without a good laugh.

But to return. Before the long rows of "officer's tents," pitched in our back yard, white tables were spread for the evening meal. Several officers had been into the house through the day, sat around the fire and talked to us; while other officers, Masons, had come in, during the day and given me the "Masonic jewels," telling me to keep them safely and hand them to the first Masons who came back home after their army left. These officers told me their men had rifled the Masonic hall before they could prevent it, and they had gathered up all the jewels they could find, and having been told my husband was a Mason, they brought them to me. I ripped open a feather-bed, hid these jewels and returned them afterwards in safety to our village lodge.

One of the officers, while sitting around our fire that day, had told me how sorry he felt for the landlady of the "M—Hotel." His men, he said, had taken all her silver-plate and carried it off before he knew it. As this officer passed out to the supper table, his servant, a negro, who had heard him tell-

ing me about the silver, said softly to me, "Missis, you needn't b'lieve one word of dat, 'bout dat silver; you jist look on his own table; you'll see da' silver." As his table was against the very doorstep I leaned over the railing, and there it was, marked "M— House." My gallant officer scornfully kicked a beautiful silver pitcher, which had been filled with fresh water and placed near his seat. As it rolled out on the ground "M— House" shone out in large letters, and I knew

HIS SYMPATHY WAS ALL A SHAM!

That night we went to bed supperless; all day long we had fasted, for our breakfast was untasted because of excitement, and dinner we had none. What to do I did not know. Sadly I had seen the rice, sugar, coffee and lard taken from the storerooms on the back veranda, but sadder now was the thought, "the cows are all killed; I will be so hungry I can not nurse Baby!"

I remembered that a sugar-dish, full of nice sugar, sat in the china-closet, and that the Yankees had not yet discovered this closet; so, I thought, I will get a stocking, pour this sugar into it, and put it, "a la bustle," around my waist! Then, if the Yankees remain after to-night, I can get "sassafras roots" and make tea for poor Baby, like I had seen the negroes make it—"to purify de blud," Maum Hannah had told me, when a little girl.

Just as I had finished fixing up my sugar, one of the housemaids ran in, crying and wringing her hands.

"Oh, Missy, de bu'ful courthouse is all burnin' up; and dem soldiers say dey is gwine to burn dis town, dis berry night. Please Missy, you an ole Miss go out to de plantation—dey will shorely buru you all up!"

Poor Betsy wrung her hands and wept bitterly. Now I shut my mouth firm and hard, packed some of Baby's clothes in a small carpet-sack, and placed it behind the door, where I could easily put my hand upon it, if I must go.

I had told the Masonic officers, when they gave me the Lodge jewels, that I was a Mason's daughter, had asked them for "a guard," and they had placed one at either door. I now went to one of these guards, and asked him if the town would be burned.

"Not to-night," he answered; "the courthouse is a signal fire."

Lonely and sad, mother and I sat around the little handful of coals in the fire-place that dreary night. In the morning plentiful storehouses and full

barns had been ours; now not one crumb of bread could we command! Husbands, father and sons, brothers—all—slept under the blood-red turf, while their widows, clothed in weeds, sat hungry and cold at their heart-stones! Outside countless white tents gleamed in the chill night air, while thousands of cruel soldiers walled in two lone women! It was too sad for words; so mother and I sat mute, while I hushed poor Baby to sleep on my exhausted bosom. Never can I forget

"OLD BLACK TOM."

He had told us, at dark, that he would keep watch round the house, and come to a certain window and tap every few hours.

"I'll tell you what's gwine on outside," he said, "and if anything berry serious am a gwine to happen, den I'll git you off to de plantation somehow."

About every two hours during that fearful night he would come under the fig tree, which hid this window, and, tapping softly, say: "Don't be skeered, Missy; dere's no'ting serious is gwine to take place; be easy and sleep, ef you kin; I'm keepin' watch!"

Ah! me, how changed the relations between the races by that cruel war! Then it was all friendship and harmony; now, hatred and discord!

"I'll eat dirt and sleep in de leaves 'fore I'll leave my ole Mistis and my young Missy," said gallant "black Tom" next morning, when told by the Yankees he was free.

But one of our servants accepted their freedom and followed after the army—this one was old Tom's daughter. He persued her to the next town, found her, gave her a sound thrashing and brought her home. As he led her into mother's room he said: "Dar she is, mistis! I'se tried mighty hard to make gemmen and ladies outer my chillun, but it 'pears dis one won't do right no how."

Dear old Tom! Can I ever forget how he "roasted potatoes" for us which he had gotten somehow; forget how he obtained some of the meat of a hog, which had been killed by the soldiers, and tried to "fix it up" without salt or pepper in his fryingpan, since the Yankees had destroyed all our cooking utensils. But I could not eat the stuff however kindly prepared by Tom and his wife, as I had been raised on "the fat of the land" and "fared sumptuously every day."

All that day, the second of their coming, the army ravaged the town. Houses were entered, property destroyed or car-

ried off, until mother and I had to divide even our clothing. Somehow we fared better than most of our neighbors; it might have been "mother's peach-tree switches." All over our town the camp fires burned, until the stench of the garbage was intolerable, while the smoke was so dense we could not see across the streets.

At the close of the second day, as I stood on the veranda near our guard, my babe's low wails fell on our ears.

"Why does that baby cry so?" said the "guard"—a boyish fellow.

"He is hungry," I replied; "I have had nothing which I could eat in two days now, and I cannot nurse him."

TEARS FILLED THE GUARD'S EYES.

"I will be relieved soon," he said; "I draw my rations this evening, and I will bring them to you."

Sure enough, about sundown this guard came to our back door, tapped softly, and said, "Here is some flour and ground coffee, and here is a pan of green coffee. Do have some food cooked at once."

I called our cook, gave her the provisions, told her to borrow some cooking utensils from the camps, and prepare as good a supper as she could with this material. She hastened to comply, and in about an hour brought in "hot biscuits and coffee." We had set the table as nicely as we could, and when the supper was ready I asked mother to let me invite my little friend, the guard, to eat with us.

"Certainly," she replied.

I went out the back steps, on which he sat again keeping guard, and asked him to come in and take supper with us. Without a word of comment, he spoke to an officer in a tent near by, asking permission to go to supper with me. Permission was granted, he was instantly relieved, and came to our table—so a "Boy in Blue" supped with the widow of a "Boy in Grey," right in the midst of the enemy's land, surrounded by the Federal army! Charity, "the greatest of these three," shone beautiful and bright.

I cannot recall the horrors of those nights spent in the midst of an invading army, and those days of sadness and want without a wish "To learn war no more, forever!" If a whirlwind had swept over our beautiful little village its streets could not have appeared more desolate, save that its homesteads were spared, though ransacked and pillaged, by Sherman's hired hordes. Our horses and cattle were all taken, our provisions

all destroyed, a number of servants were to be fed. We could not dismiss these "faithful friends;" even though we knew they were free, homeless and penniless we could not send them from us.

It was now winter, too late for crops; what were we to do? The prospect was truly appalling to two delicate women, but we lived through it all, and have lived to see the South rise again like the fabled Phoenix.

No. 34.—In the Track of Sherman's Army.

(By Mrs. A. P. Aldrich, "The Oaks," Barnwell, S. C.)

Some months ago the name of Gen. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, as a fit nominee for President of the United States by the Republican party, appeared in the papers. When I saw this notice it made the blood course rapidly through my veins, and my heart beat fast, bringing vividly to my mind the ordeal through which I and my helpless children passed when the left wing of his army marched through Barnwell in that memorable February of 1865. And I said to myself, can it be possible that man will ever have it in his power to oppress Southern women and children again? Although over three score years have left their mark upon my face and form, I then determined to avail myself of the columns of THE WEEKLY NEWS AND COURIER to add one more contributor to my Southern sisters "Our Women in the War," to put on record some of the events which transpired at that time in our home and grounds. Hence my narrative—"In the Track of Sherman's Army."

Early in the morning of the 5th of February we heard the anticipated sounds like a death-knell, the bombarding of the fortifications on the Salkehatchie, three miles below our town. I have often thought since what mirth that structure, a mere mole-hill, must have created in the great Union army, as they looked upon our puny efforts to stay their march even for one hour. The first detachment that entered the town was Kilpatrick's Cavalry, which must have been some time in advance of

the infantry. He made headquarters at the largest and best house, in the centre of the town, leaving his soldiers to range for miles around the country, committing the most ruthless depredations.

It was a party of this cavalry who, crossing the beautiful little stream which separates our place, a half-mile beyond, from the town, came dashing up the avenue as if they were afraid some of their comrades might outstrip them and secure the booty they hoped to grasp. As I stood upon the piazza, and looked at these first "blue-coats" approaching, I will not deny that my heart sank within me, and I felt like falling, for I remembered the horrible accounts we had for months been listening to of the brutal treatment of the army to the women of Georgia in their march from Atlanta to Savannah. The courage of which I had always felt myself possessed, I confess, forsook me then and I prayed God to protect me and my little ones from the invaders. The first of the soldiers who rushed into the house seemed only intent on searching for food, and when the safe was opened to them,

ATE LIKE HUNGRY WOLVES.

So soon, however, as they were satisfied, their tramp through the house began. By this time they were pouring in at every door, and without asking to have bureaus and wardrobes opened, broke with their bayonets every lock, tearing out the contents, in hunting for gold, silver, and jewels, all of which had been sent off weeks before, and in the burning of the Convent lost! Finding nothing to satisfy their cupidity so far, they began turning over mattresses, tearing open feather-beds, and scattering the contents in the wildest confusion.

Some scenes occurred as they pillaged around which were so ridiculous as to afford us amusement when recalled long after, but not then. For safe keeping I gave to my faithful old poultry woman a large pair of shears, with which I cut out the clothing for the negroes, to conceal in her trunk for me, knowing if they were carried off or destroyed I could not replace them at that stage of the war. Hearing a noise toward the poultry yard, I discovered a soldier with my shears cutting off a turkey's head! He had evidently been down to the bottom of Maum Besse's trunk. We were surprised to find their sympathy for the "poor negro" did not protect them any more than the whites from robbery.

Unfortunately a few bottles of whiskey had been overlooked in the wine closet

when the milk was removed. This prize they were not long in finding, which seemed soon to infuriate and rouse all their evil passions, so that the work of destruction began in earnest. Tables were knocked over, lamps with their contents thrown over carpets and matings, furniture of all sorts broken, a guitar and violin smashed. The piano escaped in the general wreck—why I could never understand. Provisions as much as they wanted were carried off. The policy of the first comers seemed to be not to ruin or destroy any food, but to leave all they did not require for those that were to come after.

The infantry soon appeared and were ten days and nights passing through in detachments. During that time their tents were pitched all around us, and our park lit up by their camp fires, and our yard and home filled with hundreds of rude soldiers. When one swarm departed, another "more hungry" for spoil would file in. And so we lived for days and nights, with guns and bayonets flashing in our faces, and the coarse language of this mass of ruffians sounding in our ears. Having no one to send to headquarters for guards, we were often subjected to worse treatment than our more fortunate neighbors who lived immediately in town.

One day a wretch who looked as if he had been brought from Sing Sing for the purpose of terrifying women and children, came into my piazza where I was standing surrounded by a more decent crowd than usual, carrying a rope in his hand, with which I learned afterwards he had three times

HUNG UP ONE OF OUR SERVANTS.

who had been reported to him as having aided me in hiding my silver. Here I will state that I permitted none of our negroes to know anything connected with concealing valuables, from the fact that I was well aware they could by bribes or threats be induced to tell all they knew. Each of the three times that this man suspended poor Frank in the air he would let him down and try to make him confess. Not knowing anything, of course he could not give the coveted information. Frank's neck remains twisted to this day. With this ropeshaken in my face, the monster said:

"Madame, if you do not tell me in five minutes where your silver is buried I will set fire to your home."

Fortunately I had asked, not long before, a very gentlemanly looking soldier—there were some of this class, of whom I shall speak in the course of this

narrative—if Gen. Sherman permitted houses occupied by women and children to be burned? and had been told he did not. So I promptly replied to the ruffian.

"You dare not burn my house," I said, "for Gen. Sherman has forbidden it."

Just then I was greatly surprised to hear a voice at my back say: "Let the lady alone; you have no right to insult her after taking everything you could find. As to her silver, I can tell you it is not here; it has been sent to Camden Bank for safety!"

I turned and looked at the pleasant, humane looking face of this soldier in wonder and gratitude for his timely interference.

Soon my housekeeper came near and whispered: "I told him, and begged him to protect you from the wretch who was threatening you."

This good man stood nobly by us in several trying scenes after, and repeatedly expressed his disapprobation of the war, and his sorrow for what he saw going on around him. Of his sincerity we could only hope.

Some days after, when the vandals were swarming in and around the house, a faithful servant, who had stood by us in many troubles, came to me and said:

"Mam, I have with a tub of water followed a soldier under the house and put out the fire four times as soon as he left it, and now he is building one under the parlor, and swears he will blow my brains out if I destroy his work again."

"You have done all you can Moses," I said, "don't endanger your own life, I will see what I can do."

As I went down the front steps I saw an officer—by his uniform—entering the gate, and ran to him for help.

When I told him what was being done, he seemed indignant, and asked me to show him the man.

I led the way to where the smoke began to burst from under the house, and both of us stooping down saw the man creeping out. The officer ordered him to go back and extinguish the fire, and looking up quickly, he recognized one in authority, and obeyed.

When he came out and stood upright, I exclaimed: "That is the man who came an hour ago and offered to stand guard to protect my home."

The officer—he was one of the few gentlemen I had met in that fearful crowd—said in an excited and indignant tone; "Give me your name," at the same time taking a note book and pencil from his pocket.

The name was given and put down.

"To what company do you belong? and what regiment?"

Each was answered and recorded.

"And you were the guard for this lady?"

"I had no authority to do so," he said.

"I only offered of my own head."

"So much the greater reason why you should have been faithful. You shall answer to Gen. Sherman for this act. Go up to headquarters, sir."

Now this may have been the last of it—probably was; but the officer looked like a man who meant what he said. At any rate it was most comforting to feel myself in the presence of

A GENTLEMAN AND A PROTECTOR.

A few days after, a kind hearted lieutenant, as he came up our avenue, saw the housekeeper going out the front gate, and said:

"Madam, are you leaving your home filled with soldiers? Why it will soon be in flames over your head."

"I am not the mistress; she is inside. I am going to try and get a guard at headquarters."

"Go back and help to save your home," he kindly said. "I will procure a guard for you."

Mrs. E. came and reported his warning, and said: "You follow them on the lower floor, while I go up-stairs." She was none too soon, for, as she reached the landing, she heard a match scratched and great laughter. Running into a chamber beyond, she found a party of the "Boys"—this seemed to be a pet name for the privates by their officers—surrounding the bed, on which they had piled up books and papers, and applied the match. She sprang forward and scattered the combustibles on the floor, exclaiming: "My God, do you intend to burn us up!"

This greatly amused them, one fellow saying: "No, we are only making a fire to warm by."

The same day my seamstress ran in to tell me a fire had been kindled in a small house within five steps of our dwelling, in which was kept cotton for spinning our negro clothes, with yarn and other materials most suitable for effecting a quick conflagration. I flew out, and saw two men jumping from the door, well nigh suffocated by the smoke they had created. Without speaking, I rushed by them, and with a sley used for weaving cloth scattered and threw out of the door the burning cotton and yarn. A few moments later, and nothing could have saved our house.

These are a few only of the incidents

which kept us on the watch day and night to counteract the attempts of these incendiaries. Through rain, sleet and cold, we had to walk guard ourselves. Occasionally we were fortunate enough to secure one who proved faithful. And of that class was

A GOOD MAN FROM OHIO,

by the name of McCloskey, who late one afternoon, finding us without protection, said:

"Lady, I can't see you go through the night in this way, especially as a fresh detachment is now coming in town. I will go and get authority to stand guard for you."

"But one of your soldiers made us the same offer," I quickly replied, "and then tried to set fire to the house. Can I trust you?"

He looked sorrowful and said he would not follow his fellow-soldier's example.

Afterwards I expressed regret for my suspicions, as well as gratitude for his kindness and sympathy.

It was not long before he returned with his rifle and took up his march around the house. Some hours later the rain began to fall in torrents, and the wind blew a gale. I went to the door and waited until his round brought him face to face with me, when I asked him if he could not protect us as well indoors, and said, "if so, come in to the fire."

Mrs. E., myself and the children had huddled together every night without undressing, in our room, that at the cry of fire we might the more readily make our escape.

"If you are willing, I will accept your offer," he replied, "for it is known that I am guard for this house to-night and you are perfectly safe."

He came in, leaned his rifle against the door and took the chair offered him.

"Ladies," he said, after looking into the fire for some time, "it makes my heart sick to see such as this. I never approved of fighting your people, and would not volunteer for the war, but lately I have been drafted into a new regiment. I have no family of my own, but my mother and sisters are as little in favor of this trip as I am. I can't bear to see women and children ill used."

Finding he had marched a long distance that day, and seemed overcome by sleep, I asked him to take a chair and turn it under his head and lie down on the rug, promising that if we heard any noise we would awake him.

He thanked me, and followed my directions, and when he had slept over an hour, we heard low knocks at the back door. Before I could reach him, he sprang up, and seizing his gun, went out. We listened to a low conversation some time between him and the new comers. At length he returned and told me a party had been sent from headquarters to open the iron safe, which stood on the back piazza. Numbers of the soldiers had tried that day to open it with the key I gave them, but the lock I suppose had rusted from long standing, and they failed to get inside. The key was lost in the crowd, but a report of the unopened safe had been carried up to "headquarters," and hence the

MIDNIGHT DEPUTATION.

I asked the guard if they intended to blow open the safe with powder, for that it contained only valuable law papers, belonging to widows and the estates of orphans, which had been committed to my husband's care, and would be a great loss to the parties if destroyed. I handed him an axe which I kept in the room for cutting our wood, and told him to beg them to use that if possible to open the safe, and to save the papers for me, which he promised to do. I looked up a basket, and asked Mrs. E. to accompany me to the door. As I opened it the wind and rain blew out the lamp, but I called to Mr. McCloskey to take the basket for the papers, and to be careful not to let any blow out.

A gruff voice said, "You women go back; you have no business here."

The pleasant-spoken guard, reaching out his hand for the basket, said he would do as I requested.

With the axe they did succeed in chopping into the safe, and found neither silver nor gold, but only papers! I suppose they retired in disgust at the failure of their enterprise.

I think it was the day following that a fresh party, searching for valuables, found the coat in which one of our only two sons, a Lieutenant in the Company of Citadel Cadets, 6th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, had been desperately wounded at Trevelyan Station.

This coat was carried up to "headquarters," by orders, I presume, and that afternoon an officer, speaking to Mrs. E., said: "That lieutenant must have been badly wounded, to judge by the condition of his coat, the shoulder of which is all torn to pieces."

We never knew till then that the coat was in their possession.

When asked if they would not return it to us, the officer replied: "Oh! no; we like to keep all these little things."

He inquired where the wounded "Confederate" was, and on being told he had gone up to Augusta to report to the hospital, laughed and said: "He is a lucky fellow." Meaning, we suppose, that if he had been found here he would have been taken prisoner.

Thus other days and nights went by, 'til that "left wing" had well nigh passed on to turn Columbia. Here let me say, notwithstanding Gen. Sherman denies that he committed that act of vandalism, his soldiers, right in this house, said, when they heard our three eldest unmarried daughters had been sent to the Convent, with most of our valuables: "You had better have kept them at home; they would be safer here, for

COLUMBIA IS TO BE LAID IN ASHES,

and as for that Convent, we are bound to get in there, for we hear is concealed in its vaults half the treasures of the rich nabobs of this State."

This—the burning of the city—I thought most likely, judging by my experience of the "fire-fiend" spirit which possessed them. But I now felt distressed about my children, for I had been told that the Catholic Brigade of the Army protected all the Church Institutions in the line of their march through Georgia, and supposed they would do the same in our State. How true, I know not, but it was stated after the destruction of the Convent that this same brigade was not permitted to cross over the Congaree until after the city was fired.

Here I will record one of the few *amusing* episodes just occurring to me. A dashing young fellow, belonging to Kilpatrick's Cavalry, got possession of the one guitar left unbroken, and came out of the parlor playing a tune. As he met Mrs. E. he asked to whom the instrument belonged?

"The young lady of the family," was the reply.

He went out, mounted his horse, guitar in hand, with a silk dress he had picked up, buttoned around him, and rode off.

He had gone only a short distance, when he returned. Mrs. E. rose to meet him, thinking he had relented and came back to restore the guitar, for which she begged him as he left the house. But not so. Riding up to the steps, he gallantly lifted his cap and said; "When Miss A. comes home, give her the compliments of Lieut.

McCloud, of Virginia, and tell her he captured her guitar."

As he galloped off the second time, the silk skirt filled with air, and presented quite the appearance of a balloon. This ludicrous sight brought peals of laughter from his comrades.

A very smart housemaid, possessing so much dramatic talent that we often said if Rose could only have her face whitewashed, and be put upon the stage she would make a good actress, seeing her young mistress's dress departing, rapidly pursued the lieutenant and called out, "Oh, massa, please give me that dress, you aint got no use fur it."

He drew up his horse and asked her if she would wear it if he gave it to her.

"Yas, sir, dat I will, I nebber had a silk dress in all my life."

Off went the dress, and into Rose's rejoicing arms it was folded. Immediately she donned her prize and went dancing off, to the intense amusement of the bystanders.

Almost the last division that composed that "left wing," was an Indiana regiment commanded by Gen. Hunter—so his soldiers (or "Boys" as he called them) addressed him. My youngest son, adjutant on Gen. Young's staff, came by on his way to Virginia, a short time after the Federal army left Savannah, to bid me good-bye, and when about to leave said: "Mother, when the army comes—as surely it will—always try and get a general officer to make headquarters in the house or at the gate, and you will be protected." Remembering this, when I found the new arrivals pitching their tents by the front gate I sent at once to ask protection, and in reply was assured that I should be safe from intrusion. Very soon, however, the soldiers began to walk into the library, and help themselves to books and papers as they liked. After a while the General himself came in and drew a chair into the piazza, and with only a nod of his head to me, seated himself. His face I will never forget.

IT WAS THAT OF A FIEND.

Several of his officers joined him. I have often thought they must have found him most uncongenial, for they were courtly, elegant gentlemen; two especially—Capt. Wheadon and the surgeon, whose name I have forgotten. They came to the library door and said most respectfully: "Good, morning, madam."

A few moments after, one of the privates walked in and took an armful of books from the book-case. I thought this did not look much like protection,

and as he passed me going out, I stepped to the door and said:

"General, I understood you to say my house should be protected," pointing to the man with the second supply of books.

With a sardonic smile, he replied: "The boys are all fond of reading. I guess they will not hurt the books."

Of course, I never saw them again.

The surgeon, a tall, fine-looking man, with one of the most magnetic faces I ever saw, knocked at the front door that evening, the first one of that army who had observed such etiquette. When I invited him to come in, he took off his cap, and stood before me.

"Mrs. A.," he said, "we have learned that you have a fine piano, and having along with us a good performer, we would be glad to enjoy his music if you do not object."

"Sir, I have no power to refuse," I replied.

He bowed his head sorrowfully.

"I beg your pardon," he said, bowing, "but no foot shall enter your house to-night that can offend you. I will see to that."

He went on to say that the German musician should tune the instrument and leave it in a beautiful order.

As this had not been done during the war, I was quite willing to receive this remuneration for the pleasure conferred on this courteous gentleman, and told him he was welcome to use the piano.

I had several interviews with him during their stay, and was always impressed by his courtly bearing.

The next morning Capt. Wheadon, who made the most exquisite toilet I had seen for a long time, and wore the most immaculate linen, looking quite like a Frenchman, a sunny face with bright blue eyes and a winning manner, soon made friends with the children. He came when I was walking in the yard with two of them, and after saying "good morning," asked me to let him take the children to his tent and give them breakfast. This I declined, thanking him for his attention and telling him I knew they would be afraid to go so far from me. "Why," he said, turning to my little adopted daughter, "You won't be afraid, sissie, to go with me; we are good friends, you know."

The child looked pleadingly in my face and said:

"AUNTIE, DO LET US GO, I AM SO HUNGRY."

I knew there was nothing in the house for them save some broken crack-

ers, so I said: "Go, then, you and Daisy, if you wish."

The Captain, holding each by the hand, led them away, and Mrs. E., after a little, with the baby in her arms, came looking for the others, and hearing where they had gone, said: "Come, darling, you shall not lose a nice, hot breakfast, I will carry you too." When she reached the tent and asked for breakfast for that little one also, Capt. Wheadon immediately prepared a plate and handed it to her, asking her to allow him to bring her a cup of coffee for herself, which she emphatically declined.

He insisted, saying, "You had better take a cup, it is very fine."

"I do not doubt it," she said, in her brusque straightforward manner, "as I know the source from whence it came."

Whether or not any of our groceries had found their way to this particular tent, of course we could not tell.

This was the last good breakfast the little ones got for many a day.

I think it was in the afternoon of that same day the news was brought me that the stables were on fire. Along side of them was the corn house, containing all the corn not consumed by the army, and all on which we were to subsist, after we were left amidst desolation and ruin. I ran out to the General's tent, and found him seated outside, surrounded by his staff. They arose, with cap in hand, most respectfully. He kept his seat, his hat pulled over his eyes. It was the first steeple crown or sugar-loaf felt hat I had seen, and thought his head fitly crowned by that bandit style. Never have I looked at one since that the face of that monster did not come vividly to mind. I implored him to come with me and have the fire extinguished.

"Madam, I have very little control over the 'Boys,'" he replied. "You must remember we are in South Carolina now; we entered this State with 'gloves off!'"

He then looked like a hyena gloating over his victim.

"For Heaven sake, General, come and save my corn house. Surely you do not intend to destroy our last provisions and leave us to perish? Do come."

At last he reluctantly arose and slowly followed me.

I hurried on, looking back and begging him to quicken his pace or it would be too late. When he got in speaking distance, he called out: "Boys, put out that fire."

A dozen or more "Boys" leaped the fence and soon extinguished it.

I turned to him and said that did not look as if he had lost control over them.

He approached nearer to me and said: "Madam, this is war—the war which you women helped to bring on yourselves."

"Yes," I said, "but we did not expect to deal with barbarians—rather with men who claimed to be chivalrous and honorable, and who have wives and children of their own."

"You women can soon stop this thing," he rejoined, "by bringing your husbands and sons out of the army to protect you."

"Ah," I said, "they would be of little service to us under such circumstances," pointing to the smoking stables!

When I told him we could not bring them from their post of duty if we would, and we would not if we could, he laughed a laugh that rang in my ears long after, and said: "Madam, the end will soon come when we have finished our work in this State."

As he struck his tents and moved off, the corn-house I had tried so hard to save was discovered in flames.

I always believed Gen. Hunter gave the order.

I do not remember the day our town was burned, or the division of the army that accomplished it, but I do remember the spectacle presented the first time I beheld its ruins. All the public buildings were destroyed. The fine brick Courthouse, which cost the State between \$12,000 and \$15,000, with most of the stores, laid level with the ground, and many private residences, with only the chimneys standing like grim sentinels; the Masonic Hall in ashes. I had always believed that the archives, jewels and sacred emblems of the Order were so revered by Masons everywhere, whether belonging to friend or foe, that those wearing the "Blue" would guard the temple of their brothers in "Grey." Not so, however. Nothing in South Carolina was held sacred. All fell under the heel of the oppressor alike.

The picturesque little Town of Barnwell has been greatly admired for its fair old oaks and fine evergreens. It is built upon a hill, at the base of which runs a beautiful clear stream encircling two sides of it, and which in long droughts furnish drink for the famished stock for miles around. And here the Federal army, with its thousands of men and horses, slaked their thirst. Methinks those cooling draughts might have abated the fire of their revenge.

There is a legend connected with this stream: that any who come and drink of its waters will return and drink again.

In proof of this story, some of the young men of the town, with others around the country, went out to the Far West in search of fortunes, which they knew it was useless to work for here under Radical rule that scourged our land for eleven long years. From the Pacific Coast some of these fortune-hunters were brought back, we suppose, by the powerful magnet of "Turkey Creek," and have never since lost sight of its limpid waters.

After the last division of that "left wing" had departed, I learned that around their camps a good deal of meat as well as other provisions had been left. I called up the old poultry woman, who also had charge of the little negroes, and told her to collect her crowd and come with me. They went to work and picked up bones and joints of meat, sometimes with only a few slices cut off, enough to fill several baskets with the fragments.

We met others on the same errand, and it was funny to see Maumy Bess seizing upon every piece of meat she saw tied with a blue string. Recognizing her own handiwork, she would rush upon the possessor and jerk the prize out of their hand, exclaiming: "Gimmy, dat ur meat, I bin tie um wid dem same string fur hang up to smoke." While 'his was going on' looked upon the

RUIN THE VANDALS HAD WROUGHT

around me. My beautiful avenue of oaks, which I had transplanted years before, from my childhood's home far away, had been ruthlessly cut down or killed by camp fires kindled at their roots. The park fence was burned up, the large entrance gate cut down, and the undergrowth and straw scorched as black as midnight. As I gazed upon this scene of desolation, I wondered if this was indeed the forerunner of the "end" of which Gen. Hunter had boasted. And the dread of such a calamity, with all its woe, grew strong as I dwelt upon it, and hung like a pall on my heart.

On these scraps of meat, washed and dried, together with a small quantity of corn obtained from our plantation sixteen miles away, we subsisted for weeks. The manner in which I possessed myself of the corn I have daily cause to remember, as it cost me the dislocation of my left wrist, which for want of being properly reduced—we had no surgeons then—remains stiff to this day. The public highway over which the army marched to Columbia ran through our place, lying on both sides of the Edisto River, across which was a bridge known

as the "New Bridge." Gen. Sherman saw by a map of the country that his most direct route to the capital was to cross the river at this point, and I think the two wings of his army united there.

By a mistaken strategy this bridge had been destroyed a few days before by Wheeler's Confederate cavalry, a mistake which only served to delay the army long enough to rebuild it and to destroy for us everything on the plantation—the cotton crop of two years, all the provisions they did not consume, ginhouse, corn crib, stables and fences, all laid to waste. Cattle and sheep not used were driven ahead of them when they left, and of course the horses were all taken, and carts and wagons carried off or burned. But for this, a portion of the small quantity of corn hid in the swamp by the overseer, and saved, could have been brought down to me. As it was I had to put my own wits to work to devise a plan to obtain it, and nothing short of securing food for my children would, I suppose, have suggested the thought of going myself. There was no one near me whom I could trust to send for the precious freight, for starvation seemed to stare everybody in the face, so that if any one was found on the roads with provisions a "stronger than he" would capture his prize. Our yoke of oxen, with their cart, had been driven off by the soldiers, but their organ of locality being more fully developed than in their more valuable companions—our milch cows—they ran away and came back. An army wagon, broken down, had been left in our park, to which, with a little fixing, the oxen could be attached. In this I decided to make the trip, and in order to bring as heavy a load of corn as possible I had the body of the wagon removed, and a chair for me to sit in placed on the boards. As driver I took a boy fourteen years old, who had been so alarmed lest the Yankees should carry him off he had hid himself in a large chest of his mother's to escape them. I thought August would prove more faithful than some older negro, and so we

SET OFF ON THE PERILOUS JOURNEY.

I was not unappreciative of my danger from lawless negroes roaming all over the country, and I took along a loaded pistol, which I had learned to use pretty well. The roads had been so cut up by the army wagons as to be almost impassable in places, and when

almost half way to Edisto one wheel of the vehicle suddenly sank deeply into the mud, the other resting on a clay hill. My chair upset and I fell upon my wrist in such a way as to dislocate it.

August ran to me and said, "Missis, is you hut?" and lifted me up. I soon found I could not use the hand, and it began to pain me very much. With the boy's assistance I got back into the wagon, but discarded the chair, and sat on the boards. After moving a short distance I found the jostling over the rough roads increased the pain so much that I got out of the wagon and pursued my journey on foot the remaining eight miles.

By reason of the accident, and my slow progress walking, nightfall found me three miles away from the plantation, at the gate of a cottage owned by a widow, and occupied by her the last time I passed that way. Now, as I came nearer, I discovered a crowd of negroes coming out of the house. My heart beat fast, and I mentally exclaimed, "My God, what shall I do?"

The first man who came near me I recognized as the coachman of a friend living twenty miles below on the South Carolina Railroad. I addressed him as quietly as I could.

"Why, Gilbert, what are you doing up here so far from home?" I asked.

His eyes dropped, and in a very respectful tone he said, "Well, you see, ma'am, we has feared de Yankee would teck us 'long wid dem. an' we run all de way up yer to git out de way."

I, of course, knew this was only a subterfuge to cover his real motive, and in this conclusion I was correct as I learned afterwards that they had driven the poor widow out and taken possession of her cottage.

"Miss A." Gilbert said, lifting his head, "wat meks you walk long de road dis late ma'am?"

I told him I was going to the plantation on business, and of my accident, whereupon he seemed greatly concerned, and recommended several remedies, for which I thanked him.

The respectful manner of Gilbert insured me the like behavior from his companions who stood by in silence, but I could not help fearing as I walked away that I might be followed by some of them, and when we got out of their hearing I said to my boy, "Keep a sharp look out, August, and if you see any one approaching hand me the pistol," which lay on the floor of the wagon under a heavy shawl. We were then passing through a dense grove of pines, which made

THE DARKNESS MORE APPALLING,

so with the pain of my arm and the dread of pursuit, one can readily conceive the state of my mind. After emerging from the shadows cast by the tall pines around me into an open field I took courage, quickened my pace and hurried on to complete the remaining three miles of the frightful journey.

About 9 in the evening I reached the first cabin, which was near our own dwelling, then occupied by a family of refugees. The negro quarters lay several hundred yards beyond, in a line with the overseer's. When I went into the cabin I found the woman cooking her supper. She was evidently surprised to see me, but seemed glad. I told her I had come for corn, and wishing to return early next morning wanted to talk with all of the people that night. I requested her to leave her cooking for a while and come with me. When the overseer came down to "The Oaks" to tell me about the corn he had saved, he told me that a great many of my valuables, which I had sent to him to bury in the Edisto Swamp, had been found and distributed amongst the negroes, who then had them in their houses. One object I had in trying to collect them up at my yard that night was to give the overseer the opportunity to search their houses before they had time to remove any of the goods, if so disposed.

Before those at the quarters learned I was in the place I went down to the overseer's house as quickly as I could and told him to follow at a distance, and as I called each family out to join me he was to enter the house and collect whatever he recognized as my property. Of course, they too, were astonished at my presence, but likewise expressed themselves as being delighted to see me. I gave them to understand my appreciation of their pleasant reception and asked them, as I did Sally, to accompany me to the yard, assigning the same reason I had done before of wishing to leave with my load of corn so early in the morning that I would have no time to talk with them. They followed without hesitation, and while I was haranguing them the overseer did accomplish his mission.

As the contents of the different baskets were put on a large table in my piazza and each recognized the china, cut-glass, bed and table linen, with other articles so recently in their possession, it was somewhat amusing to hear them exclaiming in succession: "Yes, missis, dem de tings we pick up after de Yan-

kee bin gone, an' been sabin fur you." I thanked each and every one, and said they did quite right.

Having heard that the army had left them in a most demoralized condition, I was surprised to see the respect and attention with which they all listened to me. I told them no matter how much they had heard from the Federal army of freedom, no law had yet been passed setting them free, and until Congress did so they were still slaves. But even if they were free, or when they became so,

FREEDOM COULD NEITHER FEED NOR CLOTHE THEM

without work. I begged them, like sensible people, to go to work at once rebuilding the fences around the grain crops, and preparing the lands, to put in the new crop, which would be more to their interest than ours, for we might find means after a while to procure provisions from abroad; but unless they worked and made a crop, they and their children must perish, and whatever was made on the place would be divided with them if they were set free. Moreover, when a law was passed liberating them, we, their owners, would be the first to tell them the news and make arrangements with them for their future. They had never known me to deceive them, and trusted me then. In an orderly and respectful manner they departed to their cabins, and greatly to my gratification, when I arose next morning after a night of great suffering, I found most of the men out at work, picking up the scattered rails that escaped the fire and arranging for a fence, while the women cooked their breakfast.

There was one person who did not willingly follow my advice—a man who had only recently come into our possession from my father's estate, and who was not present when I spoke to the others the night before. He came to me next morning, and in a dogged manner said: "I have no intention of going to work here, ma'am; I am going to remove my family back to the old place"—meaning my father's, eighteen miles away.

"Albert," I said, very calmly, "if you do not obey me and follow the example of the rest of the hands, you will regret it hereafter."

I then repeated to him all I had spoken to the others. But I saw he had made up his mind to have his own way, and did not pursue the matter, knowing I had then no power to enforce obedience. True to his resolution he did move back to the "old place." A week

later a detachment of Wheeler's cavalry, calling themselves "Regulators," went through the country restoring order on the plantations and putting the hands to work. They always inquired on each place if there were any who did not belong there. Learning that Albert had no right to be on the estate place, did not belong to us, and ought to be on Edisto, they gave him orders to report at his proper place, and if not found at work when they returned to that section he should certainly be taken in hand and disciplined. Being very smart, he took in the situation at a glance. He knew those who had preached freedom to him and were then in power were at that time too far away to stand by their word, and in their place was a military organization with authority to control him. He therefore came at once to me, in the most humble manner confessed his fault, and said: "No matter who tells me I am free hereafter, I will never disobey you, ma'am, again." And he kept his word. Long after emancipation he remained at his post, behaving well.

This is a peculiar race, and few, save them to whom they belonged, or were brought up with them, can understand or manage them. They possess characteristics and idiosyncracies not to be found in any other race on the globe. With some exceptions they have neither gratitude nor resentments. One instance of the former sentiment being utterly wanting I will give. When the "right wing" of the Federal army swept round the home of one of South Carolina's most gifted sons,

W. GILMORE SIMMS,

historian, poet and novelist, Gen. Sherman's appreciation of literature caused him to place a guard around "Woodlands"—beautiful "Woodlands"—and while Columbia was burning one of the officers came face to face with Mr. Simms, and learning who he was, said: "Sir, you do not belong alone to the South, but to the whole country, and you need have no fears about the safety of your home and library. A guard has been left to protect it, with orders to remain until the last straggler shall have passed on."

And so it escaped destruction at the hands of the enemy. But months after, before Mr. Simms found it possible to bring his family home, it was burned by his body servant, Isaac, to whom that humane master had ever been kind and considerate. His library was considered the finest in the South, containing

books he had collected in Europe as well as on this continent—many of them out of print, which, even if he had been left the means, could never be replaced. These treasures were well-nigh as dear to him as wife and children, and this blow broke the great man's heart.

Now I will record an example on the other side of faithful attachment. Moses Hays, the good man who helped to save our house when fired by the guard, had been with us at Charlottesville, Virginia, where we remained four months, nursing our wounded son. His devotion to his young master was such as to attract the attention of the family, where he had been permitted by the chief surgeon, Dr. Abel, (before the war the professor of medicine in the University,) to remove the wounded boy. When we were about to begin our journey home our kind hostess said to me, "Do send me a servant like Moses." Also the young surgeon—whose patient Alfred was—remarked one day, "Madame, I have never met but one like Moses before. He belonged to a Georgia colonel, and was as tender and devoted to his wounded master as a brother could have been."

After the war was over Moses and his good little wife, who was nurse to my two youngest children, and whom she often folds to her bosom now, just as she did when infants in her arms, remained with us long enough to save sufficient of their wages to purchase a little farm of eight acres, a half mile from us. To this we added twenty acres of our land adjoining, and when I handed Moses and Della the recorded deed securing to them and their children the land, they looked the gratitude they could not well express. I told them that gift was to show them I was not unmindful of their faithfulness, both before and since they were free. Each said: "I hope, ma'am, you will always find us ready and willing to serve you and your children at all times you may need us." And so we have.

And now, as my narrative approaches its close, I come to record

THE GREATEST TRIAL OF MY LIFE.

After the army crossed the Savannah River into South Carolina there was much anxiety felt in every part of the country between them and the capital of the State, as to what would be the line of their march. Some thought they would move along the coast; others, on consulting the map, concluded their direct course lay through Colleton and Orangeburg, and in our county higher up.

With this uncertainty resting on our minds each one began to speculate upon the surest means of safety for themselves and property. Many at once decided to refugee up towards the mountains; others to cross over into Georgia; but I said, "if I lose everything else I must stay at home and try to save a shelter for my large family."

My husband entered the war with the very first volunteers as quartermaster of Gen. Bonham's Brigade; and when that distinguished gentleman was called home to occupy the highest office in the gift of the State, Mr. A. joined Gregg's Brigade which was soon after ordered to Virginia, and in a railroad accident below Columbia was thrown from the cars and his right shoulder dislocated. Thus disabled, he of course came home, leaving the family to be represented in what we deemed a righteous cause—by our only two boys. They were "boys" indeed—within their teens.

In view of the army coming through that section, we naturally felt much anxiety concerning our three eldes. unmarried daughters, none of them grown, and we determined when danger came near that their father should take them up to Columbia and place them with that grand and noble woman, the Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent, who is a sister of our lamented Bishop Lynch, and, like other members of their family, singularly gifted. They belong to history.

Business of an urgent nature called Mr. A. from home at that time, and it was agreed between us that if the army approached our town before he could return, I would send the girls to join him at our Edisto plantation, as I have before stated, on the road to Columbia. Accordingly, the day before the attack on our "mole hill" fortifications, I packed their baggage wagon and sent it off. Early next morning the carriage was ordered, and I bade farewell to my children. The eldest of the three was a fearless rider and determined to mount her wounded brother's splendid charger, and ride on horseback to Columbia, hoping in that way to save his noble steed, "Staunton." Several hours after, when Kilpatrick's Cavalry arrived, some of them heard of this horse and his rider and they determined to try and overtake them. But after pursuing several miles, they were told at a mill on their road that the party were too far ahead to be easily captured. And so the girls proceeded in safety on their way and were joined by their father. The next morning the rain fell fast and heavy, and the brave rider of "Staun-

ton" was forced to take refuge with her sisters in the carriage, and leave her brother's war horse, who had escaped unhurt when his master was shot, in Virginia, to fall at last into the hands of the enemy.

The journey was accomplished in safety, the children placed in the Convent and Mr. A., reporting to the Governor, was ordered on public duty to the northern part of the State.

The fate of the city soon after is already history, and the last scenes in the Convent, the night the Nuns and children were compelled to fly for their lives, I give in the words of one of my daughters, among the sufferers.

THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT.

"After these twenty years, we, who for a long day and longer night, listened to the roar of the artillery across the Congaree, bombarding the beautiful Capital, can truly say, 'When the sound of it is lost, send the echoes to roll from soul to soul.' I will not attempt a detailed account of my experience in that city of fire, but only the most vivid scenes in which I participated.

"The pure honest nature of the Mother Superior, relying upon the pledge of Gen. Sherman that her Convent should be sacred, did everything to pacify the excitement of her school and keep us all quiet through that terrible day and night. As the darkness came on something of that noble Christian calmness fell upon us, and notwithstanding the windows of the building continually shook from the concussion of the shells falling around us, and the warning of friends without, seeing our danger, coming in from time to time beseeching us to leave, we still lingered, beguiled by that treacherous promise. Alas! alas! but for the Mother Superior's faith in Gen. Sherman, she could even at that late hour have taken the young beings under her charge and fled to Valle Crucis, where the Convent now is, and thus escaped all the horrors we afterwards had to endure.

"About 9 in the evening the Nuns were sent to collect us all in the big class-room, next the chapel, to pray together for that which we now see was fast passing away from us—our home. How many hours we remained upon our knees, poor affrighted creatures, I can't tell, but I do remember how we were suddenly brought to our feet by the awful cry, 'the convent is on fire.' Simultaneously with this cry came a fearful crash, and the chapel doors gave way before the battering-rams of some

of the fiends, and rapidly the sacred home was filled with soldiery. We heard afterwards that men were seen setting fire to the roof, in order, of course, to drive us out, before too late for them to pillage it.

"Good Father Lawrence collected us all in the lower hall preparatory to marching us in some order to the Catholic Church, at that time beyond the falling houses and fierce flames. A few friends and myself ran into the basement-room where the trunks were kept, and with the strength of despair succeeded in smashing the ends of our trunks and drawing forth a few caskets of jewels and silver. Even then, I called to mind the last words of my married sister when I left home: 'Remember, if anything happens to the Convent, save my jewels if you can, for they may feed my babies when we have nothing else left.'

"Having no wrap, I threw over me a huge velvet cloak of my sister's, which was not only valuable in protecting my casket, but the only covering my little sisters had for days and nights after. The Misses H., Miss C. and myself were among the last to leave the Convent. And we were hurried off by the soldiers pouring down upon us, saying, 'don't you know everybody has gone with the Catholic priest; what are you girls doing here.' 'Trying to save a few things from you,' I said. And on we went to join our companions. A sorrow-stricken cortege we were, furnishing a picture always to be remembered as one of the most tragic in the burning of Columbia.

"THE PRIEST WITH UPLIFTED CRUCIFIX headed the procession. Behind him followed the Nuns—not more heroic were those 'Moravian Nuns,' of whom we read in poetry—their pallid faces, black habit and dignified bearing, lit up by the flames on either side through which we had to pass, presented a weird scene sad enough for tears even now. Behind the Nuns came the school girls, some of them little things, clinging to their older companions in terror, lest they might be torn away. Several of the sick, wrapped in blankets, wended their way as best they could. The Convent, which was originally 'Clark's Hotel,' as all familiar with the city in bygone days will remember, was situated on the corner of Main and Blanding streets. We left it on that memorable night by the side door opening on the latter street, down which we marched to the one leading to the Catholic Church. The crowd in the street did not interrupt us, as we had

been furnished a guard by the Commander-in-Chief when he had us turned out of the Convent. This satisfied his conscience, I suppose, for that night!

"This temple of God proved only a place of rest for a short time, however. Feeling that we were safely sheltered there, and being exhausted by our excitement and loss of sleep for nights before, we threw our bundles on the floor for pillows, and soon slept as only the young can sleep. Soon we were awakened—hideous yells, enough to raise the dead, who then we thought more fortunate than we, aroused us. The sanctuary no longer protected us, for dozens of living demons rushed in to tell us to fly, for the church was to be blown up by a mine laid that evening. This false report was to drive us out, that they might secure the little parcels we had saved, and with few exceptions they succeeded.

"This new danger produced a fresh panic, and the children, not thoroughly awakened, were well-nigh crazed by the sight of the demoniacal faces around us, lit up by the fires from the adjacent buildings, and in the wildest confusion they ran hither and thither. I told my little sisters to hold fast to my dress, and clutching my casket, which even then I realized meant bread, we hurried from the church, over tombstones and every other impediment, towards the fence in the direction of the river. How my blood surges when I close my eyes now, and recall

THE SCENES OF THAT NIGHT!

And the wicked acts which caused the terror and distress of the helpless children and those holy women set apart for God's service, 'unspotted from the world,' driven from their sweet seclusion, into the blazing streets, surrounded by hordes of boisterous, unbridled soldiers. I wonder if this blackest page in all that dreadful campaign will not be avenged by a just God.

"The guard after awhile succeeded in convincing us that this last diabolical scheme to drive us from our retreat was false, and persuaded us to return. Only a few, however, could be persuaded to lie down again, and only the most exhausted slept. Some of our party remained outside of the church watching the awful magnificence of flame. Kinsler Hall, with the drug store beneath filled with its barrels and casks of chemicals, colored the sheets of fire that licked and wrapped the building in a 'glory of flame,' reminding one of the Sardanapalus Palace as we have it described in prose and poem.

"When the gray light of morning at last broke upon us what a sight of desolation was revealed! I can never forget the weary faces gathered together, the infinite 'peace of holiness,' which rested upon many of the faces of those dear Nuns, whose lips had never ceased to move in prayer during the whole of that ghastly pilgrimage—the young children trying to collect their scattered senses, hardly realizing where they were, or what their surroundings—the older ones wondering what would be the next act in the drama. Soon the little ones were reminded by their craving for food, that they had eaten nothing for many hours, and some said, 'Oh, we are so hungry!'

"This remark was overheard by one who now 'sleeps his last sleep and has fought his last battle.' Was it a foreshadowing of his own sad fate that turned his horoscope and caused him to look within? Was it by that 'sad power' of future war when the savage blade would pierce his own brave heart, that it throbbed with kindly enough impulse to order food sent to these helpless girls?

"BRAVE, GALLANT CUSTER !

For deeds of kindness like this, a general will went up from Southern hearts, as well as from your own land, when the tidings reached us of your heroic end. And many of us remember you did not wish to make war upon helpless women and children. And so of your true soul we say, 'Requiescat in pace.'

"The waiter of hot breakfast was brought to us, as we stood grouped together, the Misses H., my sisters and I in one corner of the churchyard next the street. The hungry children thought only of their pain, and wanted to partake of the hot bread and coffee, as did we all, but in our young minds tales of poisoning by Sherman's bands were too fresh, so we refused the tempting meal.

"The morning dragged itself along, the sun rose upon our woe, and we knew not where we were to break our fast. Never will I forget good Dr. Solomons, of Charleston. He was the first to give us food. He had known us, in his professional trips to Barnwell, and hearing we were among the refugees in the churchyard, found and took us over to a little cottage inhabited by Mrs. Ringgold, whose name protected her and her larder from the army with whom her husband had formerly served. In her home we refreshed ourselves, and would have enjoyed the Doctor's kindness as it deserved, but that we could not forget the number of dear Nuns and young

companions who were not so fortunate.

"I said to Dr. Solomons: 'We are nearly crazy for want of sleep, but are afraid to lie down.' He assured me, if I would go with my sisters into a small room at the rear of the house and sleep, he would keep guard at the door and wake us if danger approached. We laid ourselves down on the floor, with the rescued cloak for a pillow, and slept several hours of refreshing sleep.

"When we returned to the churchyard we found that the Mother Superior had received a message from General Sherman that he would see her himself. Justice McCarthy in describing the meeting between Lady Macnaghton and the savage chief who had slain her husband, says few scenes in poetry or romance can be more thrilling with emotion than such a meeting as this must have been. Our war furnishes a parallel quite as thrilling in the treachery of the commander-in-chief of the United States army as that of Ak bar Khan. No wonder the man's eyes shifted and sought the ground; no wonder he nervously bit his moustache and tried to hurry through the interview he knew he had to bear, and yet would have avoided.

"There he stood before that majestic form clothed in her dignity of grand womanhood and the garb of her cloister life, her face unsullied by recollections that were false to her God, herself or her human kind. He, the husband of her former friend, the father of her once loved pupil, the leader of an army towards whom her religion taught her neutrality, and whose Catholic Sisters had nursed and tenderly cared for the Federal soldiers in their sickness and suffering. This woman he had lured into his power by a pledge and had broken it. Such treachery stands alone. We of the Convent

KNOW WHO BURNED COLUMBIA.

"General Sherman told Mother Superior she could take possession of either the Methodist College or the Preston Home, these being larger than any other buildings which had escaped the flames. The former, as the most commodious, she decided to occupy. But in the midst of her sufferings and privations there, which were shared alike by Nuns and children, she did not forget her friendships. It was through her benevolence that the beautiful old home of the Prestons—once owned by the Hamptons—was saved. These good people had espoused her cause when the Convent was first established in Columbia and fanatical feeling ran so high

there against the church. They were her friends always, and she embraced the offer of Sherman to occupy their home, and save it from the vandals, only too eager to destroy anything valuable to Wade Hampton. Gen. Woods had his headquarters in this fine old mansion, and the Mother Superior was told by one of the officers unless she took possession of it quickly the torch would be applied so soon as Woods and his staff vacated. Several of the Nuns, with a number of the pupils, were selected to go round and occupy the home of the Hamptons.

"When we reached there the last of the officers were just leaving, and when we entered, the rooms gave evidence of luxurious war. Wine glasses, freshly drained, ends of cigars, &c., were scattered around. In one corner of the library stood the beautiful work of art, Powers's Eve, executed by the gifted sculptor in grateful remembrance of his benefactor, Gen. Preston. Some one of the army, not capable of appreciating such a piece of statuary, conceived the ridiculous idea of bedecking it in an old uniform coat and cap and painting a black mustache upon her 'faultily faultless' lip. My hand had the privilege of restoring the Parian marble to its original purity.

"After remaining in the Preston Home until it was quite safe, we returned to the college, where we remained until sent for by our mother."

SAD NEWS FOR A MOTHER.

Rumors reached us here that Columbia had been burned, but even then I had an abiding faith that the Convent was saved. All means of communication having been destroyed with us, I could hear nothing of the real condition of my children for some time. Then came a letter, hurriedly written, to a family in our town, and sent by one of their servants coming home. In a spirit of kindness—of course it was so meant—that letter was sent to me. The words were literally burnt into my heart and brain, and are as fresh in my memory now as when I read them—at least the portion relating to my children, which ran thus: "The city is still burning. The citizens have had to fly to the woods for safety. The Convent is in ashes, and this morning I went in search of Mrs. A.'s children, and it made my heart bleed to find the poor things with only the clothes they wore and half starved. I am now having something cooked, which I will take to them myself."

Not a word that they were safe from harm, under the wing of the Mother Superior, in the building provided for her by the destroyer of her Sacred Home. With this assurance I could have been content. But the picture presented to my mind was my young daughters, turned into the streets amid thousands of brutal, and, perhaps, drunken soldiers! I had passed through enough to unhinge a stronger mind than mine, but this stroke was more than the mother's heart could bear, and nature succumbed!

It was weeks after before I recovered strength to resume my domestic duties, and but for the good woman frequently mentioned in this narrative—"may her soul, through the mercy of God, rest in peace"—I do not know what would have become of me and my children then. She was the most perfect specimen of a true-hearted, unselfish woman I ever knew.

A little while after this, a gentleman, whose family refugee here, came down from Columbia and brought the joyful tidings of my daughters' safety. Hope began to revive in my heart, and I looked about to devise means to bring them home. It so happened that a gentleman of this town procured a buggy to go up to Columbia for his two sisters and, hearing of my distress, sent a kind message that he would escort my children back if I wished him. I knew his buggy could hardly accommodate his own family, so with many thanks for his offer I sent him a roll of Confederate money and begged him to try and hire something on his way up to bring the girls home. He found on this side of the Congaree wagons which had carried from Augusta provisions to the perishing people of Columbia.

GOD BLESS OUR NOBLE SISTER STATE!

In later perilous times she came promptly and courageously to our aid. South Carolina never finds Georgia fail her when she needs help! Doctor P. engaged one of these wagons to take his party as far as Aiken, on their way back, where he felt sure he could procure a vehicle to complete the journey, as that town had not lost very heavily by the army. He crossed over into the city of ruins, found his sisters, and delivered my letter to the Mother Superior asking for my children. She was only too thankful to be relieved of three months, which, with all the rest, she had been dealing out economically to the hard-

tack, rationed to her by the commander-in-chief before he left.

In a little skiff, which threatened continually to capsize, the doctor recrossed the river with the ladies. Then, what was his horror and surprise to find the wagons gone! Turning to my daughters, he said, "Shall I take you back to the Mother Superior, or have you courage to undertake the walk of sixty miles?" The eldest looked upon the boiling, seething river just crossed in so much terror, and over at the burnt city, then at the long weary miles which separated them from their home. And yet she preferred "the ills she knew not of" to those from which they had escaped; and she said, "we will go on."

And so began their tramp of sixty miles. The buggy could hardly hold each one's bundle of the one blanket and a change of clothing, with the doctor's baggage and his invalid sister; the little bag, containing their scanty supply of food, did not occupy much space. At night they took refuge in some farmhouse by the way, the shelter of which they were generally welcomed to, but quickly informed there was nothing for them to eat, as the army had swept everything. So they journeyed on, weary and worn, until they reached our own Edisto plantation.

And then there occurred a scene that brought out the characteristic of the negro race. When they recognized who some of the new-comers were they raised a most jubilant yell, first one woman and then another embracing "our chiluns," as they were wont to call the children of their owners. But when they found their pets had walked

"CLAR FROM COLUMBIA"

their cry of joy was turned into one of lamentation, and they cried one moment and laughed the next. Finding how hungry they were their sable friends began to vie with each other for the honor of cooking a good square meal for 'Missis chiluns.' The old nurse of the eldest finally carried the day, and soon the poor things with their fellow travellers were seated at Hannah's table enjoying her bacon, eggs and corn bread.

The girls were so happy to find themselves once more on our own soil, in the midst of friends, willing and able to render them assistance, that they would gladly have tarried long. But their

kind protector reminded them that sixteen miles of their journey still lay before them; so, reluctantly, they arose and went forward, with tattered garments and sore feet. Ten o'clock at night found them at their home! And when I folded them to my heart I felt very sure that Sherman and his "boys" had failed to rob me of these treasures! And so ended that walk of sixty miles, to the recital of which their children and grandchildren will doubtless listen in after years.

Weeks after, when the war did really end, we were permitted to collect our family—not one missing—around us, two sons, and six daughters.

For this great mercy to us, when so many were left childless, I humbly thanked God, and prayed whatever of misfortunes the future had in store for us, we might cling together, sustaining and comforting each other.

"LET THERE BE PEACE."

I cannot close this narrative of facts, without a few words relative to my change of sentiment regarding our Northern brethren. I had met but few from that section in ante-bellum days; those few I must say impressed me favorably. But after passing through the ordeal of the war, and the "reign of terror" which succeeded, the hope was strong in my heart that I might never look upon the face of a Yankee again. Later on, however, some of my children found it necessary to go North, and there met many of the best people of that country, who extended to them great kindness, and indeed elegant hospitality, assisting them in enterprises which, but for such efficient aid, must have failed. Some of these same good people have since been our guests, whom we have found refined and cultivated, with warm, sincere hearts. Now I freely admit all bitterness cast out of my heart, and am willing with those we are wont to call our foes to "smoke the pipe of peace," under the "Stars and Stripes," with a strong desire that the misfortunes so graphically recorded by "Our Women in the War" may illustrate the idea of "blessings in disguise," and be for us and our children the harbingers of that perfect Union designed by the founders of this great republic!

No. 35.—A Refugee's Experience.

(By M. R. Porcher, Charleston.)

On the 23d of August, 1863, the morning after the first shell was thrown into the City of Charleston, papa bade all of his womankind good-bye at the South Carolina Railway depot and sent them off as refugees.

It was our good fortune to find a home for the next eighteen months with a pleasant family in a charming town in the western part of the State, and save for the sad tidings which came after every battle, making widows of lonely wives, and carrying the gloom of death into many a household, that town knew not the meaning of war. Plenty reigned; in the beautiful gardens bloomed the gayest and loveliest flowers; the fields yielded their increase, and all was order, quiet and peace.

We had tableaux and concerts, strawberry feasts and fairs for the benefit of our soldiers. Every woman and girl knit shirts and socks, and some carried their zeal for the cause to such an extent that the knitting basket was present on Sunday, and one lady actually employed the waking moments of the night in plying the needles to and fro. We all learnt to card and spin, some became noted dyers, while others mastered the intricacies of threading the loom, and the art of weaving evenly and quickly became a desired accomplishment.

It is strange to recollect how these occupations interested and amused, and how little the fact that many were suffering the horrors of war affected those remote from the field of action. The dark opening of the year 1865, however, caused all hearts to fear, and the call of the State upon boys of sixteen to take up arms brought the fact of the urgent need and desperate condition of our country to all who were not wilfully blind.

In January, 1865, that our host and hostess, declining housekeeping, left us in possession of their home, a large and comfortable mansion, with flower

garden and vegetable garden in perfect order, for our enjoyment in the future. The rent was to be paid in Confederate currency, \$3,000. Our household at this juncture consisted of three, mamma, Eliza and myself, and our servant Julia who cooked, washed and did our household work. Our sister Emma was paying a visit to a near relation in the low country about forty miles from Charleston. Papa was in the city and both of our brothers were in the army, having served already four years. The heavy rain storms early in January by destroying the railroad between Alston and Columbia separated our family completely, as letters were delayed an interminable time and for weeks we were cut off from all communication.

These weeks were full of anxiety to three lonely women in their large house; the weather was intensely cold, and in order to save precious fuel we collected everything for our comfort in one room and lived there. Money was now becoming of little value, and it was hard to procure anything but bacon and grist. Our fare consisted of bacon, hominy and corn bread, and we were thankful to have enough. One day, after living for some time on this fare, a wheaten loaf was sent to mamma, and as it was uncovered we gave exclamations of delight. It was a greater treat than a rich cake would have been, but even while polite messages of thanks were being given to the servant to carry to her mistress, I discovered that all the crumb of the bread had been picked out of the loaf and nothing remained but the hollow crust. I think we could have fallen upon that little negro girl and made her remember that loaf of bread for a long time after, but we restrained ourselves, and swallowing our disappointment, the hollow loaf became a standing joke in our little family.

A LETTER FROM THE ABSENT ONE.

While we were suffering from anxiety and suspense, Emma was in the house of affliction. Our cousin had died and been laid to rest on the first of the year. Emma wrote a most touching letter, describing several events of every day life, and we did not hear from her again until Sherman had reached Savannah and was gradually approaching Columbia. Then rumors came of the evacuation of Charleston, but nothing positive could be heard. One thing alone was positive, and that was that we were completely cut off from the scattered members of our family, and we could

only wait and hope that they were safe and well.

I cannot describe the utter feeling of loneliness which came upon us as day after day, then weeks, passed and no line, no message reached us. It was as if midnight darkness had settled around us, and we were oppressed. However, we kept up our spirits very bravely, and when our stock of bacon threatened to become short we laughed at the very slices we cut, and how far we made them go! Soon we learned that Columbia had been burned and Charleston evacuated, and we knew raiding parties were scouring the country, terrifying and robbing the defenceless women, yet we could only pray that our dear ones were not molested, and they would be kept from harm.

At last on Friday, March 3, after leaving the little church where we were accustomed to assemble for daily prayer and while walking quietly home, we saw our girl of all work, Julia, running towards us as fast as she could.

"Oh, miss," she shouted, half laughing, half crying. "Master has come. Oh, missey, your pa has come."

We all flew down the road, but mamma ran the fastest, and when we reached the house she was in papa's arms.

This was indeed happiness; to have papa in person with us once more was bliss almost too great for our unstrung nerves. However, we were soon listening to his account of how he had marched with the army to Charlotte, North Carolina, and from there had made his way to us. He was distressed at our having no news of Emma to give him. I will here insert extracts from a note book, which Emma wrote when it was safe to do so. After describing her emotion on successive days, as the outlook became more and more gloomy, and alluding to the evacuation of Charleston and her fear of Yankee raiders, she wrote under date of March the first:

"The Yankees have come. Before daylight this morning Quo'koo banged at the door to rouse us. Marianne, fully expecting to meet the enemy in full force, went to answer the summons, and was greatly relieved to find her house-boy and one of our own scouts in the piazza. The scout had just made his escape from the next plantation, and being wounded had come here for assistance. Marianne sent him off well mounted and sent Samuel on a mule to show him the way to Ophir, from where we hoped he would receive further assistance, and be able to join his brother scouts.

"His story is, that he, in company with several other scouts, were spending

the night at Mrs. D's. In the middle of the night the house was surrounded by Yankees, and fired into from all sides, some of the balls entering the room where Mrs. D. and her children were sleeping. The scouts determined to surrender at once, knowing they could not prevent their capture in the end, and not wishing to endanger the lives of the women and children. This one had been wounded slightly, and had managed to slip out of the house unperceived, and had made his way over here for assistance.

"We were horrified at this story, and believed that many of the reports which had reached our ears must be true. * * * While Marianne and I were still excited over our morning's adventure with the scout, we heard the tramp of many horses, and looking out we discovered a number of Yankees galloping as fast as they could past the house. They rode up to the stables, and finding there sufficient booty to satisfy their greed, they went off as quickly as they came, carrying every horse and mule on the place.

"Marianne and I watched their proceedings almost breathless. Imagine our relief when they left the yard, not even glancing at the house. The transition from anxious dread to assured safety was so great that we changed Ash Wednesday into a day of thanksgiving. We feel to-night brave and hopeful for the future. Samuel has returned in safety. The scout reached Ophir, and by giving him assistance we still have a mule in our possession. Marianne has told Samuel to claim him as his own property in the event of another raid."

On March 10, Emma made this entry in her diary: "Life has been made enjoyable and full of excited interest by almost daily visits from our scouts. They are doing good work in the neighborhood, as they are very bold, and act to some purpose if an encounter with the raiders takes place. We are particularly delighted with one Dennis, and hail his coming with joy. Marianne keeps a supply of food ready for our guests, and provender for their horses is provided *ad libitum*. They are the link which puts us in communication with the outside world. If it were not for them we would hear no news whatever, and it is through them that I hope to receive letters from papa and the rest of the family. It is now nearly a month since I have heard anything concerning any of my loved ones."

MAKING MERRY OVER POVERTY.

While Emma was in ignorance of our

welfare we were utterly wretched about her. Ferguson's scouts were being sent into the low-country, and we delivered letters to their keeping, trusting that in the course of time they would reach their destination, and she would reply in the same way.

About the middle of March, while seated at dinner, a weary footstep was heard in the piazza, and in a moment we were embracing Alick—our Alick, whom we had sent into the war a strong, robust man, and who came home wrecked in health and spirits. Four years of camp life had been too great a trial for his constitution, and he returned to us, barely twenty-one years of age, with scarcely strength to walk. We women suffered then in not having nourishing food to place before our invalid, but we laughed at our poverty, made the best of what we had, and he soon rallied more than we had dared hope when we first saw him.

Towards the end of March it was reported that the war department was to be moved from Richmond and the seat of government to be for the time our little town of A—. Col. T—, coming to A— and deciding to bring his family there, proposed to papa that if he would give up his fine residence, he (Col. T—) would give him in exchange as many rooms as we wanted in the third story of the Marshall House. When the proposition was laid before mamma she decided at once that Col. T—'s offer was to be accepted, as it would take the heavy rent of a fine house from us, and then the care of providing the family with food would be enough without the additional burden of house rent. Col. T—'s offer was therefore accepted, and mamma, Eliza and I made merry over our intended move.

The one trouble ahead was, we owned no furniture. Three mattresses and some silver forks and spoons, together with three silver cups, formed the sum of our worldly possessions, and we did not at first see how we would manage to keep house on so little. Mamma said we would be able to get on, and we went to the hotel to clean up our apartments. Our delight was great when we discovered a piece of furniture in each room, and by taking the odd pieces and putting them together, fitting drawers to drawerless bureaus, screwing on knobs, tying up bed posts and gathering together all of the chairs we could sit in, we found ourselves possessed of quite a respectable amount of household goods.

When we returned home after our morning labors, mamma suggested that Alick should go off on a little trip and

try to procure some tin plates and cups, and she would have some tubs made to act as wash-basins. Alick said he had to report to the health officer in Greenville, and he would be sure to bring back anything he could pick up for our convenience. Accordingly, the next morning Alick left us, and we went to continue our preparations in the hotel. We found to our delight that kind friends had sent a few kitchen utensils, and we marvelled at our riches while examining the following articles:

One digester—Just the thing to make a good soup.

One large iron pot—Tip-top for boiling clothes.

One small iron pot—With a hole in it.

One Dutch oven—Without a lid.

One Dutch oven—With many holes but a good lid.

One rying pan—With a broken handle.

Mamma's eyes beamed with pleasure when late in the day two waffle irons and two pots suitable for cooking hominy were sent in, while Eliza and I hoped we would have the materials to make waffles out of, for just then we did not have any wheat flour nor could we purchase any.

The dining room furniture was simple in the extreme, a long, very long table, and five chairs constituting the whole set, and as the chairs were the only ones we had, they were carried with us when we wished to be in another room. The table served two purposes; we kept one end as a pantry, and the other as our dining table.

It was impossible to have any carpenter work done, and indeed we could not procure the boards, in order to have some small tables made, and we were compelled to borrow a few plates, to use until our tin set should be procured.

CHEERING NEWS AND BRIGHTER PROSPECTS.

When Alick returned he found the family in their new quarters in the hotel. We had left a nice house with the promise of an abundance of fruit and vegetables, and were living in the third story of a hotel with no outdoor interests whatever. The wounded scout who had been sent on his way by Marianne had made a safe journey to Greenville, and the intelligence he gave of Marianne and Emma still being unmolested was most cheering.

After giving us this news, Alick amused us with his difficulties in getting our plates. Greenville had none, Pendleton was equally destitute and so was Anderson, but while in Anderson he had seen a man with a large tin box, and

after some bargaining had obtained the treasures from him. He had been fortunate enough to secure six tin plates, and a good sized dish-pan. Our friends hearing of our destitution, had contributed a few articles out of their small stores, and when Alick opened his box we were amazed at its peculiar contents. As he produced each useful present we gave exclamations of delight, and a set of handsome porcelain could scarcely give as much pleasure to-day as the display of odds and ends of crockery did then.

We could now boast of a few articles of glass and cups to drink out of, for out of that friendly box appeared one tumbler and one goblet, three cups and saucers, one china bowl, four china plates, (whole,) two china plates, (slightly broken,) three dessert plates, one china candlestick, several candles, wax and tallow, two meat dishes, and the tin-ware which Alick had had made.

We were now tolerably well provided with a table set, and the only difficulty in the way was that our menu was not sufficiently varied to tempt the appetites of our invalids, and that was a sore trouble. Once we had a great treat. Eliza and I found in a barn some cow-peas scattered on the floor. We gathered together enough to make a good soup, but when the soup was ready to be served, we suddenly became aware of the lack of a tureen or dish of any kind to serve it in. For a few moments we wavered between placing the digester in front of mamma, or using the dishpan as a tureen, and finally decided on the latter. We accordingly sat round a table furnished with tin and silver mixed in a most incongruous manner, but we enjoyed the soup.

While we were gradually becoming more comfortable in our new quarters, Marianne was living a life of excitement, as we heard afterwards. After the visit of the Yankees, when all their horses were taken, Emma and herself seemed seized with the spirit of unrest, and ventured about the country alone. It was a dangerous experiment, but they were not molested in any of their excursions, taking care to visit the neighboring plantations the day after a raid had been made upon them.

Just after they had been lulled into a feeling of security, not having been visited a second time by the raiders, they were subjected to the trial. I copy from Emma's note book :

A VISIT FROM BLACK RAIDERS.

"One morning, about the middle of

March, while seated in the dining-room after breakfast, Quoikoo exclaimed: 'Miss! I see de Yankee coming down the avenue.' It was too true. A party of negro soldiers, followed by a herd of plantation negroes, were tearing towards the house. When they reached it, instead of stopping and coming in at once, they rode round and round, circling the house again and again, uttering shrieks and screams, mingled with curses and demoniac laughter. Marianne and I watched them with no feelings of terror, but disgust. At last, however, one who seemed the officer of the party halted and walked up to the piazza steps with two others. Marianne met them at the front door and asked what they wanted.

"We intend to search the house for men and ammunition," they replied.

"Marianne said there were no men on the place, but, denying her assertion, with an oath, the apparent chief led the way into the house and began to open closets. Then he went to the bureaus and pulled out the drawers, emptying their contents on the floor."

"No men could be in those drawers," Marianne said, with great coolness, 'neither is there any ammunition, but if you must look I will open the drawers myself.'

"The wretch seemed impressed by her composure, and actually forebore to touch a thing while she went from drawer to drawer and opened wardrobes and closets for his inspection. After searching carefully down stairs Marianne went up to the second story to superintend the search there.

"I meanwhile remained below, and as little Isaac, a child not yet three, was in the piazza with the nurse, who was as frightened as she could be, I stood in the doorway in order to be where I could watch the boy. A negro wretch was walking up and down the piazza, and on one of his rounds stopped to speak to the child. Isaac drew away from him with contempt, not fear, in his gesture, whereupon the negro cursed and swore, and threatened to run him through with his bayonet. I could not help exclaiming, 'Don't harm that child,' when the brute came up to me and spoke such language before me that I was rooted to the spot with shame and indignation. He heaped upon me all of the oaths, curses and foul epithets which his imagination could invent, and when I recovered my senses sufficiently to turn and walk into the house away from him, he placed the point of his bayonet between my shoulders swearing he would run me through.

"Maum Beckie wept and screamed.

'Miss Emma's being murdered,' she cried and called loudly for help. I felt but the slightest twinge of fear, but believe if I had had a pistol in my possession it would have given me pleasure to shoot the wretch down. Having no weapon, I walked down the long hall, the bayonet pressing against me, and reaching the stair case, I called to Marianne, asking her to tell the Captain to come down and keep his men in order. This infuriated him, and I did think for a moment that my last moment had come, but the appearance of others on the scene stayed his hand.

A WILD REVEL.

"While this was going on in the house the others were scouring the plantation, and taking whatever they could carry off in the way of provisions and provender. At last they clamored for wine. Some time before Marianne had had the wine all buried, not only to save it, but in the event of a raid to prevent the demons from getting drunk. One negro only knew of its hiding place, and old Tommy had been chosen to assist in burying it because we thought him perfectly honest and reliable. In some way it was discovered by the negroes that he knew the secret of the wine, and falling upon him they swore they would tear him to pieces if he did not give it to them. Tommy held his own for some time but at last came to the house and begged Marianne's permission to show where the wine was. Marianne, of course, told him if they were going to kill him for it, to lose the wine rather than his life—and a few moments after the wretches were sharing out the bottles of choice old Madeira. They would not stop to draw the corks but breaking the necks of the bottles drank until they could drink no more. At that stage the very negro who had used such language to me sent into the house one dozen bottles as a present to Marianne. What prompted this generosity no one knows, but it must have been the effect of partial intoxication. After the emptying of the wine, they left the plantation in order to treat some other household in the same manner, but left orders that they would dine there and the servants must prepare a feast for them.

"Marianne and I then were subjected to the knowledge that turkeys, fowls, geese, everything that could be caught were slaughtered for the wretches' dinner, and our servants came into the house and laid the table for the reception of the negro brutes. Marianne took notice of what was going on, but

observed with surprise that Quoikoo and James were using chipped plates and granite-ware dishes, common tumblers and no silver, if they could supply its place with iron spoons and steel forks. As the time approached when we thought the raiders would return, Marianne and I shut ourselves up in our room, and stayed there until the negroes had glutted themselves. Valley, faithful Valley, insisted on coming in to see us from time to time, and did all she could to show us that she was true to us, and spoke with scorn of the threat of death they had made if she ventured to take any notice of us.

"After the revel was over and peace had settled upon the house again, Quoikoo summoned us to our dinner, and we went into the dining-room to find the table laid as usual with French china, &c., and that the wretches had not carried off any silver, our case in this respect being a peculiar one, as most of the houses in the neighborhood had been robbed of all silver, watches and every valuable thing that could be found. The servants behaved that evening as if nothing had happened, and when we went to bed, the house having been shut up as usual, and the ordinary routine followed, we wondered what would be the result of this singular termination to a terrible day.

"The next morning we soon knew what the result had been. Not one servant came to the house. Maum Beckie did come later in the day and take Isaac, but she acted as if she were under orders to do nothing at all. We subsequently learned that all of the negroes had been told not to resume their old occupations on pain of death if they were found out, and the poor creatures were acting accordingly. Valley came to the front again. She is a tiny little thing, but insists upon cooking for us and doing what she can.

"Marianne and I have not clothes enough to do without washing even for a week, and I will go to the washtub. I do not think I could iron, but Marianne says she is equal to that part of the labor. My longing to communicate with the rest of the family is so great that I feel unfit for anything. It is more than six weeks since I have heard one word concerning any of them."

NEARING THE END.

Towards the end of April the town of A—— was filled with soldiers returning to their homes. The lower story of the hotel in which we were staying was turned into a hospital for the relief of

the foot-worn and sick soldiers who at last had to lay down their arms in defence of the cause we all loved so desperately. On the 2d of May the President and his staff entered the town, but as they rode through the public square, which was thronged with soldiers, not a cap was raised nor a cheer sounded. No one knew of Johnston's surrender the day before, but the silence was ominous of its end. As the distinguished party passed our hotel, Alick waved his cap and shouted three cheers. It was not taken up, but the President looked our way and bowed. The poverty of the cheer made the stillness more noticeable, and we watched the party as they rode slowly down the road with tears in our eyes.

In the afternoon, hearing that the Yankees were only a few miles off, it was deemed expedient for the President's party to push on and across the Savannah River. That night about midnight, therefore, the order of march was given, and slowly and wearily the soldiers went out of the town. The train of ambulances and wagons brought up the rear, and as the last white top disappeared in the darkness, we felt very solitary and desolate.

The next day, Wednesday, the commissary stores were distributed to all who would take them. Our stock of provisions being very low, and what money we had utterly worthless, we begged papa to get what he could in the general distribution. He succeeded in getting five hams, a barrel of sorghum and a roll of sole leather. What use he intended to make of the latter we did not know, but as we soon had several chairs with comfortable leather seats added to the household furniture, it contributed greatly to our comfort.

For days after the town was in a state of fermentation, everybody preparing for the expected raid, and as horrible accounts had reached us of the experience of Anderson Village, it was thought we would suffer likewise, but happily the raid was never made, and the first Yankee company entered the town after the war was over, and no excuse could be made for a wholesale robbery of private houses.

About the middle of May our eldest brother returned to us, his health also gone, and we had the agony of seeing both of our soldier brothers, who had escaped unharmed in the heat of battle during the four long years of active service, suffer for want of proper food.

It seems a very slight matter to be compelled to live on bacon and corn meal, but after months of that constant

salt fare, we were all afflicted with scurvy, and our sick brothers could not eat the meals prepared for them.

At last we were compelled to beg our friends who had tables well supplied to send something at each meal for our relief; and it is with grateful feelings that I mention that until we were able to place wholesome food on our table, our sick brothers were kindly supplied with every necessary and delicacy which could then be procured.

Marianne and Emma were now the only absent ones, and we were more than ever anxious to have them with us. How they fared after the raid upon them, Emma's note book will tell.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM EMMA'S NOTE-BOOK.

Wednesday, March 29.—I have to acknowledge that I was not born a washerwoman, and it takes more than a good will to make one succeed at the wash-tub. As no one came to take out the clothes last Monday, Marianne and I went to work very bravely. She had a cut finger and could not possibly wash, so I went to the tub and she drew the water and hung out the clothes. I have scrubbed and rubbed until my poor hands are skinned, and my only consolation is that the clothes ought to look very white and clean. To-day, to my great delight, Mary, the old washwoman has come up to the house, looking very grumpy, and as if she acted very unwillingly, but still taking possession of the clothes saying, she could not sit quiet and let ole massa's child do the wash. We do not mind how disagreeably she looks at us, if she will only do the work, and hope that as she has begun, she will continue.

April 3.—The negroes are exhibiting such a degree of excitement over their freedom that I feel very uneasy at our being in a house alone. I have made James, Valley's father, grind a carving knife down until it has assumed the shape of a dagger. This I will keep about me and use it if necessary. I am convinced that if I should be called upon to defend myself against the insult of a negro, I would be able to plunge my weapon with a steady hand into the wretch's heart.

April 4.—Marianne has taken a cellar room underneath our chamber as her store-room. She buried a quantity of hams and smoked meat before the raid, and saved it all. If it were not for this supply which had been left us we would be utterly destitute of food. We are very much afraid of being robbed, and

I have suggested to Marianneto keep a kettle of boiling water always on hand, and as the door of the store-room is directly under a window in our room, we might scald the thief in the act of breaking the lock. Last night we were afraid of a burglar, as we heard unusual sounds near the house. * * * I have made several tooth brushes lately, and find they answer capitally. The old handles are in great demand, and I have a bundle of loose hair and hogs' bristles which has been a boon to the family already by supplying them with the much-needed toilet article. * * * It is now nearly three months since I have heard from or of my home people. The suspense and anxiety are telling on my strength, as I know I am failing.

April 16.—Marianne and I drove to church this morning and then learnt of Lee's surrender on the 9th. Our hearts are heavy with despair.

April 23.—We went to church again to-day, and were astonished by the news of Lincoln's assassination. The general impression made upon the people by the unexpected stroke for our country is that of a happy event. Even the minister so far forgot his position as to make an allusion of a political character in the pulpit, and spoke as if a benefit had been conferred by the murder. In these dark days we never can tell what is for our good; we can only pray for deliverance from evil.

May 31.—At last I have a letter. It has reached me after being ten weeks on the road. I am so weak that I could not keep back the tears when it was handed to me, and I have scarcely strength to be glad over it.

June 2.—More letters!—all written more than a month ago, but they are my life; I am gradually becoming too weak to walk; my only wish is to get home.

June 29.—Marianne has made arrangements to carry me home. I am completely broken down; the suspense of the last three months was too much for me.

A REUNITED FAMILY.

Emma's note book ends with the last date, and on the 9th of July she was welcomed home, having found health and strength on the journey. This trip was performed in a carriage. A mattress was stretched from the back to the front seat for Emma to lie upon, and when she was placed there no one thought she would ever reach the end of the journey.

Marianne and Isaac occupied one seat, and a young cousin drove a pair of thin, worn-out animals. The trunks and provisions were in a wagon drawn by two equally poor animals, and all were borrowed excepting Marianne's mule.

The weather was intensely hot and the journey a very long one, about 250 miles, to be undertaken in this Nineteenth Century in a vehicle drawn by horses; but as no railroads were in running order in '65, the only way of moving from one part of the State to another was by the means of horse power.

The great difficulty on the road was getting something to eat. They had in their possession, as the entire riches of the party, one \$50 greenback bill—and when they stopped for the night or for a meal this \$50 bill was always offered, but as no one could change it no pay could be taken. It afforded them great amusement to hear the comments of the various people at whose houses they lodged, and as they met with unusual kindness all along the road, they did not fare very badly. When no house was convenient and the weather would permit they camped out, and always enjoyed a night spent in that manner.

Emma had begun to improve from the first moment of the journey, and on the 12th and last day, when they arrived in A—, she looked very different from the sick woman who had been placed in the carriage.

I am sorry to say that two of the poor animals that played such a prominent part in rearing her to health did not survive the journey, and never returned to their owners.

Thus after months of anxious and painful suspense we were again a united family and all helped to soothe and cheer our sick brothers who had spent their health and strength for their country. But before a year had passed they were both laid to rest under the church-yard sod.

The servant Vally showed unselfish devotion to the interests of her mistress to the end. When leaving the plantation where she had always lived, she found employment as a child's nurse in this city. One night while walking through a passage with the baby in her arms and a lamp in her hand, she saw the wick fall into the lamp. Throwing the child from her, she placed it beyond the reach of danger, while she, Vally, was so badly hurt at the explosion of the lamp that she died in consequence.

No. 36.—*The Hospitals at Danville.**(By Annie E. Johns, of Leaksville, N. C.)*

My first recollection of thinking there was anything serious in the newspaper war, to which we are more or less accustomed at every Presidential election, was in the autumn of 1860. I was walking with some friends through the woods bordering on the beautiful Valley of Dan River, in Rockingham County, N. C. Every member of the party, excepting myself, was an owner of low-grounds lying on the river, and we were all slaveholders. The conversation naturally turned on the political state of the country, when a gentleman—a lawyer and man of fine sense—exclaimed, "If Lincoln is elected I do not consider that my property is worth one cent!" From that moment affairs assumed a much more serious aspect in my mind.

My next recollection is the blue cockade, the girls making them for the boys and they merrily wearing them as part of a holiday attire. I had passed the heyday of youth and moreover was strongly attached to the Union, so I looked askance on the blue cockade. And then came the call of the President of the United States on North Carolina for troops to aid in suppressing the rebellion. What a revolution was made! Now there was no time for parleying. Husbands and sons, brothers and lovers, with one voice echoed the words of the Governor, "You can get no troops from North Carolina." If never before, Rip Van Winkle was now awake.

Our clergyman—more law-abiding than discreet—deeming it proper to wait till the church could act in the matter, used as usual the prayer for the President of the United States at morning service. Immediately, on the conclusion of the prayer, a prominent layman rose, protested against it and left the church. He was followed by every member of the congregation except his wife and child, the good lady being more conservative than her husband.

I remember how much I was struck with the new words that now formed the vocabulary of society, words unknown before except in history or romance. Regiment, company, drill, parade, uniform, haversack, and for us women, cordials and comforts, lint and bandage.

The ladies of our neighborhood soon formed themselves into a Soldiers' Aid Society; officers were elected; everybody went to work in earnest. That was a society in which women did not gossip. The uniforms were distributed by the county to the ladies to make up, and in the breast-pockets of the coats we put small Testaments or Prayer-books. We felt guilty when we failed to do so, if one could possibly be had. For, apart from the proof-armor of the soul, might it not turn aside a bullet from the heart?

LEAVING FOR THE BATTLEFIELD.

On the morning of one of the memorable days on which "our boys" left for the war, I was in the village of Leaksville, Rockingham County, N. C., distributing some little gifts to the soldiers assembled for departure. My brother (the only one living at home) and brother-in-law were among the volunteers, leaving only my old father at home with us women. Just before the time to start arrived a messenger from home came hastily up to my brother-in-law and told him that his wife said he must come back for a moment—that she must see him again. Mounting a horse he rode hurriedly back home, not far distant.

"How weak," I thought of my sister, how unlike a Spartan woman; now all "that parting is to be gone over a second time," and on returning home I reproached her for her want of heroism. "Sister," she replied, "as he went down the hill I thought I would never see him again. Now I have seen him again and feel better."

No one was so demonstrative on my brother's leaving as our old colored servant, "Aunt Lucy," inherited from my grandfather, who had nursed us all, and who spoke her mind with all the freedom of that privileged class.

My next recollection is the organization of the hospitals, those in Danville, Va., being nearest to us. And between the boys in the field and the hospitals, many—some times all—of our home-comforts were divided. Our feather pillows, many of our magazines and some books went to the hospitals. Late in the war I recognized an old volume of the "Scottish Chiefs," over which I

had poured in childhood, in a hospital in Danville.

The chief luxuries that the Confederacy afforded were either sent in boxes to the camps or saved to be consumed by "our boys" on their return home on furlough. His plate at table was different from any other. Stationed beside it was real coffee, if possible; if not the best of rye with sugar in it, if sugar could be had. Milk, that great boon to a soldier, and every green thing, was for him. There was some show of protestation at first on the exclusive use of these dainties, but finding it inevitable, "our boys" submitted with praiseworthy equanimity.

I had the honor of being secretary of the Soldiers' Aid Society—corresponding secretary—we did no recording in those days, our records were deeds. It was my duty to write the letters that accompanied the boxes to hospital and camp, letters of course abounding in every heroic sentiment. How well I remember quoting to three of our Rockingham captains, with an inspiration as great perhaps as Byron felt when he wrote the lines:

"Of the three hundred give but three
To make a new Thermopylæ."

How honored I felt to hear that the colonel of the gallant 13th North Carolina, (now our representative in Congress,) read my letter before the assembled regiment. Semiramis—Zenobia—Queen Elizabeth—your laurels paled before such glory!

Perhaps it is not amiss, as showing the spirit of the "women of the war," to insert here a few lines written about this time for the Greensboro' *Patriot*—lines now lost to fame, preserved on the pages of an old scrap-book:

ROCKINGHAM VOLUNTEERS.

They come! they come! a gallant band,
As ever met the eye;
The brave in war—the true in love—
Carolina's chivalry!

Foremost is one, whose upward eye
Looks for a better land—
Christ's soldier, best and bravest—yea,
Of all the gallant band.

And see, the knightly Bailey comes,
He who has ta'en his stand,
God grant that it may be to live,
Not die for Dixie's land.

And he whose heart quick answer gives
To sorrow's melting sound,
But "where the death-bolts deadliest pour,"
There shall brave Slade be found.

Your arms reverse—flow woman's tears—
One noble head lies low;
One voice is stilled to earth for aye,
One's met the conq'ring foe.

Fill up the breach! His next of blood,
A calm, heroic form,
Which braved Manassas's bloody field,
And pestilence fell storm.

All honor, ye, who leave fair homes,
A private's place to fill,
And ye, who wives' and children's bread,
Leave to your country's will.

O, countrymen! No fears have we,
If ye are good as brave,
If by pure, holy, righteous lives,
Ye call on God to save.

Our only other brother was living in Somerville, Tenn., when the war broke out. He was at that time captain of a company, and he and his company volunteered in a body in the spring of 1861. Our brother from home was in camp near Yorktown, Va., for nearly a year. Then about the same time the regiment of each—the 13th North Carolina and 6th Tennessee—was ordered into active service. The 13th North Carolina commenced the retreat from Yorktown to Richmond, culminating in the Seven days' battles, and the 6th Tennessee the series of movements which led to the battle of Shiloh. As news of the impending battles reached us from either source, we knew that we might at the same time hear of the death of one or both. I remember with what a strained spirit I went to church one day, looking for the Waterloo of America to be fought. But there was comfort in going to church.

One day in April, as I sat writing in the family room, my father came in from the postoffice with a paper in his hand, saying:

"I THOUGHT SO—WILLIE IS KILLED."

I rose and mechanically put the writing materials in their proper place, and remember nothing else for a while. The paper contained a letter giving an account of the battle of Shiloh by an eye-witness, winding up with a list of the killed. I remember the words—"I only give the names of those whose bodies I saw in riding over the field"—and among them was "Capt. John, 6th Tennessee."

In another part of the paper was a second letter, giving a vivid account of the battle—and here again—"just then — fell wounded, and poor John, of the gallant 6th, paid the price of liberty." John, not Johns—what hopes clung around that omitted "s," even though we felt that it was hoping against hope.

Several letters breathing high hopes and enthusiasm reached us from him during the next few days, but all bearing date previous to the 6th, and were

read as letters from the dead. The day week on which the fatal news had reached us my father went, for the first time since then, to the postoffice. I was in the yard, engaged in some domestic work, when Hannah, one of the servants, came running up, saying: "Miss Annie, a man going along the road told me Marse had got a letter, and Marse Willie is not dead." I dared not let myself believe it till my father came with the letter.

He thought at first it was like the others, written before the 6th, but on opening it beheld the date the 12th. That letter, how it was read and re-read, and listened to at home and abroad. It was to me—would our reader like to hear a little of it?

"On Friday evening, the 4th of April," a sentence began, "Gen. Cheatham's division took up the line of march for the town of Purdy, where we slept—no, stayed that night—for we could not sleep, as all our tents and nearly all our baggage had been sent to Corinth, and the rain poured down in torrents all night long, and the wind blew as 'twald blaw its last.' Saturday morning we took up the line of march for the battleground on the river. We marched twenty miles that day on a beautiful road, and the day was, oh! so bright and beautiful, and everything seemed so full of life and hope and peace. But strange sounds filled the air—the sweet songs of birds were blended with the stirring notes of the bugle, the deep tones of the drum, the heavy rattle of the artillery carriages, the high and boastful neighing of the horses, the clanking of arms, the muffled tramp of armed men—all proclaimed that there was war in the land. At night all our forces, perhaps sixty thousand men, had taken their places in order of battle, and we bivouacked on the field. Every heart was filled with hope and anxiety for the events of the coming day, on which a hundred and fifty thousand men were to meet in the shock of battle. The next morning some of my men aroused me and told me the skirmishing had commenced.

* * * In a short time the firing became intensely hot, and every description of arms that human ingenuity can invent hurled death into the ranks of each army. About 9 o'clock the enemy's lines began to give way, and we came upon the ground on which the fight opened—and oh! the mangled and bloody bodies of hundreds of men, both friend and foe. At 10 o'clock the entire army except the reserves on each side was engaged in

ONE OF THE MOST TERRIFIC FIGHTS]

the world ever saw. Hundreds upon hundreds of cannon, tens of thousands of rifles and muskets. I felt as if I stood amid 'the war of elements, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.'

* * * Gen. Cheatham dashed up to us on horseback and shouted, 'now's the time, charge 'em boys!' Officers and men sprang to their feet, we called on our brave boys to follow, and on we went upon our enemy's lines just in front of our regiment; they had two regiments and a light battery which were on the edge of the wood, while we had to charge across an open field for more than a hundred yards. As soon as we charged out into the field they opened their fire upon us, and minnie and musket balls and 'shot and shell' and grape and canister fell around us like rain-drops thick and fast, but our troops rushed on to the charge. As we rushed up to the enemy's battery I broke my sword-belt and stooped to pick up my sword and pistol. As I did so I noticed the enemy 'limbering' up his guns and making off as fast as possible; just then my orderly sergeant cocked his rifle and fired at an artilleryman. I said: 'Seabrook, you fired too high.' The words had scarcely passed my lips when a ball, fired from the left, struck me in the breast. I reeled backwards and fell. I told the boys to go on. I thought I was mortally wounded, but I turned over on my face and began to get up. Before I could do so another ball struck me in the forehead, glanced over the head, through my cap, and I fell forward upon my face, thinking the ball had entered the brain; but after awhile I recovered from the shock and put my finger on the wound and found that the skull was not broken. I dragged myself up to Dr. Palmer, a member of my company who had fallen near me shot through the leg, and asked him to examine my wound; he did so and pronounced it not mortal. * * * Palmer and myself each received our third wound—mine a spent ball in the hip, his in the leg. My third wound was the most painful, though the slightest of all. We made the first charge about twelve o'clock, and I lay upon the field until nearly three o'clock. I then recovered sufficiently to make way to the surgeon's quarters and have my wounds dressed. * * * Let me tell you one thing, sister dear, that occurred at Corinth after the battle. You will pardon me, I know. I was standing with a

group of citizens and soldiers looking at 'Old Frank,' as we call Gen. Cheatham, when he came up to me, took my hand in both of his, and said: 'Captain, I stop to compliment you for the brave and gallant manner in which you led your men to the charge on Sunday.' Ah, my sister, the words of my General sent the hot blood bounding and leaping through my heart. The old 'War-Dog' was near me when I was shot down, and told me he thought he had lost me."

Soon after the week we mourned the supposed death of our brother of the 6th Tennessee tidings came that the brother of the 13th, who had been for some days lost to view in the battles around Richmond, was wounded and in Richmond. But we soon had a letter from him saying that he was not seriously hurt.

My gallant brother of the 6th Tennessee was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of his regiment after the battle of Shiloh, thus fulfilling the dream of his boyhood, "to be a field-officer and ride a fine horse." But, alas! never strong, fatigue and exposure and wounds had done their work, and his health gave way. He followed the regiment about in an ambulance for some time, but growing no better, he was compelled to resign and came home to us.

IN THE HOSPITALS.

Shortly after this I received a letter from the surgeon in charge of the hospitals in Danville asking me to come down and take charge of the hospitals as chief matron. This office had been established by the Confederate Government and consisted of chief matron, assistant matron and ward matrons. With Florence Nightingale's example before one's eyes it seemed impossible to refuse a call like this. But I doubted my fitness for the office and went down first on a tour of investigation. The chaplain assured me that the influence of woman would be that of an angel in the hospitals, and with such a prospect before me what could I do but accept the position? I chose the place of assistant matron, however, that of superintending the clothing, as suiting my capacity better than the culinary department, and several other ladies were induced to accept the other positions.

The tobacco factories of the town were used for hospitals. They served the purpose admirably, being large, airy and comfortable, three stories in height, with numerous windows, and heated by stoves. A house was furnished and prepared for the matrons near the hospitals. Rations were issued to them and they

were paid like other government officials. My first month's pay, \$35 in Confederate money, was used to buy pictures to decorate the bare walls of the hospitals. I remember some of them, an Evangeline seated on a "lone rock by the sea," looking out on the watery main, the picture of a beautiful woman, presented to the soldiers "with the hope that her eyes might never rest on a scene unfit for them to behold, or her ears be greeted by a word unfit for them to hear." Also a picture of a death-bed scene, bought with the hope of teaching what a death-bed should be, but which was removed by order of the surgeon, and a picture of the Crucifixion.

WORKING FOR THE SOLDIERS.

How we worked for the soldiers! Each one vied with the others to render her department most perfect. How hard we tried to get baths established for the patients—and failed. As spring came on, I remember one of the ladies put boxes of tomato-plants in the windows of her hospital, and what a pretty, cheerful appearance they gave the place.

It was a strange life, but pleasing, and full of interest. Our attention was drawn from the field to the hospital. We were too busy to brood over what was and what might be. Our society was composed of the government officials connected with the hospitals, some of whom were refugees and had their families with them. I remember the gallantry with which one of these officials came to my aid in an unforeseen difficulty, not exactly within the supposed range of an "angelic" undertaking. There was of course a large quantity of hospital bedding to be washed, to say nothing of the soldiers' wardrobes—alas! poor fellows, scanty in detail, large in aggregate. The question arose, where is the soap to come from for this wholesale washing? The answer was, from the ashes and grease in the government kitchen. And whose business is it to bring these contrary elements together in the form of soap? Her business who has the clothing in charge—the assistant matron. Make soap! Beyond "Aunt Lucy's" general assertion that enough lye should be put in to "eat up the grease," I knew nothing of the manufacture of soap. I could darn the soldiers' socks, I could write their letters home, I could minister at their sick beds—but make soap! how could I do it?

"But you must do it," responded some of my coworkers. "Miss Sally — of — hospital does it beautifully; her soap is a marvel of hardness and whiteness. Would you be behind her?"

At this trying juncture a young man, a hospital steward, stepped forward. "I will make the soap," he said, "and to be sure of success I will get a sassafras stick to stir it with."

And so the large pots were put to boil, the sassafras stick was procured, and I walked down on a summer evening in my white dress to see my friend superintend the soap-making. And then I wrote some lines, addressed to the surgeon in charge, of which I recall a few words:

"Now, doctor dear, don't think that I
Can with Miss Sally cope;
Bitter the ashes, fierce the lye,
That I will turn to soap."

INCIDENTS OF HOSPITAL LIFE.

One of my first efforts to do good in the hospitals—alas, for high hopes and heroic sentiments—proved an ignominious failure. My duties gave me opportunity to walk around the various wards and minister here and there, as need might be, to the patients. On one of these occasions I came across a soldier lying on his bed suffering from a violent headache. I immediately essayed to cure it by rubbing with my hands, and to my mortification afterwards learned that he was a convalescent soldier suffering from the effects of potations with which ladies of the temperance cause have little sympathy. I expressed my intention to give him a serious talk when I saw him next; but he recovered with such amazing rapidity that I could never find him again.

Alas! sadder mistakes than this were made, though I hope they were rare, and but for the care which caused the one I am going to relate, many more would have occurred. One day I remained for many hours by the bed-side of a boy-soldier who was very ill and would not consent that I should leave him. In the evening as the surgeon was going his round I heard him say to the ward-master: "Did I not tell you to stop giving him veratrum at 9 o'clock this morning?" The ward-master replied: "You told me to always go by the book, and it is not directed there." The doctor said no more. In the multitude of his prescriptions that one item had been forgotten. The poor boy died shortly after, and his old father came and the nurses told him never had a soldier received such attention from the doctor and chaplain and matron, which was true, and yet he died the victim, probably, of a fatal mistake, as much a martyr of the South as if he had died on the battle field.

The 1st of March, 1863, a genuine March day, a number of soldiers were sent from Richmond to the Danville hospitals crowded in box cars without fire. The poor fellows told their pitiful story to us, which resulted in a card to the Richmond *Dispatch*, signed by our names in full, relating the whole occurrence in no measured terms. It was immediately copied in the Danville papers, and we were surprised the next day to hear that we had in our zeal unconsciously reported not only Richmond surgeons and railway officials, but our own surgeons. However, the thing was done, and if it did the soldiers any good we did not regret it. I was kept busy for several days by the chief surgeon, taking the depositions of the soldiers in regard to their treatment, which never would have been heard of but for us. The soldiers were not brought in that way any more.

The railroad running from Danville to Greensboro, N. C., now the line of the great Richmond and Danville Railroad, is a legacy from the Confederacy. I remember that convalescent soldiers had to wait till the road was finished before they could start on furlough to their Southern homes.

THE SOLDIERS LONGING FOR HOME.

And in this matter of furloughs, too, we gave trouble to our good surgeons. They argued that if convalescent soldiers were permitted to go home till able for field service, they would be scattered all over the country, and there would be great difficulty in getting them back again, besides, their orders were to this effect. The soldiers—aided and abetted by us—argued that as soon as a man could leave the hospital he should spend the time at home till he was fitted for field service—that he would recover more rapidly at home—that he would be no expense to the Government—in short, that it was very hard that he should not go there under those circumstances.

In one of these instances we resolved that if right remained in the Confederacy a soldier should go home. He said that his wife was dying, that he was able to get to see her and not fit for the field. I wrote my most pleading, powerful note to the ward surgeon—no reply. Feeling hopeless as to the humanity of doctors, I sought, through a mutual acquaintance, an introduction to the commandant of the post—now Senator Withers, of Virginia. He listened attentively to the appeal, and said that he could aid me in getting the man home,

but it was somewhat irregular, and if he failed to return it might get him in trouble. I, of course, stood sponsor for the soldier, and before our energy was half exhausted, to his home he went. I saw him afterwards on his way back to the field. I remember his pleasant face now, as, among a number of soldiers in the Wayside Hospital, he called to let me know that he had kept his word—and his wife did not die.

"MAN'S BEST FRIEND."

I am obliged to confess that before I became quite acclimated to hospital-life I made another mistake. But as this is the last, and I am telling a truthful history, I will give it as an instance, that *prima facie* evidence is not always to be taken. As a general thing the soldiers were wonderfully patient; like women, they learned to "suffer and be still," and many of them "died and made no sign." But occasionally we came across one quite the reverse, and in one instance, I remember, a blister had to be applied by martial law.

One day while I was walking through the hospitals I was struck by hearing a profane exclamation from a soldier whose wounds the nurse was dressing. I took mental note of the man, determining when I had opportunity to try and bring him to a better state of things. A few days after this I was again walking through the same ward when to my surprise and pleasure I saw a Bible lying on the bed by the side of the man who had used the profane language. I stopped and entered into conversation with him. Alas! so far the Bible had apparently done him little good. He was fretful and impatient. With my eye on the Bible and watching for an opportunity to introduce it in the conversation I said, "You should not talk so with your best friend here at your side." A moment's pause and then came the reply, "My best friend is at home—my wife."

I nearly lost my breath, but it was war times and I recovered quickly, and said, laying my hand on the Bible, "This is what I mean; this is man's best friend to help him to suffer and to endure." He said nothing and I walked away not exactly feeling covered with glory, but heroically resolved to treat him all the same, anyway.

I had a dear cousin in the army of Northern Virginia who was married while I was in the hospital. He called to see me on his way back to his regiment after his marriage. I said to him playfully, "Shall I advise my soldier-

friends to marry now or wait till after the war?" He answered seriously: "Tell them to marry now, but they will hate it a great deal worse going back to the army." His youthful bride went on to see him a few months after he returned.

One night as I sat in my room there was a knock at the door. I opened it, and there stood a brother of my cousin's wife. His business was told with military brevity. "I am on my way home with the body of Capt. Lawson. My sister is at the hotel, and I have come for you to go and stay with her to-night." I felt that sudden illumination by which we see things as they are in a moment of unexpected trial, then I announced my readiness to go. I dared not ask even to see the body of one whom I had loved almost as a brother, for fear of giving the stricken young wife more suffering. I remained with her all night and returned to the hospital in the gray of the morning. Here are some lines from the same old scrap-book, on

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

They said I must not wed thee, love,
They told me I must wait
Till these dark days were o'er, before
I link'd with thine my fate;

But hearts that love not cannot choose
For hearts that love like mine;
All—all—that life can give of strength
Is mine, now I am thine.

If thou should'st fall, to bear through life
Thy precious, honored name;
When Freedom smiles o'er this fair land,
A widow's weeds to claim.
And bear perchance to thee, belov'd,
Son of a sire like thee—
From love and times like these there'll
spring
A royal progeny.

And thou wilt see, my hero—love,
My cheek more richly glow,
My smile more brightly beam on thee,
As nearer comes the foe!
Who spoke of fear when thou art near,
God's and thy country's son,
Thou who in heaven—on earth beneath—
Fear'st but thy God alone.

I stood one day by the side of a dying soldier belonging to a Florida regiment.

"I want to go home," he said.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"In New Hampshire," he replied, and in a few minutes he had "gone home."

How strangely was the ludicrous mingled with the tragic in this hospital life.

"I do not know what did make that man die," said the nurse one day as we stood looking at all that was mortal of a soldier, "for the doctor gave him some of all the medicine in the drug store."

The nurses in the hospital were soldiers unfit for more active service. I remember what a pet with us one little nurse was who had lost a leg, till alas! this became too common to notice, as others came in who had lost both legs or both arms. In any special emergency orders were sent from headquarters for every man who could possibly bear arms to be sent to the field, and sometimes there was great scattering among our hospital employees.

In the autumn of '63 our hospitals were removed from the tobacco factory to a large vacant building, formerly a hotel, near the depot of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. The lower part of the building was used as a wayside hospital for the benefit of the soldiers constantly passing and repassing to different parts of the army. The upper rooms were appropriated by the surgeon in charge and his wife, refugees from Fredericksburg, and the matrons of the hospital. The third story was sometimes used for the patients, though the hospitals were chiefly long, narrow wards ranged side by side near the main building, and built by the Government for that purpose.

The rooms of some of the matrons, including myself, were just above the Wayside Hospital. There was no way of admittance to our rooms except through the Wayside, and the crowd of soldiers was often so great that I found some difficulty in getting to and from my room. And sometimes the soldiers were so crowded that they would mount the staircase and seek a resting place on the floor in the hall adjoining our rooms, and I would be roused from my slumbers at night by hearing a soldier accidentally strike against the wall as he turned uneasily on his hard couch. But I never felt a sensation of fear. I rather felt as if a body guard lay between me and all possible danger. A soldier—even the most common—was to us an embodiment of chivalry, and rarely did we have occasion to look upon him in any other light.

The tobacco factories were now converted into prisons for the Federal soldiers, and on the hill above us hospitals similar to our own were prepared for the sick among the prisoners. The matrons of these hospitals were all ladies of position, refugees from Fredericksburg.

The smallpox hospital was at first located in the country a short distance from the town. The soldiers had a great horror of this place, where they were left to the tender mercies of men only, and in one instance, I remember, a man who had varioloid vacated his bed about the

time the surgeon went on his round to prevent his being sent there. As familiarity, however, mitigated the fear of the dread disease, the smallpox patients were simply removed from the various wards in which it appeared to a hospital in a line with the others appropriated for that purpose. The clothing and bedding, instead of being burned as at first, were washed by slaves who had had smallpox, and used as before.

And I would here give my testimony to the efficacy of vaccination—when it takes. We went daily into hospitals from which smallpox patients were carried. I lent my books to a man with varioloid on the floor above us, and when he returned them I only threw them in a window to air.

A STRIKING FEATURE OF HOSPITAL LIFE

was the visits of the wives and mothers of the patients. Sorely beset were we at times to know what to do with them. Late one afternoon, during a pouring rain, there was a knock at the door leading to our rooms. On opening the door I found several women, with two babies, who had walked between twenty and thirty miles that day, to take the train the next morning to visit their husbands in camp. A woman in my neighborhood said that she could not get along without talking to Mr. —, her husband. As to whether he expressed the same desire to hear her talk, I did not understand.

Another poor woman came from Georgia to see her sick son, after sending him sage in a letter to make tea for him, and arrived in time to see his dead body. I remember the name on his headboard, "B. Still," and characteristic it was of him.

One day an order was received from the Government, which surprised me much, though on farther experience of the subject I confess that I understand it better. It was that all alcoholic liquors used for the sick soldiers should be taken out of the hands of the hospital stewards and surgeons and put in those of the matrons. It was a responsibility which I did not in the least desire, but there was no help for it, and my neat clothing-room in which I took such pride was converted into a receptacle not at all included in its original purpose. I gave out the spirits according to the surgeons' prescriptions, except on occasions of extra and alarming haste, which were not frequent, in fact I only remember one such.

Just before they left for the field I gave a number of beautiful blankets to a party of rejoicing soldiers made of

carpets taken from the floors by a Rockingham lady. The girls of the county cut up their merino dresses—though dim and distant was the prospect of another—to make shirts for the soldiers. My young cousins lined their brother's blanket with oil-cloth to protect him from the weather; my sister took her new one from the table to line her husband's blanket.

We held frequent communication with our neighbors on the hill in charge of the hospitals for the Federals, and our hearts were moved to hear of the sufferings of the sick prisoners. The orders of the Government were to treat them just as our own sick were treated. But alas! we had not the comforts required by sick people for either. The chief matron of our hospital—a refugee from Fredericksburg—and I agreed to visit the sick prisoners and see if there was anything we could do for them. As we approached the hospital we saw with regret that the windows were down—the same trouble that

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

had in the Crimean war. She would go round after the surgeons and order the windows to be thrown up. From the deadly stench that met us at the door one would think that common sense would have taught the nurses to raise the windows. That was our first work.

A Federal soldier, originally from Lynchburg, Virginia, was sweeping the floor; another nurse was scouring. Every bed in the long ward was filled—many of them with very ill men. I approached a man with an interesting countenance lying in a corner.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Little hope left for this world," he replied.

"You have hope, then, of a better," I said.

He bowed his head, and added, "I have a sister, who lives at Saratoga Springs, now in the South looking for me. Will you write her at Saratoga Springs and tell her I am here?"

I promised that I would, and passed on. The letter was written. Was it ever received?

I next stopped at the bedside of a man with rheumatism; not a muscle of his body could he move, except the head, but he was cheerful and light-hearted.

My attention was next directed to a boy who had lost an eye, and then to a man with a quiet, strong face leaning in a sitting posture against the wall, who seemed to be suffering with violent pneumonia. I saw the large drops stand-

ing on his forehead, but thought "He is suffering so much he don't know they are there," when he said, "Take the corner of the sheet and wipe my forehead." I took my handkerchief—he shook his head—but I wiped it and passed on.

"I am from East Tennessee," said another man, "and did not go into the war for slavery, but for the Union."

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked, not wishing to discuss the subject.

"Will you send me some milk?" he said pleadingly.

I promised to do so and we left the hospital.

Returning in a few days we found the beds of the men of the letter and the handkerchief each vacant—they had gone, not back to prison, but to their last resting place. The man to whom I had sent the milk told me he believed it had saved his life. Since the war I have seen his name, Carter, of a Tennessee regiment, in the Federal cemetery in Danville.

The feeling between the Confederate and Federal prisoners seemed to be that of entire cordiality. I have known Confederate soldiers as they passed through Danville to take the provisions from their own haversacks and give them to Federal prisoners on their way to Salisbury—

HUNGERING THEMSELVES TO FEED THE ENEMY.

As the war advanced provisions became more scarce with us. I heard one of our surgeons, Dr. Carmichael, of Fredericksburg, say that he saw a nice-looking Confederate soldier pick up a piece of bread which lay on the ground and eat it, saying: "Here is a good piece of bread some fellow has thrown away." One day a group of soldiers came to the foot of the stairs leading to Dr. Carmichael's room, clamoring for bread. The good doctor was silent. I know that his great heart was ready to burst; but Mrs. Carmichael sent them down a basket of apples, all she had to give them, and they quietly dispersed.

The Federal prisoners confined in the tobacco factories made various attempts to escape. Those on the lower floor took up the planks and dug down and through the earth beyond the guard, with what instruments it would be hard to say, but anything that could be converted to such a purpose. When this was discovered they were removed to the upper floors of the building. But this did not deter them. An officer made a daring attempt to escape. His follow-

ers failed him at the appointed signal, and he was shot and badly wounded and taken to the hospital on the hill.

I had some lemons placed in my hands by Dr. Porcher, of Charleston, for South Carolina soldiers, and hearing that the wounded man begged for lemonade I sent to ask the doctor's permission to send him some of the lemons, which was readily granted. I visited him with the matron on the hill, and repeated passages from the Bible to him. He died shortly after. Before he died he asked the nurse to bring a Bible and read the verses I had repeated to him.

And now changes, like the shifting scenes of a panorama, awaited us. Orders were received to remove all the Confederate sick, except those belonging to the guard, to Richmond and fill our hospitals, also, with Federal sick. This created quite a commotion among us. One of our matrons sent in her resignation and left. Others were refugees and could not do so, even if they desired it. And some, like myself, who could have left, decided to remain. There was no need for me at home. My sister was with our father. My brother, of the 6th Tennessee, had so far recovered his health as to become an enrolling officer. My other brother, a physician, had been appointed assistant surgeon of the 45th North Carolina regiment. Our good chaplain and noble band of surgeons could remain and labor as before. My duties did not necessarily call me in personal contact with the sick prisoners unless I chose it, as I had already done before it became my official duty to minister to them. And beyond all, and more than all, the unanswerable reason for staying was—while we were yet enemies, Christ died for us.

The number of Federal sick being divided they were more comfortable than heretofore. His great desire in prison, one of them said, was "to have fresh air and see ladies sometimes." And strange as it may seem, I felt, in standing among those men, if danger assailed me they would defend me as soon as our own soldiers.

And now came orders that the Federal sick should be sent to Richmond. They were delighted at the prospect of going, hoping for an exchange of prisoners.

The 1st of March, '65, feeling the need of change, and there being now little work to do in the hospitals, I went to Lynchburg, Va., on a visit to relatives residing there. A few hours before leaving I stood sponsor at the baptism of our chaplain's baby (the chaplain and his wife were refugees from Fredericks-

burg,) a rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed boy in his nurse's arms, a lovely sunbeam,

GILDING THE DARK CLOUD OF WAR,

whom I have never seen since, baby and Government having passed away from Danville before my return. I left at midnight, under the care of Dr. Hill, of Mississippi. He met me on the stairs leading to our rooms and asked me to go in front, as the Way-side Hospital was thronged with soldiers, and they would give way for me, but not for him. I led the way without difficulty, and on reaching the train entered a crowded car, a wounded soldier making room on the seat beside him for me, and Dr. Hill standing.

"We are going to have an arduous campaign this spring," said the wounded man.

How arduous we little knew then.

I reached my aunt's hospitable mansion in safety. Her only son, a boy of nineteen, and a son-in-law had fallen during the war. Her husband and a beautiful young daughter, a bride of a year, had died since the commencement of the war. The family now consisted of three widows, six children, and the widowed son-in-law, detailed to look after the estate, to which a number of slaves belonged.

My wardrobe, on reaching Lynchburg, was not that which is generally considered essential to a visit to a city. It consisted of three dresses—a Virginia, a North Carolina and a Georgia homespun. How proudly I wore my first homespun dress, with the gilt buttons presenting such a martial appearance. But the "pomp and circumstance" of this part of war had passed away with too frequent repetition, and I am afraid that I was ready to meet my kind aunt's and cousins' efforts to make me present a more æsthetic if less patriotic appearance. And, notwithstanding one of my cousin's children proposed that my hair, which curled naturally, should be cut off for the ship which was to carry the hair of the women of the South to France to be sold to pay the Confederate debt, proposed by a niece of James Madison, near the close of the war, I hesitated in making the sacrifice. Perhaps I felt some doubt as to a bald-headed woman having the power to do any good to the soldier.

The day after I reached Lynchburg the approach of raiders on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad threw the inhabitants into quite a state of excitement. The fortifications were strength-

ened without delay in the threatened quarter, and the guard reinforced by militia from Danville. Little was talked of but the serious aspect of things. Neighbors met and gathered around the one fire in the "living room" without ceremony, parlor fires being out of the question on account of the scarcity of fuel caused by the impending attack. And as the days wore heavily and anxiously on events assumed a darker shape. A vague rumor, something indefinite, impalpable, none knowing from whence it came, floated on the atmosphere, that Richmond must be given up; the beautiful city that had so long withstood the assaults of the enemy must at last fall into his hands.

On the morning of the memorable day that Richmond fell my cousin and I went down on the street to make some purchases. As the clerk took down the three hundred-dollar calico dress, he asked if we had heard the rumor that Richmond had fallen.

We had not. "Don't let us get anything more," whispered my cousin; "it's like Nero's fiddling while Rome was burning." I paid \$475 for the calico dress and a pair of shoes, and we left the store. The faces of the people we met bore the stamp of an impending sorrow, but all was quiet—there was not a word of demonstration. And soon the sad tidings was confirmed:

RICHMOND HAD BEEN GIVEN UP!

our army was falling back; President Davis and Cabinet had retreated towards Danville, and Virginia would now be given up.

The Southside Railroad, leading from Petersburg to Lynchburg, along the line of the approaching army, was in the hands of the enemy. All means of communication being thus cut off, we were at the mercy of the wildest rumors—though no rumor equalled facts. Our great fear, however, was that our soldiers would suffer for food, and great was our relief to hear that car-loads of provisions had been sent to them from Lynchburg. Well was it that we did not then hear that they never reached them.

Along that last terrible march our soldiers were pursued, flanked, and finally surrounded by the enemy. Bodies of cavalry cut off detachments of men from the main army, whilst others, hopeless and despairing, threw down their arms. My brother-in-law told me that he saw Gen. Lee on the morning our army reached Farmville. He was riding on his well-known gray horse, watching the troops as they lay in a state of

wild disorganization before him—his noble face clouded with the deepest distress.

They approached Lynchburg—husbands, sons and brothers among them. There was no thought in our minds except to feed and bless them on their way through. None dreamed that, as an army, they would never reach us.

On Sunday morning, April 9th, we heard the report of cannon in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse, twenty miles below Lynchburg. About two o'clock a servant came running into the house, saying that soldiers were coming up the back street. Thinking they were an advance guard of our army, my cousin and I, taking a man-servant with a basket of provisions, started down on the street toward them. A group of gentlemen stood in conversation on the brow of the hill. As we approached, one of them said: "It is rumored that Gen. Lee has surrendered."

The possibility of such a thing had never occurred to me before. As we walked down the hill we met a gentleman. "It is rumored that Gen. Lee has surrendered," I said; "do you believe it?"

"Certainly not," he replied, looking at me with some surprise.

"It is only the croaking of those stay-at-home people," said I indignantly to my cousin.

We reached the soldiers, a wild-looking, ill-clad body of men without arms. There was a general rush at the proffered basket of provisions; and in a moment it was empty.

"It is rumored that Gen. Lee has surrendered," said I, "is it so?"

"If he has, I have not," said a man. The others were silent, and one of them gave an order to march, and they passed on.

Later in the afternoon detached bodies of cavalry entered the city, some of which stopped before my aunt's door. Her son-in-law, Mr. Pollard, went out and entered into conversation with the officers, whilst we busied ourselves in collecting everything in the house to eat and sent it out to them.

"I fear that these men are stragglers," said Mr. Pollard, re-entering the house. "From what I can gather, the condition of our army must be desperate. If Gen. Lee has not surrendered, I think he will be obliged to do so in a short time."

Later still straggling bodies of infantry passed our door. Among them I recognized a soldier whom I had known in Danville. "We have given out everything we had to eat," I said to him; "go on to the next house and get

something, and then come back to see me." I remember the man's sad face now. He returned no more. The main body of the army, however, did not pass through Lynchburg, but cut across the country towards Danville in a more direct line south.

It was not until I heard the words of the surrender read by a soldier that I realized that

GEN. LEE HAD SURRENDERED.

And then over all things there fell a calm—a calm like that after the cyclone's devastating march. But not that only—over and above all came the thought, "The Lord reigneth."

But all the Lynchburg boys did not return. I remember one who sleeps in an unknown grave—Georgie Langhorne. His mother was an intimate friend of my aunt, and Georgie and Charlie Saunders (my aunt's son) were playmates from childhood. One day while Georgie was on a visit to Charlie, they had a falling out. "Georgie Langhorne," said Charlie, his dark eyes flashing beneath their long, fringed lashes, "I will not fight you at my own house. I will lend you my horse to ride over to the top of the hill, and then I'll give it to you." True spirit of Southern chivalry! How the mothers had laughed over this incident of their childhood. And now—"Dead—both my boys"—the dark-eyed one at Upperville, the blue-eyed one at Petersburg.

As soon as the tidings of Gen. Lee's surrender was confirmed, Mr. Pollard (a brother of the author of "The Lost Cause" and nephew of the Hon. Wm. C. Rives,) and a few friends started on horseback to North Carolina, to offer their services to Gen. Johnston. Not one word of objection did I hear from the three widows and six children, whose only natural protector he was—and the Federal troops daily expected in Lynchburg. The time had come when every man must go.

The guard was now disbanded, the guns spiked, and for a few days we lived without law.

The morning after the surrender my cousin and I went down on the street to the ladies' hospital to see if we could find a soldier going across the country to take a letter to my father. On our way down we met the Governor of Virginia on horseback, with a single attendant, evidently fleeing from the city. My cousin spoke sorrowfully of his spirited address of a few days before. On reaching Main street we saw a mob collected at a warehouse, with evident

design of pillage. On one side of the street ran a stream of alcohol, poured out by order of the Governor before he left. We sprang over the flowing stream, fearing that the fumes might intoxicate us, and ran to the other side of the street. Reaching the hospital we found every soldier who was able to go preparing to start on foot across the country. One of them took the letter.

We returned home to make our preparations for the enemy. My cousin's husband, who had fallen in the war, was a Freemason, and she hung his masonic emblems on the wall of her room. The family silver was already buried in the earth. My cousins stitched their gold pieces in the jackets of their unconscious little boys.

At one place there was peace—the church. Who that was present can forget the sermon of the Rev. Wm. H. Kinckle at that time—"took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing that ye have in Heaven a better and an enduring substance."

The very air was rife with rumors. At one time it was reported that a French fleet had appeared in the Gulf of Mexico for the defence of the Confederacy; at another, that England had acknowledged her independence; and when the news of President Lincoln's assassination reached Lynchburg it was regarded by many as only one of the flying rumors of the day, too wild to be credited. And then in quick succession followed the tidings of President Davis's capture.

ONE PRESIDENT SLAIN—THE OTHER IN IRONS.

About ten days after the surrender the Federal troops marched into Lynchburg and took quiet possession of the city. Private property was undisturbed, and altogether, owing to the period of occupation, Lynchburg suffered less than other Virginia cities. Family silver was unearthed and restored to its usual place. Little children were relieved of their mysterious hoards. The first time I heard the clink of silver for four years was at the collection taken up at church the Sunday after the surrender.

When my cousin and I went down to the hospital, after the occupation of Lynchburg by the enemy, all along the street lay the Federal troops—their blue coats contrasting strangely with the gray we loved so well. At this hospital the young and gallant Gen. Dearing (a lineal descendant of the Lynch of Lynch-law fame) was lying mortally wounded.

I met acquaintances from Danville

here—the gallant Dr. Green, so long held as hostage for Rucker, and his sister and brother in attendance on him, and with them I returned in an ambulance across the country to Danville.

Before I left we had heard once from Mr. Pollard. A note brought by a straggling negro boy, whom he had met on his way to North Carolina, and followed by his own return. Gen. Johnston had now no need of soldiers.

I reached Danville to find all changed, and to hear of scenes similar to those in Lynchburg.

When President Davis and his Cabinet were in Danville with the Government specie, Dr. and Mrs. Carmichael, although their beautiful home in Fredericksburg had been rifled, and

"All was lost except a little hope,"

refused to offer a dollar of their Confederate money for gold.

Some sad leave-takings, and then I returned to Leaksville, to find that my brother of the 6th Tennessee had gone with friends in Johnston's army on horseback to Somerville, Tenn., to the fair betrothed who awaited him with unswerving loyalty. My brother, the surgeon, who had remained with the wounded of his regiment after the battle of Gettysburg, and who was afterwards sent a prisoner to Fort McHenry, was at home; and my brother-in-law, one of the eight thousand that surrendered with Gen. Lee, was also at home. We were an unbroken family-circle to begin life after the war.

No. 37.—A Woman's Story of the War.

(By Mrs. Kate Burwell Bowyer, of Bedford County, Virginia.)

I have often thought there should be written a Woman's History of the War, wherein all military movements and army details should be ignored, and a simple narrative of the war given, as women fought it desperately, over the battlefields of love and loyalty, with no hosts but their own emotions, no ordnance but fortitude and only the tactics of ingenuity and endurance.

The department of dress alone, when our exigencies became so great to present a decent appearance without stores to draw from or material to manufacture; and again the Confederate culinary,

with everything to "substitute" and but little at last to eat—all this, taxing our woman's powers to the utmost, deserves to be chronicled; and if any word of mine in the following sketches—first, of the war as it dawned and expanded; second, of its climax, and third, of its close—may help to perpetuate the fame of these mortal female combats, I shall indeed be proud.

It was in the fall of 1860 that I picked up a letter written to my father by one of Georgia's leading Senators, and this expression was in it: "I think we shall bring Georgia through in a solid phalanx for secession." Secession! It was a new word in my vocabulary, and sounded like a distant signal gun of alarm. The words I have quoted hung to and haunted me; all sorts of terrible possibilities loomed up, as they echoed and re-echoed through my brain. "Georgia a solid phalanx for secession!" To what horrors might not this lead? But the subject was too fraught with dread. I put it forcibly away; and the sun went on flooding my life's sky, cloudless as ever!

The election had passed, and Lincoln been declared the nation's choice for President; when again the friends who gathered around our fireside looked ominous as they talked of the future; and during the winter of 1860-61 (the first winter of my married life) my husband constantly devoured the *New York Herald*, with growing indignation, until one night he laid it down and said emphatically:

"This thing must end in a fight. I believe, before another year is over, we shall see the country torn by war."

My heart stood still. The dreadful spectre seemed steadily moving nearer and nearer and would not down! And so settled became my husband's convictions about the scenes which awaited us that he at once began preparing to meet them. He ordered "Hardee," and, after diligently mastering it himself, proceeded to organize an infantry company of picked men, which company he laboriously drilled, night after night, by squads, in his office, when the business of the day had ended, until, as spring opened, the men were ready to be daily mustered and drilled in a vacant lot fronting our house.

No pen can tell what I felt as I heard the words of command ringing out, watched the evolutions of the men and realized for what a tearing of heart strings all this was a preparation.

Still the political horoscope gave forth uncertain signs, and while there is one ray of hope, how the human heart will

cling to it. But alas! this remaining ray was suddenly torn away and dashed into utter darkness when Lincoln's call sounded through the land for 75,000 Virginians to aid in subjugating the South.

THIS ROUSED EVERY HEART,

and even my fear of war was lost in the ardent longing to show how, instead of assailing her sister States, Virginia would stand by them and defend their rights with her own. She is ever a cumbersome, deliberate old dame, however, and now would not move with sufficient alacrity to please some of her impulsive children.

Our own family sentiment rapidly developed for secession—secession unequivocal and instant, without any "reference back to the people," which only looked like indecision. We turned the popular airs of the day into secession peans, and in place of "Wait for the Wagon," as then universally rendered, we sang:

South Carolina,
A fiery little thing,
Said she wouldn't stay in a Government,
Where Cotton wasn't King.
So she called her Southern sisters—
They one and all replied,
Just wait for the wagon,
And we'll all take a ride!

Chorus:

Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,
The dissolution wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

The wagon's very strong and wide,
The spokes and wheels are good;
'Tis stuffed with cotton round the sides,
And made of Southern wood.
Georgia'll be the driver,
Carolina by her side;
Alabama'll help to crack the whip,
And we'll all take a ride!

Chorus:

Wait for the wagon, &c.

Then spoke up little Florida,
The smallest of the band,
And said, if sister Georgia
Would but take her by the hand,
She'd ride in any wagon,
Over roads however steep,
If it took her out of company
She didn't want to keep.

Chorus:

Wait for the wagon, &c.

Then hurry old Virginia,
You're getting mighty slow.
If you don't make haste we'll leave you;
And then where will you go?
We hate to leave Virginia;
But she won't make up her mind,
So I reckon after all we'll have
To take her up behind!

Chorus:

Poor old Virginia! Poor old Virginia!
Poor old Virginia! see her swinging on behind.

Our home-made "Dixie" too—just when this air was at fever heat in the popular heart, and already being appropriated as a Southern rally cry—ran, as well as I can recall, thus:

Say, have you heard the joyful news,
Virginia does old Abe refuse.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Virginia joins the cotton States,
The joyful cry each heart elates.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
We'll fight for old Virginia, hurrah! hurrah!
We'll fight for old Virginia, hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah!

Hurrah! hurrah! We'll fight for old Virginia!

When first 'twas told in Washington,
Old Abram said, "my mission done."

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
"My heart is sick, my spirit fails;
I'd rather far be splitting rails,"

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
I'd rather far be splitting rails, Hurrah!
hurrah!

I'd rather far be splitting rails than fighting
old Virginia;
Hurrah! hurrah! than fighting old Virginia.

See, quickly wheeling into line,
The good old State of turpentine.

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Brave Tennessee and old Kentuck
Will show old Abe their Southern pluck,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
They'll show old Abe their Southern pluck,
And fight for old Virginia!

The Stars and Bars we fling on high,
Beneath them fight, for them we die!

Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Our cause is right, our quarrel just,
We in the God of battle trust!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Our cause is right, our quarrel just! Hurrah!
hurrah!

Our cause is right, our quarrel just, we'll fight
for old Virginia!
Hurrah! hurrah! we'll fight for old Virginia!

With the proper observance and interspersions of "hurrahs," which come in effectively with chorus voices, these lines will be found by any musical connoisseur well grounded in "Dixie" to meet all the requirements of that venerated air.

At last the day came when we saw the old "mother" wheel into line. Other efforts having failed Lincoln rolled her out with a powerful lurch, and when she did move it was with all the earnestness and purpose which ever mark her steps. Now the whole world around us looked suddenly changed. Staid business men, gray-bearded "lovers of the Union," and bright-eyed youths alike abandoned their usual avocations and stood in groups about the doors and in the streets with determined looks and grave voices. A sort of hush seemed fallen over the whole land like the pause nature makes before

ONE OF HER AWFUL COMBATS.

The shock once over, however, it was appreciated that the moment for action had come. Immediately telegrams flew in all directions, asking for information and looking to organization. My husband telegraphed Governor Letcher that he commanded a company of picked men ready to be ordered whenever and wherever the Governor might indicate. The reply summoned this company to Lynchburg, Virginia, where a camp would at once be established for the massing and organizing of troops.

Before this crisis arrived I had begun gradually to realize that some difficulty was bound to occur, and made out in my own mind what seemed a most satisfactory and inevitable programme of the events we might look for. There would be a battle. I conceded that much—and a big one—fought near Richmond, of course, where we must rout the enemy completely, when the whole misunderstanding would at once be adjusted, the war ended, and all the combatants go on their several ways, leaving the South to proceed undisturbed and prosperous to the end. Now, I resolved to follow personally all this projected train of events; to be at Richmond when the fight should occur and on hand to render any aid that mortal woman could in case of an accident to those I loved, which I shuddered to contemplate and prayed God would avert.

In view of this plan, I pronounced at home my determination to go to the war with my husband and stay a month, or probably even as much as six weeks, as I should not return until the whole thing had ended and peace been restored. Accordingly, I addressed a letter to a Richmond relative, with the simple request that I be allowed to go to her house and "remain during the war!" Now, this relative, belonging to that old, well regulated type of Virginian, who remains balanced under all circumstances, made me indignant by replying:

"I shall be very glad to see you at any time, my dear, but cannot promise to keep you during the entire war, as we are planning, some time the coming year, to break up at Richmond and remove to the country."

What a cold-hearted, narrow-minded woman I now found "Cousin Mary" to be! When she had been always considered "the loveliest woman in the world," too. She is evidently not able to stand the test of these times. Nothing daunted, however, I next preferred my modest request to good Cousin Walter B—, of

Leigh street, when there came the style of answer I expected and rejoiced in: "Come right along, my dear, when you please and stay as long as you choose. If this city gets so crowded and there is nowhere else to put you, you shall sleep under my piano and imagine it a high-posted bedstead." This made me entirely easy and settled as to my own arrangements for the campaign, and left nothing to fill my mind except bitter grief and

DREADFUL ANTICIPATIONS.

Every family now became busy with preparations for the comfort of its soldiers. My father, then a grey haired man of 52, now New Orleans editor new series *De Bow's Review*, enlisted as private in my husband's company, and our inexperienced minds invented for these jointly every style of camp paraphernalia. Bedding which might be easily transported, and yet protection against ground dampness, all sorts of head gear to shade from the sun, and foot trapping to prevent weariness on a long march. And while the Yankees had only to issue "requisitions" for certain dozens of complete equipment, and draw from the world for their appliances, our Southern hearts were the inventors and our homes the factories for whatever military necessities our gallant soldiers were furnished. And I must say, some of these accoutrements were rare and curious in the extreme, bearing decided marks of their original conception! In the matter of tents, particularly, our Bedford companies were no doubt as strikingly provided as any other troops in the field. These tents consisted of small pointed sections of blue bed-ticking, which were entered by elegantly lifting one corner and gracefully crawling beneath; and, while the effect of the sun streaming through the brilliant blue stripes of the ticking was perhaps novel and somewhat enlivening, it was at the same time found not conducive to the preservation of a soldier's eyesight.

In the beginning of course our larders were well stored and our barns filled, so that it was hard to believe a day of scarcity could ever come to us; and no household had a higher pleasure than showering upon its soldiers every luxury in the eating department that Virginia culinary lore could suggest. In our own case, the negro carpenter belonging to the estate was caused to build a most capacious and attractive "mess chest"—though this military term, by which to designate it, was then unknown to us—

with divers compartments and stored with the choicest coffees and teas, loaf sugar, crackers, pastries, confections and condiments, with a solid foundation of old Virginia ham and beaten biscuit. And thus fortified we moved in a body to the camp at Lynchburg, where cousin Robert Preston (Montgomery County) as Colonel, awaited the filling up and organization of the 28th Virginia regiment, which he was commissioned to command.

How can I ever tell what a heart of chivalry beat in that old hero's bosom, pure and true, with the gentleness of a woman and the courage of a lion combined. His devotion to the cause of right was only equalled by his iron resolution to lay down his life, if need be, to defend that right. And it did seem some horrible nightmare as I tried to realize and could not, how we were all suddenly translated from our ere-while happy homes—where the gentlest courtesies and brightest interchangings were all we ever knew—to this desolate hill-side, covered with blue bed-ticking tents and

MEN DRILLING FOR BATTLE.

It was simply impossible that the civil human mind could at once accommodate itself to this highly military situation; and when, after having been in camp for a week, I one evening asked Col. Preston if he would order fresh straw for the men to sleep on, Gen. Early, who was present, gave me a shock. He, by reason of Mexico and other experiences, had much more developed military views than our own, and immediately piped out in his fine, incisive voice:

"What do you want with fresh straw?"

"The old has become broken and needs renewing," I replied spiritedly.

The General looked contemptuous and went on: "Let the straw alone. The sooner the men do without it the better; for the time is coming when they will be glad to get a sharp fence rail to sleep on."

I burst into tears, and felt that so unfeeling a monster as Gen. Early ought not to be permitted to live; while dear, good "Cousin Robert" said soothingly, and in the most unmilitary way in the world:

"Well, they shall have the straw while they can get it. Shan't they Kate? I'll have it hauled this day, my dear."

Ah! the time did come when, as Gen. Early said, a fence rail was considered luxurious; but how could we bear to see it then?

Many of our boxes of elegant edibles, while this Lynchburg camp life lasted,

were, at intervals, replenished from home; but in the majority of cases, the men having exhausted their picnic supplies, and being actively and continuously engaged in the mysterious (to all parties) evolutions of infantry drill, naturally became hungry, and presently ravenous, when a great cry for "bread" went up to the sky, and for the first time the attention of those in command was drawn to the important fact that the men must eat! Col. Preston confidently ordered a supply from the Lynchburg Bakery; but this was soon exhausted, and the men still starving and clamorous, when an inspired voice was heard: "We ought to have a commissary—a commissary is what we want!"

"What is a commissary?" asked one of the men. "If that's what's wanting let's have one by all means."

And thus the all-important word, which afterwards became so familiar among us, was inaugurated with all the potent machinery which it represented.

I was at this camp every day, witnessed all its embryo military phases and quandaries, actually heard the colloquy given above, and can recall now my sense of relief when the commissary inspiration was delivered; and what an admirably fitting word it then seemed to me for the whole situation.

THUS DID OUR WAR OPEN

as it closed—most unequally. With, on the one side, men wholly inexperienced and without a nucleus of organization; unprovided with the most ordinary appliances and equipments of war. On the other, having unlimited means and supplies, and with all other nations of the earth to draw from at will.

In the early days I am describing, when, as I say, our store-rooms were as full as our hearts, it was the unfailing custom for Southern troops passing through our section of Virginia to be besieged at the trains by servants from the different households, and conducted to our houses, in companies of ten, fifteen, twenty, to eat the most sumptuous meals we could prepare. These impromptu entertainments were, at that time, quite the business of the day; and I can well remember how our Avenel front porches would be laid with little tables, washbowls and towels, wherewith these Southern strangers might make ready, after their long journey, to enter our dining-room, where one instalment after another would be fed. Of course these moving troops had only an allotted time in which to hurry through their ablutions, refresh them-

selves with a meal and return to the train awaiting them at the depot. Many of these gallant men left us their names; from some of them we afterwards received notes of compliment, &c., and this exchange of enthusiastic greeting was a mutual help—we wishing the soldiers Godspeed, while they assured us of victory!

But I digress from camp life at Lynchburg. When we had lain there for three weeks a telegram flashed along ordering the Twenty-eighth Regiment to "Manassas." Here was a sudden and complete revulsion of all my admirably-matured plans. "Manassas!" Who ever heard of such a place as that? What could be the meaning of so unreasonable, so wholly inexplicable an order as that?

I said firmly, that disappointed as I was at not going to Richmond, and disappointed as my friends must naturally be not to have me there, I should nevertheless go on to Manassas and there await the turn of events, convinced that some unravelling of this confusion must soon be evolved.

My husband ventured to suggest and even advise that I go back home for awhile until things should become a little clearer, keeping my trunk packed, of course, so as to be ready to move at any moment, as Manassas was an unsettled sort of place with no hotel accommodations, and was no doubt only a sort of detour to Richmond, where I could soon rejoin the army and

SUPERINTEND THE FIGHT.

I reluctantly yielded to these mild views and returned home accordingly, where my trunk did remain packed for the space of six weeks, and I in a constant state of readiness to depart to Richmond at any hour of the day or night.

Alas! how our poor woman's views of the war gradually enlarged and enlarged, and widened out and widened out, until, in place of confining the war to any imaginary limit, it seemed to spread over all time, and as if, like the brook, it must go on forever!

Once more at home, I found comfort only in attending our daily prayer-meetings, held alternately by clergymen of each denomination, where fervent petitions were unceasingly offered to the Great Disposer of all events for the success of our cause and the deliverance of our dear ones.

But how shall I say it? Even here was our common human nature strongly set forth, and particularly our poor, weak woman's nature, strangely featured. She must, even in such an hour

as this, follow a phantom fashion, now only come to us dimly and with uncertain voice, even as a rumor through the blockade.

At our sad little prayer-meetings a lady began here and there to appear in a novel-shaped bonnet, unlike anything our Confederate eyes had ever rested upon, with a sort of front portico and balustrade addition, and this covered artistically with more or less of ribbon, laces or flowers, as circumstances might admit.

I presently—even through my tears—became aware of this change gradually taking place in the female architecture; and learning upon inquiry how word had come through the blockade that "bonnets were being worn larger in front," I waxed indignant, and pronounced unhesitatingly, that any Southern woman who would do so frivolous an act as sit down in a time like the present to build

A VESTIBULE TO HER BONNET,

and this because it was believed the Yankees had the same to theirs—any woman who could so demean herself, I declared, ought not to be allowed to live in the Confederacy, but be incontinently thrust out into the enemy's country.

Next there came a dim, mysterious whisper through the blockade that "bonnets were being worn larger behind!" Immediately female activity was bent in that direction, and in an incredibly short space of time there were observed excrescences, of divers hues and contrivance, obtruding from the backs of the ladies' heads—sheds, as it were, built on to the original body of the bonnet—which, taken in conjunction with the change already undergone in front, and in consideration of the meagre millinery now to be had among us, presented a highly variegated and striking appearance.

Time wore on, and day by day this irresistible disease of the bonnet—a sort of elephantiasis of that organ—spread more and more through the congregation, until whole rows of ladies having caught the contagion, might be seen sitting up in a state of deep satisfaction under these ingenious and picturesque arborescences, and presently it became so conspicuous not to have this bonnet elaboration that (oh! weak, weak, weak woman's nature!) even I sat down and, through floods of tears, threw out my little wire arbor in front and covered it with the accustomed millinery incongruities. Just anything relating to bon-

nets which one might chance to possess, no matter of what shade or texture, would meet these requirements.

And thus do we take a pathetic peep at Confederate fashions!

How the dreaded news of an approaching conflict at Manassas now came; how finally, the booming of guns, betokened its progression, was heard in our town like distant thunder; and how the clarion note of victory afterwards thrilled every fibre in the land—it would be hard to depict. Of all this, as well as of camp-life at Manassas, where I went as soon after the memorable battle as I was permitted to go, a description may some day be essayed.

In August, 1862, being accidentally informed that after the victories around Richmond, our army would probably move next into Maryland, I resolved to disregard my husband's express injunction never to leave home for any point within the lines without permission being first had and obtained from him, but to precipitate myself unreservedly upon Richmond, as being probably the last opportunity for seeing him (as he was now commanding artillery attached to Gen. Dick Taylor's Louisiana brigade) before his perilous campaign in the enemy's country.

In the hottest part of the hottest season then, the train being densely packed with human beings from all points in the Confederacy and out of it, every grade and condition of man and woman, surging about on all sorts of missons and movements, and the whole land now in its most intense state, like one vast cauldron, I telegraphed "Cousin Walter B—" to meet me at the Richmond depot, and set forth from my home in Bedford County with my dear little war baby, (now a few months old,) my nurse and a trusted man servant. The latter, my mother insisted, should accompany us, neither she or myself realizing that, when once he should be made to occupy the car appointed for colored people and I bestowed elsewhere, our eyes would not again meet on the journey. However, this arrangement served to comfort the home people, who shuddered to see us launch on this troubled and uncertain sea without a rudder, as we may say, and who manifested so much anxiety in placing us on the train as to attract the sympathetic attention of a kind old gentleman from Tennessee, also travelling towards the army to see after his soldier boys. I was unaware of the generous interest this old cavalier had conceived for us or of his inward determination (afterwards expressed) to make baby and myself the objects of his

special care, and even, if need be, to perform deeds of valor in our defence.

Thus we journeyed on towards Richmond—the day hotter and hotter, the crowd denser and denser, until the very foundation of the social system seemed upheaved and breaking in waves and surges through the length and breadth of the land. As we proceeded there were more and yet more people assembled about the different depots until the mind became too dazed to take them in, and they impressed one like shoals of red ants or other animalculæ.

Finally, as we neared Richmond, a new and unprecedented species of the *genus homo* began from time to time to be added to our population. This latter class all bore one stamp, and yet they entered the car at divers points and seemed wholly disconnected with each other. At last one of these creatures—I could never determine of what sex—having the gaunt figure of a man, and yet wearing the greasy remnant of a woman's hood, drawn closely around a swarthy, miserable face, with a squalid green wrapper buttoned close to the throat, from which garment great flat, bare feet protruded, fixed its dreadful eyes upon me. Soon this monster, standing near us, (for the very aisles were now packed,) rudely ordered my servant out of her seat, and flung itself down beside me. I was

TRANSFIXED WITH TERROR,

when a mysterious cane with determined expression, was seen to penetrate from a remote seat behind and plant itself firmly between the shoulders of the green wrapper! This proved to be the cane of my unknown protector, and with it came a command in stentorian tones:

"Get up instantly and give the lady's servant her seat."

Upon this, our Barbarian fell to using violent and profane epithets; while my chivalric Tennessean, continuing to ply his cane, shouted for the conductor, who presently coming, reseated my servant.

After this I was nervous and demoralized enough, and when the train ran into Richmond became even more wretched. "Cousin Walter," failing to appear, while my Tennessee champion went to engage a carriage, and the more respectable class of passengers slowly sifted out, I was left in the car—a soldier stationed at either door, and our forlorn little party—baby, nurse and self—locked in with the frightful band of harpies I have described! As one of these, before my eyes, seized upon the good old Tennessean's shawl and hat

box, over which I stood guard, I could only cry out in piteous desperation, "Please, please don't take that! It is not mine, indeed."

Upon this the conductor came forth from some secluded spot, and peremptorily ordered the bandit to "leave those articles alone," saying amid curses and jargon of every sort:

"You needn't any of you think you can carry the things you've stolen out of this car. No, its useless to throw those portmanteaus out at the window either. I've got men watching you all around, and detectives who have been tracking you up for days."

Here was indeed despair! I said, distractedly to my servant:

"Caroline, we shall all be carried to jail!"

"Oh, no," she answered, soothingly, "don't you cry Miss Kate. Dey know you's a lady. Dey ain't gwine do nothin' to you. Don't you be 'feared."

Here the conductor again came forward, assuring me of his protection, and explaining that the band of robbers in various disguises around us had come on from the slums of New Orleans, and been for weeks infesting this section of Virginia in the wake of the army.

Before "Cousin Walter" did present himself, I had so nearly lost my mind that when he put his head in the window calling out my name, and asking if such an individual was there, I positively failed to recognize him, and half doubted whether to confess my own identity! He finally restored me to reason, however, but, I thought, looked grave as we slowly drove into the city.

It was only when I arrived at his house, after that day's adventures, that Mrs. B— met me in the porch and exclaimed:

"What a pity! What a pity! You've passed Tom on the road! He went up this morning on two days' furlough before leaving with General Taylor for Louisiana."

What could I do but break utterly down and sink in the doorway, covering my eyes with my hands?

The necessity, however, for immediate return over the route I had just come soon nerved me for further exertion, and surrounded by the kindest, most pitying of friends, I presently became sufficiently composed to hear their expressions of approval about my little snow-drop Lillian upon her first introduction, and afterwards watched by her all night as the battered, exhausted little form lay on a comfort spread on the parlor floor (for the house was now crowded, indeed, with literally no place

to spare for repose except "under the piano!") not caring to disrobe myself, and only intent upon taking

THE DAYLIGHT TRAIN FOR HOME AGAIN.

The possibility that my husband, on learning at Lynchburg I had passed down, should come straight back again and thus pass me a second time was distracting, and this, added to the increasing heat and my own prostrated state of nerves, made me an irresponsible creature. When we reached the "Junction" at two o'clock I believed my march was ended, and incapable of further effort, actually resigned myself to be trodden under foot of men in the great current and press of humanity gathered there.

I wonder if anybody could give an adequate idea of what, in those times, that junction at this hour every day became? Trains seemed to arrive simultaneously from all quarters of the globe and there pour out the aggregate population of those several latitudes, leaving a vast concourse of agitated and frenzied beings, which it is impossible to describe. Men, women and children, pushing, jostling, whirling each other about in eddies, each screaming, gesticulating wildly and entreating to know which train must be taken to reach a given point—for at this junction there must be a change. This melée lasted for the space of two hours, while all four trains stood snorting and blowing off steam by way of rendering the crowd more and more frantic with the possibility of being left. As at many other important points in the Confederacy there was, at this awful junction, no head or management—not a word to indicate the car for any particular route, and thus the entire travelling public would be daily precipitated upon this big platform, there to scramble, struggle and scuffle, and find out what to do with themselves the best way they could.

It was at this junction, then, at two o'clock on the hottest of hot days and under circumstances such as I have tried to depict, that I seemed lost to everything around and was falling beneath the dense wall of human beings about me, when suddenly, even at my side, there appeared a fat, kindly, reliable looking boy. He reached out his hand and said: "Madam, you are fainting! Sit down on this portmanteau;" as he pressed the crowd aside and thrust a portmanteau before me.

I could only say childishly, reason being now fled and the events of yester-

day ever before my eyes: "Oh! but it is not *my* portmanteau."

"I don't care *whose* portmanteau it is," the boy replied imperatively; "sit down," giving me a gentle pressure downward as he spoke.

I felt that this boy had come direct from Providence, and having no longer will power of my own, yielded unhesitatingly thereafter to his smallest command.

Presently, stooping down, he asked: "Madame, which way are you going?"

I faintly articulated, "Lynchburg," when he grasped me authoritatively by the arm, motioning my nurse to follow, and pushing his way to a certain car, placed us within and resolutely took his seat opposite. Then for the first time in our journey, my

PATIENT LITTLE WAR BABY,

who seemed to comprehend that these were extraordinary times and must be endured, gave away and cried piteously.

Immediately the providential boy, sitting solemn and silent before us, dashed up, placed his fat, kind, excellent thumb into baby's mouth, made a rapid circuit of investigation, resumed his seat, looked profound, and oracularly pronounced, "cutting teeth, mum!"

Reaction had now set in and the ridiculous phase of life began to reappear to me. I laughed until the car rang again—thanked the boy—found he was a young medical student and therefore versed in all the ills that flesh is heir to; and inwardly resolved to remember that boy with my last breath, and never to forget to thank Providence for having raised him up to me in that hour. He must be past middle age now—perhaps gray bearded—but he will ever be the "boy" of my recollections; and should this sketch chance to meet his eye, it must inform him that though I sincerely grieve to have lost his name in the confusion of those times, he will yet ever be remembered as one who, on that hot August day, saved a life "fallen by the way-side."

Arrived at Lynchburg, I was rejoiced to meet my husband, who, being by nature a collected man, and not knowing where to strike in my eccentric orbit, quietly stopped until I should revolve again.

Finding me so broken down in health, he obtained a transfer from General Taylor's command to the department of Southwest Virginia, where he was commissioned as major of artillery, and I soon became established at Dublin as headquarters.

The night before setting out for this new field of action, I was summoned to the door by a "Biobolical" old servant who, in all form, bade me a solemn farewell. In the course of his valedictory, "Uncle Charles" said: "Now, Miss Kate, I don't spec you knows what in de world to do wid dis here poor little baby."

I confessed to having not much lore in this department, when he went on: "Well, marm, I jes wants you to member dis one scripiter," (with unction and emphasis,) "Bring her up, marm, in de nurcher and ammunition of de Lord."

I thanked the old man and promised to bear his injunction in mind; and often, afterwards, as I laid the child in her ammunition box with a comfort spread over straw in the bottom, her only cradle, I laughed at the practical application of Uncle Charles's text!

It was at Dublin that my sister, by way of seeing the curiosities of camp life and ourselves at the same time, came to pay us a visit. Here we were surrounded by a military family of agreeable officers, and domiciled in several rooms of a deserted old hotel, so that my

ARMY LIFE AT DUBLIN

will always afford many bright reminiscences; though, alas! like everything else belonging to the war, that was hung with shadows, too, and went down at last in a storm it would be hard to forget.

Sister had been with us a few days when she fell ill, desperately ill, her life being even despaired of, and this seemed indeed the very midnight of our trials; but there were yet darker days in store.

It was hard to see one all uneducated to the privations of campaign life, delicately reared and the darling of her home, lie stricken and dying, as it seemed, without the barest comforts of life—for we had middling and molasses to eat and straw beds to lie on. Our poor mother, who could only increase the difficulties by coming to us herself, conceived, like a true old Virginian, that nothing could so relieve the situation as a multiplicity of darkeys, and so sent one after another until, with those already about us, our colored retinue numbered nine.

We watched night after night by my sister's bed—often thinking she would never again see the dawn—when a slight change came for the better. The worst seemed over now; and yet she still lay helpless as a child and unequal to the slightest agitation.

It was just at this crisis when my husband one evening proposed a ride for me; and in the depths of a grand old

forest—I shall never forget the scene—he suddenly reined up and said: “Kate, I want to see how much of the heroine is in you? Now the season is fairly open and the roads improving, I believe we may any day expect a raid from the enemy, who will strike for this point, to break our unguarded lines and destroy our stores.”

“But what could we do with sister?” I said in despair.

“Well,” he answered, “that’s not the way to think about it. Something would have to be done with her, and I want you to keep things in hand and be ready to move at an hour’s notice. But above all, don’t let your sister dream there is any cause for apprehension. Keep a cheerful face where she is.”

The sky looked darkened. My reins hung listlessly from my hand, and I could not speak again during the ride.

But the word of warning was fitly spoken, for in twenty-four hours, as I sat by the sick bed and bent my head to catch the faint tones which proceeded from it, my husband stepped briskly into the room, whistled an air as he took his pistols and other paraphernalia from the wall where they hung, and lightly tossing me a scrap of paper as he passed out. I read—could it be?—my eyes swam as I looked. Yes, it was—an order from General Jones in these words: “Major B— will proceed at once with all available men to Wythville and hold that place at all hazards against the enemy’s cavalry, coming in twelve hundred strong.” For a moment I seemed

TRANSFORMED INTO STONE;

but there was no time to lose. A young officer friend was requested to take charge of my husband’s family, while he hurried on the regular train, detained one hour to carry our unorganized little handful of men to meet the enemy’s thoroughly drilled and equipped twelve hundred cavalry, now rapidly approaching under Kelly and Powell.

Having few elegancies to preserve and an organized system of packing admirably adapted to the alarm of raids, we proceeded, as usual, to empty the straw from a huge bedtick and fill the same with a heterogeneous collection of everything we possessed, from a pair of rubber boots to a pearl breastpin. This mode of packing being simple and expeditious, we were soon ready to decamp, with sister in an ambulance, on the best imitation of a bed we could command, our dear little war baby, with her nurse and appliances in another, and

the baggage piled high on a third, while Mr. Caperton and I brought up the rear on our horses.

Ah, it was now that the nine darkeys were found to embarrass the situation, as no old Virginian could believe possible! But we managed even this perplexity, and the whole caravan looked so imposing, as it wheeled into line, that if Powell had beheld it his entire movement might have been abandoned.

As we slowly proceeded down the road leading from Dublin in the direction of New River, the booming of guns could be plainly heard from Wythville, where our men were arrived and the fight even then going on.

Who could portray that hour? One gun after another—and who could tell which echo meant the death of all my hopes?

Woman’s nature must have utterance! My head dropped on the horse’s neck, and a long, passionate cry went up to Heaven, as the guns still sounded on the evening air, and the grand old mountains looked down solemn and pitying upon me.

Thus we moved slowly along, the ambulances in front, and I not daring to look into one lest the revelation there should stop my heart from beating!

Night settled upon us. The stars came out. All was hushed and over at Wythville. Strange contradiction—but I thought it would be a relief if I could hear the guns again!

We stopped at New River Bridge, at the hospitable mansion of dear old Doctor R—, who was too appalled by our sudden coming and the direful news we brought to comprehend it. He passed to and fro, in a sort of liturgic soliloquy: “Good Lord, deliver us! Oh, Lord, have mercy upon us!” Now and again breaking off suddenly and coming back to me, as if he must make an effort to collect himself and realize things, he would ask over and over: “How many cavalry did you say? Well, what time did you leave Dublin?”

Sister, meantime, had been carefully lifted from the ambulance to a comfortable bed, and though she faintly whispered that she “must die that night,” she was actually found next morning to be stronger than when our march begun.

But the most astounding news now flashed over the wires from Wythville! Our little company of seventy, rivalling Falstaff in its make up, had placed hors de combat a number equalling their own, of the much vaunted twelve hundred cavalry! and killed one of their leading officers, desperately wounded another and

REPULSED THE ENEMY EFFECTUALLY.

Major B—, not believing, however, but they must rally and return, hastened to hold the fortification at New River, and proposed that as his future line of defence, while our little refugee party, now greatly strengthened and refreshed, moved on to the hospitals at Montgomery Springs, under charge of Doctor J. L. Woodville. Here we rested for a week and then fell back in good order to Avenel, our Bedford home, where I was induced to take a furlough and retire temporarily from the service.

It was in the summer of 1864 when our beautiful Piedmont, Virginia, began to be threatened with its first invasion. We heard ominous mention of Hunter and his celebrated twenty thousand, and of the preparations making to move upon Lynchburg, but felt almost too secure behind our wall of big blue mountains to realize that danger could await us. But events thickened. Day by day accounts reached us that Hunter assuredly approached, while McCausland's cavalry brigade retreated, until the excitement rose to fever heat. Couriers rode swiftly past from hour to hour, reporting the enemy near and nearer.

We felt and acted very much as the people at Herculaneum and Pompeii might have done had they been positively informed that the storm of lava was upon them and they striving to make ready for it.

Every family fell actively to hiding away its valuables and belongings in the most possible and impossible places. In our own case it seemed like getting ready for the entertainment of some horrible company, who must have tremendous preparations made for their reception, no matter how terrible the anticipation. Servants ran in all directions. A dozen orders were given in a breath as we dashed excitedly from one point to another. Of course, we never desisted from hiding our things by day or night, being, as I say, ably assisted in this by our faithful servants, who seemed as much interested for us as we for ourselves. Finding time left after all arrangements were complete, we knew so well where our valuables, our beloved white sugar and tea, brandy, &c., (for we still preserved remnants of these treasures for desperate straits,) had been bestowed, that it seemed impossible others should not also divine their places of concealment. So we constantly devised newer and deeper hiding places, and were going on in this way indefinitely when the last courier swept by like a streak, his very

coat tail straight behind him, calling aloud as he passed,

"THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE HERE!"

Now my sister had, in her own peculiar case, reached such a state of readiness to receive the Yankees that she became restless with leisure and just at the last said: "I haven't seen a neighbor for all these dreadful days. Think I must run over to Mr. D—'s and see what they are doing with their things." So over she went and was confused to see, standing in the doorway, George D—, a slender lad of the week before, now assumed unnatural dropsical proportions and having a swollen, helpless look.

"Why! what's the matter with George?" sister exclaimed, when his mother whispered imploringly: "Don't say anything to George. He's got on all the clothes he possesses. I had the greatest trial to make him put them on, and if you say a word he'll take them off."

Sister had proceeded only this far in her investigations of the D— family: when the last wild cry of the last courier rent the air. She heard "They're here! They're here!" and had but sped across the road and in at our gate when the head of the Yankee column moved slowly in view; amid flaunting banners and ear piercing strains of "Yankee Doodle"—that most trying of airs. May I be delivered from ever hearing another measure even akin to it, after the associations of that day.

Now as soon as this raid was found to be inevitable, I resolved that we must gather ourselves up and adopt some regular system of female tactics with which to meet it; and after due reflection concluded thus: We shall owe our deliverance to personal influence on the Yankee soldiery, there being no other defence to look to, with our men all gone and every appliance relating to fire-arms hidden out of sight.

Plainly we could not hope, unaided, to exert this electric influence over unknown masses of impracticable Yankees, Dutch, Italians, Irish, Russians, Prussians, Poles, Austrians and Hottentots; for the motley collection represented all nations known upon the earth, mixed up with "hundred-day men." Evidently we could not expect to sway this multitude without the powerful support of our new black alpacas."

The war has now so long passed by, and all its features become dimmed—fading paler and paler as the years roll on—that I verily believe there are to-

night men and women in this Southern land (particularly among the rising generation) who fail to comprehend the full significance of that term as known to the female Confederate—her “new black alpaca.”

How these words thrilled her inmost being! These cherished and almost adored garments were procured from foreign lands at great risk and with an outlay of untold Confederate dollars. Prized above rubies, every hook-and-eye seemed to us a gem—the very silk that sewed them like our heart strings—and now a deliberate proposal to expose these—these of all else—to the ruthless hand of the invader? The crisis was tremendous, but our magnanimity arose equal to it.

We did, in actual fact, array ourselves in the black alpacas, arranged our several hairs with exact nicety, and, in lieu of breastpins, which we feared the rapacity of the combined nationalities might not be able to withstand, we wore neat black bows, embroidered for the occasion, in white, and not calculated to excite the cupidity of any.

Attached to our persons were long pockets containing each one spoon, one fork, and a mug in case of being driven into the woods, for none knew what to expect from the brute Hunter.

A large basket, containing ham, biscuits and other necessities of life, was next prepared, like an awful picnic, and secreted under mamma's bed, as being the most sacred spot known to us, and one that must be respected by the Yankees, if any in the confines of the Confederacy could be. Divers lesser lunches were made ready and placed conveniently where, in any emergency, they might be produced without a moment's delay. And thus was our raid studied deeply, systematized, and all our tactics settled upon.

BEFORE THE ENEMY APPEARED.

All this done, then, just at night-fall, on the evening of June 15th, Hunter's advance moved in, as I have described.

Immediately a half dozen horsemen dashed down to our back porch, where our good “mammy,” who never flinched from us for one moment, was waiting outside to see what would happen and whether the heavens would indeed fall. She hurried in where we were huddled together by a dim light, and said, in an awe-stricken whisper: “They are here at the door, and say they must have something to eat.”

For an instant we sat paralyzed with the dreadful realization. Then I arose,

taking a lighted lamp in my hand and feeling the dignity of my black alpaca arise within me, majestically moved forward, gained the door, beheld the Yankees, and making an elegant bow, stood—still lamp in hand—awaiting what might follow.

Really, at that moment, I felt nerved beyond what could have been conceived possible; actually seemed to rise several inches taller than ever before in my life (five feet one, exactly,) until, being always aided and abetted by the exalted garment aforesaid, I absolutely towered.

The soldier nearest at hand began, insolently, “Can we find anything to eat here?”

The alpaca and myself, drawn up to our full height, replied by turning to a servant and saying grandly: “Jordan can you hand this gentleman a lunch?”

We would have descended from our throne to touch it.

At once several of those exceedingly ready lunches were brought out, while the Yankee spokesman went on: “This is the first time our troops have passed here I believe.”

“The first time,” I tersely answered. “What did you expect to see us look like?” he pursued.

I drew up to a greater altitude than ever and answered: “I was perfectly prepared for the color of your skins.”

With this the man, bending down upon his saddle bow and giving me a searching look—when, I shall ever believe, he first felt the full force of the black alpaca—instantly changed his whole manner and saying quite courteously, “Madam, we are much obliged to you,” moved quietly away.

Almost immediately another detachment appeared, and I was wondering whether our next encounter would end so successfully, when the leader of the second party, evidently an officer, accosted me.

“Is this the home of Maj. B.—?”

Amazed I answered, “It is sir.”

Still further amazed I heard, “I am detailed by General Powell to guard the premises for the night.”

And now I recalled what had been forgotten in connection with the Wythville fight; how Col. Powell, threatened with violence as he lay a wounded prisoner, when Major B. (an accomplished surgeon in civil life) dressed his wounds and assured him of protection, had said “This shall not be forgotten, and if you or yours ever need protection which I can render, rely upon receiving it.” Now behold the need, and the promised help was not forgotten. Col. Powell, re-

covered and restored to his command, led the advance cavalry in Hunter's movement. We thanked God for his timely deliverance, and sat all night around the little bed in which our baby calmly slept away the hours so full of horror and dread to ourselves. For though the guard was faithful, it was hard to feel secure with

THE CLANG OF YANKEE SWORDS

and the tramp of heavy boots around us, lurid camp fires at our very doors, and crash after crash telling how our enclosures were being laid waste amid the yells and curses of many voices.

Day dawned at last and with it the division camped about us for the night moved off. A lull succeeded. We ventured to open a shutter and peep out. Could it be that this dreaded raid was over? Certainly the host we saw last night had departed; and if this were indeed all how could we ever be sufficiently thankful? But even while this blessed hope fluttered before us an indistinct roar was borne on the breeze, and lo, the yard became blue with all types of humanity! After the stretch of sunny road beyond us, a halt was always ordered under our grand old oaks, and with this the men scattered in every direction—climbing trees to peep in at the upper windows and burrowing under the house to search for treasure that might be hidden there. We could hear innumerable heads bumping beneath our feet as the ventilators were torn out and this rummaging went on.

At one time when our trees and our porches and our cellars and our garden, and the very air seemed blue with the creatures, and the heavy doors about yielding to their bombardment, I rushed frantically into the line and appealed for help to the best imitation of a gentleman I saw there, being inspired with confidence by his clean duster. This officer at once dismounted, followed me, and cleared our grounds in five minutes time, showing that the soldiers were under control and might readily have been made to respect persons and property had the officers so willed. When this regiment moved on and the same destruction threatened us again, I cast a hurried look at a fine looking man actually riding into the back porch where we were now all assembled—the other doors being barricaded—and exclaimed: "Sir, you seem a gentleman, may I ask your protection for ourselves as ladies?" He instantly rode out of the porch, stepped upon the ground, and with one wave of his sword

cleared our premises. This officer gave his name as Major McCain, of Kentucky, and spent several hours in conversation with us, inquired about our former lives, thought ours looked like a house where we had "had a good time," approved it as a place for headquarter when they "returned from Lynchburg and held the country," &c. Upon this,

OUR CONFEDERATE IRE WAXED HOT,

and we indulged in many patriotic pleasantries, which, of course, could only have been hazarded with one like Major McCain, of culture and intelligence.

This officer seemed really to have conceived some regard for us during his "visit," and presently, his command being far ahead, he evinced it by saying: "Ladies, I can't bear to leave you unprotected, when I think of the army followers you will soon be exposed to, far, far worse than anything you have yet seen."

We shuddered at this and felt almost as if we must cling to this particular Yankee, and could not permit him to leave us.

He called up a footsore, poor creature, who seemed to have lost his very identity. To this man Major M. handed a written order, to the effect that he, the man, was detailed to guard these premises. We could but thank the generous officer and was really pleased, after the war, to receive from him a note of compliment and kind inquiry.

The individual left with the scrap of paper, was now become our salvation, and upon him, then, our whole female battery was turned. He look hopeless indeed. Finally I ventured: "Have you a mother?"

He looked leaden-eyed and said "yes."

Again, "Have you any sisters?"

"Yes," as before.

"Well, wouldn't you be sorry to think they are having as much trouble to-day as we are—surrounded by as many people who were trying to destroy them?"

This seemed dimly to penetrate the boy; and I was thus laboring along almost hopefully, when a great strapping fellow came swaggering up and called out: "Hello, Charley! what are you doing here?"

Charlie, sluggishly: "I'm the guard?"

The man with contempt—"Guard indeed! You ain't goin to guard me!"

I realized the brink upon which we stood and hastily interposed: "I see you have some spirit, sir, and am glad you've come to infuse it into your friend."

Instantly the big fellow seized Charlie's "order" and his musket, dashed into the garden, where our last remaining onion was at that moment lying exhumed, flourished both gun and paper as one with authority, and driving the last marauder away, came back triumphant, and saying: "That's the way you must do it, man; drive them off. You're the guard."

Our interrupted political harangue, Charlie's and mine, was now resumed, with modifications, of course, to suit the new auditor, and I seemed almost on the point of making two Confederate converts when a third character entered upon the stage. This time a man of elegant appearance and with all the bearing of a gentleman. Handsomely attired and his horse richly caparisoned, this new character rode up to the door where we sat, asked for water, which was given him, and as he stood wearily leaning against his saddle, seemed inclined to hear my discourse. At once its tone was altered again to suit the fresh listener, and after we had held an agreeable half hour's interview (for a gentleman always is refreshing, and especially under circumstances like those surrounding me that afternoon,) he turned gracefully towards me and said: "Madam, if you will show me where your gates once stood I will at least ride out there."

How grateful this courtesy was to my torn and lacerated spirit, no tongue can tell! And thus we parted, with mutual complaisance and good will, never to meet again, until the last great day of account.

At last "Hunter had passed," and our duo-guard moved off as the twilight came down. I must ever believe that "Charlie's" whole moral tone had been elevated by these hours of association with myself; for when I said at parting, "Well, Charlie, you've done us all the good you could, I would like to do something for you in return. We poor Confederates have not much, but if there is anything you particularly need I would like to bestow it on you. What do you want most of everything in the world, Charlie?" And he hoarsely answered

"SOAP!"

All these experiences, personal to ourselves, were of course varied in a thousand ways in other households, and for weeks nothing was heard among us, except comparing of notes, interchange of incidents, &c. One old woman near by, unable, in the hurly-burly of the times, to get help for secreting her meat, made requisition upon her well devel-

oped Confederate ingenuity, which was better than a battalion of men. Flinging the huge middlings on the grass before her house, she sprinkled small particles of flour over the whole, and standing in her door, arms akimbo, when the Yankees swarmed up, she called out: "You can take that meat if you want it. McCausland's been along here and done something to it—I don't know what."

There was at once closer inspection made, specs of flour discerned, and the meat left undisturbed.

But to come back to my narrative. The night succeeding this awful day, June 16, 1864—for it was more like the day of judgment than anything I ever expected to pass through in this mortal existence—as again we sat encircling baby's bed, who should suddenly appear like an apparition among us, but Major B——! He knew the country perfectly—was a good woodsman—and simply could not resist flanking the pickets to see whether we were living or dead. The guard of forty men, left to hold our town while Hunter made his march upon Lynchburg, lay all around us, and when with a whispered greeting Major B—— moved out again like a shadow, and dropped down into the darkness from the door, can anybody tell how tenfold more miserable it left us? But next day a faithful old servant brought us messages of his safe return through the lines to rejoin Breckenridge's command—not, however, without a little irresistible bushwhacking and sharp shooting at detached parties of the enemy, as they roamed over the country on missions of destruction.

When three more days had passed, during which time we had never disrobed ourselves for sleep, our servants came in a tumult one morning at daylight and said: "They've come back! The town is full of 'em!" which latter collective pronoun was now always understood to refer, generally and particularly to Yankees. And the town was full of "em!" They literally poured in, though this time moving by a different road, which gave us the miserable stragglers to contend with, without the opportunity for appealing to the better class for protection.

We were indeed in despair, when two young men with pleasant faces and wearing the insignia of the regular guard presented themselves, and said they were Philadelphians; that they could not bear to see the ruin which their army spread through the land; that they could only select one house at each point over which to constitute themselves guard, and would to-day preserve ours.

THESE GALLANT PHILADELPHIANS

sat with us during the whole day, often driving off hordes who would otherwise have torn us to pieces. Many times did our distracted neighbors—informed of our good fortune—send to “borrow our guard,” and we were always neighborly enough to lend *one* for a short while! Houses about us were ravished from attic to cellar and their inmates treated with gross indignity, while when *our* destruction seemed inevitable a timely hand was ever stretched forth in our defence—and who shall say how far the potent spell of the “black alpacas” may not have achieved this great result?

But all things have an end, even the wild Yankee stampede, which poured through our town like a cataract until sundown, when the welcome guns of Early's and Breckenridge's advance were heard over the hills! What a day of triumph and deliverance! What an evening of thanksgiving to God!

We tried to stay in the cellar, while a sharp skirmish took place across our house and balls rattled on the roof, but the excitement proved irresistible! No longer able to endure our imprisonment we rushed up into the yard again, and found ourselves surrounded by our dear, dear Confederates, whom we knew so well, when there were handshaking and tears and cheers, and the wildest enthusiasm on both sides. At once our doors were flung wide open, and so remained during the night; while officers and men poured into and through the house; slept on the porches and cooked in the kitchen, and thus surrounded we lay down and slept the first sweet sleep of security for many nights.

I have observed that every individual is apt to have his or her own personal raid, which he or she ever delights to relate, and the smallest circumstance of which becomes to the mind of the one concerned magnified into tremendous proportions. Especially was I impressed with this peculiarity of the Confederate mind when, soon after the war, dear Gen. Lee rode across the mountains from Lexington to pay my mother a visit.

The first night of his arrival, of course, there was everything to be said, and we sat up until past midnight, recounting our experiences to him. Other friends, happening to be in the house at the time, these had likewise to relate their several raids. So we all descanted voluminously, while sainted Gen. Lee sat silent and sympathetic. At last, as the clock struck 12 and we were all

separating for the night, I said: “If a stranger were present to-night, he would say of Gen. Lee, ‘That old gentleman is the only one in the room who knows nothing about the war.’”

Our matchless Lee! Amid all the ruin, he stood like a tower, and no other heart was ever burdened with the shadow that had fallen on his own. “Care sat on his faded cheek, but under brows of dauntless courage,” and none could look upon his silent fortitude without the assurance that “souls know no conquerors!”

In the fall of 1864 it became apparent that our war fortunes would again revolve in the direction of Richmond, and I knew what a finishing school one winter in that besieged city must be for any woman who could, comparatively, have acquired but the rudiments of domestic Confederate science elsewhere. I also knew the arms and munitions needed for the conduct of *my* campaign in the city must comprise, first, the heavy ordnance of meat and flour, with light artillery of lard, molasses, butter, &c.

Our “solid shot,” in the way of two barrels of flour, for which we paid a thousand dollars each, certain bacon hams, costing in proportion; and a medium sized firkin of butter, had in exchange for an exceedingly good horse, was procured in Botetourt County and had been shipped by canal to Richmond. This left the grape, canister and lesser stores for my personal luggage.

Now, in early times when, as a young lady, it was ever my wont to pass gay seasons in Richmond, in those days my chief concern was whether my winter wrap would exactly match the bonnet, with other matters of equally high import. My trunk would then be filled with well-selected dresses, choicest ruches and ribbons, delicate laces and the thousand etceteras of a fashionable wardrobe. Now, alas! how changed.

After packing the bottom with Irish potatoes and onions and the tray with rye-coffee and beans, I hastily pushed about in crevices a few odds and ends of the most indispensable attire; this last being wholly secondary to the substantial enumerated above. Added to this, a huge carboy of sorghum (the Confederate confectionary) in lieu of the quondam lady's bonnet-box attachment, and our exceedingly well-drilled company, baby, nurse and myself, was ready to march, my husband having sometime before rejoined the Army of the Potomac.

Arrived at Richmond and established in a commodious and ready-furnished suite of rooms, rented from

"Cousin Walter B—," still on Leigh street, where we were allowed joint privileges with himself in cook and kitchen, my pickets were at once thrown out and forces disposed for action.

Mrs. B— first appropriated to my use a store-room on the basement floor, while our sleeping apartments were two stories removed. But this cruel and complete separation from the onions and beans of my soul, not to mention the warm tie which bound me to the sorghum, proved too much for my nerves. Throughout the still watches I could only listen with strained ear to catch the faintest murmur of disturbance which might proceed from below, tormented with the nightmare imagination that even then the midnight raider might be revelling in my flour barrel or ravishing my sorghum! Then did sleep forsake mine eyes, until health and reason demanded an appeal for relief.

Good Mrs. B— being but a Confederate woman herself, instantly embraced the whole situation, and forthwith causing the cherished possessions to be placed in a little passageway, even at my chamber door, tranquillity was restored and I slept again!

And now did the death struggle set in fiercely and in earnest. Every atom of food became but another thread holding us to life, for we knew not how near

THE WOLF OF WANT

might stand to devour us. We appointed to ourselves stated rations—a bare subsistence—and held to this regimen undinchingly. Two meals were allotted to each day, and at one of these potatoes used strictly as a substitute for bread. Tea, and such like delicacies, were unknown to our every-day life, but there were times when "Cousin Walter," (whose business lay in connection with procuring blockade supplies) would in the parlor at night, carefully unfold from his pocket minute packages of various teas, and smacking his lips, even as he spoke, propose we should try these several samples and pronounce upon their relative merits.

Now this was understood to be strictly a business transaction; but when the teapot had been produced and the sugar contributed from my dining-room, near at hand, our whole enterprise assumed very much the general air and effect of a spree! The unwonted exhilaration of our beverage, together with the necessity for drinking several cups before any reliable conclusion could be reached as to their respective excellencies, made us

more and more hilarious, until I have positively known these impromptu little tea evenings to last until the small hours, our spirits, meanwhile, dashing and sparkling along, rising high and higher until they rushed over the gaunt figure of care and drove it utterly away for the hour. Indeed, an unwitting looker on might have said that *care* did not belong to the circle of our acquaintance!

It was on an occasion like this that I one night proposed each lady should give an exact and unreserved account of her every-day life, omitting no detail and concealing no expedient; and it was then that remarkable revelations were brought forth, revelations even to our tutored Confederate ears. Each narration was hailed with burst after burst of merriment—"awful mirth," no doubt, like that spoken of in the hymn; but the human mind must have some relief, and without these spasmodic reactions I do not believe we could have endured the strain and retained reason. Without these, the whole Confederacy, I am convinced, must have been one

HOWLING WILDERNESS OF RAVING WOMEN!

My "confessions" were begun with what had never before seemed to me anything except the severest system of domestic economy, but which grew into absurdity as it took the form of words. Premising with the announcement that Sherman would never know how intimately his movements were connected with my dinner every day, or how perfectly he controlled the ordering of that meal, I stated how it could never be given out until the morning paper had been first glanced over. If the telegrams contained alarming accounts of Sherman's progress, the editor urging Johnston's reinstatement and expressing general apprehension, I instantly ordered sorghum pudding, with a reckless amount of butter. If, on the other hand, however, things seemed hopeful, the dispatches encouraging, and the editorial strengthening, I would that day eschew sorghum pudding *in toto*. In the one case it was imperative we should consume our own sorghum, lest the enemy enter and grow fat upon the same. In the other, Richmond might be held indefinitely, and who could contemplate the dreariness of existence there without the sweet solace of sorghum?

After this, "Sherman puddings," as they are to this day known in Richmond, became matters of grave consid-

eration. Mrs. B—not having time to read the morning paper, by way of learning the complexion of its news, would hurry by the kitchen and anxiously inquire of cook Lizzie whether “Miss Kate would that day have a sorghum pudding?”

When Lizzie answered: “No, marm, she ain’t gwine have none to-day.” “Oh splendid news this morning,” Mrs. B—would think; “Kate wont have a sorghum pudding.” But if Lizzie should say: “Yes’m, she gwine have a real good one wid plenty of butter in it.” Mrs. B—’s heart would sink within her.

And here I may add, so admirably was this difficult problem of the sorghum adopted that in the last dread hour, when Richmond was about being evacuated, the last drops of this sacred confection were drained and compounded into a horrible cake for our subsistence in the flight.

But we will not anticipate.

THE HEART-BREAKING SCENES

of that terrible winter sadly outnumbered and overshadowed any little gleamings of brightness which may have been vouchsafed us, with our worn and exhausted men moving back and forth, their horses and themselves like spectres.

One evening as I walked briskly along Franklin street, a line of these sunken-eyed and tottering soldiers stretched on either side of me as a cavalry halt was called. A figure, princely in any guise, stepped from the ranks, and with a courtly obeisance expressed great joy to meet me. I stood perplexed, and then gradually comprehended that the officer before me, one of nature’s noblest type, was Capt. James B—, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, whose lovely bride my sister, now, alas! beneath the sod, had but lately been. The picture, as he so recently stood by her side—both radiant and regal—arose before my vision, and as its contrast with this bleak, miserable scene (for it was on a March day) came over me, I could have fallen in the street with a shriek of despair.

But Confederate women must never despair. Their darkest hours must be hung with the drapery of hope for those they love.

I never looked upon this noble face again. He passed on to the closing scene near Appomattox and there, almost voluntarily as we believed, laid down his gallant life, preferring death rather than a prolonged existence with the lights, both of home and country extinguished.

There were some features about the

loss of friends in Confederate times which, taken in conjunction with the stern necessities of those times, had to be met with sad practicability.

As soon as one was known to mourn the death of a friend, and this, alas! was but too often, it became the imperative custom to send to the stricken house any articles of mourning apparel not then in use, and request an exchange for the colored habiliments which might be there discarded. Thus in this indiscriminate barter did all sorts of incongruities arise.

Any lingering tendency towards following a fashion had long since been beaten out of the female mind, and women now aspired to nothing beyond the mere *wearing of clothes*, irrespective of style, shape or texture. Large women appeared squeezed into garments of smallest proportions—small women floating about in almost limitless space; while women of tall stature dangled below circumscribed skirts, and others trailed about in fathoms of useless material. To all these

ECCENTRICITIES OF COSTUME

the Confederate eye had become inured, as well as to the striking effect of blue bonnets with green plumes, red dresses with purple mantles, &c., &c., until these extraordinary modes failed to offend even the most fastidious.

Indeed, expedients of the most desperate sort had now to be resorted to in all directions. The flooring of our country meat houses, saturated with the salt drippings of years, was dug up and prized as a salt-substitute in horse-food. The ashes of corn-cobs was much esteemed in lieu of soda. Sorghum, as I have abundantly illustrated, was the received substitute for sugar, while wheat, rye, chestnuts, sweet potatoes, in short, anything in the vegetable kingdom, was found to supply the place of coffee, and so on *ad infinitum*.

For a Virginian of the old régime, who had always lived on the choicest of edibles, to smack his lips and relish a decoction of burnt chestnuts, sweetened with sorghum, was considered (especially by himself) as highly patriotic!

It was at once amusing and pathetic when these cavalier old Virginians would meet and innocently endeavor to assist each other in sustaining our various Confederate delusions.

As, for instance, when my husband’s father came down from the “Greenfield” place to visit my mother in Bedford County, something like this would occur at the breakfast table.

"Mrs. B you must allow me to take another cup of that delicious coffee. It is so rarely I meet the genuine article now that I really cannot resist."

My mother, delightedly: "Certainly, sir. I am glad to see you enjoy it."

Old gentleman resuming: "Indeed, madam, you must pardon me if I ask for a third cup. It is a long time since I have tasted the genuine Mocha, but it is still recognizable."

My mother, rejoining: "Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

When the meal had ended my mother, folding her hands as if for a crisis, and

HAZARDING A WINK,

meant to be cute, upon the assembled and initiated family, slowly proceeded:

"Now, Mr. B., what *do* you think this coffee is?"

Mr. B., emphatically, "*Think it is?*" madam, I do not often now, as I said, taste the genuine article, but still I can never be deceived when I *do* come across it. This is the *real old Mocha!*"

My mother, who prided herself upon her own particular admixture and adjustment, as did other housekeepers, with equal right, pride themselves upon theirs, now came forth deliberately and with triumph,

"This, sir, is cracked wheat, with a little rye and a few roast chestnuts added. I never put sweet potatoes in mine!"

Mr. B., rising in eloquence: "If such a drink as this can be compounded without coffee, I find we have in our time expended hundreds of dollars uselessly upon that product, and if the war should end to-morrow I protest I shall never desire any better drink than the cup of coffee you gave me to-day."

Here the dear old gentleman begged the receipt—which was always in order—and went on sustaining the Confederate cause in his own person, with this multifarious coffee, heightened in effect by sorghum, until his hands actually became covered with sores, and his very life almost paid the forfeit.

It is now years since, in the fervor of patriotism, his declaration was made; but I have observed that, despite Mr. B.'s enthusiasm about the wheat-rye-chestnut decoction, he has some time ago resumed the use of the much-contemned "old Mocha!"

Talking of the Confederate hostess, I am reminded of a severe test to which one of this esteemed class was brought during the winter I describe in Richmond.

This lady, having two friends to din-

ner, relied chiefly upon the rarity of a mince pie for their regalement, which pie failing to appear in a reasonable time, the lady sustained light conversation as long as she could control her feelings, and at last excusing herself from the table hurried to the kitchen, and exclaimed:

"Mary, where *is* the pie?"

Mary answered desperately: "Miss Jane, I dun *eat* de pie. I ain't see no pie for so long an' it smell dat good, I couldn't help taceing it; an' arter I tace it, I was *blisse* to eat it."

Here was no remedy. The lady returned to her guests and described the disaster so cleverly that one of the gentlemen present (who came immediately from the table where the incident occurred and related it to me) declared he would not have had it fail to happen, as the "joke was far richer than the pie could possibly have been," though I always doubted the sincerity of this assertion.

Notwithstanding we had stood for months as "on a rock environed by the sea," and feared to picture one day what the next would bring, it was yet like

THE SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE

when Gen. Lee's lines were first found to be breaking up around Richmond. My husband hurriedly packed us up and, pushing our way through the thronged streets, succeeded in thrusting us into one of the last trains which left Richmond before its evacuation; and these have so often been described by abler pens than mine, that I pass the subject by with little more than an allusion.

The car in which we *stifled* was packed with double tiers of human beings, as they sat in each others' laps and almost stood on each others' heads, and surrounded by a frenzied mob threatening to impede its course because no longer able to cling about its platforms or upon its sides. The confusion was so dire that the train even seemed to be without its necessary corps of management. No conductor or other employee was seen, and it appeared at last as if by accident that the engine fired up and puffed slowly away.

We moved laboriously along in the dark, for the whole machinery of the road was now worn out, the very lamps being broken and useless, and after about two hours of this travel with a terrible bump we came to a sudden halt. Nobody knew why. A third hour of this uncertainty next ensued, when a man whom we *never saw* screamed out from

the door: "Train off the track! Passengers must get out."

We obeyed, of course, amid the wildest scene of pushing, pressing, jostling, rushing, struggling, screaming, cursing, praying—and all this, too, in impenetrable darkness! I first found myself thrown out of the car in some mysterious way—my feet plunged in water many inches deep, and I called to my nurse to reach the baby to me. This she with almost superhuman effort chanced to do successfully, afterwards herself descending; and if there was ever on this earth a picture of utter forlornness it was ours this night, as we stood, ejected from the only shelter at hand, chilled in the water and surrounded by thick darkness, with literally no idea which way to turn for another step.

A man now approached with the welcome ray of a lantern, and an order was heard to "put all the women" into a car, not far off, from which cattle had just been unloaded.

Now, if the Confederate passenger cars were in the condition I have described (and far, far worse, for I do not care to go into revolting details) what must those devoted to Confederate *cattle* have been!

For the moment, any prospect of change was hailed with relief; but when we came to be rudely dashed from one hand to another and crowded into this close box-car, as the cattle had lately left it, I implored to be taken out, and found myself happy to be once more in the deep cut,

MY FEET LAVED IN WATER AND MUD.

As daylight dawned a freight train passed and took us up as far as the junction. Here we were again dropped, and after camping by the roadside a third chanced along, which brought us on our way to Farmville, where we hung up in a wrecked car for two successive days and nights.

The provision for sustenance on the journey had long since given out, and there being no means on the route for obtaining a fresh supply I resolved to see whether the country around *could* afford enough to keep starvation off from a baby, and making mine as presentable as the circumstances would admit, I instructed the nurse to carry her to any respectable looking house in view, and there, stating our miserable case, ask for any morsel to eat which the inmates could spare. This experiment of the child, literally begging her bread from door to door, proved eminently successful. Both servant and child pre-

sently came back, transported with what they had received, and even bringing the little mendicant's mother a slice of delicious apple pie, the memory of which dwells with her even unto this hour.

Finally with many adventures, some of which I have told, and by a multiplicity of trains, we were thankful once more to cast anchor in the blessed haven of home. The trip from Richmond to this point, (Bedford County,) properly made in five hours, occupied as many days, and during these days, while we were cut off from all regular communication, the dreadful event had happened. Richmond was now evacuated! In seven days thereafter, when General Lee's exhausted remnant of an army was delivered up to Grant at Appomattox

THE GREAT CONFEDERATE HEART CEASED TO BEAT.

There may have been some twitches and a little quivering about the extremities, but soon all settled into that stiff and soulless body which has now, for so many years, lain in state in our Southern hearts.

Now did confusion reign, as Lee's disbanded men, without money or provision, individually and without organization, tired to reach their distant homes. The roads were alive with men, riding and on foot, horses, wagons and ambulances—all rushing pell-mell through the country; and yet there were no deeds of violence committed or fear of disturbance within our houses. These facts at once speak the element of which our Southern army was composed; for if ever there was temptation goading men on to deeds of wrong, it was in the want and misery of these disbanded soldiers, left to their own devices and finding themselves in a country without law or restraint of any kind.

Yes, we are a law-abiding and magnanimous people, and these dreadful days proved us so.

In the midst of the turmoil described above, my husband, with some brother officers, passed along to North Carolina, believing that Johnston's army survived and that the struggle for our Confederacy must still go on, but before many days they returned, convinced that all was indeed over.

Ah, who can tell the darkness of that hour! "Now sunk the sun; the general pulse of life stood still," and if the war in its opening had hung like a pall over the land, how trebly was this so in its close! Then "hope beckoned with

delusive smile." Now the very midnight of despair was come!

We knew not where to pick up the broken threads of existence. Our homes laid waste, the very superstructure of our social system all gone, and its graces, joys, comforts dashed into fragments and cast out to the winds!

FOOT NOTES.

For the benefit of those outside, whose credulity may seem overtaken in some details given above, I would say that they are accurately true in the smallest particular and will bear the closest investigation.

As an explanation of the peculiar fact that my leading names are denoted by the indiscriminate use of the letter "B," it may be added that so long as Burwell, Bowyer, Blair and Breckenridge retain their present orthography this cannot be avoided.

No. 38.—Hospital Memories.

(By Orra Langhorne, of Lynchburg, Va)

Our village in the fair valley of the Shenandoah had been the abode of peace and plenty until the war began, when we soon found that we were on "the debatable ground," and after Ashby's cavalry, a body of fine looking men, irregularly armed and disciplined, and dressed in a sort of hunting costume, passed through the town in the summer of 1861, we were constantly surrounded by camps and hospitals and ever subject to war's alarms. The Valley being considered the "storehouse of the Confederacy" was equally valued by the leaders of both sides in the national quarrel, the Northern army being always as anxious to take it as the Southern soldiers were to keep it.

Only a little while elapsed after fighting began before the building used as a school house in days of peace was converted into a hospital, and from that time until the summer of 1865 it was never without the sick and wounded. As the war progressed other buildings were used in the same way, and sometimes all the churches and vacant buildings in the town were hastily fitted up for hospitals, while nearly every private house would have its quota of sufferers.

Like most women at that time I was

deeply interested in hospital work, and from the beginning to the end of the war devoted much of my time to

OUR SUFFERING COUNTRYMEN.

Several battles were fought near the town, and the hospitals were often filled with the wounded of both armies. During Fremont's campaign our village was three times in as many days in the hands of opposing forces, and all was confusion and fright among the citizens. When the Federals were known to be approaching most of the surgeons, hospital stores and patients, who could bear transportation, were hastily removed. A few of the worst cases were hurriedly placed together in an upper room, where it was supposed the townspeople would look after them, until a Federal officer took charge of the place.

The hospital stood nearly opposite the house of the good uncle with whom I was living, and I had long been in the habit of going daily, as did many other ladies, to visit the sick, carrying them little delicacies not included in the hospital bill of fare. The day Jackson's army passed through our village on the way to fields of victory I went early in the morning to look after the few soldiers whom I knew to be in hopeless condition in the building. The yard was filled with men and teams hurriedly moving stores, but the house appeared to be deserted, and I found five men, all of them seeming to be in a dying condition, in one of the upper wards, apparently quite forgotten in the excitement of the hour.

The war had accustomed us all to such scenes, and I quietly entered the room and remained by the almost unconscious sufferers, occasionally moistening the pallid lips and giving such comfort as I could to those whom it was evident would soon be beyond the reach of mortal aid. I felt sure that some one would soon come to my assistance, but after some time, as no one appeared, and not a sound was to be heard in the house, I went into the front porch, then through the large halls and found that I was the only person in the place except

MY DYING COMPANIONS.

I had been so much occupied with the sick men that I had not until this time noticed that the main body of the army was passing. A broad column extending as far as the eye could reach, was slowly passing by, and even if I had been willing to leave my helpless charge, it would have been almost impossible

for me to cross the street. I therefore returned to the ward where the sick lay, and remained there for what seemed to me a long, long time, until at length, the army having left the town, some ladies, anxious as to the fate of the patients they knew had been left in the hospital, came to look after them.

One of the men was a Georgian, dying as hundreds of Southern soldiers died on Virginia's soil, of pulmonary complaints, caused by exposure after having the measles. When I first entered the ward that morning the poor fellow looked pathetically into my face as I approached his bed, and said with faltering lips, "Will you tell my mother—?"

Cold sweat stood on his brow, and as I wiped the death-damp away, I bent low and tried to catch the whispered words.

Again and again he strove to collect his thoughts, and struggling to speak distinctly, repeated in trembling tones, "Tell my mother—."

He never articulated anything more that I could comprehend, and though I remained beside him for hours, soothing him by every means in my power, smoothing the pallid brow, moistening the parched lips and bending close to hear the message that might carry some ray of comfort to the aching heart in that distant home to which the wanderer would return no more, only the faintly whispered accents,

"TELL MY MOTHER"

ever reached my ears. He sank into a stupor while vainly trying to articulate the words, and died leaving them unspoken.

A day or two later the house was filled with the sick and wounded of Fremont's army, and it was found necessary to open another hospital building for the Federals and a few wounded Confederates who had fallen into their hands.

The town and country around was swarming now with soldiers in blue uniforms, much demoralized by their recent defeat. Fremont's division included a brigade of "black Dutch," odious, ill-looking creatures, said to be the poorest soldiers in the service of the Union and notorious thieves and outlaws. The difference of their behavior in what they deemed the enemy's country and that of Gen. Banks's well-disciplined and orderly troops, who had occupied the town not long before, was very striking and the citizens now thought almost lovingly of "the Yankees" whom they had greatly feared and loudly denounced but a short time before.

In one of my visits to the hospital, I found one of these Dutch soldiers, a great swarthy stalwart man, minus one leg and strangely arrayed in a stout cotton garment, evidently intended by the original owner for female and not masculine wear. I could scarcely repress a smile, when I first approached the cot, and beheld the dark, coarse face with its bushy beard and the muscular neck and arms, freely displayed in the feminine garb so unexpected in such a place. The man had suffered amputation of his wounded limb in very hot weather, but being remarkably strong and vigorous had at first shown no signs of feebleness. He seemed very good humored and patient in his affliction, and evidently deeming me a sympathizing friend, always received me with a beaming smile and cheerful greeting, given in very broken English.

For a day or two he had a fine appetite and one morning after giving him something to eat, I asked, pointing to the great brawny arm which lay bare before me, where he got the garment he wore. He answered in a lively tone in his broken way, that he had supplied himself from the wardrobe of a country-woman at whose house the soldiers had stopped for food. With a confiding smile and apparently sure of my approval, he added that he had found many nice things in the dwelling of the unlucky Virginians, and had secured a silk dress for his wife with sundry other articles which he had been compelled to leave with the baggage wagon. I reflected that Jackson would be likely to intercept the presents intended for his frau, but did not attempt to argue with my new friend on his method of securing such mementoes.

The weather was sultry, and but little attention was bestowed by surgeons or nurses on the wounded, the Federals being in much excitement as to their next move, or rather that of the Confederates, and many of the hospital patients died, chiefly from neglect. The stalwart German who had adopted feminine attire was one of the first to sink under the heat and loss of blood, and I could but look with pain on the huge frame so sadly changed in a few hours, as

THE PALLOR OF DEATH

overspread the once ruddy face, and the vigorous form grew limp and tremulous. He lingered but a day or two, and one morning, the third or fourth after his coming, as I left the hospital I saw a great wooden coffin at the foot of the steps, and a moment later two men ap-

peared, one bearing the head, and the other the single foot of the brawny Dutchman still arrayed in the stolen garment.

There was something grimly grotesque in the appearance of the dead man in such strange attire and I hastened from the scene, but the heavy fall of the body as the soldiers tossed it into the coffin, from the porch where they stood, reached my ears, as I hastily closed the gate.

In one of the rooms of the hospital several wounded prisoners had been placed, other beds being occupied by Federals. Such mingling of the Northern and Southern soldiers was common all through the war and the combatants thus brought together, usually forgot all about national grievances, or having made friends themselves amicably discussed the causes of the war and its probable results.

In this ward, however, two fiery spirits, one minus a leg and the other with a broken arm, chanced to meet, and one day while discussing the "unpleasantness" between the sections, both became greatly excited and proceeded from angry words to blows, throwing pillows, medicine bottles, hard tack, or any convenient missiles at each other, to the infinite amusement of their cool-headed companions and at the imminent

RISK OF BOTH THEIR LIVES.

Several of the other patients called loudly for nurses and doctors, who soon appeared and separated the wrathful patriots, already well-nigh exhausted by their efforts.

In the room with this doughty couple I found a very fine looking Confederate soldier, who had been prostrated by the heat or violent exertion made in marching with the battery of artillery to which he belonged. He was from Louisiana and seemed to know very little English, but constantly murmured French words in his half-delirious state. The low melancholy tones in which he kept repeating, "*Que Je suis miserable! Que Je suis malheureux!*" attracted my attention as I entered the room, and when, slightly raising his voice, he uttered in dismal accents: "*Oh, mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" I inquired of the surgeon who stood beside him, and seemed to be watching him closely, what caused such lamentations.

The surgeon, who was trying to muster a little French in order to talk to his patient, answered that the man was extremely ill, but he thought the case not quite hopeless, and finding him sinking into unconsciousness, had ordered mus-

tard plasters to be applied to his limbs, which had roused him considerably, and he had hopes that his patient would revive entirely. The doctor and I stood watching the pale, handsome face, drawn with lines of pain, and listening to the plaintive words, at first soft and loud, but gradually growing louder and stronger as the sick man continued to moan, "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! O! oui Je suis miserable! O! oui Je suis malheureux.*"

AS THE MUSTARD BEGAN TO BURN

more severely he suddenly raised himself in bed, and evidently losing faith in finding relief by his French, shouted, "Fire! fire!" in excellent English and stentorian tones which, a few minutes before would have seemed impossible for those pallid lips.

All the other patients in the ward joined heartily in the laughter, which the surgeon made no effort to repress, as he moved the mustard to fresh a surface and gave a stimulating draught to the fast reviving invalid.

The remedies applied for a time seemed to have brought the sick man to life from the very gates of death, and for a day or two he continued to improve steadily. When the Federal forces hastily retired and the streets were filled with joyous crowds hurrahing over the return of the Confederates, he smiled brightly and inquired with much interest if the shouts were for "Zhackson." Probably the excitement and noise were too much for him in his enfeebled condition, for when I returned to the hospital next morning, the death-like pallor had returned and the strong man, no longer struggling against his fate, was rapidly yielding to the Great Conqueror.

He was half unconscious again, and lay murmuring to himself in French, perhaps recalling the names of absent loved ones, mingled with expressions of suffering.

The tone of his voice was so pathetic, and the aspect of the manly form, fast sinking into helplessness, so sad, that I drew near, longing from my heart to utter some word of

COMFORT TO THE PARTING SOUL.

As a school girl, I had studied French with much pleasure; had learned to read the language with ease, and to improve my accent, had committed various portions of scripture, short poems, &c., to memory. In the careless, idle life so common with Southern girls, that had filled the interval between my leav-

ing school and the breaking out of the war my little learning was never anything to speak of, had been fast slipping away from me, and now I reproached myself bitterly for forgetfulness, as I stood beside the dying stranger, far from home and friends, and vainly strove to speak some word in his own familiar tongue, that might soothe the agitation of that quivering form, might tell of hope and rest to that troubled spirit ere it winged its flight from earth. The surgeon had quietly approached the bed and again and again had spoken to the sick man in kindly tones which seemed to fall unheeded on the dying ear. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, the words of the Lord's Prayer, as I had learned them long ago in my French Bible, seemed to rise to my lips, and leaning over the pillow, scarce whiter than the cheek which rested upon it, I began to repeat slowly the words, "*Notre père, qui est en ciel, ton nom soit sanctifié*—"

Scarcely had I uttered the first words before the stranger started, seemed to listen intently and, as I continued, the restless motions ceased, the moans of anguish died away, the trembling hands were reverently clasped on the heaving breast, and with unexpected firmness the faltering lips took up the familiar words, repeating each clause as I uttered it. Towards the close the voice began to sink again. I could hardly distinguish the accents as "*à toi soit la pouvoir, la gloire à jamais*," were spoken with the last faint effort. The amen was softly breathed and followed by a gentle sigh, as the soldier's spirit was wafted out on the unknown sea.

NO. 39.—Troublous Times.

(By E. L. L., of Charleston.)

On an evening in December, 1860, whilst seated around the tea table, at a farm about two miles from Charleston, our family circle was much startled by the boom of cannon—two reports only—but sufficient to arouse our fears to the highest pitch. In silent wonderment we gazed at each other, as if asking an explanation. The unusual hour, the condition of the affairs of the country at the time, made us naturally tremble with an undefined dread of what was to come. We retired with gloomy fore-

bodings to await the revelations of the coming morning, at which time the news reached us that Major Anderson had spiked the guns at Fort Moultrie and taken possession of Sumter.

This act surprised and aroused the indignation of the people. Then came the summons, "To arms!" and our husbands, sons and brothers left their homes to obey the call of duty. Our hearts grew faint then, so little we dreamed of the real terrors of war yet to be experienced. We felt forlorn and forsaken, but at the same time the true "rebel" spirit and resolution burned in our hearts, and we were ready to do and suffer all that was in weak woman's power.

We moved into the city and remained there during the winter of 1861, and in April passed through our first trial of suspense and distress. Our batteries attacked Fort Sumter, and during the attack we were cut off from communication with our men; exaggerated rumors of the number of lives lost spread through the town until the suspense seemed too great to bear. The truth at last brought joy and gratitude, for not one had perished. After two days' struggle

MAJOR ANDERSON SURRENDERED.

The fact of our firing upon the "flag" inflamed the entire North, and the war began in earnest.

The remainder of the summer and following winter our lives, though filled with anxieties, were, outwardly, uneventful. In May, 1862, however, danger threatened Charleston, and we deemed it best to move to the interior of the State; so, packing up our household effects, we left for Abbeville Courthouse.

There we spent six months of much mental excitement and sorrow, caused by the intelligence which reached us from the seat of war of the deaths of many very near and dear to us. Such was the unity of feeling in the community that the engineer of the train which brought the daily news somewhat relieved our eagerness by blowing preconcerted whistles before reaching the depot, signifying victory or defeat.

Finding that the anticipated danger to Charleston had passed for the time be-

ing, we returned in October of the same year and remained in the quiet enjoyment of our own homes until July, 1863, when the Yankees began to shell the town.

THAT NIGHT OF TERROR

will ever be remembered by the residents of Charleston, who were suddenly and cruelly aroused from slumber by unknown and unearthly sounds, which rent the still air and sent a quiver of terror through every nerve.

Surely God's merciful providence overshadowed us then, as always, for to my knowledge no lives were lost, though the shells burst in every direction, and through many dwellings. One such night completely demoralized us, though up to this time we had thought ourselves brave soldiers, and, picking up everything, we again fled, this time to Greenville, our family consisting of my three children, my sister and myself. In Greenville we met with much kindness and care—for the hearts of the people were open to the refugees—and we remained there for eight months, nothing disturbing our private life. After that lapse of time, being assured that our house was beyond the range of the guns, though a fuse shell did burst in the air sending a fragment into a building only a square off, and longing for our home, we made up our minds to return, March, 1864.

THE PARROTT SHELLS CONTINUED TO SCREECH

through the city, both day and night, but at irregular spells, just as it suited the enemy's fancy. Some sounded as if coming straight for one's head, and the involuntary feeling was to dodge aside. Oh, we can never forget that sound! it made our flesh creep.

Frequent prayers were offered in the churches for the country's welfare. One afternoon while walking to St. Paul's, through Vanderhorst street, a shell fell not many yards in front of me, passing through a building and burying itself in the earth. I stopped and hesitated. Should I proceed or not? I determined to go on, but before taking many steps I heard the dreaded report and another shell coming, which proved too much for my courage, so I turned and, with rapid steps, retraced my way home. My faith failed then entirely.

So that summer passed, and our ears, as well as nerves, became completely accustomed to the "demon" visitors sent from the "Swamp Angel," a battery

built by the enemy in the marsh off Morris Island, whence its name. A continued bombardment was kept up in the harbor, and often we would lie awake at night listening to the broadsides poured into our blockade runners, and which shook the city to its foundations, and many an earnest, heart-felt prayer went up for the brave, devoted men, who dared so much for our good, and their country's help. Supplies of all kinds were then very scarce, and they brought much aid and many comforts to the suffering people.

We had just begun to think ourselves secure in our home when the alarm came that Gen. Sherman, after his destructive march through Georgia, had reached Savannah. It was the general and most natural conclusion, that he was on his way to Charleston, as he had threatened such dire

VENGEANCE UPON THE "CITY BY THE SEA."

Warning was given that those who could had best leave the city, and at once, and knowing that if we remained, all communication with our dear ones in the army would be cut off, we did not take long to decide what to do, and chose Columbia as our place of refuge.

Just at this time one of my sisters at Grahamville, on the Savannah road, hearing of an approaching raid, escaped in a wagon with her three children, under the care of a colored man, who proved very faithful and devoted, afterwards assisting in her support from his own earnings. She came in safety to our home and joined us in our flight to Columbia.

I was just recovering from an attack of illness, and still confined to my room, when I had to be taken up and carried to the depot. We left in the morning before daybreak on the day before Christmas, and such was the condition of the road that we did not reach Columbia until midnight, travelling all day in cars crowded to overflowing. We had sent on ahead of us a faithful man servant in charge of provisions and furniture necessary to our comfort, which he took to rooms procured for us in a cottage not far from the Asylum.

On our arrival the landlady received us pleasantly, and took us to our rooms, where a cheerful fire was burning. Worn, weary, and sick, we were only too glad to throw ourselves on the bare mattress for the rest of the night. The next day, Christmas though it was, we spent in unpacking, arranging our rooms and making ourselves comfortable.

Being persuaded that we were in safety, we settled down comfortably in our new home, but after a month's stay we heard, to our utter consternation and dismay, that Sherman was on his way to the Capital. Instead of flying from him, we had run into his very arms, so to speak. Time was too short then for us to make any arrangements to leave; besides, we knew not where to go. Therefore,

WE WAITED IN DREAD

the approach of the army. Nearer and nearer it came; to describe our feelings is beyond mortal power. To meet the foe face to face was a fact which we had never allowed ourselves to contemplate.

A few days before Sherman entered the city we entertained three soldiers, whom we took to be Wheeler's men, at dinner and they told us of the great size of the approaching army, which had advanced, day by day, until they reached the Congaree River on Thursday, the 16th of February, and sent shells into the city. Throughout the day the rifle shots of the skirmishers, mingled with the reports of the cannon, could be heard, and the people were busy burying valuables under ground, and in every conceivable hiding place. My sister raised one or two boards of our store-room floor, and with some difficulty, the clay soil being as hard as rock, dug a hole in which she hid away some bottles of brandy. Fearing they might be lost, she sewed up one bottle in our mattress.

On the next morning, that painfully memorable day, the 17th of February, 1865, we were startled from sleep by a terrific but accidental explosion, caused by the blowing up of the South Carolina depot.

In trepidation and haste we dressed ourselves and children, and waited, in great anxiety, the further development. Breakfast was served, but we were too much disturbed to partake of it; then, too, the enemy sent their shells again, reminding us of their proximity. One falling in the yard where my sister was staying, just across the street, made us start from our seats and run out, eagerly inquiring where to seek

PROTECTION FOR OUR LITTLE ONES.

No place was to be found, so we nerved ourselves and prayed for strength to meet our fate. While standing on the porch to see, if possible, some one who would or could tell us what to expect, Gen. Beauregard and staff, with

heads bowed as if in great sorrow, rode slowly and sadly past. Bare-headed women rushed out of their doors, asking what was the matter, and entreating him not to leave them. After riding on apace he sent one of his aides back to inform us that they were retreating, and that the city had been surrendered by the mayor.

"What! leave us?" was the agonized cry which burst from every lip; "leave us in the hands of the dreaded foe? Then God have mercy upon us poor helpless, deserted women."

That prayer was answered, for with the emergency came the strength to bear, and a calmness that only God's grace could give in so awful an hour.

Col. Stone was the first officer to enter the town, and our old doctor petitioned him for a guard for our house, and he refused. This sent a chill of warning to us as to what we were to expect from their mercy. During the day the troops gradually spread over the city, entering houses and taking the dinners already prepared in the kitchens; going into stables and helping themselves to the horses, destroying all vehicles; asking the time of day, and then taking the watches; amusing themselves generally, and conversing with such as would join in conversation.

Until the evening, we had been spared their actual entrance into our house, though small squads had been in the yard and kitchen. We felt like victims awaiting our execution.

THE FIERY ORDEAL.

Towards twilight two men passed our house kicking a turpentine ball from one side of the street to the other, and although we had no idea of their burning the town, each act aroused the lurking suspicion of our minds.

Sherman had assured our mayor that neither he nor the people need fear, as all private property would be respected, though he could not answer for the public buildings. Thus the fears of the people were somewhat lulled, and the greater part of the inhabitants ventured to retire, very soon to discover how cruelly they had been deceived.

But to go back a little; as the night drew on, a lurid glare deepened around the horizon; again our fears were aroused, but the answer to our "what is that light?" was "only the camp fires!" when they knew that it was the fire set by their torches, and which was gradually encircling the town like the coils of a deadly serpent. Nearer and brighter it glowed, until we could no longer be

deceived, and the cry was heard "the town is in flames, and we are lost!"

I smile, now, at the remembrance of the remarks my sister made in her excitement and agony of mind, when we first discovered that the town was on fire. "Can't some one order out the engines?" she asked, so little could she believe the truth—that the engines had been the first things destroyed by the enemy upon their entrance.

At the given signal, in rushed Howard's lawless 15th corps, to wreak their vengeance upon an unprotected town of women and children. But again an over-ruling Providence and merciful Father said, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," or what would have remained of us?

ON CAME THE FLAMES,

driven by a fierce wind and augmented by the cruel torches of the fiends, who unrelentingly applied them to building after building, as they rushed from block to block in their fury. The streets were bright as day, and the air was rent with the screams and cries of distress, mingled with infant wails, and the demon yells of the tormenters. Who can picture that scene, except to compare it with the lower regions?

It was then between the hours of 10 and 11, and every house was over-run with soldiers, the whole town was turned into a fearful bedlam. Alcoholic spirits flowed freely, adding to the surrounding horrors. The men decked themselves with artificial flowers from the milliner's stores, and danced in the streets. Musical instruments were dragged about and strummed upon; the cruel laughter and mocking jeers of the brutes, called soldiers, heightening the demoniacal scene.

Our house was filled with soldiers, drunken and sober, and three of the drunken ones had been turned from my door by our kind old doctor. But when my infant was only an hour old, another party, with cigars in their mouths, but fortunately sober, burst into the room. My sister, the only other occupant of the room, sprang from her seat with my baby on one arm, and the other outstretched in agonized entreaty: "For God's sake, leave the room; my sister is very ill and you will kill her!" They calmly surveyed the room and answered: "We won't hurt you," and passed into the adjoining room, where the children had been asleep, but who now set up loud screams of fright. Again they spoke: "Don't cry, little ones, we are not going to trouble you,"

and went out into the passage, leaving our rooms unmolested, though a large silver pitcher stood in tempting reach of them.

My room was on the front porch, and though the blinds were pierced and shaken by their bayonets they were never unclosed; but the fearful oaths and threats came distinctly through them to our ears. Every other room was upset and ransacked, but surely

THE ANGELS OF HEAVEN

guarded that chamber of the helpless and innocent, for it suffered no farther intrusion from the ruffians.

Our storeroom in the basement was passed apparently unnoticed, which we felt to be God's protecting care in our extremity, for had they entered our provisions would have been destroyed, as were my sister's. Ruthlessly they emptied the flour, grain, &c., upon the ground, and mixed them with the sand and earth, leaving her without food. She, with her children, came over to our cottage, and the eldest, poor little girl, took refuge in my bed, where she imagined she was quite safe. Oh, for the simple faith of childhood!

About midnight every evil was at its height. Party after party assailed our cottage, each determined on its destruction. They had cotton saturated with kerosine and turpentine, which, on the end of their bayonets or rods, they ran up between the weather-boarding and plastering. The room just below mine contained many combustibles, in the shape of paper and shavings, remaining from the packing and moving of provisions, &c. To these they applied the torch, and so persistent were their efforts to burn the house that all hope forsook my brave and heroic sister. Feeling unequal to announce to me what she thought to be a fatal fact, our kind old landlord came into the room, and taking his seat at my bedside, told me as gently as such tidings could be told, to prepare for the worst, as the house had been set on fire, and that they would have to move me. Two of the soldiers, on hearing my story, showed more heart than the officers had, and offered to make me a stretcher, if my sister would give them a strong quilt. Taking boards from the fence they began their work, and each stroke of the hammer

WAS AS A NAIL IN MY COFFIN.

About 1 o'clock they sent for our old doctor to know what should be done with me. He came, much distracted and crushed, and told us that all he now

possessed in the world was the clothing he had on. All, all, had been destroyed, and his family had sought refuge in the Asylum yard, already crowded with the homeless. He advised that I should not be moved, unless the house was past hope, for where was I to go? No one knew. Death seemed to stare me in the face; yet even in that awful hour the "Rebel" spirit spoke: "Better to be burned than be taken out by Yankee soldiers!" I was not, however, ungrateful to these two kind soldiers, whom I believe were Iowa men, and who, as a general rule, showed the most mercy. But the scenes of that night had not engendered love in our hearts towards them.

My sister had gone almost into the streets pleading with each officer or private that passed for help; indeed, she plead so unceasingly throughout the night that by morning she had completely lost her voice. Her distress at last attracted the attention of a captain. On hearing her name, he found it to be the same as that of an intimate friend and chum of his who was a colonel in some New York regiment, and a very distant relative of ours. Upon this he promised to save the house, and he kept his word, fighting hard with every new party that set the fire, and succeeding in extinguishing the flames. Thus the much-dreaded stretcher was never needed.

Such was the effrontery and impudence of some of the soldiers, that in the midst of all that torture of mind, one of them seeing a sheet of music, with my sister's name upon it, in the parlor, sent one of our servants to request her to give it to him. We were struck even then, with the completeness of the farce. Another sent for some saleratus, to make his bread with, which my sister hastily bestowed, thinking to conciliate them, and prevent them forcing their way into the room. Some of them said, they knew where to come, after the war, for wives—

SOUTHERN WOMEN WERE SO PLUCKY.

It was something ludicrous to see how suddenly stout some of our household grew that night. Two or three suits were added to the children's clothing as well as the grown persons, and hoop-skirts proved safe receptacles for valuables of all kinds. My sisters were weighted down with jewelry and gold, not to speak of shoes and other articles of dress. One, naturally very slight, with a large shawl thrown around her, covering desks, &c., appeared to weigh two hundred pounds. In spite of all

this they escaped the ordeal of being searched, to which many others were subjected.

I cannot begin to tell of the demoralization of our household; each member would fly through the rooms bringing accounts of terrible threats or of deeds done. Our old nurse lost her wits completely, and all she could say while going in and out was: "Lord, what is dis? what is dis? Dem debils, oh, dem debils!" Many moments I would be entirely deserted, and to be calmly passive at such a time was harder than the active excitement of the others.

The loving care of our Heavenly Father was again manifested in the arrival of a cup of arrow root and brandy, sent by a tender, thoughtful heart, through all confusion and danger. I never knew how it came, or who brought it, but it reached my bedside in time to restore my sinking frame, as the intense excitement had well nigh extinguished the vital spark. That Christian act I can never forget.

About 5 o'clock in the morning the order to cease the terrible carnival was given, and the immediate quiet which followed was passing strange, yet it showed the thorough discipline of the mighty army; besides, it proved most clearly that permission, if not express command, had been given

TO BURN AND SACK THE TOWN,

notwithstanding the oft repeated assertion that "the soldiers had got beyond control by the excessive use of liquor, which had fallen into their hands."

As soon as possible in the morning, the inhabitants turned out with one consent, to learn the fate of their relatives and friends. One can well imagine the varied experiences each one had to relate. The homeless were taken in by the more fortunate, and food and clothing were shared with the destitute. It was our pleasure to provide breakfast for our kind old doctor on his morning visit.

Again and again, during that day, we were startled by explosions which made our house rock on its foundation and our hearts sink. The enemy was blowing up the public buildings, but our private houses were protected by guards.

The captain, who had been so kind in saving our house from the fury of the flames, continued his watchfulness while the army remained in Columbia. Under his protection, two of my sisters went to Gen. Wood's headquarters, and requested a guard, which was not refused this time.

In the evenings the soldiers would chop down fences for camp fires, and if you can imagine the number of axes all cutting at once you will not wonder that the strange and mysterious sound made us think that some still greater calamity was coming upon us. Our guard explained it, as he did all unusual sounds, and calmed our fears in a measure, but we could not, and did not, believe him implicitly.

On Sunday service was held in the churches that had been saved and quiet was observed by the army.

Then came Monday, the day of departure. The long train of wagons, laden with every kind of provisions, comfort and luxury, passed our door. The men were splendidly equipped, the horses fat and strong. What a contrast to our half-clad, half-starved men, and lean, broken-down horses! Though these horses of ours, we were told, when the order came "to charge," would spring forward with new life and strength, as if they possessed

THE UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT

of their masters. The trains were so long in passing that the ear grew weary of the grating of the wheels, as they dragged their heavy loads along.

At last they were gone! Then came the overwhelming sense of our destitution! The great stillness after the storm of destruction was oppressive, stifling! What next?

As night drew on dread of the stragglers seized us, for we had heard of their lawless deeds. Vigils were kept in every house, as very few ventured to rest. The old men organized themselves and patrolled the town, which gave us somewhat the feeling of security, and God, in tender mercy and compassion, spared us further trial.

Many negroes went with the army; some returned before going very far; some, suffering from exposure and hardship, stopped on the way, and several died. Our servants were faithful and devoted during the whole war.

As soon as practicable wagon loads of provisions were sent from Sumter and other sections which had escaped the destroyer's torch. These provisions were distributed daily to the inhabitants, my sisters going regularly with the rest of the sufferers for their "rations," which, though plain and coarse, were most acceptable.

Two weeks later my father and brother, who were on furlough from Virginia, hearing of the burning of Columbia, left Abbeville to learn our fate. They met

my husband, and, the railroad having been destroyed for many miles above Columbia, the three walked the desolated road. On the way terrible tales were told them, which filled their hearts with an agony of dread as to our condition. Weary and foot-sore they reached us at last, and finding us brought in safety through the ordeal, tears of joy and gratitude coursed down their cheeks.

After that time there was no event of moment in our lives, excepting a threatened raid of colored troops from Sumter, till May, when the crushing news came of

LEE'S SURRENDER.

"It cannot be true," we said; "Lee could not, would not surrender!"

Such was our faith in our great hero. The news proved only too sadly true, however, and throughout the length and breadth of the Southern land, tears of bitter, bitter disappointment were shed, alike by war veterans and broken-hearted men and women.

We then united our families in one house, and remained the summer in Columbia. A garrison was stationed there, and many little incidents, both provoking and amusing, took place, which I do not remember well enough to relate.

Our families parted in October, when two of my sisters left for Charleston. The railroad had been destroyed for many miles, and they had a weary and uncomfortable ride in a wagon, to reach the City by the Sea.

A month later we considered ourselves very fortunate in securing an old carriage, and in having a much shorter distance to ride, for the road had been repaired as far up as Hopkins Station.

We reached home in safety, and with hearts full of gratitude to see it once more. We found the house stripped of every article, still it was "Home, sweet home," that name so full of rest and quiet.

One morning, shortly after our arrival, we were much disturbed by our butler coming up stairs, greatly excited and saying a Yankee officer wished to see me.

See me? what on earth could he wish for everything was already gone.

The demand, however, was so imperative, and we so completely in their power, that I dared not disobey, and, with trembling steps, I went down.

First, though, I must tell of his entrance into the house. The servant was preparing the table for dinner, when he saw this officer and a lady walking in

through the back entrance, without leave or license. This incensed him at once, for his ideas of politeness and etiquette were very strict, and he felt it

"AN INSULT TO A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY." Not very courteously he demanded "What he wanted? why he had not rung the bell and waited to be asked in? didn't he know that ladies were in the house? he wasn't accustomed to such manners!" While speaking he conducted them back to the street, where the lady resumed her seat in the carriage that awaited them, and he brought the officer in through the front door, and, conducting him to the parlor, summoned me.

When I entered, the officer remained seated, and giving no salutation whatever, entered at once upon his business. Treating me with marked insolence of manner, he said: "I wish to see the house, and want to know what furniture it contains, as I wish to take possession."

I stood amazed, turning over in my mind what and how to answer, our faithful servant standing, meanwhile, just outside the door, to protect me from insult. Vexed and frightened, I managed to reply: "I think you have made a mistake, sir; this house belongs to my husband."

"Not at all," said he, rising from his seat in evident irritation, "it is on the books of the Freedmen's Bureau."

"That cannot be, and to satisfy yourself, would you be kind enough to call again when my husband will be at home?"

He went off without even a "good morning."

My servant's indignation, knowing no bounds, gave vent to invectives and oaths of all kinds, and the faithful creature threatened to kill the officer if he returned. However, we heard nothing more of him, though, for awhile, we expected to be turned into the streets.

As a tribute to the memory of our faithful servant, I would record his love and devotion to my brother, whom he accompanied throughout the entire campaign of Virginia, following him on Gen. Stuart's raid through Pennsylvania, when he was tempted to leave his master and be free, which he declined, preferring to follow him through all dangers and privations. He was the servant of my brother's "mess," and known to them as "Old Titus."

In closing my experiences of the war, I would add that with advanced years, and in the blessedness of peace, though true "Rebels" still, we bear only love and good will towards our fellow-men.

No. 40.—The Inauguration of Mr. Davis.

(By Mrs. E. P. Marrisette, of Montgomery, Ala.)

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er every land beside;
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

[Campbell.]

The invitation of THE WEEKLY NEWS AND COURIER to the women of the South for reminiscences of the late war meets a ready response in all our hearts. Women are now no less indifferent than were the Israelitish mothers, wives and daughters in the olden time, when they sang praises to David returning victorious from contest with the oppressions of his country. Soon these historic women had no land to claim as home, but they were true in all after ages to the heroes that had lived, to the traditions of their past. All that is left us is the memory of our struggle, the names of those who made it glorious, and the belief that the principles for which we contended with tongue, pen and sword will yet be vindicated as the true exposition of the Constitution.

I do not propose to write personal recollections, for I was very young when fighting began—that struggle "not for the slavery of the colored race, but for the freedom of the white race from the abuses of a majority." I can only remember that about the time that I was 6 years old my invalid mother was strangely excited, and how, one evening, she who rarely left us little folks at night went to the theatre to hear Yancy speak. The air resounded with his name, and the community was wild with enthusiasm for him, and with the fervor of patriotism he woke in their souls. I have heard men since the war say that there was more in the man and his magnetic influence than there was in his addresses before an audience, and have thought that that comparison in Macaulay of logic and politics was here applicable. Alluding to the awkward framing of an Act of Parliament which secured great liberties to the English people, he said that such words must be judged not as *words* elegant or rhetorical, but as *deeds* affecting the end they contemplated. Judging the orations of Wm. L. Yancy either as specimens of eloquence or as

potent factors in the war, how great they were! That he honestly gave his voice for secession, even those who were strongest for "fighting in the Union" do not doubt, and for a man like him to be possessed with this conviction, how naturally it followed that his companions and associates should feel and think with him.

The next excitement that made an impression on my mind was

THE INAUGURATION OF MR. DAVIS.

The day of this ceremony, the 18th of February, 1861, will live in memory as long as live any, even the remote descendants, of the men who framed at Montgomery the Confederate Constitution. The 13th of this month will be cherished by all the Southern States, especially by Virginia, she taking the lead in the Peace Convention which assembled in Washington, our national capital, on that day. Her son, ex-President Tyler, presided, and made there his eloquent, almost his last, appeal for "triumph of country over party," for justice and right. Death spared him the bitterness reserved for others, not less true and devoted, "who wrote their own eulogy in their country's history." In "characters bright, resplendent, glorious, vivifying," do the heroes of the dead Confederacy stand in history. The women of the South are deaf to the voice of detraction—these names they will love and revere as long as are venerated the virtues of courage, patriotism and self-sacrifice, saying only in Tyler's words: "If this be delusion, let me embrace it as reality."

A dim picture, hazy with childish impressions, that inauguration scene rises before me. The white Capitol building loomed large on the grass-covered eminence. Outside a narrow space, reserved vacant immediately in front, a vast concourse crowded. The attending military looked stern and terrible to me clinging to my father's hand. Soon the pale, resolute face of Mr. Davis appeared in the midst of grave men on the portico, and he began his address. Rarely in all the annals of history did an audience listen as did this audience, and never to a braver, truer man. Clear his tones rose, chaste, simple and fervid were his words, and at last, in expressions that even a child could comprehend, he called on God to witness

THE HONESTY OF HIS PURPOSE, and invoked Divine aid in the discharge of that high office to which he had been called.

The recollections which come next are of my mother's anxiety to get the newspapers every day; a change, as the war progressed, to coarser food and plainer clothes, learning to sew and to knit, that I too might put something in the boxes forwarded to our soldiers.

As I neared 11 years of age, old enough now for patriotism to be thoroughly awake, how my heart ached as all seemed about to close in defeat. How crushed and humiliated I felt that soft, spring day when blue-coated soldiery marched into Montgomery. Already, the evening before, huge black volumes of smoke had told us that the warehouses were being burned to keep their stores from enriching the enemy. I know now that they contained a hundred thousand bales of cotton, worth many millions of dollars. I never expect to see, unless I witness a volcanic eruption, anything more awfully sublime than was this conflagration. First the huge, dense volumes of smoke, looking as if they came belching from the opened mouths of hell, then the lurid flames leaping through the iron-barred windows, then the whole structures glowing flame-colored against the night sky, in their luminous brightness, obliterating the stars overhead and making those on the opposite side of the heavens look pale and dim.

Ere long came the news of the final, complete surrender, and even the suckling babes of Southern women then missed all gladness from their mothers' faces.

A few times I had seen Confederate soldiers. I remember that one evening they said the Tuskaloosa cadets (the cadets of the State Military Institute) had been called on. One of my cousins was among them, and how my heart beat and pulses throbbed as this young company trod to martial music of fife and drum through our streets just after dark. These boy-soldiers acquitted themselves nobly in repelling a Federal raid on the railroad near Chehaw, above this city.

Once, I remember, a soldier had called at my mother's in search of Mrs. S. L. A. Bibb, who was at that time president of the Ladies' Hospital of this place, and I was sent to guide him to her house, and felt honored in doing even so slight a service for him. Mrs. Bibb once took me with her to this hospital, and I can never forget the impression made on me by the spectacle of so many strong men laid low by sickness and by wounds.

MRS. S. L. A. BIBB

is a revered relative and it is of her and her work in the wards of the sick and

dying that I mean to write. Her maiden name was Miss Sophia Gilmer, daughter of Mrs. S. M. Gilmer, of Oglethorpe County, Ga., and sister of Governor Geo. Gilmer, of that State. Mrs. Bibb's mother was Miss Lewis, of Virginia, a daughter of the Lewises distinguished for patriotism and courage in Revolutionary times. In her marriage she was singularly blessed, her husband, Benajah S. Bibb, now in his eighty-eighth year, having been the companion of her childhood, and a husband who gave to her the first and only love of his life, a love that has beautifully stood the test of sixty-five wedded years. He is known and honored throughout his native State, which he served in her early Legislatures and as Judge in her Courts. His brothers, Wm. Wyatt Bibb and Thomas Bibb, were the first two Governors of Alabama. So you can easily see that with Mrs. Bibb heroism and patriotism were an inheritance of blood, and that this was fostered and encouraged by the perfect sympathy of her noble husband. Nor will you deem it strange that I sought her permission to put on record a course of devotion to her country's service of which her every child and grandchild is justly proud. Of her and of him our earnest prayer is that "their worth may plant itself honorably forth into new generations."

Southern women may have done no more than those of any other clime and age, under similar circumstances, but never did women feel more and try to do more. All classes, from highest to lowest, laid aside every duty and devoted themselves to some kind of labor that might relieve or benefit our armies in the field. While the men, from schoolboys to grandfathers, were volunteering for army service, the women were not idle. They sought every opportunity of equipping and supplying the armies in the field. Montgomery being a central point on the great thoroughfare of the Confederacy, great numbers of sick and wounded soldiers were sent or detained here. Before any provision had been made for these a soldier had been sent to the poorhouse. Already the ladies of Montgomery had formed themselves into a society for making garments to be forwarded as they were needed. As soon as the news was brought to this association of the sick soldier, they began to discuss plans for a hospital.

MRS. DR. BELLENGER

offered some new unoccupied houses on her lot just outside the city limits for this purpose, and her offer was eagerly

accepted, the cool, healthful locality surmounting the inconvenience of distance, added to the important consideration of its being a free gift to the society, whose funds were limited. The greatest number of sick here at any one time was twenty-eight. The ladies hired a faithful old German and his wife to stay there night and day, and they went out every day in their carriages to minister with their generous associate, Mrs. Bellenger, to the suffering. In several instances a soldier was carried from there to the private homes, that his improvement might be more rapid. The house of Mrs. Bibb's daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. J. Bibb, was the first that so honored itself with such a visitor. Among the first engaged in this noble work were Mrs. Dr. Bellenger, Mrs. S. L. A. Bibb, Mrs. W. J. Bibb, Mrs. Crawford Bibb, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Hausman, Mrs. Coles, Mrs. Elmore and others. Mrs. Bellenger is still living in the same place, a white-haired, gentle old lady, and she loves to recall these past scenes.

"Once a great many of the poor fellows had measles here," she told me, "and Dr. Bellenger said 'suppose, wife, you give them some *hot punch*; nothing would be better to bring the measles out thoroughly.' So I went out and said to them: 'How would you like some hot punch?' And oh, what a smile went round! They took it, and it did them good."

In the following December the ladies rented a larger building more centrally located. A question which from the first gave them much concern was, what shall we name the house? One suggested "Soldiers' Retreat." "Never" broke forth Mrs. Elmore, "our soldiers will *never* retreat." This high-spirited woman could not bear such an association of ideas with a cause as dear to her as life itself, for which her son was fighting, and which she honored even in defeat. The name was soon decided by the parting remark of a soldier who called to say good-bye to his brother sick in the house. "Well, I will write our mother that you were not carried to a hospital, but to a soldiers' home." The first president of the Soldiers' Home was

MRS. WM. L. YANCY,

wife of our "silver-tongued orator." The friends of this lady often teased her about her extravagance in so soon spending the money her husband, on going to Europe, put into her hands for family expenses. It all speedily went, much of it purchasing help and comfort for Southern soldiers, and she had to write

him that he must give her orders for more. The next president was Mrs. Geo. W. Petrie, still living, the wife of the venerable pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this city.

Mrs. S. L. A. Bibb, who had been an active member of the sewing society, who with her daughter-in-law had been assiduous in her labors at the hospital outside the city limits, and who had been active vice-president from its very beginning, was now chosen president. Each year she resigned, to leave the office open to any who might be preferred. Each year she was re-elected, and continued to be president, and a constant, untiring worker in hospital service till the close of the war. In 1866, she remarked in conversation, "During the Confederacy, I gave every day in my life to it, and if it were to do over again, I'd give the nights."

Mrs. Bibb was so fortunate as to have at home a daughter who relieved her of all household cares. Every day she went immediately after breakfast down to the Home, where she was busy till dinner time, then right back again to stay till night. Often she would have ignored her dinner hour, but her idolized husband could not bear to miss her loved face from the head of his table. In her little office room she consulted, directed, received and dictated letters, cut out clothes and supervised the business of the establishment. She daily inspected every department of the building, kept her carriage at the door for general use, and this energetic lady, unwilling that any moment should not be improved, kept her knitting in her pocket and her busy fingers plied the needles as she moved about. She knit two hundred and twenty-seven pairs of socks. One of her small economies in the establishment was to convert waste material into excellent soap, for which there was plentiful demand there.

PRESIDENT DAVIS

often called at the Soldiers' Home on his visits to Montgomery, and he made Mrs. Bibb's heart glad with the assurance that nowhere in any part of the country had he seen a hospital more perfectly kept. The average number of sick at a time was one hundred; once the inmates numbered five hundred.

At one time early in its history many soldiers were suddenly brought here, and piles of fresh straw were laid bed-shape on the floors, and sheeting spread over and tacked tightly down; on these the sick lay, and an order was speedily sent to Pratt's Mills in Prattville for several hundred cots.

For some time the home was self-supporting. Judge Bibb was known from Huntsville to Mobile, and his wife almost as well-known as he, for among this rare gentleman's most lovable characteristics were devotion to his wife and an unconquerable habit of praising her. Contributions poured in to Mrs. Bibb from many counties far and near: money, provisions, wine, clothing, quilts, everything that could be useful. The Hebrews were munificent in their contributions, those of ordinary means giving often in these hard times one hundred dollars or its worth in commodities.

One wardrobe was reserved for burial clothes. When a soldier died here, away from his home, beyond the reach of the ministry of mother, wife and sister, then indeed did all that was tenderest in the heart of Mrs. Bibb seek to supply every loving care and attention. She saw that each was neatly dressed, wrote name, home and regiment in the Home records, and followed every one who was buried in the cemetery here to the grave hallowed by a soldier's form. A card bearing the same data was placed in each coffin and the headboards were marked in the same way. Time effaced the writing on these frail headboards; the records of the Home were destroyed after the ladies had sent them off for preservation just after the war. So, in consequence of this effacement, and this loss, a gravestone, now here and there in the soldiers' enclosure, bears

THE SAD WORD "UNKNOWN."

Many sick ones given up by the attending physicians were nursed back to life and health by the unwearying ladies. Mrs. Bibb recalls particularly four cases. Two of these were brothers, one only 18, weakened with fever, worn and emaciated, for whom the doctors said they could do no more. A room was thoroughly cleansed, freshened with white-wash, and prepared with two beds for their reception. They were borne into it on their mattresses and gently lifted down to their fresh beds, were treated with warm sponge baths followed by rubbing with olive oil, and fed regularly and in small quantities with good meat broths. Health and strength returned, and they went out again to risk their lives in their country's battles. The third was a soldier whose home was near Greenville. His case grew desperate and for him at last there was nothing that medical skill could accomplish; he too, under the superintendence and ministry of these de-

voted women, recovered, and rejoined his regiment. The fourth was from Richmond, Va., and was one of the many who were during the war carried to Mrs. Bibb's private residence. His disease arrested, he pined but for his mother's face. So Mrs. Bibb had him warmly wrapped up, took him in her carriage to the depot, entreated the conductor to be careful of him and to pass the word along the line that this soldier-boy might in the home of his mother get well. One day not long after this she was standing busily engaged in the president's office, and turned to listen to the sound of hurried steps. Before she could see who it was that rushed in at the door she was encircled in the embrace of the soldier-boy to whom she had been almost, but not quite, a mother. Her face lights up now as she says, "He was so robust and well;" and then it saddens as she adds—for he was passing through on his way to the field—"I never heard of him again."

Once came a box of clothing from some young ladies, each shirt being made with a little side-pocket. In each pocket the fair makers had put a letter or note. The dignified Southern dames consulted over the propriety of allowing the notes to remain, but as they were found to be merely appeals to patriotism and valor, or assurances of admiration for some well-known glorious Southern conflict, or pity for suffering no less known, these messengers of cheer were undisturbed. If any romance was ever connected with the result, these ladies never learned.

For a long time the Home was supported by private contributions; but at last the aid of the Government was solicited, and Mrs. Bibb yet speaks of the jolly and generous commissary,

MAJOR CALHOUN,

with grateful remembrance for his prompt responses to her every demand.

The ladies were wonderfully fortunate in their first matron, Mrs. Walton, a French woman, who had spent much of her life in England. She was judicious, skilled, sunny-tempered, tender-hearted and courageous. Her health was delicate and her death, two years after she entered on her duties, was a loss which could never afterwards be fully repaired. Other matrons were employed, but none were so dutiful as this pure, good woman, whom many rose up to call blessed.

I met in 1879, at one of the resorts on the Gulf coast, an ex-soldier of the Confederacy, once an inmate of the Home, who, finding I was from Montgomery, inquired after Mrs. Bibb and Mrs. Wm.

B. Bell. "Aunt Sophy" he called the former, for by this name she was best known to the patients. Stretching out his arm towards the Gulf, with glowing cheeks, his voice vibrating with feeling, he said, "I'd do anything at the bidding of Aunt Sophy or Mrs. Bell. I'd jump into that bay, this moment, to serve either of them." Many felt grateful devotion no less intense and sincere to both these faithful women, for both have lived long enough since to have received just such messages of appreciation.

When all was over Mrs. Bibb had still a labor of love for the Lost Cause. A memorial association was formed with intent to replace the wood with marble over the Confederates buried in our cemetery, and to erect a monument to their undying fame. Many of the same true women who had engaged heart and soul in the hospital service brought the same spirit to this work. A stone now marks each grave, and a fair marble shaft rises on the spot in commemoration of duty done by those who sleep around. On every 26th of April one chosen by the Ladies' Memorial Association pronounces a eulogy over their graves. Some have suggested that it is time to leave this off. I am not sufficiently a historian to say what examples have been set by women of other lands as to the perpetuation of such a memorial service over the fallen soldiers of an immortal cause. I can only recall what the most eloquent chronicler of chivalric deeds says in regard to the celebrations, kept up for a century, of the superhuman valor of the desperate Protestants of Londonderry: "It is impossible not to respect the sentiment which indicates itself by these tokens. It is a sentiment which belongs to the higher and purer part of human nature, and which adds not a little to the strength of States. A people which take no pride in the achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants."

Imbued with just such sentiment was Mrs. Bibb in the formation of the Memorial Association, of which she was at once unanimously made president, a position to which she has been re-elected year after year. Mrs. Bibb feels that as long as she can do anything she will place flowers on these graves as each anniversary returns; and as long as her heart beats, and her tongue can speak, she will cheer others on to the same

LABOR OF GRATEFUL LOVE.

With no pensions for the living, no Governmental care for the dead, this is

the sole tribute in our power to the heroism of our fathers, brothers and sons, who offered their lives in the defence of principles they regarded as the heritage of the founders of this Union.

In the beginning the Memorial Association gave public entertainments, concerts, &c., to raise funds. In these the school girls took part, learning from our elders love of country and veneration for the dead. In one of these how well I recall hearing recited the exquisite verses of Father Ryan on "The land without ruins." Of all his war poems, I believe none expresses more fully what we feel :

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest with the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down-trodden just:
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red bias
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past.
Yes, give me the land that hath legends and lays
That tell of the memories of long vanished days;
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song!
Enshrining the strife of the right with the wrong!
Yes, give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the graves that shall not be forgot.
Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom.
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn.
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of liberty's throne.
And each single wreck in the warpath of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

No. 41.—The Confederate Officer's Wife.

(By Palmetto, of Greenville, S. C.)

From the four years of our Confederate history I select a brief period of the last, the summer of 1864, as embracing some of my most trying experiences. My husband was an officer of one of the four South Carolina regiments of infantry that belonged to the Western army—regiments that did as hard fighting and lost as many gallant men as any four

of the regiments of our State that followed the glorious banner of Lee, and were true and faithful soldiers to the last.

I cannot restrain the promptings of my heart, and must mention the names of two heroes who belonged to that band of Carolinians in the Western army, both of whom fell in the forefront of their brigades, dying, as said the gallant Gregg, "for South Carolina." The names of Brig.-Gens. States Rights Gist and Clement H. Stevens, written by the women of Charleston in enduring brass, will never be forgotten by their children while the spirit of their State animates the hearts of their mothers.

At the period of which I write Atlanta was invested by the army of Gen. Sherman. To be near my husband, I had removed with my little boy then just 3 years old, to a town in Georgia, near the Atlanta and Augusta Railroad, and forty miles from the besieged city. Here I had a comfortable house, and here I could receive letters or telegrams from my husband, and we thought ourselves most fortunate in the arrangement. His letters had apprised me of the results of Gen. Johnston's campaign and of the battle of the 20th of July under Gen. Hood. I was given fully to understand that Atlanta was in danger, and that hard fighting for it was before our army. We could

HEAR THE GREAT GUNS

occasionally, and now that the siege had commenced my letters did not come and I was in all the anxiety of constant suspense. Those only who have felt this anxiety know what it is. With nothing but the great fact ever before us, that any moment might record our deepest sorrow and loss, what had we to relieve our hearts but a sense of His protection, whose providence could cover the heads of our loved ones in the day of battle and deliver us from trouble.

From my husband's letters I was encouraged to hope for the best. It was impossible for me to remove from the place where I was living, as our little daughter was but six days old. On this day, as I lay in bed, the only white adult in the house, a lady friend rushed into my chamber and exclaimed: "Mrs. —, the town is full of Yankees!"

The famous raiders were indeed upon us! I had no one with me but my nurse, a faithful, free colored woman from

Charleston, two young servants, my little boy and babe. Vivid pictures of the cruelty to which so many of my countrywomen and their children had been subjected rose to my mind and agitated my heart. I felt almost overcome.

One thing saved me—a powerful sense of God's omnipresence, and an almost immediate remembrance of an incident of which I had recently read in the wars of Napoleon. A cottage lay right in the path of his conquering army, the inmates of which consisted of an aged grandmother and her grandchildren. Dreading the approach of Napoleon's army and trembling with apprehension the aged Christian, at family prayers that night, had prayed that God would raise up a wall of defence for them against their devastating foe! This was the prayer of faith, but the young people ridiculed the prayer and told her that this was not the day of miracles. During the night, however, the snow fell heavily and drifted before the winds in great banks, so that the cottage was literally hidden from the highway by a "wall of snow," and the invader passed by! This incident came to my mind with so much force that I felt strengthened for the terrible ordeal that was before me. Nothing, I felt, could harm me unless it was the will of my Heavenly Father, and if it was His will that I should be molested, it was my duty to submit.

HOW THE FLAG WAS SAVED.

I was nerved to think what I had best do to save the huge flag of my husband's regiment, which he had sent me to work the names of battles on, and which hung from the staff in one corner of our chamber. I got the nurse to tear it from the staff, which she hid under the house, and, taking the flag from her hands I folded it up and wrapped it around a little pillow, sewed one case over it, and slipped it in another in the usual way, and put the little pillow under my baby's head. I then concealed some pictures and little articles I valued about my person, but finding I became feverish and over-excited, I determined to let everything else go, for I was looking for the soldiers to come in and rob the house every moment. My nurse saved our silver. This was her expedient: Taking it from a trunk in an adjoining shed-room she put it into a carpet-bag, meaning to bury it in the garden, but while in the act of leaving the room the soldiers entered the house. Hearing them, she threw the bag into a barrel containing some bran, and threw a number of old stockings and socks over them.

One of the soldiers walked up to the barrel and took a pair of socks. The nurse pleaded with him to spare me the stockings as they could be of no use to him. Her earnestness overcame him, and throwing back the old socks he ran his hand round among them and turned away from the barrel, little dreaming what was hidden there. As soon as he left the room Maria took the silver and concealed it more effectually. But for her activity and intelligent thoughtfulness all of it, including the valued and valuable gifts of our marriage, must have gone into the treasures of the raiders, for the trunk from which Maria took it was broken open and robbed of everything in it.

The lady who brought me the news of the presence of the soldiers had promised to spend the night with me, but her heart failed her, and well it might. She resided in the family of a most excellent gentleman, a Methodist preacher, the Rev. Mr. B—, whose house was immediately opposite ours. He promptly proposed that I should be brought over to his house for safety, and accordingly, I was put into an easy chair and carried across the street, Maria bringing the baby, with her flag pillow, the house and its contents being surrendered to Gen. Gerrard's soldiers, who made good use of their opportunity, breaking every trunk open and emptying them of their contents.

At Mr. B—'s I was put on a bed in a chamber on the first floor, the baby on another, and the excitement being intense everyone rushed out to be absorbed in the scenes of

DISORDER AND CONFUSION.

As I lay on my bed I heard the uproar of voices in the street and the passageway, the tramp of horses on the stone pavement of the yard leading to the smoke-house, the rude demands of the soldiers and the pleadings of the ladies to be spared something for the family to live on.

I feared every moment that the door would be forced open and that these raiding soldiers would enter my room.

Alone in the chamber with my baby, too weak to take her from the bed on which she was to my arms, and my heart beating at fever heat, I remembered my little boy and wondered where he was, for in the haste and confusion of my removal he had escaped from my chamber before I had time to tell him to remain. He was only three years old, and he might be trampled by the soldiers under their horses' feet, or for

their amusement they might have taken him up for a ride.

I could not call to any one, and my only refuge was in prayer. Too weak to stir and fearing the worst, I resigned my boy to God's holy keeping, and tried to compose my anxious heart. At this moment the door opened, my little son came running in, his face beaming with intense excitement, and exclaimed: "Ma! you know pa is come!"

I cannot describe my feelings at this announcement. How could he escape capture, or death! Every man capable of bearing arms was being seized, and resistance was death, for he must be the only Confederate soldier in the town!

Revolving these thoughts in hurried succession in my mind, the door again opened and my husband entered the room, kissed me and the baby, hastily explained that he had just arrived; that the raiders had cut the railroad and torn up the track for miles; that the soldiers in town were only stragglers from Stoneman's command; that our cavalry were after them; that to prevent capture he and his faithful servant had left the cars and had walked more than forty miles since the night before, and had been

"DODGING YANKEES ALL THE MORNING!"

He told me that, learning from Gen. Hardee that — was in the track of Stoneman's raid, and taking advantage of the time when our army had fallen back to the trenches of Atlanta, he had obtained leave for a few days to remove me, if possible, to South Carolina.

At this moment we were warned that a squad of cavalymen were approaching the front door, and in another moment my husband was gone. He had arranged with Ben where he would be, and going into a wood back of the house, he passed the night there, his faithful servant taking him a blanket and something to eat.

Oh! the horrors of that night!

When the morning came my husband again entered the room and assured me that the cavalry were all gone.

But how was I to get away from the town?

Now that my removal seemed impossible, the perplexity of my husband, and his anxiety to return to his regiment, only made me feel more miserable.

The baby grew sick and cried incessantly, and hourly alarms of "Yankees coming!" kept me fearfully nervous, for I knew not at what moment I might be apprised of my husband's capture or death.

After four such days Mr. B—— told me that he must either risk my removal or return to his command. We resolved on the risk.

Ben was commissioned to pick up an old broken-down horse left by the raiders, to take what was left to us with our young servants in a cart to Madison and to wait for us there.

Mr. ——— obtained a carriage from a kind friend who resided nine miles from — in our way to Madison, and putting me into it, with our children and Maria, we bade adieu to our friends in —, and I was driven safely to Mr. G.'s, the kind old gentleman who had loaned us the carriage and invited us to stop at his home to rest. My baby was only ten days old, and it was evident that I could not go on to Madison. The delay was necessary to my life, but it made me more unhappy, for the Federal cavalry was reported within a few miles of us, being in

RETREAT AFTER THEIR DEFEAT

and the capture of their general at Macon. The cavalry actually passed at night, and my husband again left me to escape capture, and again I was in dread of the presence of the soldiers in my chamber.

After a few days of such anxiety of mind, we learned that the cars were now coming within five miles of us and we determined to go on, for Mr. — told me he could not remain another day.

But what were we to do for horses? The retreating raiders had stripped the place of every available horse and mule, and left only poor, jaded and broken-down creatures in their places. Selecting a pair of these Mr. — hitched them to the carriage, and again we were on the road. It was a terribly rough way, full of stumps, and great hills to climb. To reach the train for Augusta it was necessary to drive fast, and the jolting at one time was fearful to endure!

A thunder and rain-storm coming up the horses refused to pull on a steep hill, and the carriage commenced to descend the hill.

Mr. — jumped down and held it, and after working to no purpose with the horses, he took us out in the rain, forced us up the hill, carried me up and put me back on the pallet in the carriage.

We knew that all this was running a fearful risk of my life, but I had deliberately chosen it rather than be left in the country which my husband feared would be overrun by the Federal cavalry.

We reached the railroad just in time

to get on the train about starting for Augusta.

At Madison we took up Ben, who told us that the retreating raiders had robbed him of his money and of all he had to eat; had "swapped horses with him;" had again ransacked our effects, and that he had shipped the remains on to Augusta.

I cannot express my sense of relief, the power of hope, the feeling of restfulness that came over me when, as we left Madison, Mr. — told me all danger of his capture was now over, and that we would be in South Carolina by morning.

Arriving at Kalmia, near Aiken, very early the next morning, my ever kind uncle and aunt were waiting to greet us. I was made as comfortable as the tenderest love and kindness could make me, and at 3 o'clock I bade

FAREWELL TO MY HUSBAND,

who took the train for Augusta and returned to his regiment, leaving Ben to rest a few days and to bring him tidings from me.

My nerves were shattered. The reaction came, and I was fearfully prostrated. But for the loving care of my sister and my ever kind aunt I must have died. Every emotion that can stir the heart had kept me up under the excitement of hourly dangers, but now that I was safe under the roof of affection, my bodily weakness made itself felt.

The mails were interrupted, and I could not hear from Atlanta, except that the city was closely besieged, and that our gallant men were falling daily in the trenches.

This burden of anxiety which I was now to bear in my weakness, none can ever know but those of my Southern sisters with whom I shared it in common.

The remainder of the summer of '64 was passed at Kalmia, and in the fall I went to my mother's plantation in the upper part of Charleston district to spend the winter.

Atlanta had fallen, and my husband was now with Gen. Hood on his unfortunate Tennessee campaign. Early in December I received by telegram intelligence of his being severely wounded in the battle of Franklin, where so many of our soldiers gave their lives for the Confederacy, and among them the able and

GALLANT BRIG.-GEN. GIST.

The army of Gen. Sherman was investing Savannah, and it became apparent that our low country would be overrun by the enemy.

Arrangements were being made by my mother to remove from the plantation, and before they were perfected my husband arrived from the West, badly wounded and worn down from the long journey. He decided to take me to the up-country of our State, and as soon as he could travel we went to Charleston and thence to Columbia.

A friend had imported successfully through the blockade supplies of provisions from Havana and offered to share with us if we would go up to S—. and this decided our destination.

We remained in Columbia until it was announced that Gen. Sherman's army was approaching the city, and were among those who left on a crowded train, probably the last to leave from the Charlotte depot before the arrival of Sherman.

It was intensely cold, the freight car in which we were being without doors, and crowded with people. My baby was very unwell and fretful, my husband too lame to be of much use to me, and my head throbbing with a violent sick headache! We could get no milk for the baby, and some kind ladies fed her with bread and water.

Our route was to Blackstocks, then by stage across to the Spartanburg and Union Railroad. The journey was terrible to contemplate in such weather. Arrived at night at Blackstocks, there was but one room for the accommodation of every one, black and white, with no chairs and no bed. A lady from S— had a lounge mattress which she kindly put at my disposal. I was too sick to hold my head up, and most thankfully rested on this mattress in one corner of this crowded room.

The next day we crossed Broad River and took the train for S—, where we arrived in safety, and were most kindly welcomed and cared for, until my husband could make arrangements for our living.

A cottage was taken together with a brother soldier and we arranged to live together, my husband thinking it fortunate that he could leave me in good hands when he

RETURNED TO HIS COMMAND.

Nothing worthy of note occurred here except our visit from the brigade of the Federal General Palmer immediately after the surrender of our armies.

At —, near Atlanta, I had not seen a single soldier, though they were in the same house with me. Now that they were riding into S—, I was intensely excited, for we had not heard of the

arrangement between Generals Johnston and Sherman, by which hostilities had ceased east of the Mississippi river.

My knees trembling with excitement I walked out into the piazza to witness their approach and to make the best of it.

The sight of those soldiers changed my feelings and fired me with indignation. I realized for the first time how men could fight with zest in a war like ours. All my fear left me, and ridiculous as it now seems, I felt an impulse hard to suppress, to hurl defiance at the whole of them. Capt. —, with whom my husband had rented our cottage, was too much disabled from his wound, received at Battery Wagner, to rejoin his command, and we were now under his protection. To secure us from harm, he invited two officers to make their quarters in our house.

One of these officers, an Ohio man, asked my little boy to come and sit by him. This was too much for my indignation to stand, and I promptly forbade his complying with the request. I had fully purposed not to speak to or be spoken to by these officers, but my resolution was overcome when the Ohio man said to Capt. —, "I would like to talk this whole matter over with you, but it would seem mean now that we have whipped you."

"I would be ashamed," I said, "to mention it, since you have taken four years, with the help of every nation under the sun, to crush, not to whip, a handful of Confederate soldiers."

He looked amazed, made no reply, and resumed his talk with Capt. —.

I astonished him again at supper. He remarked that he admired

"THE PLUCK OF SOUTHERN WOMEN,"

and said if he were not a married man he would like to marry one of them.

I could not keep quiet, and, in spite of my resolution not to open my mouth to these officers, I exclaimed, boiling over with indignation, "And what Southern woman do you suppose would marry a Yankee?"

The other officer, a lieutenant from Massachusetts, looked daggers at me, but the Ohio captain, who was evidently a gentleman, behaved very well.

Palmer's Brigade did not remain long in S. The general, as we learned, was in pursuit of President Davis, and it was with great satisfaction I saw our Ohio and Massachusetts protectors leave the cottage.

This is but the record of a few facts. It tells not of the long privation of

wholesome food which our families endured, and of the pain we suffered in seeing our little ones languish and die for the sheer want of proper nourishment and comforts—of the heartaches which telegrams and letters brought in from Virginia and from the West—of the sad bereavements which befell us in the loss of those we loved most dearly—of the ruin of our home and the wreck of our property—of the grief and disappointment which defeat and surrender brought. Here I leave the record. I write with no bitterness, and without the feeling of resentment which I once felt at the bare mention of the events I have referred to.

The sense of duty done, and the knowledge of God's providence overruling all things have brought peace and quiet to my heart, and many blessings have come to my life to make me feel abundant gratitude to Him, who is the God and Father of us all, and whose sovereign will orders all things well.

No. 42.—In and Out of the Confederacy.

(By Miss E. V. Mason, of Fairfax County, Va.)

We lived on the border, and were the first to feel the shock of war; yet the last to believe that it would really come. No Virginian thought it possible for a hostile foot to press the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion—that mother of all States. It seemed impossible that the brothers with whom we had always held affectionate intercourse, with whom we had married and intermarried, could invade our quiet homes and drive us from them. These rumors came from the ravings of wild politicians; the clouds would soon blow over, and show the sunshine brighter than before. But as the days went on, and rumors came louder, I went to Washington to bring home news, and to get advice as to our conduct in the crisis. We were told to stay at home, protect our property, and were promised that the war would be over in three months.

The first gun had sounded when I reached Washington and the first seventy-five thousand men had been "called out." That very night 20,000 men rushed "over the border." With

what agonized hearts we heard their dull tread—with what streaming eyes we hung our heads from the windows to see them pass on the pavement below! Our tears rained upon their heads. We could not bless, we dared not curse them. Yet these were the first to carry death and destruction to our devoted people.

Early next day I was upon their steps. Already the sentinels were posted far beyond the town, the terrified people flying before them. We had to get passes from the commandant to get to the homes to which we carried the terrible news. Already we were prisoners in these homes and must have permission to pass in and out of them. There must be a pass "for the cow to go to pasture," another for the horse to be shod, a third to go to the postoffice, a fourth to go to church, another for town, and so on interminably, the restrictions multiplying daily till at one time I held no less than thirteen passes for myself and family.

But though we were forced to have passes to get out, there needed no permission for those who wished to get in to us. Half a dozen soldiers would enter while we were at breakfast, clear off the table, drink all the milk in the cellar, dig our potatoes from the garden and cook them with the wood from our fences or out-houses. We were never safe from these intruders.

THE "BILLY WILSON BOYS"

were the least ceremonious of all. They helped themselves to our gold thimbles and earrings, rummaged our drawers under pretence of looking for "arms," (we were four unprotected females,) and took what they liked. Our days were spent in hiding from these wretches, and our nights passed in hopeless terror behind barricades of tables, chairs, wardrobe and piano, which were piled before doors and windows. In vain we appealed to the commandant of the town. With the best disposition in the world, he had no power over these undisciplined troops, and strongly advised our leaving this exposed situation, even at the risk of losing our property, and falling back into our own lines to which he would "pass" us.

At this period came news from the North that the best beloved child of our household was there ill—her condition aggravated by anxiety for our fate. I was urged to go to her instantly and to take with me our colored "mammy," whose nursing was deemed infallible. It was promised by one high in power that we should return as soon as our in-

valid could spare us, and relying upon this we determined to set out as soon as we could place the family in safety. An influential "Union" friend agreed to take the house and its contents and protect them with his own presence, while I flew to the stray lamb so far away from our fold. The family carriage had long since been "cut up" by Billy Wilson's boys—even had we possessed it we could not have used it, nor were we permitted to take any more than the contents of one trunk for the whole family. Some "loyal" man of the town was found to take us to the "lines," about seventeen miles away, for the moderate sum of thirty dollars. And so leaving behind our house-linen, books, china—all our household gods and goods—even our winter clothing, furs and silk dresses, we went forth into exile from a home we never saw again. At the close of the war were blackened ruins where had once lived a happy household—a desolate plain where once were flowers and fruits and blooming trees.

Every one who lived in those terrible times must remember how quickly grew hatred and suspicion between the contending parties, and how rife was unkindness and uncharitableness. It was easy enough for me to get into the North and receive my old affectionate welcome, but soon came embarrassment, and discomfort. The newspapers (those mischief makers) announced that

A "SECESH" SPY HAD COME TO TOWN, and then followed a description of my personal appearance little flattering to my vanity. Soon came the mayor, a nice gentleman, full of apologies, bringing some letters to me which had been intercepted—friendly letters from my home—telling how they had distributed the contents of my store-room alike to friend and foe, and that after the battle of Manassas they threw open the house, had coffee and milk ready for the fainting fugitives, adding: "We have done as you directed, and as do all Virginia women—we gave food and drink to our enemies."

From the moment of this disaster the Northern heart was so "fired" that my position became more and more painful, and my desire to get away more eager. Watched and threatened, I dared not venture into the street, but impertinent people came to see me—to look at a "Secesh," and as the papers now announced that I had made drawings of the fortifications within reach, interviewed the Democratic leaders, and was ready to depart with all necessary information for the "Rebel leaders,"

many whose sons and husbands had been captured at Bull Run came to ask me to take letters and packages to them. In vain I explained that I had come to the North on a mission of charity, that I could not hope to get away, and that if this were possible I would not be allowed to carry letters. It was easier for them to believe me a spy. Moved by their distress I agreed to take the letters, learn them by heart, and promised if ever I came to Richmond to find their dear prisoners and repeat the contents to them. During the many sleepless nights which intervened between this and that happy day I often mingled with my prayers the words of these ill-spelled letters, to keep them fresh in my mind, beginning with "my dear son," and ending with "your affectionate mother."

And now that the necessity for my stay was over, I grew more and more alarmed at a position which threatened me with imprisonment and was compromising to every one with whom I associated, especially so to the family who sheltered me. The "powerful friend" who had promised to restore me to my suffering country had "reckoned without his host," and was as much frightened as I was. To give me an idea of the state of feeling about and around me, he said that at a grand dinner with the secretary of State the secretary was called out to receive a telegram of importance, setting forth that in such a town and such a family the detectives had discovered a Southern woman spy, (naming me,) who was so clever that at a glance she could carry away details of fortifications, arms and equipments important to the "Rebels." My friend prayed me to remain quiet, to see no one, speak to no one, in fine, he saw Fort Lafayette for me, but I saw further than this. How to get away was the question, and whither to fly? I could not counsel with my friends, for they were afraid to let me out of their sight, lest I be "taken." Nor could I compromise them by making them abettors in an escape which was forbidden by the Government. A thousand plans were suggested by my busy brain only to be dismissed as impracticable.

At this juncture a friend came from a remote town in Pennsylvania to make us a visit, and to her I confided my design. It was agreed that we should exchange trunks, she taking my clothing home with her, leaving her's behind, and that when the moment was "ripe" I should come to her, take up my baggage, and

FLY TO THE HOSPITABLE WEST,

where I had sympathetic friends who would receive me and hide me, if need be. To these friends I wrote, through her kindness, in mysterious terms, saying that "on or about the first of November" they would meet an old friend who was akin to them.

And, now, I must have money for the dangerous journey before me, and must go to New York, where I had a small sum in bank, and where were some North Carolina bonds, long since deposited by one of my family.

I set out for New York with the unwillingness of a prisoner to his condemnation, afraid of being known, my errand suspected, and seeing the gallows, the spy's fate, before me. Nor were my fears allayed when I remarked that in every omnibus I entered there came the same man, taking his seat near the door. In vain I went into shops and changed my "lines," there was my persecutor. At last I found myself with an old friend, far up town, and told her the story of my woes, for which she had been prepared by the odious newspapers.

"Calm yourself," she exclaimed, "we will outwit your detective. He shall wait on the front some time, while we escape by the back door."

Taking me into the stable we entered the carriage, drove through several alleys to another street, then far out on the Bloomingdale road. Returning to the city by many crooked ways we stopped near my bank, where she left me, and returning presently said that all was safe. She then conducted me to a private room, where we sewed the Carolina bonds into the lining of my dress and my \$500 in gold into the "puffs" of my sleeves, and so she took me to the ferry and we bade good-bye, not to meet again in long years.

In fear and trembling I entered the ferry-boat and mingled with the crowd, dreading lest my detective should be at my heels. Presently some one touched my shoulder and I looked around to see the kind face of an old gentleman—my childhood's friend, who had come from the West a long journey—moved by the accounts he had seen, and afraid to have found me in prison! Dear old man! he did not feel safe in my dangerous company, though armed with a double panoply of Unionism. How much he must have loved me to peril so much! He told me his wife had read in the papers of my danger and had sent him to rescue me. If money could buy me out of

trouble it was not to be spared. In a few words, it was arranged that I should meet him at 11 o'clock the next night, in Philadelphia, when he would take me beyond the mountains to

SOME PLACE OF SAFETY.

The next morning I went to drive with my invalid, asked to be left to walk home, and with a beating heart hurried to the railroad train, which took me to my Pennsylvania friend. She was ready with my luggage, and, with a man to protect me, we reached Philadelphia in due time, and with my old friend I was by midnight far on my journey.

As we neared the great Western city, to which our steps tended, I parted with my dear old friend, who went to relieve the anxious heart at home, and I never saw him again. My kinsfolk received me with open arms, and it was resolved that I should apply to be sent South to a man powerful in the Union party, who had been in times past a friend of my family, and who knew me to be a lady and incapable of the crimes imputed to me. To him I went speedily, but found him from home. His brother, however, opened the door, and, as I hesitated to tell my name and business, he said, "I knew you at a glance, and in truth we have been expecting you for some days."

"Expecting me?" I exclaimed, "why—I have just run away from the North, and nobody knew my intention."

To this he replied that his brother having had occasion to go to the Custom-house, saw there a list of the names of suspected persons a thousand strong, and amongst those was mine, and opposite it written, "Dangerous—to be watched." Dropping into a chair I burst into tears, and wished that the earth would open and swallow me. It was plain to see that I should never get to my family. This gentleman reassured me, prayed me not to be alarmed, and exhorted me to walk forth openly "in all the power of innocence;" but I had no faith in the power of innocence in those dreadful days; nor did I wish to test the "power" of his brother, whom he was sure could release me if I should be imprisoned. So I went away to hide myself till I should hear that they had some plan to propose by which I could go South. It was no easy matter, with all their influence. Dozens of poor ladies had been waiting for weeks and months, but at last I received the wished-for summons—armed with a letter I was to go to a hotel where were some gentlemen going on a Government steamer to carry forage and

provisions to the army of Western Virginia, then in active operation. I had a letter to the commanding general, whom I had known in happier days, and was sure he would put me through the lines by flag of truce should I get there before he had communications from Washington. The gentlemen to whom I was recommended were to set out the next morning, and were most kind in offering to take me with them, eager to oblige my friend. So behold me on board with two kind men, one a volunteer officer, the other his brother-in-law, a physician, and both of Boston. They were too polite to ask my errand and I was too prudent to disclose it. If they assumed that I was going to the Union army to nurse soldiers, it was not necessary to disclaim it. We discussed everything but politics on that journey of three weeks, and became fast friends. We only travelled by day, as both sides of the river were said to be infested with Rebel scouts and cavalry, ready to fire upon us at any moment, and I was not allowed to go upon the guards of the boat, lest I should be

A MARK FOR THEIR BULLETS.

Longingly I looked for the Rebel cavalry and prayed they would come and take us and thus end all my difficulties. But they did not, and we feasted on "Uncle Sam's" oysters and champagne, which I enjoyed the more as I knew it would be long before I should taste again such dainties. In the midst of our feasting one day we ran upon a "snag," and to save our steamer were obliged to give to the waters all our grain and forage. My trunk only was saved from the wreck, and empty handed we proceeded to our destination. When about ten or twelve miles from "headquarters" my gentlemen left me to report the disaster, and by them I sent my letter of introduction to the commanding general, with one of my own, reminding him of our former acquaintance and stating the circumstances which had brought me to his camp, saying that I waited at a respectful distance, not to see what he would wish concealed from my people, and assuring him if he would let me pass through his hosts and send me to my own lines I would not in any way make use of any knowledge I might obtain to his disadvantage. In a few hours came a telegram saying that a flag of truce would go out at daylight next morning, and that his own servant and ambulance would be sent for me during the night.

While waiting the answer to my mis-

sive, I had observed that the steamer was being loaded with great bundles discharged from wagons on the high bluff above us, and that these bundles came sliding down from the banks on a plank-way, falling heavily upon the lower deck.

"What are you loading?" I asked of one of the boatmen.

"These are sick men come in from camp," he replied.

"An outrage upon humanity," I exclaimed, and ran down the companion-way to examine the live bundles, which were coughing, groaning and moaning audibly.

Here were men in all stages of measles, pneumonia, camp fever and other disorders incident to camp life, sent in wagons over thirteen miles of mountain road, on a December evening, without nurses, without physician and with no other covering than the blanket in which each man was enveloped. They assured me they had been sent out in the early morning without food or medicine, and were expected to remain without any attention till the sailing of the steamer to a hospital twenty miles below.

In spite of the remonstrances of the boatmen who declared the "company" had let the boat to the Government to transport horse feed and not men, I had the poor fellows taken into the cabin and placed in the berths denuded of mattresses and bed covers, and then proceeded

TO PHYSIC AND FEED THEM

as best I could. No entreaties could prevail upon the steward of this "loyal" company to give me anything for them to eat. I had tea, however, in my cabin and some crackers. The doctor had a box of seidlitz powders, a great lump of assafoetida and a jug of whiskey! There were thirty men to be fed. To the chilly ones I gave hot whiskey and water, the most popular of my remedies; to those who wailed the loudest the pills of assafoetida proved calming, and the seidlitz powders were given to the fever patients, whose tongues and pulses I examined with great care, and where there was doubt and fear of doing harm the tea was safely given.

Hardly was the jug emptied and the last pill and powder administered when the captain and the doctor returned from camp and announced that the ambulance waited for me. The doctor was not a little indignant at my having appropriated his whole medical supply, but was kind enough to go around the

whole group of patients, examine them and tell me their real condition, so that I left them in his hands, and departed with their thanks and blessings. And this was the beginning of my ministrations amongst soldiers, which lasted to the end of the war, and which became the life of my life.

It was midnight when I left the steamer with a thankful adieu to my kind hosts. "Once more on my native heath," though seated upon my trunk, with rain and sleet beating in my face, I felt neither cold nor fatigue, for, at last, I saw home and friends before me.

After crossing a mountain, over the worst road imaginable, we reached the camp at daylight, through miles of white tents and formidable looking out-posts. We drove to the general's tent, and his orderly came to say that I must go to a lady, whose house was within the camp, and there I should rest, get breakfast and be ready to set out by 8 o'clock. By this time my strength had given out—want of sleep, fatigue and excitement had made me really ill. I had to be lifted from the ambulance, put to bed and fortified by sundry cups of coffee to prepare me for an interview with the general and for my departure.

I have had the opportunity many times since to thank this lady for her kindness, and to talk over with her the strange fortune which brought us together at this juncture. The camp was upon her plantation, and on the top of the mountain above us was stationed her husband, an artillery officer of the Confederate army, whose guns were pointed towards the camp, but who could not fire without endangering the lives of his wife and children. The kind general came to greet me and give instructions for the journey. Should these words ever meet his eye he will see that here, as elsewhere, I have spoken of my gratitude to him and of my admiration for his conduct as a Christian and a soldier. He warned me to be careful of my luggage, as he was obliged to employ on escort duty men noted in camp as

THIEVES AND FREE-THINKERS.

But over these men he placed two experienced officers, who would see the men did their duty and treated me with proper respect. How accomplished his thieves must have been may be inferred from the fact, though I sat upon my trunk and carried my bag in my hand, not only were my combs and brushes stolen, but my prayer book and my Thomas-a-Kempis, for which they could have had no possible use.

The general further reminded me that I should follow in the path of war, that ruin and desolation would be on every side, and that there was but one house which he could count upon where I might find shelter before I reached the Southern lines. In this house, once the finest in the country, I would find a woman beautiful as Judith and as fierce. He declared that she had been a thorn in his side for many months. Driven almost to madness by the depredations of his soldiers, her husband and son driven to the mountains, for safety, her cattle and horses stolen or mutilated, she waged war upon her enemies with unrelenting fury. Leading his men into ambushes she would betray them to the Southern scouts and while the fighting went on, would sit upon her horse and pick off his men with her pistol. She had been summoned to his camp to answer for these misdemeanors, but always defied him, bidding him, "Come and fetch her." In vain had he tried to protest and appease her. Living in this fine house at the foot of a great mountain he counselled me to force myself upon her if necessary and demand shelter for a night, and if I should be ill to stop there and send on the flag of truce for succor.

I parted with tears from these the last friends of "the other side," though I did invite the General to come to Richmond and he promised to do so, but never came so far. My lady friend loaded me with messages for her husband and family, praying them to come and release her from her forced sojourn with the enemy, and at the last moment gave me a package of clothing for a poor woman on the mountain side whose house had been burned the previous day and whose loom, her sole means of support, had been destroyed by the soldiers.

As we drove off the General dropped a gold piece into my lap saying, "that is for the poor woman on the mountain," and before I could thank him the escort "closed up," the white flag of truce led the way, and we were

OFF TO DIXIE'S LAND.

We found the poor woman sitting amidst her ruins, the snow making more hideous the scene of desolation. The road on every side was marked by burned houses and barns and torn and disordered fences, now and then a half-starved dog or a ragged negro would peer from the ruins and then hide from us. Over mountains, fording streams, we reached at last the inhospitable mansion at which the General recommended

me to knock loudly. In answer to our summons, appeared a tall dark woman with flashing eyes and jet black hair, behind whom peeped a fair girl in contrast to our virago, who without waiting for us to speak, waved us off with a most imperious gesture.

"Go on," she said; "this is no place for you." You have done me harm enough. There is nothing more for you to steal."

Leaning from the ambulance I implored her to take me in for the night. Half dead with cold and fatigue I could go no further. I assured her that I was a Southern woman trying to get to my family, of whom I had had no news in six long months.

"You are in very bad company for a Southern woman," she rejoined, "but as you are a woman I will let you come in, but these men shall not enter my doors."

After explaining that this was a flag of truce, and that if they abandoned me I could never get on, as she had neither horse or wagon to give me, she consented to admit the two officers, and to allow the men to sleep in an outhouse.

By a blazing fire she told me the story of their sufferings, gave me a good supper and bed, and next morning I took my last taste of real coffee for many a long day; but the officers did not find it so good, the pretty blonde daughter vented her spite upon them by withholding the sugar, and they were too much afraid of her to ask for it.

The next evening brought us to our "lines." As we approached these our escort became unwilling to go on and declared they were afraid of "bushwhackers," and it was necessary to use blows and drawn swords to get them on. How my heart bounded when I saw

THE FIRST "MAN IN GREY,"

and found that, in spite of all reports to the contrary, he was well armed, well dressed and looked well fed. We fell upon the "pickets" from a South Carolina Regiment, and I was proud to show to my escort that the men were all of refinement and elegance.

It was impossible for me to get to the Confederate camp that night and impossible to allow the flag of truce to approach nearer. I was forced to sleep in one of the two log huts belonging to the pickets—while the other was allotted to the officers. There was but one bed, and either they must sit up or sleep together. I was informed next day by the Ohio gentleman who commanded our flag of truce that there was a long

struggle between the representatives of the different armies as to who should occupy the bed. At last it was determined they should sleep together. "I had no objection to sleep with a South Carolinian," said the Northern officer, "but I can imagine what it cost him to sleep with a Yankee."

The flag of truce went back next morning with a letter of thanks from me to the General.

Then came from the Southern camp a carriage exhumed from some long disused coach-house. It was driven by a little Irishman, who announced that he had heard a Yankee lady had come through the lines, and he wanted to see what she looked like. So far already had the two countries drifted apart that the people spoke as if the separation had endured years instead of months.

Mounting the ladder steps of this primitive vehicle I drove through a camp of thousands without finding one familiar face, though every man came to stare at the unwonted sight of a carriage and a woman.

As my courage was about to give way I was greeted by the familiar voice of a young physician—a family connection—who hurried to my assistance, got into the carriage and promised to find me shelter and set me

"ON TO RICHMOND."

Alas! shelter was not easy to find. Every house near the camp, every barn, every cabin was filled with sick and wounded soldiers. There was no town within twelve miles, and the "stage" to Richmond passed only twice a week. I must wait somewhere two days. We drove from house to house—the poor people either had their rooms filled, or they had suffered so much from disease resulting from their hospitality that they were afraid to take any one in. I was fainting with fatigue when, at the door of a neat-looking house, a young girl, who heard her father's refusal, cried, "Father, let the lady come in; I will give her my bed."

Upon the assurance of the Doctor that I had no disease and was only ill from fatigue, they admitted me to a delicious feather bed from which I only emerged the next day at dinner. At the table I observed the mistress of the house preparing sundry messes of "bacon and greens" to send to some sick men in one of her outhouses. I followed the servant to find seven East Tennesseans lying on dirty straw in every stage of camp fever. The air was stifling—the men suffering in every way, especially for medicine and

for clean beds and clothing. With the aid of the one least ill, we brought in clean straw, had water heated in the big iron pot standing in the chimney corner, bits of rags served for towels and tooth brushes, and we soon changed the atmosphere and the aspect of things. The water of boiled rice made them a drink, and when the Doctor came to see me he prescribed and promised to come out from the camp every day and visit them.

"Do not be afraid of losing them," he added, "you cannot kill an East Tennessean."

I did not feel so sure of this. So before parting we prayed together (they were good Baptists) and begged that God would spare us to meet again, and I promised to come back in a week or ten days, armed with power to open a hospital and bring them into it, and here I will add that at the end of a fortnight I had the happiness to see my East Tennesseans drive up to the hospital, waving their caps to me,

NOT ONE OF THE SEVEN MISSING.

The night before the anxiously expected "stage" arrived, I saw drive to our door a wagon, which deposited a fine looking young officer. He walked feebly, and I went to meet him. He was looking for the coach to take him to his family in Richmond. I saw that he was very ill, and found that he had been six weeks in camp with fever. He begged that I would not let the people of the house know it, or they would refuse him a lodging. We took the young girl into our confidence whose kindness had secured me entrance, and soon we helped our patient up the steep ladder-stairs, and saw him fall heavily upon the bed. While she went for hot water, I drew off with difficulty the heavy spurs and wet boots, rubbed the cold feet, and soon bathed them, washed his fevered mouth and administered hot tea. When fairly into bed, and I had promised under no circumstances to leave him behind, he exclaimed: "This is heaven!" and heaven sent him refreshing sleep.

Next morning we left our kind hosts, the sick man resting his weary head on my shoulder, and so we jolted over the rough way till we reached the neighboring town, and drove to the office of the medical director to ask what should be done with my precious burden—by this time delirious and unable to proceed further. After some delay (for the town was filled with sick and dying) we found a good lady who agreed to take him, though every room in the house was full. I saw the poor fellow comfortably

disposed in her drawing-room, where he was as carefully tended as by the mother who was soon summoned to his aid.

AND THIS WAS WAR!

This was the first campaign of a terrible winter which proved so fatal to Southern men summoned from luxurious homes, where they had never known ice and snows, to die amidst these cruel mountains with every disease incident to cold and exposure. In this village every woman opened her house and gave her services. The churches and courthouse were turned into hospitals. I went through one of the former to aid in giving food and medicine. In every pew lay a patient, cheerful sufferer, and to the enclosure around the altar they were constantly carrying the dead wrapped in a single blanket. Side by side lay master and servant—rich and poor. War, like death, is a great leveller. I saw come in from the camps ambulance after ambulance with their sad loads, the dead and dying in the same vehicle, and tried in vain to stay many a parting breath.

How could I leave such scenes where there was so much to do? Impelled by the hope of coming back with aid and comfort I hurried away. One day in Richmond was enough to assure my family that I was alive and well, to go and recite my letters to the prisoners, to ask for nurses and hospital stores and come back to the mountains—quite enough. To enter a field of duty which lasted till the cause died and the last man left the hospital, was all which I, in common with other Southern women, asked for and received.

No. 43.—War Times in Alabama.

(By Mrs. Mary Rhodes, of Alabama.)

Reading when a child of the Revolutionary war, and hearing the tales told by the family and the old negroes of hair-breadth escapes and the terrible cruelty of both "Redcoats" and "Tories," I had imbibed a horror of it, and from my earliest years dreaded lest I too might live to see one. The deeds of daring which made the boys wish there might be another war, for me had only the dark and suffering side, and Simms utterly failed to awake in me any other

feeling. It was therefore with all the old childish dread intensified, that I read and heard the constant predictions of a civil war—one so much more to be dreaded than the other. The Charleston Convention brought no hope; the election of Lincoln, the broken promises of the Administration in regard to Fort Sumter, and then the attack on and capture of Sumter fell like a thunderclap. It was war now. There was a call for volunteers, and then we knew it had come to our homes.

The gentlemen of our town had formed themselves into a company, and dressed up in their uniforms were a goodly looking set of men. They were the flower of the county—men who knew no fear, and would do and dare with the bravest. As long as it was only the dress parade, barbecues, balls and presentations of honors, it was well enough; but when the time came to *do*—when the committee sent to the Governor with offers of service returned to say the company was accepted, and must be ready to report at a moment's warning—the reality of the thing that was upon us made many a poor woman's heart stop its regular beat—the sickening dread that to-day the call might come! None were willing that husband, son or brother should not obey the call, but still the dread of it made the days miserable and banished sleep at night. We were ashamed of it, and tried to hide the feeling from others, but we could not help it.

At length (all too soon) the company was ordered to Montgomery, and had only a few days' notice. The uniform was Federal—of course it was of no use to wear to camp—and it was hurry-hurry to get the gray shirt and pants made up. All who did not have members of their own families going assisted those who had, and in a few hours the hurried preparations were finished, the last good-byes said, and the women turned to their lonely homes,

FEELING DESOLATE INDEED.

We not only had the children but the negroes and the plantations to care for and manage, and felt that we were incompetent, and at first that it was useless to try. None but those who went through it know the effort, or the

pain—and above all, and through all, the dread for the safety of those gone! It seems as if I never could sleep again, and being obliged to be up and doing was an absolute blessing.

I lived four miles from the postoffice, and we only had a mail once a week. You may imagine the anxiety when it was due. My husband was in Pensacola and wrote that they led a lazy life, and there was no danger. During the bombardment of Fort Pickens we heard the guns distinctly, and though the men had written to say there would be no danger to them, we could not rest, and sent messengers each day to the nearest telegraph office (twenty miles distant) to get the news, which travelled so slowly by mail; and to us the boom of each gun might be the death-knell of some one we loved. I sat on or walked the piazza all night—too restless and nervous to sleep. The letters came. None of our friends were engaged; as we ought to have known, it was an artillery fight, and we scolded ourselves and each other for having been so foolish—to be as foolish the next time the same thing occurred.

Then came the removal of the troops from Pensacola to Mississippi and the battle of Corinth, the first battle in which our company were engaged. I cannot tell the feeling of utter hopelessness—it comes back now, as it did then, and sickens me—those three weary days and nights! Too anxious to work, too nervous to keep still, and thus the anxiety was kept up. Brothers were in Virginia and Mississippi, and in the trans-Mississippi army. A letter told all were well and safe in one army, but what of the others? And the bullet of the Yankee was not all we had to dread—at Corinth the whole company was sick, many died of neglect and want of care.

I had a letter picked up in the Yankee camp. It was from a Yankee woman to her husband. She told all the minutiae of her everyday life, what she did and where she went, and then she told of her anxiety and that the pay he was getting in the army did not compensate for the pain she was suffering, and protested against his enlisting again. She had a horror of the South, and the Rebels to her were so many demons. She concluded as follows: "If I thought you never would come back I'd die, and pray I may die before I ever hear it. Will the money you are getting pay me for all this pain?" Whether he was killed or had dropped the letter in his hurry from camp, of course we did not know, but I often thought of her. She so far away was suffering the same that I was, but for the pay for which he was

fighting. To us it was a novel idea. We did not know whether our men were being paid or not—that was the last thing we ever thought of—certainly not in that light.

THE FURLOUGH WAS OUR JUBILEE, and whenever a soldier came home, every woman went to see him, to hear more particularly of the absent ones. They were feasted and entertained, and every one did all in their power to do them honor. We gave them the best we had. Our cakes were made of molasses and dried grapes, watermelon rinds, preserved first in molasses, answering as raisins and citron, and a very good substitute they made. Of poultry, meats, milk and butter we had an abundance, and could still obtain a little sugar (at fabulous prices) to sweeten the more dainty dishes. To look at a supper table all that was missed was the frosting to the cake, and confectionary, and the soldiers, the only ones we were seeking to gratify, never seemed to miss them. Some times we had tea and coffee, some times not, but all the substantial were there. The boys in their blue shirts and home made pants, stuck, perhaps in a pair of calvary boots, danced with some lady in silks of ante-bellum times, who thought the honor her's, not that of the boy in gray at her side. A few of the soldiers had tried the old black dress coat, but gave it up as "incongruous."

The hospitals and parole camps were written to, and they sent sick soldiers, too far from home to be sent there, to us to be nursed back to health. We did not know who they were and never saw them again, but they were welcomed because they "wore the gray" as did so many of our loved ones. It was reward enough to see them regain health and strength, and they never gave us cause to remember them save with pleasure.

"Send me some of your privates," I once heard a woman say, "I am not afraid but that your officers will receive plenty of attention."

If he wore the gray it was sufficient passport.

The keeping of the men in clothes was a constant source of anxiety. After the first year it was impossible to buy anything, and we had to rely on home-made clothes. The old loons were hunted up and repaired, and every lady went to work to weave cloth, not only for the soldiers, but for the family and negroes. I was perfectly ignorant of the first principals, but I knew I could learn. I went soon after I had commenced to get ready to weave, to visit

some friends, who also were busy "making cloth," and I was taken by the gentleman of the house to

HIS "LOOM-HOUSE"

to see the weaving, where I found an old negro, assisted by a girl, "making harness." This was just what I wanted so much to learn, and, taking the place of the girl, I was soon very much interested. My friend proposed leaving me and calling for me on his way back, and I gladly consented, and before his return had learned all I wished to know. It was a source of great amusement to a city lady who was of the party, and on my return to the house she asked me very gravely:

"Did you really wish to learn to make harness, or were you putting it on for effect?"

I answered that I really wished to learn how, as I had to teach the servants at home, not one of whom knew anything about it.

"Well," she replied, in a compassionate tone, "you are incomprehensible to me, and from my soul I pity you."

We not only had to furnish clothes for our own immediate soldiers, but there were others belonging to the company whose friends were entirely out of reach, and we clothed them to the end of the war. The clothing for the negroes was a heavy item and all supplies of that kind were cut off, and we could only give them what was made at home. On every plantation, and almost in every house, was heard the constant hum of the wheels, and the click of the looms. The planting of cotton was abandoned, but there was an abundance on every plantation, made the first year of the war, to last many years for clothing. The soldiers' clothes were made always of wool. To make the gray jeans part of the wool was dyed black, then mixed carefully with white and carded again and again until it was equally mixed, when it was spun into yarn. It took a great deal of time and much patience, and the mistress of the family had to give it her personal superintendence. The warp was bought from the factory, and then we took it to some good weaver and had it woven. For the men and boys at home we did not go to so much trouble; the yarn was dyed after being spun. The soldiers' clothes were a constant care; as soon as one suit was sent another was made, for they often lost their clothing, and it had to be ready to send at a moment's notice.

We wore homespun dresses, which were really very pretty. At a little dis-

tance they looked like gingham, and we were very proud of our work. We dyed them very prettily, and were more anxious to learn a new process of dyeing than we ever had been a new stitch in crochet or worsted work. We knit all the undershirts the soldiers wore, also socks and gloves, besides those required at home. We often knit until midnight, after all the day's work was done, and ladies knit as they rode in their carriages. We made hats of straw and the palmetto, not only for men and boys, but for ourselves and girls. Some were very pretty, woven of the narrow strips of palmetto, and beautifully white. We trimmed them with palmetto plumes and heads of wheat, or with home-made plumes of feathers. Indeed, we were very busy, and in the constant employment of hands and brain found our greatest comfort. I heard more than one woman say: "I never go to bed until I am too tired and worn out to think." And through all the trials, and troubles, and work

THE LOVE OF THE SOUTH KEPT US UP.

We never would listen to the thought that we might fail. We fully realized what defeat meant, and dreaded it so much that we were willing to risk our all rather than submit to it. We had the hardest lot. The men were moving about; to-day a fight, or looking forward to one, the constant excitement keeping them up, and even when not on duty the camp seldom failed to provide amusement. It was constant change, constant excitement. We at home had to "sit still and wait." It was terrible! One after another the luxuries failed, and we had to provide substitutes. In the place of sugar we made molasses of sorghum and found it a good substitute. Coffee and tea were things of the past, the little we had being kept for sickness. Salt we made ourselves from the salt mills in Clarke County. The overseer took the wagons with a set of hands and all the large pots and kettles he could find and camped out. The mill was simply a hole dug, into which was fixed a rude pump, and the water was boiled down to salt. It was white and strong. The government got a certain portion; the rest was taken home and we always had an abundance.

Now in those last two years all of our medicines gave out and we had to go to the woods for bark and roots and herbs. We made "quinine" of dogwood and poplar, boiled to a strong decoction, and then to a paste. We had to do the work of a chemist, without his labora-

tory. We made our own mustard, and opium and castor oil. This last, with all the refining we were capable of was a terrible dose and only used in extreme cases. Some said these all served a good purpose, but I always felt they were only a "make out." Shoes had to be made either at home or at some neighboring tannery, all of which had to be arranged for by the mistress, now the master of the plantation.

The wife of the soldier whose family had been supported by his labor had to be cared for, now that their means of support were cut off, and they were furnished corn, salt and meat. These women were generally good spinners and weavers and had all they could do, and at the highest prices. Some of them were

TRUE AND STAUNCH TO THE CAUSE;

others grumbled and "wished the thing over anyway," as they had to work so hard and the war would not benefit them. Already it had deprived them of many things; they had nothing to gain, nothing to lose, and as to love of country, they had none of that; one place was as good as another, so it was not too hot or too cold, and one President would be as mean as the other President. "There was no choice in rotten apples;" "they hated all rich people;" "the Yankee was fighting for money, and the Southern man for his niggers or fear of the conscript officer," and "if John had not been a fool he never would have gone to help any of them."

The overseers were in a constant fight with these poor women; they hated to give them the corn they were compelled to give. The Government and the overseers were also at loggerheads; the "tenth" was a constant irritation, and when the impressing officers came round, and horses, mules, and cattle were driven off, they got outrageously mad. "They could not make the crop without them, and could not see how they were expected to make enough to pay the 'tax-in-kind' when they were deprived of the means of making enough to feed home folks, and soldiers' families." Then we had to persuade and argue, and try to keep the peace. All of this grumbling we had to listen to. We could not do without the overseer, and of course we had to see that the Government claims were attended to. Then the hands were impressed to work on the Government works. The Confederates took the book and built stockades, and put obstructions in the river, and the Yankee took

the same book, turned over the page, and saw how to ride over the one and pull the other up.

"The corn woman" was a feature of the times. The men in the counties north of us were mostly farmers, owning small farms which they worked with the assistance of the family. Few owned slaves, and they planted grain crops chiefly. The men were now in the army, and good soldiers many of them made. During the last two years, for various reasons, many of the wives of these soldiers failed in making a crop, and were sent with papers from the probate judges to the counties south to get corn. No doubt these were really needy, and they were supplied abundantly; and then thinking it an easy way to make a living, others not needing help came. They neglected to plant crops, as it was far more easy to beg all the corn they wanted, than to work it. Women whose husbands were at home, who never had been in the army, young girls and old women came in droves—every railroad car and steamboat were filled with

"CORN WOMEN."

They came twenty and thirty together, got off at the stations and landings and scoured the country for miles, visiting every plantation and never failing to get their sacks filled and sent to the depot or river for them. Some had bedticks; one came to me with a sack over two yards long and one yard wide that would have held ten bushels of corn, and she had several like it. They soon became perfect nuisances. When you objected to giving them abused you; they no longer brought papers; when we had no corn to spare we gave them money, which they said they would rather have. It would save the trouble of toting the corn, and they could buy it at home for the money. I once gave them twenty-five dollars, all I had in the house at that time. "Well, this wont go to buy much corn, but as far it do go we's obliged to you," were the thanks. I saw a party of them on a steamboat counting their money. They had hundreds of dollars and a quantity of corn. The boats and railroads took them free. I was afterward told by a railroad official that their husbands and fathers met them at the depot and either sold the corn or took it to the stills and made it into whiskey. They hated the army and all in it and despised the negro, who returned the compliment with interest. The very sight of a corn woman made the overseers angry. They regarded them as they did the army worm.

All of these things the Southern woman had to contend with. There was no one now between her and all that was conflicting and disagreeable. She had to face and settle them herself, at what cost of health and strength none knew, and she never complained. Her letters sent to the army were bright and cheerful; it was the class before spoken of who sent the letters which made men deserters. The negroes worked faithfully and cheerfully; they were deprived of a few luxuries, but we made plenty of meat, and bread, molasses and tobacco for them. They had heavy cottons in the place of woollen clothing, and that was all, but they could have done a great deal of harm. All of them knew of Lincoln's "emancipation proclamation." I lived alone with my little children on the plantation, two miles from any neighbor, and surrounded by large plantations on which no white person lived.

THE NEGROES WERE MY PROTECTORS.

A negro man slept in the nearest out-house, and I could call him if I needed him. But during the four years I was never disturbed. Would any woman venture to stay there now in the present state of things? A thousand times, no!

The early spring of 1865 saw the war for the first time in all those years brought to our doors. Wilson's raiders were coming through. Selma had been surrounded with earthworks as a protection to the Government works in that city. The regular troops could not be spared, and the "Home Guards" were called out. There were but three men left in our town, and not a boy of fifteen years. Doctors and preachers all joined and responded to the call. It was on a bright evening in April that the Yankees were seen coming down the Summerfield road, and it did not take long for them to ride over the works so feebly manned. But few as they were, the "Home Guards" made many an empty saddle. They were beaten back, however, and Wilson and his ruffians entered the city. They burnt all of the public buildings, some of the churches, entered private dwellings and forced women and children into the streets, cut up furniture through their wantonness, stole everything they could lay their hands on and ruined carpets and bedding. I heard a lady say she believed he had collected his men from "Five Points, New York," and that the officers in many instances were worse than the men. They were beasts, not men, and it will be long before they are

thought of without a shudder. From Selma they passed into the adjoining county and stole or destroyed all they could find.

THOSE WERE DREADFUL NIGHTS

after the fall of Selma. Confederate soldiers were scattered, trying to get back to their commands and unwilling to be taken prisoners. Citizens were flying for their lives. At all hours I was called up to feed half-starved men, and give them a bed until daylight. The house was full, and the piazzas were full; they lay down with a chair for a pillow and slept as soundly as though it were a bed of down. At daylight they had breakfast and were gone, and at night it was the same thing over again. For many I had to hunt up clothing or shoes. All were weary, sick and foot-sore. The Yankees were within four miles, but never came nearer.

After awhile things settled down. The citizens returned to their homes, the soldiers no longer came through; they had found their commands or joined others. The prisoners (Home Guards) were released and sent home, except the officers, who were taken by Wilson to Georgia, "just for pure meanness." Soon we heard of Lee's surrender. I cannot write of that. We were just congratulating that at least we had escaped a visit from the Yankees. Mobile had been taken, and then came Johnston's capitulation. It fell on the women of the South like a thunderbolt on a clear day. We had refused utterly to see or believe it possible; had shut eyes and ears alike; it was too awful to think of, and we turned from it with a shudder. Never will I forget the Sunday the news came; there were no men in the church, and every woman's head was buried in silent anguish, and the faces of the children were white and scared; there was something dreadful—they knew not what. The voice of the minister trembled as he prayed; it was like the funeral of

SOME BELOVED DEAD ONE.

There was no sermon; the pastor raised his hand and prayed for comfort and blessings on his afflicted people, and silently we passed out. A grasp of the hand as friend met friend, and we went to our homes feeling that the cause was lost. The trials, hardships, dreams of four long and weary years thrown away! We were a conquered people!

And oh! what a sad coming home for the soldiers! worse almost than death. The sympathy for "the boys in grey"

was our deepest feeling; it was years before I could say in this "Thy will be done." Days of anxiety passed; we could not hear from the soldiers; the mails were broken up, and there was nothing but confusion and perplexity. "Surely they will come to-day." But many days passed and they came not.

Now came the news that Major Perry with part of an Indiana or Illinois regiment was coming through the country from Mobile to Montgomery, that they were stealing mules and horses, and silver and jewelry, and pressing the negro men to take the mules and horses to Montgomery. Major Perry claimed to be a graduate of West Point and a nephew of Commodore Perry. All again was anxiety; the sad experience of our friends in Selma had not lessened in the least our dread and detestation of the Yankee raiders, and the reports coming in represented them as being no better than Wilson's. They were stealing everything, or as one of the Yankees himself said: "It was the last chance, and they were making their everlasting jack." The provisions they did not need they destroyed. I again had a houseful. Many old men were afraid to stay at home and came to me, or slept in the roads. One old gentleman was afraid they would hang him for the gold he did not have in his possession. He was wealthy, and the negroes thought he had large sums in gold buried. His health was wretched, and I often feared that he would die on the steps before I would get him into the house, or that if ever he met the Yankees he would drop dead, such was his dread of them.

One evening I was sitting on the steps and heard a horse coming at full speed. In a few moments a young boy dashed up to the gate and halted. "The Yankees are in town," he shouted. "Not a great many white men, but crowds of negroes—hundreds of them." For a moment I turned sick and felt as if my heart had stopped beating.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Sure! Well, yes, I expect I am. I've had a pretty hard run of it. I'm off to the swamp; I want to save my horse," and he galloped off.

WELL THEY HAD COME AT LAST,

and I was here alone with these little children, to face men who were represented to be devils. But it would not do to give way, and I walked up the steps as calmly as I could, and commenced making preparations. The horses and mules were sent off to the

swamps. The silver had been buried some time since (where, I did not know,) with the exception of a few spoons and forks. I had some spoons made in the blacksmith shop, and these, with steel forks and knives were in daily use. I gave the children their supper, put them to bed without undressing them. Then some soldiers came in and I gave them supper. They told me the whites among the Yankees were not more than 75 or 80; they had been watching them all day, and would be in the woods near me next day, and if I needed them all I had to do was to blow a horn. But their orders were imperative: there had been a cessation of hostilities and unless in defence of the women they could do nothing.

And then I was left alone. I locked up the house, took my keys and went round to every trunk, drawer, door, desk, everything that locked, and put the key in the lock. Then to the smoke-house, storeroom and dairy, leaving the keys in the locks. All night I walked the piazza, too excited to sleep. I was in hopes they would take the direct road to Montgomery which would leave me undisturbed. That night seemed a year long, everything was as quiet as the grave. This was only for a night; how did the poor women stand it who had to go through it for days, and weeks, and months? I had breakfast next morning at daylight. I remember the breakfast, consisting of corn bread, hominy, milk, butter and some cold ham, left from the soldiers' supper.

A few moments after breakfast one of the children called out that

THE YANKEES WERE COMING.

"White ones and black ones, droves of them!"

I hurried to the door and counted them as they passed the gate. There were fifteen white men. I tried to count the negroes, but as they were riding in no kind of order, I could not. They passed down the road into the plantation and I hoped I had seen the last of them. In a few moments, however, my house servant came to the back door and asked if any of them had come in. Just then a man dressed in Confederate gray rode up on a mule to the gate and came up to the steps.

"There's a Yankee now, missis."

"Why, he's a Confederate soldier," I answered.

"No mam; he's Yankee. I seen too many not to know them," and he slipped off.

I went to the door; the soldier touched

his hat and said Major Perry had sent him to see if I had any arms.

I told him I had none.

"If you have," he replied, "you had better give them up."

I told him I knew it was of no use to deny it if I had, but everything of that kind had been taken off weeks before, and he could come in and satisfy himself if he wished to do so. He seemed satisfied, and then took a flask from his pocket and said Major Perry presented his compliments and asked me to give him some brandy or whiskey, as he was very unwell. I told him to say to Major Perry I had none; I had given the last I had to a sick soldier the night before. He bowed, wished me good morning and rode off.

He had been gone but a few moments when I saw the old gentleman I spoke of coming in at the back gate from the woods and I ran out to meet him.

"Where are you going? Have you met the Yankees?"

"Yankees! No; where are they?"

"Down on the plantation, and I am expecting them here every moment."

"What shall I do?"

"Go home, go home!" I cried, but he sat on his horse as if paralyzed.

I seized the horse by the bridle, opened the front gate and led him through; but still he looked dazed.

"Hold on to your bridle, sir."

He took it up, and catching up the limb of a bush lying on the ground, I commenced whipping his horse running by his side, until I had him in a pretty fast gallop, and in a few moments he was out of sight and hearing. The last I heard of him was, "Yes, I'll do as you tell me."

A few moments after I got back to the house I saw the Yankees all coming back. They halted in the grass outside of the gate, and

MAJOR PERRY,

the young man in gray, and an Irishman with a two-story nose as red as whiskey could make it, rode through the flower garden up to the steps. At Major Perry's saddle bow was tied a white bag, evidently containing silver; in fact I could see the prongs of the forks sticking out. I was on the piazza. Major Perry was first to ride up, and he did not touch his cap or bow, but roughly asked me where I kept my table-ware.

I had heard of the kitchen ware, but for the moment could not think what he wanted, though I should have known, and I answered that I did not understand.

"D—n you! if you don't I'll make you. Where is your silver and your jewelry?"

I again answered that I did not know where they were.

"You don't know! you are a liar! Bring it, I tell you, or I'll make you. The niggers told me you had both."

By this time I was too angry and indignant to think of consequences. I could have killed him with pleasure.

"Are the women you are in the habit of associating with so given to lying that when a lady speaks the truth you do not believe it? I have told you the truth. I do not deny having the silver, but it has been taken off, and I do not know where it is. But if I did know, it is mine, and not yours, and you should not steal it.

"Major," said the man in gray, "lets go; she has told the truth, and we will make nothing by remaining."

Major Perry dismounted and came in, followed by the others. He must have served a term as a detective, (do they teach it at West Point?) I never heard of such a search, conducted by a United States officer, to steal silver and jewelry! Trunks were pulled open and the contents scattered over the floor, the linings torn out, bureau drawers pulled out and emptied, boxes of old books and papers turned out and scattered, books pulled down and pictures pulled to pieces. In searching my husband's wardrobe they saw a pile of white shirts which my nurse and seamstress had mended nicely and done up with her own hands and placed them ready for his coming home.

"Major," said the Irishman, "here are some shirts and you be needing some."

THE MAJOR SURVEYED THEM CRITICALLY.

"D—n patched things!" he exclaimed and threw them on the floor, spat tobacco juice on them and walked on them with his muddy boots.

Jane had followed him into the room and had watched him closely, but silently. This was too much for her, and regardless of my orders to hush, she abused him for everything she could think of, and ordered him out of the room. I expected to see him kill her; but he never said a word, and passed into the dining-room, where the remains of the breakfast and the iron spoons called into use his favorite expletive.

At last they came to a large press in which I had kept preserves, and just in front as they opened the door was a bottle marked brandy. I had filled it with very strong pepper sauce, and neglected to remove the label. The Irishman clutched it, put it to his lips and took a long pull. I saw it, but had no time to

He dropped the bottle, staggered to the door, and it was several seconds before he caught his breath sufficiently to curse. He sat on the steps gasping, "Water, for God's sake water, I am burning up!"

"What for you meddle wi' udder people tings, ah? sabe you right!" said the cook as she handed him a gourd of water.

He staggered off to his horse and rode off. The Major, satisfied that he could find nothing, stalked up to where I was sitting.

"When last did you see any Confederate soldiers?" he asked.

"Last night."

"Where?"

"Here. I gave them supper."

"How many?"

"Fifteen or twenty."

"Armed?"

"Yes, with rifles, swords and pistols."

"What are they doing, and where are they?"

"Watching you; they are not far off—in hearing distance of me."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"You never asked me."

"We must get out of this," and using his expletive once more freely, he mounted his horse and rode off.

Calling the officers together he spoke rapidly a few moments and rode off at a gallop, followed by the negroes whom the soldiers had vainly tried to get into some sort of order.

In a few moments more they came galloping back, and took the road through the swamp, following a negro who acted as guide. And now followed a scene of

THE WILDEST CONFUSION.

The negroes had as much idea of what the order "Fall in—right face—wheel" meant as they had of geometry. The Yankees cursed and swore; the negroes cursed and swore; guns were fired, mules kicked, horses ran off; there was a perfect panic, and for a half hour it seemed as if the infernal regions had been emptied right there. At last, however, they were made to comprehend which way they were to go. The soldiers got behind them, striking right and left with their swords, and drove them into the road they wished them to take. Soon they were all gone, the negroes who had failed to get mules or horses running on behind.

And now for the first time I gave up. My house was literally torn up; it would take weeks to replace things which were scattered in every direction. I sat down and cried; I could not help it.

Just then an old family negro came up from the quarters to see what the Yankees had done.

"An' what you cryin' for?" she asked.

"Crying for?" Look at the house—and that Yankee cursed me—called me a liar!"

"An you cryin' fer dat? Ain't you nebber veddy say you can't spec nuttin from a hog but a grunt? What you spec from Yankee den, eh? What dey do plantation? Dey teif ebbery hoss an mule an press all de mans ceptin two, and dey hide out, and dey empty de whole lowance ob meal in de mud. Cuss nuff ter sen dis heah whole plantation to de debbil, but dat berry well fur Yankee. Now you quit cryin' an I git you an de chillan some dinner. Harriet done skare to det."

The old woman's words brought comfort. I could expect no less from the Yankee, and ought to be thankful it was no more. Things settled down at last; the men came home and bravely faced

THE NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

They had done their best and it was no use to grieve. But the old men never got over it. One after another died out until none were left. The terrible days of carpet-bag rule and Reconstruction was too much for them.

Of Major Perry I must tell the end. He knew of "peace being declared," and his raid was a private speculation. The authorities at Montgomery, when called upon to return the mules and horses, knew or pretended to know nothing of it. He passed through once on his way to see a widow who was very wealthy, and on the way met and beat a poor old man nearly to death and robbed him of thirty dollars in silver. He played similar pranks once or twice after, the commanding officers at Selma were told, and complaints were lodged against him. He then disappeared from Selma. We supposed he was only sent somewhere else.

I cannot tell of the terrible days of Reconstruction, when every indignity was heaped upon the South. The women were never conquered. We told the Yankees things the men could not, and more than one Yankee left his office "because of the women. They are never unlady-like, but scorn and contempt lose none of the sting because clothed in polite language, and when they seem most polite you feel as though you were being skinned alive—and I rather think they see it and enjoy it."

I had often vowed I never would give

a Yankee anything to eat if I saw him starving, but a letter from the trans-Mississippi told of a young brother, who had been a prisoner for many months, who escaped by bribing the guard with two dollars and a half, and who would have been retaken

HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE WOMEN.

They took him in, fed him and after his pursuit was over dressed him in woman's clothes, made up a story for him and got him safely home. I was done, and when the Yankee soldiers passed, I gave them the best I had in gratitude to those women who had cared for him. Before that I confess I had felt like the old steamboat captain. They had burnt his boat and regarded him as a most unmitigated Rebel. He would play Dixie in spite of all they could do, and at last they brought him up before a court-martial.

"What do you answer to the charge against you?"

"Faith and which one?"

"That you refused to take the bodies of dead Federal soldiers on your boat to Montgomery."

"No, no, that's not true. God knows it would be the pleasure of my life to take the whole Yankee nation up the river—IN THAT SAME FIX!"

No. 44.—In the Cradle of the War.

(By a Charleston Woman.)

The transition from girlhood—nay, even from childhood—to womanhood was owing to the pressure of events very rapidly at the South during the war, and the child of '60 was a woman before the close of '61, bearing her share of the struggle that nearly every family knew. In the way of self-reliance many of the lessons unconsciously learned then have been of inestimable value since. But, on the other hand, every girl's education was marred just at the time when the need of it was most valued, and for these there has been a felt incapacity, which has stood in the way of many a woman who, under more favorable circumstances, would have been an independent "bread-winner."

The knowledge of an incomplete education has been a barrier to her "enter-

ing the lists" with her more fortunate sisters; while they were at their books laying up stores for future use, the pressure of the times caused the Southern girl to lay aside her books and learn to knit socks for the soldiers, pick lint, roll bandages, make cartridge-bags and various other things that women found to do at that time; for so dear was "the cause" to the heart of every Southerner that the women vied with each other, each doing her utmost to help the men.

Charleston being "the cradle of the war," we were among the first to organize soldiers' relief societies, and the services of every woman were needed, and only too gladly rendered, for the enthusiasm of Southern women knew no bounds.

I imagine few of us have forgotten the trials accompanying the knitting of our first sock, the mistakes and even tears over

THE TURNING OF THE HEEL!

My first pair of socks were of coarse woollen yarn, most uneven thread, with sticks and burrs throughout. Diligently I set to work to remove all flaws, but before I had gone very far, being naturally indolent, and like most girls fond of commencing but not finishing work, I got very tired and thought the sticks and burrs knit in would help to "fill up." Sometime after, in discussing with some of my young friends my "mode of procedure," I have never forgotten the reproof from my mother: "And did you never think of the poor, bleeding feet?" I was conscience stricken.

My grandmother of 85, a cripple, confined to a wheeling chair, occupied herself in picking lint and rolling bandages for the hospitals. So diligent was she about it that I remember her having corns on her fingers from the constant picking. And as she kept on at her patient work many a story did she tell us of the days of '76 when she was a "wee one," and again how the then present troubles would have been averted if the State had acted as she should have and Nullified in '31.

The Sunday before the battle of Sumter the ordnance department decided there was a scarcity of cartridge bags, and asked assistance from the ladies. The thought immediately was, in such a holy cause can we hesitate? Is not that a work of necessity? And many a woman plied the needle the whole Sunday making cartridge bags for

THE "BLOODLESS BATTLE" OF THE WAR.

God only knew the prayers woven with the stitches! As this was considered most particular work and the officer

in charge one of the "old school" who carried particularity so far as to count how many stitches must be contained in an inch, it was, of course, considered an honor to be selected for this duty, and the lot only fell on seamstresses of reputation.

In the spring of 1862, when Gen. Beauregard was urging the removal of non-combatants, women and children, we, among others, were preparing to go. We had in the house quite a stock of comforts we had busied ourselves with during the winter for the soldiers—socks, mufflers, caps, &c. When the time came to move it was necessary to dispose of these things, and the question was under debate to which association we had best send them. One morning as the family were at breakfast, and I was just ready to join them, a company marched by to the depot en route for Virginia. The thought immediately crossed my mind, "why not give my share of the work to these men?" The execution was as quick as the thought. As they came near I threw out socks, caps, &c., much to the astonishment of those in the breakfast room, who at first could not understand the game of "catch" that was being played in front of the house. The smiles and thanks of those men were most encouraging to me, and with renewed energy I set to work again.

It was about this time that the call was made for church bells to be recast into cannon. St. Philip's Church, Charleston, was one of if not the very first to give its

CHIMES TO THE CONFEDERACY,

but there seemed to be a tacit agreement everywhere that if possible the historic chimes of St. Michael's were to be spared. They were moved to Columbia for safe-keeping, and at the time of Sherman's raid became so much injured it was feared they would never be of service again. But through the energy of a patriotic son of Charleston living in England, who hunted up the foundry where they had been cast, and interested in the cause an old workman who remembered hearing his father speak of having been one of the men who made these bells, the original moulds labelled as such were found, our bells recast, and when they came back to us, old and yet new, a strong link with our never-to-be-forgotten past, there was hardly a dry eye to be met on the street as, on the still evening air, they sounded forth "Home Again" in the voice familiar to all from babyhood.

From private residences the Government was allowed to remove the leads from window pulleys; leads of all kinds, everything possible was gladly given to be moulded into bullets for

"Back of lines that never quailed
Far from battle-banners' flash—
There were lips that moaned and wailed,
And how many eyes that wept,
Tho' they heard no cannon clash
Nor the terror-storms of lead,
And they sighed the while they slept
When they dreamed their own were dead.
Mothers, wives and children fair,
Back of all the ranks they fought,
Knelt adown in holy prayer,
And in Heaven only sought
In their infinite despair
Gleams of hope to light the night
Darkly gathering o'er the Right."

From 1862 with our refugee life began the struggle for food and house comforts. The up-country towns from the influx of the low-country refugees became overcrowded, provisions scarce and prices exorbitant. The men of course had to be in the army, and there were few to work crops. In the upper counties negro labor was comparatively small, the work on the farms being done by the farmers themselves. Under this state of things, and this class having no confidence in Confederate currency, (remembering the story of Continental money) and having no sympathy with "the cause," looking upon it as

A WAR OF THE ARISTOCRACY,

many of them refused to take currency in exchange for their produce at any price, and untold were the sufferings of the refugees for the actual necessities of life—flour, bacon, wood and other things. Fortunate were those who had anything for barter. Household goods, clothing, in fact almost anything except money, was of a marketable value, and thus through necessity our stores of such were reduced to the lowest ebb.

Not long since in a description of fashions during the war there was mention made of "Garibaldi" waists, which reminded me of the fate of one of mine. On a foraging expedition into the country I wore one of these waists—white dimity embroidered in black. The woman with whom we were trying to "trade"—as close a bargainer as was ever met—suddenly turned to me and said: "I'll give you a turkey for your jacket." I refused, saying it was not for sale, but she insisted, and at last said, "I'll give you a pair of turkeys." This offer was not to be resisted when I remembered we were eleven in family, and fresh meat of any kind a rarity. Of course I could

not give up my jacket then and there, but made arrangements for its delivery next day when she sent the turkeys. And we went home grateful that my supply of "Garibaldis" admitted of the barter of one.

I never realized how strong the pressure of events had been until not long since I heard the mother of a family say: "I hope my children will know more of youth than I ever did. I was ten years old at the breaking out of the war; we were among the first driven from our homes; from that time all seemed to lose sight of the fact that I was a child, and expected me to bear my share of the burdens of life. After the war I went to school, but my early life had been so full of care that I had long since left childhood behind." Her case was not the exception, but the rule.

From the early part of the war shoes were most difficult to get, and fabulous were the prices paid. Before the end of the war \$250 was a common price for ladies' shoes. The shoes were made of coarse leather, badly prepared, and such as we would not have thought of giving our servants, but we were now glad enough to wear them. English shoes were obtainable through the blockade, but they were so ill shapen and low in the instep that one was compelled to get many sizes larger than ordinary to be able to get them on at all. Of course this caused them to crease and soon wear in the creases, so economy suggested that the coarsest of "home-made" was better. It is true these prices were paid in a depreciated currency, but it was all we had. Those who were early driven from their homes, where they were surrounded with all that wealth could provide in most cases,

LEFT ALL SOURCES OF REVENUE

behind them, and even Confederate currency was hard to get. Those who held "Planters' bonds," considered at that time one of the safest and surest investments of the South, were cut off from their income. The planter driven from his home, his individual services needed in the army, where as a private his pay was \$17 a month, all he could scrape together was needed for the support of his family and negroes, whilst his creditors had to do as best they could. But all privations were willingly and cheerfully borne; the "star of hope" was ever before us and failure was never allowed to enter our thoughts; croakers were silenced, and the enjoyments in store for us after the war, when we returned to our homes, were a palliation to old as

well as young for the present sufferings.

Our refugee house was at Anderson Courthouse, in the extreme northwest of the State, about 26 miles from the "Blue Ridge." It seemed to have been sought for its retirement and, therefore, safety by about seventy families of refugees, mostly from Charleston and the adjacent islands. It was here that we were subjected to a raid on the first day of May, 1865, some two weeks after the surrender of Johnston's army; the news of this surrender being brought us by the raiders, for owing to the great storm in February, 1865, when nearly all the railroads in the Confederacy had been washed away, ours had shared the fate of the many, and we had been cut off from rail and postal communication with the outer world for more than two months, and were only kept informed of events by chance arrivals. And at this time when every man was needed at "the front," arrivals were rare. After the removal of the Confederate treasury from Charlotte, N. C., it was brought to Anderson as one of

THE SAFEST POINTS IN THE CONFEDERACY

About the beginning of 1865 we constantly heard rumors of approaching raiders, but after the burning of Columbia and Sherman's "march to the sea" we thought Anderson safe, and these constantly-recurring rumors were only a cry from the timid of "wolf." But the wolf did come, and so little was he expected that most of the young people were out at some neighboring mills enjoying a May-day picnic. And a lovely May day it was! the air fresh and balmy with the breath of spring. The picnic, composed entirely of women and children, was rudely broken up by these marauders, who not only went through the baskets and demolished the eatables but carried off the forks and spoons, and the women and children, almost paralyzed with fright, were left to make the best of their way home, not knowing what awaited them there.

For some weeks previous about three hundred of Wheeler's cavalry, who had been cut off from their command, had been waiting in Anderson for a chance to rejoin. As soon as they heard the Yankees were really coming we saw them preparing to leave, and as they rode by we called out to them:

"Are you not going to stay and help us in our distress?"

"Ladies," one man said, "it goes hard with us to leave you, but we are only three hundred and the enemy about ten thousand."

The Confederates were hardly out of sight when down came a column of cavalry, charging through the public square, firing pistols right and left, screaming:

"WHEELER TO THE RESCUE!"

Their dress was so motley, and we so often saw Confederates dressed in Yankee overcoats, that for a few moments we doubted whether they were Yankees or not. The doubt lasted but a few moments, when the pillage began. Stores were broken into, private residences invaded, everything of value taken off, and what could not be removed destroyed.

Various were the devices resorted to by the treasury employees for the safety of their gold, but in most cases of no avail. One gentleman, who was absent from home at the time of the raid, had in his house a wooden box containing about ten thousand dollars in gold, which had been moved from the treasury for concealment, and had not yet been disposed of. This house was one of the first that was pillaged and the mistress, in trying to save the valuables, had entirely forgotten the gold. In the midst of the search she remembered it, and taking her baby in her arms seated herself on this box, making some remark to the ruffians about having left her no chair to sit on. The box was so common looking, and no effort having been made to conceal it, they took it for granted it could contain nothing of value, and although they went so far as to kick it, they passed it over and the gold was saved only by the coolness of a brave woman.

Unfortunately for us, added to the desire for plunder was the demon of drink. A wealthy importing firm of Charleston had their wines stored at Anderson, and although orders were given for it to be destroyed in case of a raid, this raid was so sudden and unlooked for that there was no time to destroy it. So you may well imagine what we underwent in those two days and nights; and most disgusting was the sight of

DRUNKEN SOLDIERS REELING ABOUT, breaking the necks of bottles against the walls or whatever was most convenient to them.

Most families went through the form of asking for "a guard," but in many cases they asserted the guard made no effort to resist intruders, and in some instances joined the search.

A relative of mine living in rather a secluded part of the town, no near neighbors, and only her little children in the

house with her, in her panic rushed to the gate and asked a man in citizen's dress who was riding by, "Sir, is it true the Yankees are coming? I have yet to hide my silver." "Hush, madam!" said the stranger, "don't tell me. I am one, and they are all over the place."

She rushed back to the house, gathered up her silver and valuables and threw them down the well. All went well with her until night, when a body of men came demanding silver. Upon her reply that she had no silver, they searched, destroyed everything they could lay hands on, compelled her to open her trunks for their inspection, and whilst she was bending over a trunk one man struck her on her back and said, "You are an Irish woman, are you not?" Upon her answering "No," he said, "I thought you must be, you lie so." Her wedding ring was taken from her finger, and many indignities were heaped upon her.

Of course her case was no worse than that of many another woman, and this raid no worse than those that occurred all through the Confederacy, and was borne as the "fortunes of war," but it must be remembered that this was

AFTER THE SURRENDER,

after the so-called peace, and by a body of men whose sole object was plunder, who came under command of a general calling himself Brown. I say "calling himself," because Brown is supposed to have been an assumed name. This I was told some years since by an officer of distinction in the United States army, who expressed just indignation at the outrage.

The late Governor Orr, himself a loser by these raiders, endeavored to get remuneration from the United States Government for himself and all others who had property destroyed. He claimed it was not the fortune of war, but done after peace by men belonging to the United States army. He, however, failed in his attempt, as the Government claimed the army register bore record of no such a command as Brown's. It was generally thought to be a part of Stoneman's command. Of course Gen. Stoneman himself was not with them. He passed through Anderson in the dead of the night, after the raiders had left, and as they rode through on the night of the 3d of May, so quietly they went and so weird they looked in the moonlight that one might well have imagined their horses hoofs were muffled, and that they were

PHANTOM HORSEMEN.

They rode on, and from all sides came the report that the rights of citizens had been respected and nothing touched. We have always thought it was the report of Stoneman's approach that caused the abrupt departure of Brown's men; for seemingly their preparations were made to pass another night, when, to their own surprise, the call "boots and saddle" was sounded and their exit was as sudden as their approach.

Of course there were no men save a few non-combatants, and only women and children to bear the brunt of the raid. Some of our men returning from the North Carolina campaign reached the outskirts in time to hear exaggerated accounts of what was happening to their wives and children. Imagine the sufferings of these men, dispirited and heart-broken from defeat, the future black before them, to be within reach of their helpless ones and unable to render them any assistance.

After having passed a "night of horrors," with one set at dusk, the next morning they moved off to make room for another set. When our guard was leaving, his parting words were: "Good-bye; I'm sorry for you. The Michiganers who are coming now are the worse men in the whole army." However, it is due to the Michiganers to say they were no worse than their comrades from Illinois. The former done the work of pillage so well that nothing was left but the torch for their followers; and after the fate of Columbia you may know that it was certainly with no enviable feelings that at daybreak we heard the proposition to "BURN THE REBELS IN THEIR BEDS."

Thank God this hour was spared us, but there was grief yet in store for us when on the afternoon of May 4 poor McKenzie Parker, in the buoyancy and pride of his youth, was shot through the heart by a straggler. These two men rode on the square and stopped to inquire which way the command had gone. In a moment a small circle had collected around them, and McKenzie Parker, who had a gun in his hand, joined the crowd. The Yankee imagined he pointed the gun to fire, and immediately fired, the ball taking almost instantaneous effect. For days it was as though a pall rested over the whole community, and it was with feelings of deepest sorrow we paid the last tribute of respect to our young friend.

It is now more than eighteen years

since the occurrence of these events, and others have come thick and fast in the life of care, a share of the burden of which has fallen to the lot of most of those who refugeeed at Anderson, and unlike most events it cannot be said "one nail drivest out another," but the recollection of this raid will be as vivid with us as with those who suffered at the burning of Columbia.

No. 45.—A Night with Jayhawkers.

(By Mrs R. M Rodgers, of Mars Bluff, S. C.)

At the time when the following incident ^{occurred} ~~ove~~ ^d ~~pred~~, my father, Mr Henry D. Maudes ^{de} ~~fe~~, my sister and myself were residing ^d ~~on~~ his plantation, situated on Tensas River, in the State of Louisiana. Our whole section was on the borderline between the Yankees and Confederates, alternately overrun by one or the other of the contending parties, and affording a good field for the operations of those renegade Southerners called Jayhawkers. After the fall of New Orleans and the occupation of Natchez by the enemy, all of our slaves quitted us in a body, leaving the crops in the fields, and we were forced to gather corn enough for our own subsistence and that of the few animals we had been fortunate enough to save from Confederate necessity and Yankee rapacity.

During the rest of the war we suffered much from want of food, being, at times, in an almost destitute condition. To add to the horrors of our situation, the cutting of the levees by Gen. Grant brought upon us a yearly inundation of the Mississippi river. The devastation caused by the overflow which immediately succeeded Gen. Grant's act was something never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Growing crops were submerged, orchards and gardens destroyed, stock of all kinds drowned in countless numbers, fences and houses swept away, and in some instances loss of life occasioned by the flood. In fact, our whole country was destroyed and from being a magnificent and highly cultivated cotton region, was considered one of the

"DESOLATE WASTE PLACES" OF THE EARTH.

About that time my father had on the place about 800 bales of cotton, and even at this late date I look back with joy upon the lofty patriotism which made us cheerfully submit to every extremity of hard living, rather than use it for trading with the Yankees. Later on it was all burned by an order from headquarters, and for days the atmosphere was heavy with the smoke of burning cotton, and the river was covered with half consumed bales floated down from above. I well remember that my sister and myself used to go out in our skiff and dislodge them from the brushwood and undergrowth in which they would often become entangled, and we fondly hoped that by so doing we were giving assistance to our beloved cause. With the destruction of our cotton perished the last chance of redeeming ourselves from hopeless poverty; for even then wise men were beginning to see a disastrous termination to the war; but we never faltered in our devotion to the Confederacy, nor murmured at any of the trials, deprivations and losses which that devotion entailed upon us.

It was during the spring flood of 1865 that the Jayhawkers paid us the visit which is the subject of my sketch. Up to this date we had not been troubled by them, though some of our neighbors had suffered many cruelties at their hands. We had frequently seen them riding through the plantation, and often heard the report of their guns, as they shot down great numbers of hogs and cattle, which the high water had driven up on the ridges; fearful accounts had reached us of the outrages they had, at various times, perpetrated upon the defenceless inhabitants of our section, and there was a great horror of them upon us, but we had never been molested or even threatened by them.

JUDGE TALIAFERRO,

father of the notorious leader of the band which infested our part of the country, was an avowed Unionist and in considerable danger of suffering from the too open expression of his views at a time, during the early days of the Confederacy, when overheated Southern blood made scant allowance for difference in political feeling. My father, though a staunch Confederate, contended that every man should be allowed the right to his own opinions, and by his interference was largely instrumental in securing the old Judge's immunity from attentions on

the part of the mob neither friendly or desirable; and to this simple act of justice and right feeling we attributed it that we had lived all the terrible time of the war in sight and sound of Bob Taliaferro's jayhawking bands without having been molested by them.

After the surrender of Lee's army we began to hope that they would speedily disperse, and we might be left to enjoy in peace and security the few comforts and necessities with which the war—peculiarly desolating in our section—had left us still in possession; when on the night in question we were rudely awakened from our false dream of safety by a loud knocking at our front door, with an angry summons to open it immediately, accompanied by the threat that if it were not done the door would be broken down.

WE WERE HORROR-STRICKEN,

knowing too well what manner of persons they were who thus demanded admittance at such a late hour, and in such a brutal style. We knew that in that wild waste of waters we, my sister, myself and our invalid father, were alone with that reckless gang of robbers and murderers, men grown callous in crime, and through long immunity, fearless of punishment. But we had faced war's stern visage too long to give way to fear now, or, at least, to betray to our foes the fears we really felt.

Their first step was, of course, the arrest of my father.

"Mr. Mandeville, you are my prisoner," they said.

"By whose authority do you arrest me?"

"That does not matter," they replied, and one laughed and said: "You will find out that later."

At the same time a loaded pistol was placed at his head.

It was not an encouraging sight to us, and I felt more frightened than ever before in my life; but my sister boldly ordered them to put their pistols away, as there was no necessity for using them on people so helpless as ourselves, and, strange to say, the ruffians did not resent her temerity, but seemed, on the contrary, almost cowed by it. Her boldness did not, however, avail to save us from the most complete and wholesale robbery to which a luckless family was ever exposed, but

IT CARRIED US BRAVELY THROUGH IT.

At last, after scattered articles of jewelry had been appropriated, drawers emptied of clothing, mosquito bars and

blankets packed away in the skiff, every mouthful of provisions the house contained taken except a few quarts of meal, mercifully spared to our necessities, boards torn off of walls and ceilings in the desperate hunt for hidden plunder, there seemed to be a pause in the ruthless work. My sister and I for the first time that night left our father and retired to our chamber to rest, mind and body both exhausted by the dreadful strain to which they had been subjected for so many hours. As we sat and spoke in low tones, we heard the Jayhawker, who had been left on the front gallery as a guard, call to us in tones as low as our own, "Ladies, come here."

Literally, the very blood curdled in our veins; we did not dare to move; we scarcely breathed, but held each others hands tightly and waited for what was to follow.

Again that guarded whisper, "Ladies, you must come; it is important—your father—"

"Sister," I said, "I will go to the door; I must hear what he has to say."

But she prevented me, and we sat silent, breathless.

He came closer then and whispered, "I say, your father—" and fearing that evil was intended against him, I obeyed the thrice repeated summons and went to the door, though trembling in every limb and shrinking from the man with an inward horror. And often since, upon my bended knees, have I thanked God for that

ONE TOUCH OF MERCY

in that bad man's heart and prayed for a blessing on his desperate head!

This is what he told me in a low voice: "Stay with your father; they will not harm you, but they will hurt him; they are bad men and have done bad things to-night, but they will not touch you."

I hope I thanked him; I do not know, but we both went back immediately to the lower part of the house where we had left the men and our father.

As I opened the door I seemed to have a confused vision of half a dozen villainous faces pressed close to my father's, knives drawn and pistols cocked, while angry voices demanded gold and silver. Up to this time the Jayhawkers had been almost civil, sometimes even jocular; but they had been disappointed at not finding a large sum of money, and were now thoroughly aroused and fiendish in their rage.

One, the darkest and fiercest of that wild band, said savagely: "You have money and you must give it up; if you

do not we will tie you and whip you; here are the ropes all ready and here is the whip; now give up your money."

One look at my sister's blanched face showed me that her proud spirit had sunk before these fierce looks and this vile threat. One look at my father, brave and unmoved, but helpless among

THOSE DESPERATE WRETCHES,

and I dashed away the hands which had seized him, threw myself on his breast, and clasped my hands tightly around his neck.

With a fearful oath, the ruffian grasped me by both my shoulders and attempted to drag me away.

"Leave the room," he ordered; "this is no place for women, and what we are going to do is nothing for you to see."

"I will never leave," I said, "you may kill me, but I will never let go my hold; if you touch him it will be over my dead body."

I felt as if my father's very life depended upon the feeble protection I could afford him, but soon a darkness came over me and I had no further consciousness of friend or foe, of fear or anguish, of hope or despair.

When sense returned I felt only my dear father's kiss on my forehead and my sister's arm around my waist. The horrible night was over, the figures all gone, and instead of oaths and imprecations, we heard only the sound of their oars dipping in the water as they rowed away through the silence and quiet of the starry night.

The outrages perpetrated in that one visitation make it memorable in our section, and others, even more than ourselves, have reason to look back with horror upon

THAT NIGHT WITH THE JAYHAWKERS.

Two persons, a man and an old lady, died in a short time from the effects of the ill-treatment to which they were then subjected; and others suffered all the pangs of hunger, having been deprived of what provisions they had and being unable, on account of the high water, to procure more.

I firmly believe that my father would have been murdered but for our presence; indeed, it was said on the authority of the Jayhawkers themselves that such would have been the case. "His daughters saved him." So they confessed the fell purpose of their hearts.

In after times, when the protection war gave to license and cruelty was re-

moved, bold hearts and quick hands were employed in the search for such of the Jayhawkers as ventured to risk their lives by remaining in those parts, and rigid bodies were seen swinging from wayside trees—ghastly tokens that stern justice had overtaken the guilty, and that the wicked work done by desperate men during four long years of lawless tyranny was thus finally and fearfully avenged. Of the seven Jayhawkers who visited our home but one escaped this awful fate. Perhaps it was the one, more merciful than the rest, who warned us of our father's danger. But we never knew.

No. 46.—The Yankee School Ma'am.

(By Mrs. Izard, of Meridian, Miss.)

The cannon had ceased thier hoarse bel-
lowing around the Harbor of Charles-
ton, South Carolina, incendiary fires
had eaten out the heart of the old city,
and the silence of death was over all!
A cluster of Federal soldiers here and
there on the streets, and the Stars and
Stripes waving over the Citadel and the
ruins of Fort Sumter, told the sad story
of a people's heart-break!

Steamers were coming in laden with
all sorts of adventurers from the New
England and other States; among them
in shoals were Yankee school ma'ams,
to teach manners, morals and arithmetic
to the heathen South!

The white inhabitants being rather
shy of these new comers their energies
were concentrated upon the unfortunate
—to disabuse them, in the first place, of
their instinctive belief that there was a
difference and superiority in the culti-
vated, refined white man over the igno-
rant, careless negro. To forget the life-
long care and kindness of old Massa and
old Missis, was another lesson, alas! for
poor human nature, too easily learned
by these children of a larger growth!

After being sufficiently inflated with
the new idea of their immense import-
ance in the body politic, the colored man
resolved to become learned, with the aid
of these missionaries of Liberty, Fra-
ternity and Equality. It must be done,
however, quickly and by a conjuration

or the colored man would have none of
it! Accordingly schools sprang up as
thick as mushrooms, and the most press-
ing invitations were given by the school
ma'ams to come in and be taught.

The negro's nature is essentially sen-
sational joined to an intense curiosity,
and this carried young and old to these

TEMPLES OF LEARNING.

Nothing daunted, the strong-minded
women commenced their labors, first
stipulating the advance of a dollar or
two, or in default of that a silver cup,
spoons, jewelry or any other valuable of
that kind in the possession of the negro
as a mark of the scholar's appreciation of
the philanthropy of the teacher, and her
great self-denial in leaving home and
friends to come South to teach them their
rights.

Instantly there was a rush, and heaps
of incongruous but valuable articles
were piled up before their guide and
model. The little colored people and the
big ones, the old and the young, were
marshalled to the seats prepared for them.
The little people giggled and stuck their
fingers in their mouths, the old ones
showed the whites of their eyes and tried
to look dignified and wise.

The school ma'am rose from her seat,
and with majestic attitude called out—
"Attention!"

Then advancing with dignity to the
side of the room, chalk in hand, she
made an immense A, calling out the
name and desiring her scholars to re-
peat after her; and in that way she

WENT THROUGH THE ALPHABET.

All this was delightful to the colored
people; it produced a new sensation to
yell in full chorus after the school ma'am;
but when it became the pupil's turn to
lead, and call out the names of the letters
himself, great was the rolling of eyes,
scratching of heads, and consternation
generally. To that succeeded the wild-
est guessing, as to them a name was a
name, and in their philosophy there was
no reason why B should not be called Z,
or P. S.

After weeks of harder work than pick-
ing cotton or hoeing rice the alphabet
was indifferently learned. But there
were three little boys of ten or twelve,
who could not remember A until a little
girl, whose old "Missis" had taught her
to spell as far as Baker, (she was the
learned one of the class) offered to teach
these boys their letters.

The school ma'am gladly turned them
over to her, and taking them to the other
side of the room, Abby's voice was soon
heard in her new rôle of teacher.

"What you call dat?" pointing to the letter A.

There was intense rolling of the eyes and writhing of the body, but no response.

"Enty you hear me say, wha' do you call dat?"

No answer, and contortions greater than ever!

Abby, waxing wrath and speaking with great emphasis, "You stupid; what for you say when dey call you? enty you say ay—dat de name, you big fool?"

With much tribulation and anguish the three reached the letter I—and then

A DEAD STOP.

"Well, stupid, what you call dat?"

"I knows it, but I don't just 'member de name," said the little fellow, shifting from one foot to the other like a turkey on a hot plate.

"What you been see wid? enty you see wid your eye—dat is de name!"

However, by this time they were in such a state of bewilderment the three roared out in concert, "I dunno."

"You dunno, you big fool! I know what I tink; if de school marm gita stick and bang your heads maybe she put some sense dar," and throwing down the book she gave up the task.

TEACHING "AUNTY" HER RIGHTS.

At this stage of the performance an old negro woman was seen peeping very curiously in at the door, and was hailed by the school ma'am with, "Come in auntie; come in and take a seat; you are very welcome, and have as much right to do so as the greatest lady in the land. I have come South to teach you all your rights. And you must remember always you are just as good as your old mistress, and have as much right to fine clothes, and to ride in a carriage as she had. So hold up your head and take your place among the best of them!"

"Yankee Missis," said the old woman, making a low curtsy and taking a seat.

"You must break yourself of the habit of saying 'Missis' and 'Massa.' There are no Missis and Masters now. You are just as good as anybody; so remember that always."

"Yankee, mam, tankee berry much. You been always school-teacher where you come from, mam?" queried the old woman.

A LESSON PUT IN PRACTICE.

"No, Auntie; I used to make bonnets and dresses up in Maine, where I

came from; but I wanted so much to come South and help you all by teaching you your rights and how much you had been imposed upon; that I gave up my home and friends, and I hope you will be grateful and not let me lose by it."

"I dunno mum, we all berry poor; got some few tings of old Misses, dat is all. But you say I jist as good as my old missis?"

"Yes, Auntie, just as good."

"Well mum, my old Missis nebber 'sociate with dressmakers and dem sort of folks, and I aint gwine to do so neider; so I wishes you good morning," and she left, to put in practice the lesson she had learned.

For some months the school continued, the scholars coming irregularly, and gradually falling away, as the lessons became irksome, and the novelty wore off.

The approach of summer brought visions of country fever, and yellow fever, or, as it is called, "strangers' fever," appeared in the distance. Little more was to be gained from the negroes, and their teacher gave notice the school would be closed, and requested all the scholars to assemble on a certain day

TO SAY FAREWELL

and receive a token of her affection, and each was desired to provide her, or himself, with a dollar or some such farewell offering, on their part, that the affectionate and pleasant relations between them might never be forgotten by her in her far away home.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, the room was filled and groups of excited and chattering negroes were discussing the finale of the educational scheme.

"What you tink she gwine to gib we?" queried one.

"What you bring for she?" asked another.

"I brung a dollar," said one.

"I hab a silver fork," said another.

"I hab two silver spoons," said a third.

"Whar dey come from?" asked one, less fortunate, who had nothing to offer but a fine old china bowl.

"Whar dey come from? Out of old Missis' closet. Where else you 'spose dey come from? But you know dey tell us," pointing to the teacher, "we work for dem, and dey is more belong to we den to old Missis, and dat is de trute!"

THE PARTING SCENE.

The teacher, after recapitulating the

good she had done them and the great sacrifices she had made in coming South, harangued them on their *rights* and the cruel wrongs they had endured from their former owners.

She then kissed each scholar, presenting at the same time a cheap photograph of herself and receiving in return whatever valuable they had to offer.

No doubt the scene was tender and sublime, but to me it was uncommonly like sheep-shearing, the fleece being a golden one!

No. 47.—Potter's Raid.

(By M. R. R., of Florence, S. C.)

Who can read without strong emotion and fervent admiration the history of our brave Southern women during the late war? While their loved ones, their protectors, were far away in the battlefield, or worse than that, perhaps prisoners of war, immured in some dark and gloomy prison, our women were left at home exposed to the insults and cruelties of their foes, often suffering for the very necessities of life. Yet they wavered not, nor murmured when all was dark and dreary around them. They passed long days and nights of terrible suspense, fearing, knowing it was but too probable that any moment might bring them tidings of woe, that on some distant battlefield lay the lifeless forms of those whose presence alone seemed to make life worth the living. Surely, if "they also serve who only stand and wait," our Southern women, who often had not only to "stand and wait," but to "do and dare," can claim a large meed of praise and gratitude from all who love the South. We cannot think their heroism was any the less, though more quiet and oftentimes unknown, unseen by the world, than that of our brave soldiers who so often faced death "in the imminent deadly breach." But it is useless to dwell on this subject, for long in the pages of song and story will live the record of our Southern women's patriotism—their unfaltering loyalty to the "Lost Cause."

For several years we had been living in Florence, South Carolina, but in the year 1864 my father thought it best to move his family to some other place. In addition to being an important railroad centre Florence had been selected as the place for a "stockade," where the Federal prisoners were placed when moved from Andersonville, Ga., so it was most probable that a large number of Northern troops might be sent there at any day. Being a member of the Army of Northern Virginia, in Hampton's cavalry, my father was away from his family all the time and was anxious to secure a quiet home for them. He owned a plantation near Manning, and thinking its inaccessibility and remoteness from any railroad would save it from the unpleasantness of a visit from the Yankees, he decided to send us there. As often happens, however, we ran from an imaginary danger into a real one, for in some unaccountable way Florence remained safe and undisturbed, while Manning received a visit from

GEN. POTTER AND HIS ARMY.

We lived on this plantation for some time, but as it was a very lovely place, surrounded by dense pine forests and large "bays" in which lurked many deserters and lawless characters, we concluded to leave it and moved into town. This was near the close of the war, and the colored people were becoming very impertinent and unmanageable as they began to realize their power, and the freedom soon to be given them; so to live on a lonely farm, surrounded by them, was neither safe nor pleasant. In addition to this the deserters had increased in numbers greatly, and as they were generally men of very bad character, they were naturally dreaded by the unprotected women and children, as much or more than our Northern enemies, who came only in organized bands, while these deserters moved about secretly and stealthily, doing all the harm they could. Some of these men seemed to possess a bitter hatred for those who were true to their country, and lost no opportunity of showing their ill-will to them.

Manning was in 1865 quite a pretty little place, with only a few hundred inhabitants, and nearly all the houses in it were built on one long straight street about a mile in length. On the north and east the town was surrounded by large swamps whose dense undergrowth and many deep lakes seemed to render it impassable save by a long narrow

causeway directly north of the town. As we shall see, however, the very inaccessibility of these swamps proved a God-send to the sick and disabled soldiers who were in Manning when Gen. Potter made his somewhat unexpected appearance there. The men, who were quite familiar with every portion of these swamps, found in them a safe retreat, where they remained until Potter left the town. Some of the sick soldiers suffered very much from the fatigue and exposure, as they often had to stand for hours in the water and had only such food as could be sent them secretly, but this was their only chance; it was impossible for them to make any defence, and to have remained in the town meant certain death to some of them, capture and imprisonment for the others.

In April, 1865, and only two or three days before the surrender, Potter and his raiders entered Manning. Only the day before this the little town looked like

THE VERY ABODE OF PEACE,

and happiness, too, for many of the soldiers who were at home on sick furloughs were preparing to return to their commands, and on this day a large picnic had been gotten up in their honor. There had been many rumors of Potter's approach, but nothing definite was known, and, in the hope of snatching some few moments of pleasure before returning to the hard and perilous duties of their soldier-life, these boys in grey resolved to run the risk of staying one day longer among their loved ones. A few hours before the time decided on for the picnic, however, some scouts coming into town reported that the Federals were really coming and were not very far away; so all idea of merry-making was at once abandoned, and preparations made for the arrival of the dreaded foes, though it was not supposed that they would reach the town till the next day. There was no hope of defending the place, for the few soldiers then there were but a handful, some of them without arms.

As soon as the news spread, Col. Conners, who was in charge of the old men and boys, came promptly to the town with all the force he could muster—hardly a "corporal's guard" in all—for be it said to to the honor of Clarendon that all her able-bodied men rallied around their country's flag at the first call for men. After a consultation among the older men, it was decided that nothing could be done in Manning, and at 1 o'clock in the morning Col. Conners

took his men on to Sumter, where it was probable that others would join this little band and make it possible for them to meet Potter if he advanced beyond Manning. In order to gain time in their preparations and delay the foe as much as possible, Col. Conners had the thirteen bridges across the causeway on Pocatigo swamp torn up and burned.

Manning was now left to the mercy of the Federals, and that night many fervent prayers ascended to God from the lonely and defenceless women there, prayers for the preservation of the lives of themselves and their children, and the safety of the fathers, husbands and sons who had gone forward to await the enemy's coming. What a terrible night of suspense that was to those lonely, sad-hearted women, and there was no hope of succor save from Him who promises to be a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. There was

NO SLEEP IN THE TOWN

that night, for any moment might bring the report of a gun or the yell of an advancing foe; so all welcomed the coming of day, even though it brought their enemies nearer.

It was difficult to get any true, reliable accounts of where Gen. Potter was or the number of his troops. During the morning dozens of reports were brought in by parties, who probably for the first time in their lives had been called on to act in the capacity of scouts. These rumors were wild and unreliable. One party would come in and report the enemy 15 or 20 miles away, others would say he was even nearer than that, and still others would say it was all a mistake about Gen. Potter's coming at all. The soldiers collected in Sumter were suffering from the same uncertainty, and the officers in command there could not determine on any plan of action. Several roads were open for the Federal troops to reach Sumter by, so it was absolutely necessary for the Confederates to have reliable accounts of Potter's movements and his numbers. Seeing this, two brave soldiers who were then in Sumter, volunteered to go on and ascertain whatever they could. One of these men belonged to McIntosh's Battery and had come home to recover from an injury received in Virginia, and though quite badly crippled he was too thoroughly brave and loyal to hesitate one moment before undertaking his perilous mission. The other volunteer scout was a member of Hampton's cavalry and had often served in that capacity, being noted for his great courage under all circumstances.

These scouts reached Manning in the afternoon and being tired from their long ride of twenty miles, not knowing either how much farther they might have to go, they concluded to stop there and seek rest and refreshment for themselves and for their horses. They were both friends of my father, and came into our house for a lunch, leaving their horses in charge of a servant at the front gate, with orders not to unsaddle them and to rush them to the front door if any alarm of the enemy's coming was given. The same wild, contradictory rumors about the situation of the Yankees had met these two scouts on their arrival in Manning, so they were entirely unprepared for what followed.

My aunt, then a young lady living with my mother, told these soldiers as they started down to the dining room that she would remain at the front door and

"WATCH FOR THE YANKEES,"

little dreaming how near they were even then. She stood on the piazza, looking down the street, and in a few moments saw a number of cavalry coming toward the house. So quietly had they entered the town that she thought at first they were some of our own men, who had been sent out as scouts, but in a few moments more she saw, with horror, that they were the advance of Potter's command, and trembling with fright and dismay, knowing that the scouts in our house if caught would be in all probability shot without mercy, she ran down to the dining room, crying, "Fly, for God's sake, for the Yankees are at the gate."

They started up at once, and the one who was lame said, "It is too late now; how can we escape?"

With a woman's quick wit in an emergency, my aunt thought of one way in which he might escape, though it was but a slender chance so greatly were the odds against him. Seizing him by the arm she told him that his horse had already been captured and that he must follow her. She ran with him down the garden at the back of the house, assisted him in climbing the fence, which was quite high, and certainly not easy for a lame man to get over. After climbing the fence he was in a rather thick undergrowth which partially hid him from view, and this undergrowth became more dense as it neared the swamp. He reached the swamp in safety, but like the others I have mentioned suffered very much from exposure while in the water.

While this was transpiring, the other

scout, who was still in the house, seemed to have formed some plan which he began immediately to put into execution, or else he thought escape hopeless and had resolved to sell his life dearly. The Yankees at the gate had been informed by the servant who held the horses, no doubt, of the presence of these two men, who and what they were, so they were prepared for his appearance. As the scout passed through the house he seized his gun which he had left near the door, stepped boldly out on the piazza and went on to the front gate where the cavalymen awaited him. They had their guns pointed at him, and cried,

"SURRENDER! SURRENDER!"

and he answered coolly, "Oh, that's all right." By this time he had reached the gate, where his horse was standing on one side and the Yankees on the other, and vaulting into his saddle, he raised his gun and fired at the man nearest him, not more than three feet distant, and exclaimed, "That is the way I surrender to a Yankee."

Instantly his horse sprang off, and he threw himself to one side, supporting himself by clinging to the animal's neck. The soldier who was shot, a Mr. Pratt, fell dead from his horse, and before his comrades could recover from the surprise and confusion caused by the unexpected act of the scout it was too late to capture him. He got nearly a hundred yards from them before they recovered from their consternation, and to that little delay he owed his escape. In a few seconds, however, the pursuit of the scout began. Volley after volley was fired at him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, and went on unhurt and undaunted. The Yankees sent curses loud and deep with their leaden messengers, but all in vain, and, after pursuing him for over a mile, they gave up the chase, having lost sight of him at the intersection of several roads, and being undecided as to which one he had taken. It was fortunate indeed for the scout that the Yankees turned back when they did, for very soon after his horse gave out, and he had to dismount and hide in the woods. The Yankees did not forget him, and when they afterwards reached Sumter they searched for him everywhere, declaring that they would have him shot by the whole army if they found him. He was never captured, however, though at one time the Federals passed within a few yards of his hiding place.

In her excitement my mother had fol-

lowed the scout to the front door, and standing on the piazza had witnessed his daring deed. She remained there anxiously watching the course of events, and very soon the enraged Federals began to utter terrible threats against her for

SHELTERING AND FEEDING THE REBELS.

They vowed that her life should answer for their comrade's, and that as soon as night came they would burn down her house, with her and her family in it; and knowing how merciless they were sometimes, especially the colored troops, it seemed but too probable that their threats would be put in execution. They thought the other scout must be still on the premises, and tried to force her into telling what had become of him; but she would not answer their questions, fearing they would pursue and capture him. She asked them to bring the dead soldier into the house, thinking that would protect her, but they refused with bitter oaths, reiterating their threats of burning the house as soon as it was dark. Taking up the body they carried it into a house on the opposite side of the street, where lived an aged couple, Mr. and Mrs. B. The soldiers took the corpse into the room where the old lady, who was very ill, was lying in bed, and commanded her to rise, wash the blood from his face and head and dress him in some clothes which they gave her. In vain she pleaded with them, assuring them that she was too ill to get up. They repeated their order, threatening her with dreadful penalties if she did not obey immediately. They then locked the doors, barred the windows and went away, leaving the poor old lady to spend the long, dreary night alone in the room with the corpse. When some of her friends went to see about her, the next day, they found her almost dead, after the fearful ordeal through which she had passed.

While the soldiers were enforcing this unpleasant task on Mrs. B. a negro servant told them that Mr. B. had buried a quantity of gold and silver down in the cemetery on the edge of the town. This was true, for Mr. B. was such an old man, so venerable, universally beloved and respected, that no one thought the Yankees would be cruel enough to molest him, and many persons in the town had entrusted their valuables to his keeping. After receiving this information from the servant the soldiers at once seized the old man and dragged him down to the cemetery, commanding him

TO UNEARTH HIS TREASURE.

He refused, and they tried many plans to force him into yielding. Among other ways of punishment they tried a novel one, for with a hoopskirt which they had picked up somewhere they hung him up until life was almost extinct. This is the only case on record, I think, where that much-abused article has ever been put to such use. Thinking him sufficiently subdued after this, they took him down; but still the brave old man remained true to his trust, and they at last had to release him. Perhaps such heroism in one so old and feeble woke feelings of respect even in those hard, cruel men. Mr. B. said that at one time while in the cemetery they passed within a foot or two of the buried articles. In speaking of this affair afterwards, he seemed always to be particularly indignant at the idea of being hung up with a hoopskirt. He spoke of that as adding unpardonable insult to injury.

While such things as these were going on, the majority of the soldiers in town were preparing for their work of pillage and destruction. About day-break the next morning they set fire to the fine courthouse and jail, only finished a short time before, and both were entirely consumed. Then the stores and warehouses were burned, but be it said to the credit of the officers of this command, that not a dwelling-house was destroyed.

As soon as Gen. Potter arrived in town my mother sent to him explaining what had happened at our gate, and asking him for protection. He complied with her request, and sent a member of his staff, Major Campbell, to her. Although he was "mine enemy" it is but just to say that this man proved to be a gentleman, and treated us with the greatest kindness and courtesy. He went through the house searching, according to their rules, for arms and ammunition, but he soon showed that all of our possessions were

SACRED IN HIS EYES.

Taking up a very handsome ebony work-box, inlaid with pearl, he hid it himself, saying that some of the common soldiers would most probably appropriate it if they happened to see it. Thanks to this officer, we were well protected, and suffered less than any family in the town from insult and robbery.

The soldiers were scattered all over the town, and many were the cruel, heartless deeds perpetrated by them. It seems hard to realize that men with mothers, sisters and wives would have

been so unkind to helpless, defenceless women and children; but those ladies who passed through that dreadful time can testify that there seemed no limit to "man's inhumanity to man." One old lady living near us was most cruelly, inhumanly treated by some of these soldiers. Her servant told them that the old lady had stored away some fine brandy, and they resolved to have it at any cost. The negro had told a malicious falsehood; her mistress had no brandy, but could not make the Yankees believe her when she told them so. This old lady, like the other one whom they so harshly treated, was ill in bed, but they forced her to rise and search for the brandy. Unable to endure the exposure, fatigue and excitement, she fainted and fell to the floor, where she remained while the soldiers coolly stepped over her prostrate form, continuing their search. These instances which I have mentioned, and sad to say, I could record more, will serve to show that none were too young, too old, or too weak to escape. Even gray hairs and tottering limbs could not procure immunity from insult and injury. Well, it is all over now, and God hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Gen. Potter remained in Manning a part of one day and all of the following night, and the next morning prepared to move on to Sumter. Now followed scenes pathetic and ludicrous, strangely mingled together. In leaving the town the white troops marched first, then came the thousands of sea-island negroes with their rolling, bloodshot eyes and thick lips, having more the appearance of brutes than of human beings. After these came a host of negroes whom they had persuaded to leave their homes and follow them to some

MYTHICAL "PROMISED LAND."

Conspicuous in the procession, as it passed our house, was the fat, jet-black cook of one of our neighbors, and she shone resplendent in her mistress' best silk dress, fine white crape shawl, and handsome new bonnet. Imagine the lady's feelings at seeing her best "bib and tucker" so unceremoniously appropriated, and worn with such evident satisfaction by her whilom cook. They offered my nurse a similar outfit to the one described—my mother's best silk, shawl and bonnet—if she would go too, but no bribe could tempt her to leave us. One old negro coolly took a horse belonging to his mistress, hitched it to her buggy, and he and his wife drove away

in state—entirely ignoring the remonstrances of the rightful owner. Many things like this our Southern women had to endure, and they were certainly trying to women of their high spirit and courage, but they were powerless to help themselves; resentment but brought greater injury.

The news of Gen. Potter's arrival in Manning had been carried to Sumter by some of the men who had succeeded in escaping from the former place. There happened to be in Sumter a regiment of Kentucky cavalry, I think, and the desperate resolve was made to unite the command of old men and boys and the few furloughed soldiers, who had all volunteered their services, with this regiment, and try to check Potter's advance. Our men were poorly armed, and many of them were sick and feeble, yet they unhesitatingly went forward to do battle with an army more than ten times their number and splendidly equipped. Leonidas and his men at the Pass of Thermopylæ deserved no more the laurel wreath of fame than did that little band of Confederates, who fought and died at

THE BATTLE OF DINGLE'S MILL.

Orders were given to concentrate the Southern forces at Dingle's Mill, three miles south of Sumter, the only position in the line of march from Manning which could be defended with any possibility of success. The Confederates had two small brass howitzers which were placed on an eminence on the north side of the mill, in such a position as to have a sweeping fire across the mill dam, as it was probable that the Federals would attempt to charge across that. The floodgate of the mill was raised so as to flood the swamp below the dam and make it difficult for the enemy to cross below. The mill pond, it was thought, would render it impossible for them to cross above the dam. Lieut. McQueen, a gallant young Confederate officer, then at home on a furlough, and Lieut. Pamperais, a member of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans—as brave and dashing a soldier as ever wore "the grey"—with a few other experienced soldiers, volunteered to take charge of the two howitzers. The infantry were placed in position on the north side of the mill pond, near these two guns.

The Federals made their appearance on Sunday afternoon, and having so many friends among the colored people, who were flocking to them from all quarters, they knew perfectly well the weak-

ness of the force they were to meet, and the surroundings of the site selected by the Confederates. Of course this knowledge was of the greatest importance to them, as it enabled them to practice a ruse of war on the Confederates. The Yankees came bravely forward, but instead of making the attempt to cross the swamp by the causeway, the only position on which the artillery could be used to much effect, they made a detour from the main line of march to Pocotaligo swamp, into which this mill-stream emptied some half mile below the mill. They then followed Pocotaligo swamp up to its intersection with the mill swamp, and after marching up this a short distance the command was given to ford the stream and attack the right wing of the Confederates.

In the meantime a large body of Federals occupied a threatening position in front of the Confederates, nearly opposite the artillery, and while closely watching these troops the Confederate forces suddenly discovered that the greater portion of the Yankees had forded the swamp and were nearly over before their presence was known. Then commenced a desperate struggle between

OUR BRAVE LITTLE BAND

and Potter's thousands of troops. The struggle was a short one, for the Federals came in overpowering force, and were soon able to surround the few Confederates and force those who could to escape and others to surrender.

Among the men who were killed in this battle were some who had gone through the whole war, only to lay down their lives at last, a vain sacrifice for their country. One young man who had served bravely during the whole war, and who was at home on a furlough, was killed in this battle, when the war was virtually at an end. He was the eldest son of aged parents who had hoped to lean on him as the support and comfort of their declining years; but it was not to be, and the mother's heart broke when they bore her son's lifeless form to his last resting place.

Brave Lieut. McQueen, too, was killed in this battle, while fighting like the hero he really was. The saddest death of the war, however, was that of

LIEUT. PAMPERAIS,

who still stood to his gun when all his comrades had fallen, and with lanyard in hand stood ready to fire, awaiting the moment when his shot could do most

damage. The Federals were scarcely fifty yards away from him, and yet he stood as calmly and bravely as though he had hosts at his back. The soldiers were so near that they could see his every movement, and as he pulled the lanyard they fell to the ground, the shot passing over their heads, but gallant Pamperais paid for his deed with his life, for as the soldiers rose up they fired at him.

A brave Federal officer who had been watching the young lieutenant tried to restrain his men, exclaiming, "Spare that man, don't fire at him, for he is too brave to die," but the order came too late, and in a few moments the soul of the hero went up to meet his God.

After leaving the mill, Potter marched on without opposition to Sumter, and soon after reaching that place received the news of the surrender.

THE WAR WAS AT AN END.

Those dreadful scenes are over now, and peace reigns in all our land, but many of our Southern women who saw their bravest and best taken from them during those cruel years, still find it hard to say, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Remember, though, ye sorrowing women of the South, that you are not alone in your grief, for from the far North, too, comes the cry of many a Rachel, lamenting for her children, and finding no solace on earth, no surcease of sorrow. They too weep over the graves of many loved ones, and surely this should prove a bond of sympathy between North and South. God grant that in all the ages to come we may never again be called upon to pass through the horrors of an internecine war.

No. 48.—After the Evacuation.

(By E. T. H., of Oshorn, S. C.)

I was but a child when the terrible struggle between the North and the South began, which ended so disastrously for the South, but the events which then occurred either impressed themselves with a remarkable degree of clearness upon my memory, or the oft-repeated tales, told again and again around the fireside at night, when our elders become garrulous and wax eloquent over the history of their wrongs, have become so familiar as to seem to be remembrances.

Towards the close of the war we were staying temporarily at M., on the South Carolina Railroad, in order to be near my father, who was then quartered at P, and my earliest recollection is of our flight from that place to A. R., some fifty miles nearer Charleston. The enemy were at Tulefinny; sharp skirmishing was going on every day. M. had become rather warm in consequence, and it was thought best for us to seek a quieter and safer home.

We left in a pouring rain; it was during the month of December and bitterly cold. Fortunately, however, we were not entirely exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as a kind friend, Major S., of the Confederate service, had placed a Government wagon at our disposal, in which we were at least kept dry.

Arrived at the depot, where it was our intention to take the train for C., there was no mode of conveyance to be found, except a Georgia baggage car, and the conductor thereof kindly consenting to take us aboard, we were packed into an empty freight car with all our freight, both living and inanimate. The car was ventilated and lighted only by a half-open slide or door through which the wind and rain constantly poured. Oh! the discomfort of that ride. The close atmosphere and gloom; babies crying, and our poor mothers, with sick heads and sad hearts,

TRYING VAINLY TO COMFORT THEM.

It seemed an interminable journey; two days and a night passed in accomplishing a distance of less than fifty miles. Sometimes we would be "run out" for five or six miles then hastily "backed" into a station and be "switched off" to allow a Government train with troops to pass.

In the hurry and excitement of leaving, my mother had not been able to prepare a lunch, which negligence she soon had serious cause to regret, the journey proving so much more tedious and lengthy than she had anticipated. Towards evening we began to complain, and the next morning found us clamorously hungry! At length so demonstrative did we become in our demands for breakfast, that our mother appealed to the conductor, who seemed to hide a kind heart beneath a very rough exterior. He could do nothing further than give our nurse a drawing of tea, and loaned her an old tin pan, in which she presently brewed several cups of that refreshing beverage which, however, comforting it proved to the ladies, was totally insufficient to satisfy the needs of half-famished children.

During the second day, the necessity to find us something to eat became imperative. As a last resort, Mr. D., the conductor, called in a train hand, and giving him a piece of gold, directed him to go to some house near at hand and endeavour to procure food of any description.

"All right, sah," said the grinning darkey, who was doubtless in the same fix we were; "but what is I to tell um?"

"Anything," answered Mr. D.; "beg it if you can, if not then buy, and if that fails, *steal it!*"

Off went the boy, and after an hour of eager anticipation we were rewarded by his reappearing with about two quarts of home-beat rice and a fowl.

AND SUCH A FOWL!

A most venerable bird, evidently the patriarch of some neighboring roost whose drooping head and ruffled plumage were eminently suggestive of the haste with which he had been torn from the bosom of his family.

He seemed to be a "companion in misery," and was warmly welcomed, nevertheless in a few minutes he was ruthlessly divested of his feathers and put to boil, with the rice, in the pan that had previously done duty as a teapot.

At length the "pillau" was declared done and we gathered round with glistening eyes as our turn came to be helped.

Alas! for the fallacy of human hopes. "Hunger could not lend a sauce" to such a dish, sharpened though it was by our keen appetites. The rice was hard and gritty and pervaded throughout with the stifling odor of lightwood smoke, and the "chicken" had undergone a most remarkable metamorphosis in the process of boiling, which had converted it into something closely resembling pieces of sole leather, or a substance nearly as indigestible!

The one gleam of light that brightened that weary journey was the amusement afforded by the peculiar dress and uncouth manner of our conductor, Mr. D. It was with the greatest difficulty that we restrained our merriment. Around his head was bound an immense red handkerchief, (to alleviate the pangs of toothache, we afterwards learned,) the ends thereof being tied in a huge knot under his chin and surmounted by not less than two hats and a cap, (placed there for safe-keeping, as he afterwards informed us.)

This head-dress, worn in conjunction with a very short and tightly fitting jacket, which had evidently seen better days, presented to our astonished gaze a

tout ensemble not less remarkable than it was ridiculous.

I cannot forget the dignity with which he presided over the tin pan of "pillau," attired in this costume; he had provided himself with a "drumstick," which I have reason to believe furnished him with food (for reflection, at least) until we arrived at our destination, where we were met by our anxious relatives and where, for a short time,

OUR TROUBLES WERE AT AN END.

Just one week afterwards my youngest sister was born, and she was but three weeks old when, hearing that Sherman, with his dreaded army was advancing towards us we prepared for a second flight.

It was impossible for a handful of delicately nurtured women and children to remain unprotected in a house upon an isolated plantation, exposed to the depredations of the lawless band that infested the outskirts of the army, yet it was with the greatest difficulty that our preparations for the move were made.

We could depend upon but few of the negroes for assistance, excited and rendered insubordinate as they were by rumors of their approaching emancipation; there were two faithful slaves, however, who were of inestimable value then and afterwards; who followed us to the city and remained with us until peace was declared and our father restored to his family.

My mother and aunt made desperate efforts to save a portion of their rice and corn that was stowed up in the granery; the grain was poured into handsome Brussels carpets, hastily torn up for the purpose, tied up securely, and in that way transported to Charleston.

They also succeeded in getting two large coops containing sixty fine turkeys to the depot at A. R., where it was found impossible to take them further, and they were compelled to open the coops and allow their contents to take refuge in the woods. We accordingly arrived in Charleston with the barest necessities of life.

No pen can describe the hurry and confusion that prevailed on every side. Shortly after our arrival, (it was the night before the evacuation,) the burning of the Northeastern depot and New bridge took place. I recollect watching the flames leaping up into the night and lighting the city with a strange lurid glare, equally terrible and

FASCINATING TO MY CHILDISH EYES.

After this ensued many weeks of the bitterest privation and want for "our

women." Ladies, many of them were, who had been "cradled in luxury's lap," and who had now to perform the most menial offices without help of any kind, and this with an insufficiency of food and clothing, that only the bravest determination and their unflagging energy enabled them to endure! To make their case more desperate an epidemic swept over the city to which many of them fell victims. I think it was a severe type of "broken-bone" fever, but am not sure.

At this time many families were in such a destitute condition a kind of commissary was established by the Yankees, and tickets were given to those who were known to be in need; these tickets when presented at the commissary, drew salt pork, grist, rice flour, vinegar, &c., and for weeks these supplies were the sole support of a great many persons.

I remember my mother was very ill with fever, and as soon as convalescent, was compelled to resume her neglected duties without proper medicine or nourishment. Our food consisted entirely of the supplies drawn from the commissary, and to a person of weak appetite and just recovering from a severe illness, such food, though sound and good of its kind, was little less than loathsome. And yet, during this trying period, I do not recollect ever hearing one word of complaint pass her lips. She was a woman, however, of singular energy and self-reliance, and throughout those four years of anxiety and trouble behaved with singular and commendable courage and fortitude. At one time, for nearly two weeks, she passed her nights in a large chair placed against the door of our bed-room, neither undressing or lying down for a night's repose during the two weeks, subjected at all hours to the visits of armed men, who roamed at will about the house and were only with the greatest difficulty prevented from intruding upon the privacy of our chamber.

More than once did the soldiers attempt to invade the sanctity of this apartment, but she met them at the door with a snail pistol, which my father had very wisely left for our protection, in her hand, and quietly forbade their entrance. I knew as well as they did, that

THE WEAPON WOULD BE USED

in case of their persistence. After some slight impudence, they sullenly departed, one of them saying, when nearly out of ear-shot: "Confound these women; those 'Rebels' would have given up long ago if it warn't for them!" She was afterwards protected from

these invasions by lodging a complaint with the provost marshal, who treated her with the utmost courtesy and consideration, and after requiring her to take the oath of allegiance, which at first she was loath to do, immediately took measures to prevent a recurrence of the annoyance.

One of my aunts, a lady of more timid disposition, was not so fortunate; she allowed those wretches to search her entire premises and actually to open her trunks and wardrobe, and stir up their contents with the points of their bayonets, obliged at the same time to listen to the coarse humor and rude oaths with which they freely interspersed their remarks.

My mother was so indignant when my aunt confessed to having permitted this indignity that she almost shed tears and very forcibly deplored my aunt's cowardice, or "discretion," whichever it might have been.

On another occasion the house of a friend was invaded by a tumultuous mob of idlers, who then thronged the streets, with not a few soldiers among them, who threatened to break up the furniture and commit other outrages. The ladies were in a state of extreme alarm and took refuge in the upper portions of the house. A grand-aunt of mine, who was present, hastily directed one of them to go out by way of the back stairs and seek assistance as quickly as possible. She then boldly advanced to the head of the front stairs, which they threatened to ascend, and with a determined air, commanded them to retire. Said she, "If you attempt to pass it will be at your peril, and over my body!"

For a few moments they stared irresolute at the apparition above them. My aunt has frequently described that scene to me. Of slender build and *petite* figure, with flashing eyes and pale cheeks, she must have presented a strange sight to view, holding that excited and

DISORDERLY CROWD AT BAY!

She says her heart was sinking within her, but she did not allow a sign of trepidation to manifest itself. Suddenly a faltering was visible in those below, and turning, she perceived a Yankee officer in full uniform beside her. He at once commanded the crowd to disperse and threatened to take the number on the caps of the soldiers present to report at headquarters. They at once slunk out of the house, and the remainder, disheartened by the turn affairs had taken, speedily took their departure.

The officer then raised his hat respectfully to the ladies, at the same time promising them protection from these assaults in the future.

"Madame," said he, addressing my aunt, "allow me to congratulate you on possessing, in a superior degree, that courage which we have found characteristic of Southern women."

With a bow and a smile he then took leave of them, and my aunt, whose relief from her trying position was all that could be imagined, inquired of the lady who had gone for help, how she had accomplished her mission so rapidly?

"Oh," said she, "I ran into the street bareheaded, as you saw, and on turning a corner suddenly, came into collision with the gentleman who has just left. I at once grasped his arm and without ceremony began pulling him along. 'Come sir, quickly, we are in great distress,' was all I could say, and he at once followed me and came in by the back entrance without anyone being aware of his presence."

I could cite many instances of like nature of which this is an example, but frequently incidents of a less disagreeable nature occurred which were scarcely less humiliating to the sensitive delicacy and refinement of our women than indignities of a graver character.

They were obliged to do their own errands, which often carried them on the streets. One of my cousins, a young lady

POSSESSED OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS,

while out on one of these expeditions, had to wear shoes several sizes too large for her and not over new. On passing a group of soldiers who were engaged in discussing the passers-by, one of them loudly exclaimed, at the same time drawing the attention of his comrades to her advancing figure,

"I say boys, you have heard tell of the small feet of these fine Southern women, what do you think of those as a specimen; by —" (supplementing his remark with a forcible oath.)

This sally was received with a shout of laughter, and my cousin walked by with cheeks crimsoned with indignant mortification. She was too young to wear her poverty as proudly and bravely as did her elders.

I have seen my mother go out in the morning in a costume, the skirt of which was superb broadened silk, and the body of commonest jeans. I also remember our whole family appearing in dresses manufactured from a set of flowered chintz curtains, with aprons of bed-

ticking, and what was worse, we had the bad taste—poor children—to be extremely proud of them!

Some of the officers of Gen. Hatch's staff were ordered to collect all the property which had been deserted by its owners and confiscated to the United States Government. My mother occupied a house of a gen leman who had "refugeed" to the up-country, and on their rounds they paid us a visit; after conducting them from room to room, she paused with her hand upon the door of our chamber. "Sir," said she, turning to the officer in command, "this is my sleeping apartment; I give you my word of honor that every article in it belongs exclusively to myself, except one, and that is a mirror, at which I straighten my hat before appearing on the streets. I am willing to take an oath to that effect."

"Madame," he returned, with a humorous sparkle in his eye, "your word is sufficient; as to the mirror, I will not deprive you of your only solace," and after apologizing for the intrusion, relieved her of his presence.

I may say just here, that it was our good fortune in after life to meet this gentleman again. Indeed, my father and himself became warm friends, despite their difference of opinion, politically, and so remained until his death, which occurred a few years ago. It was my privilege to visit his family in their Northern home, where I was treated with the most unfailing and affectionate hospitality, and where I learned to overcome my deeply rooted prejudice against

"THOSE YANKEES."

I could go on filling page after page with reminiscences of that time but that I fear to be tiresome. Only those who went through with it all can appreciate our manifold distresses. Our women were high-spirited and hopeful, and notwithstanding the suffering they were called upon to undergo, it was bitter as death almost, when the last sad day came that saw the beloved and blood-stained flag of our Confederacy lowered and furled, and the dear ones who had gone from us with proudly beating hearts and measured tread to the sound of the trumpet and beat of the drum, assured of victory, return with weary steps, bringing home to us "only the scars of war."

"*A Lost Cause*" indeed. Loss of life! of love! of property! Oh! maimed hearts and forms and homes, no pen can estimate the extent of your loss!

We can but give "our love and tears for

the grey," and lay away carefully in some safe hiding place the dear old uniform. One of these days, perhaps, our children will come across it and then the worthless bundle will be hustled up into a loft, where the rats and mice will complete the ruin that time has begun.

A new generation is springing up and soon the time will be when the late unpleasantness will have become a thing of the remote past. The bitter feeling between the North and South is growing surely less and less personal in character; our boys and girls, perhaps, will wonder at the animosity which has existed between them.

And yet the graves of those who fought and died in that "Lost Cause" are forever silent reminders of the desperate struggle which once convulsed our nation, and ever and anon suffice to revive the sore feeling of regret that once embittered our hearts towards our Northern neighbors. Ah, well!

"Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The swords are sheathed and the cannon dumb,
And fate, with a pitiless hand has furled,
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world."

No. 49.—The Battle of Manassas.

(By a Virginian, of Baltimore, Md.)

In the early months of 1861, while the statesmen of the South were inaugurating with hope and zeal the new Confederation of States, and men and boys were arming for its defence, the women were not behindhand with words of sympathy and encouragement and such service as their willing hands could give. From one home—a Virginia home near the border—an ardent woman wrote about this time to her nephew at West Point as follows:

"It delights me to find you so true to the Old Dominion, the mother of us all, the State which, of all others, has most to excite the love and veneration of her children. You are quite right to stay where you are and make the most of your time. A true son of Virginia labors to be worthy of the State which has given to the world so many great men. You will know when she wants you."

This lady went to see a niece at the North in the following May, and lost no opportunity even there to advocate the Southern cause. From Maryland, where she had been visiting relatives, she wrote to the home circle:

"I turned back one volunteer, a man I spoke with on the boat coming from Annapolis. He was born in Georgia, looked like a dissipated fellow, but showed he had been a gentleman. When he heard I was from the South he told me his story. He had been in Boston since his fourteenth year, had gone at one time to Nicaragua. He came on here with a company to which he belonged in Boston. His heart failed him when he got to the Relay House and he turned back. He remembered his people in Georgia, his mother and sisters, and got his discharge. The fellows pressed him to go on. I held on to him till I saw him in the cars bound for New York, and reminded him how, when he came to die, he would never forgive himself for having lifted his hand against his childhood's home and his own people."

On the 23d of May, it will be remembered, the vote took place in Virginia which placed her

OUT OF THE UNION.

From a young girl's contemporary journal we quote the entry of the following day:

"The election passed off quietly in Alexandria. The secession vote polled was nine hundred majority. In the evening speeches were made, the band played and there was much cheering. We heard it distinctly through the clear night air. To-day the town is occupied by Federal troops. They came down at 4 A. M. Picket guards stationed at the bridge gave the warning to our soldiers and they all went off in the cars, burning the railroad bridges behind them. A portion of the Fairfax Cavalry were taken prisoners, but the other companies of horse escaped. Ellsworth, of the New York Zouaves, was killed, shot by Mr. Jackson, of the Marshall House, while attempting to take down the Secession flag which floated over the hotel. One of the company then ran a sword through Jackson, not killing him directly, but he has died since. It was a brave, rash deed, defending his flag at the peril of his life. Alas! this is but the beginning of bloodshed."

The writer of the above in her quiet country home was now within the enemy's lines, and began to feel, negatively at least, some of the hardships of war.

"What is to become of us?" she mused. "No North or South. The Federal troops have complete possession of the country about here. Sentinels are stationed all along the turnpike, and no one can enter or leave Alexandria without a pass. Tonight they have a patrol in the lane."

A night or two afterwards she walked up the road a short way accompanied by a friend and was turned back by a sentinel.

"We are prisoners in our own houses," she exclaimed. "How long is this to last?"

Four days had elapsed since the enemy came down among them. Their tents whitened every hill-top in the vicinity.

The heights of Arlington were occupied, the turnpikes guarded. Such a state of affairs soon became unendurable to the little family at — hill.

The young West Pointer, in the meanwhile, had come home at Virginia's call and was

DRILLING RECRUITS AT RICHMOND.

His brother, though a mere boy, was chafing to join the army, and so it was decided that the widowed mother and her daughters should follow their dear ones into the Confederacy, to return, it was confidently believed, before the summer's close, when the war would surely be ended and the Southern cause triumphant.

So leaving the sweet home they were never again to inhabit, and which they were to see at the end of four years so changed and laid waste as scarcely to be recognizable, the little party of refugees turned glad and hopeful faces southward, carrying with them only a few trunks of summer clothing. Ah, what cared they for the morrow, or the winter! It was enough to leave the oppressive atmosphere of the enemy's lines, to breathe again the air of liberty, to be once more one in the exultant life of their beloved "Dixie!"

They told afterwards of the long drive of twenty-seven miles before railway communication could be reached; of the relief felt as the Federal pickets were left behind, and the Southern ones, some of the famous "Black Horse Cavalry," came in sight, some eight miles only separating the two. The travellers stayed a night at Manassas, meeting many friends among the Virginia troops stationed there. The immense encampment looked beautiful lighted up with camp-fires. The troops were all in fine spirits, the soldiers danced round their fires and sang in full chorus "Dixie" and other national airs until the taps summoned them to bed.

THE AMAZON'S ADVENTURE.

Meanwhile an amusing story from Alexandria reached the refugees through a friend's letter. There lived on the turnpike, a short distance from town, two large, raw-boned young women, who supported themselves by taking in washing. They were very pronounced in their Southern sentiments, and shared in the irritable feeling of the community at the presence of Federal troops. One of them had occasion one day to go into Alexandria, but she had neglected to provide herself with a pass. The senti-

nel stopped her and told her she could not go on. She declared that go she would, and when he, with perhaps unnecessary roughness, reiterated his negative, she indignantly seized his gun, (the sentinel being about half her size,) threw it over the fence, knocked him down, and after scratching him vigorously took her triumphant way into the town. She went straight to the colonel there, and reported the unfortunate delinquent, and this officer, doubtless entering into the humor of the situation, declared if she did not think the soldier sufficiently punished, he would inflict some penalty on him himself. Whether the Virginia amazon proved inexorable our informant does not say.

An incident that was reported from Manassas a little later, is further illustrative of the spirit of the women of the South. Some of our guerillas were wandering about in the neighborhood of Fall's Church, where five or six regiments of the Federals were encamped. The guerillas went into the house of a friend and one of the young ladies of the family observed that there were some officers visiting at a farmhouse not a great distance off, whereupon the Confederates expressed a strong desire to capture them. Their informant immediately offered to manage it for them. Acting on the principle that

ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR,

she walked over to this place as if to make a social visit, and of course when she got up to return one of the gentlemen offered his escort. On the walk back, two of the guerillas at a given point, as had been pre-arranged, sprang out of the woods and capturing the luckless captain, made off with him to Centreville as fast as possible.

But to return to the young girl from whose journal we have already quoted. She was now with her mother and sister in the beautiful home of a kind friend in Fauquier County. Soldier friends were coming and going in this hospitable mansion, which was filled to its utmost capacity with a large family connection. Work was carried on all the time for the "boys," gaiters were made for them to march in, havelocks for their caps, not to speak of more prosaic garments. Now and then a sick soldier from among the "cousinhood," or even a stranger, perhaps, was brought to the house where they were guests, to be nursed by the gentle mistress and her bevy of eager assistants. And all was hope and joy and pleasurable activity, in striking contrast to the gloom

of the captured city left behind. In July the great victory of Manassas thrilled all hearts and intoxicated all heads here, as throughout the South. Now indeed, the dream of war had become a near and dreadful reality to those light-hearted soldiers so lately seen dancing round their camp-fires. On that

MEMORABLE SUNDAY,

the 21st of July, the battle of the 18th having been the prelude to this greater struggle, our journalist wrote:

"The report from persons coming down on the cars to-day is that they have been fighting at Manassas since four this morning. God be with us and protect our loved ones. We have been standing out in the field straining our ears to catch the sound of the distant cannonading. We can hear the guns when the air is still. Oh, this wretched day! On the issue of its bloody events hangs the happiness or misery of thousands, perhaps the sovereignty and independence of Virginia."

Soon all the particulars of the victory were known and the rejoicings in the Fauquier household were unalloyed, happily, by personal losses. Many were the exciting recitals that came by letter or word of mouth from the flushed and weary victors. The boy private, who had but a short time before joined his regiment, wrote that he had not taken off his equipments—cartridge-box, belt, haversack and other things—for days; that he had marched unceasingly in this time, slept every night on the ground without shelter, and sometimes not even an overcoat; was out in a heavy rain a day and night wet to the skin, and sleeping almost in the water, and yet was never better in his life, except for a slight cold in the head.

From an enthusiastic Southern girl near Alexandria came the following graphic accounts of the reverse of the picture:

MANASSAS SEEN FROM THE REAR.

"I will not tell of my feeling on Sunday, as I heard the incessant boom of the cannon. In that you can sympathize, as you must have heard it too. It was awful, a day I can never forget. Mother was very desponding, but I can truthfully say my faith in our men never wavered, not even when an officer told Mrs. — that he had received a dispatch saying that Bull Run was taken, and the 'Grand Army' was marching on; not even when, late at night, I was told that Manassas was taken and that thirty thousand Southerners had laid down their arms. My indignation passed all bounds at this.

"The first thing I heard in the morning was from Miss C., who came over and told me that Dr. B. had escaped and was at their house, and the Federals were pouring down the road, the Confederates in full chase. Oh! if it had been altogether true! And so they

continued to come all day, the Yankees, twenty or thirty at a time, sometimes fewer; but early in the morning it was one continued stream of broken-down, beaten, famished men. They declared that for two days they had had nothing to eat or drink. We all, in the neighborhood, sent them every available thing in the house, and mother had coffee made and sent to them. And what do you think? They actually thought it was *to sell*! They were treated in the same way in town, everyone opening hearts and hands to a broken down, conquered foe.

"I certainly never saw such a forlorn set. Some had even thrown off their shoes and jackets; to see one with a knapsack was a rarity, and very few were armed. Some were perfectly infuriated and swore they would pay us Southerners for it if they ever got a chance; but most of them seemed to have been inspired with a pretty wholesome fear of Bull Run and have no desire to return. One old Irishman, who was asked by some one as he came hobbling by grumbling at 'them big batteries,' why they did not take them, declared frankly, 'Faith, sir, and we couldn't; they's been building them batteries and digging them pits those three years, and all the south was in 'em and behind 'em, and could ye expect the men to take them?'"

CHANGING SCENES.

In October the scene changed for the refugees whose fortunes we are following. A removal was made to Warrenton Springs, where there was at this time a number of visitors. Later on, in December, the hotel was transformed into a hospital, and the elder lady of our trio was appointed its matron. Here for the first time since the beginning of hostilities death was brought home to their observation, the death of the soldier far from his family, in the lonely wards of the hospital. As there was no chaplain to perform the religious offices for the sick and dying, the matron, with the assistance of her daughters, sought as far as possible to fulfil these duties. The church service from the Prayer-book was read also to the convalescents on Sunday, with sometimes a short sermon, and hymns were sung in which the soldiers gladly joined when they were able. For a short time there was a cavalry troop stationed at the springs—the gallant "Jeff Davis Legion," from Mississippi, and its presence served much to enliven the usual sombre tenor of hospital life. Watching the evolutions of the legion, looking at guard-mount and listening to the sweet notes of the bugle were occupations of never-failing interest to the younger members of the household at the Springs. But the winter months had slipped away; it was now March, and the army was falling back from Manassas, so Fauquier would soon be left to the enemy.

It was an interesting sight, and yet

sad, too, watching the long lines of baggage wagons, artillery and infantry winding their weary way

BACK FROM MANASSAS.

Even after night the infantry kept pouring along. At about 9 P. M., on March 10, the Legion started. They rode forth, two by two, on their gallant chargers, looking quite Oriental with their long lances gleaming in the moonlight, each lance decorated with the "Rebel" colors. A "reserve" was left to guard the bridge until the army had all passed, Mr C. among them. After tea the refugees went down to the bridge. The moonlight on the water was beautiful, and the guard around the camp-fire added greatly to the scene.

On March 14 the refugees left the Springs in a wagon, arriving in Culpeper after dark, and saw the camp-fires of our army gleaming from every hillside. It was a beautiful sight and gave to an inexperienced eye an imposing idea of the strength of the forces. The lights dotted the hillsides along a belt of woodlands stretching more than half way round the horizon, rising like an amphitheatre till they seemed to touch the skies. A band was playing in the distance at one encampment as they jogged along, while the soft notes of a cavalry bugle came, borne to them on the breeze, from another direction.

Their new home with a family near Culpeper Courthouse was a beautiful place, and the family was very kind. They found the house full of relatives and friends flying like themselves, besides Gen. W., who had made the house his headquarters. Everyone was sending off servants and driving stock up into the mountains; and one might see long trains of wagons carrying women and children with baggage and all their household treasures, going southward. Such desolation and distress; the wealthiest were made poor, lands deserted and whole fields of grains lost, burnt rather than be left to the enemy; servants running off, poor deluded creatures, afraid of being pressed into our army and thinking that freedom among the Yankees meant ease and exemption from work.

The refugees reached Richmond after a journey of twenty-four hours in the cars from Culpeper. Such was the crowd and confusion, their trunks were left at Gordonsville and were not recovered for several days. It was a most fatiguing trip, and they were so long without food, they thankfully accepted a loaf of bread brought into the cars at Gordonsville by some

SISTERS OF CHARITY,

who were refreshing hungry travellers from their simple table. After a short stay in the crowded house of a kind relative at Richmond the wanderers were anchored at length at Charlottesville, where they were joined by another member of the family, and where the work of the hospital was again taken up. This time they boarded within walking distance of the hospital buildings, the two "matrons" spending each day in the wards and the other members of the party carrying things to the sick almost daily.

The sojourn here proved to be but a transitory one, however. In April there were rumors of Jackson falling back to Gordonsville, and timorous people began to leave. As the army fell back from any place, of course the cars were taken off the track, and then it was no easy matter to hire vehicles, as their owners naturally feared they would never be returned. From their window, on Easter morning, our refugees looked out, watching the wagons going by from Staunton, filled with families flying at the approach of the foe. Early in May they found themselves established in Lynchburg, where the large buildings of a former college were used as a hospital, and where, in one of the professor's houses, the surgeons and ladies had their rooms and "mess."

The writer of these memorials recalls gratefully the kindness of utter strangers to her and hers; the one claim of refugee was sufficient to insure attention, and no other letter of introduction was necessary. Lynchburg had its gaieties though it was "war times," its entertainments, public and private. There was a concert at which a certain Monsieur Alphonse rendered the *Marseillaise* with true French fire and effect, and for the word "soldats" in the line "Vengez ces féroces soldats," he sang with great gusto,

"VENGERCES FEROCES YANKEES,"

an amendment which was, of course, highly applauded. But to turn again from the gay to the grave side of war life: a funeral service as performed in the sick wards at Lynchburg, is thus described by one of the refugees:

"I went in the hospital this evening to read a chapter over the body of a young soldier who died here yesterday. The coffin was brought in the large central hall and laid on the floor, and some thirty or forty men assembled, one sick soldier lying on his pallet near the coffin. The servant men and

women collected outside. I read part of the burial service out of our Prayer-book, and mother lined out a hymn, "Why should we start and fear to die," and made an appropriate prayer. I heard one or two poor fellows sobbing. It was altogether a very impressive scene. It was raining hard while his comrades carried the beardless soldier to his lonely grave. His brother is here sick. They are from Mississippi, the one eighteen and the other twenty, come hither, like so many others, to die on Virginia soil in defence of their far southern home."

THE REPORTS OF JACKSON

in the valley rejoiced the public mind about this time, and our refugees tell of the visit to Lynchburg of sixteen hundred Yankee prisoners captured by Jackson's army near Winchester. They were out on a hill not far from the hospital, and many persons went to see them. It was amusing to hear them talk when they were asked what they came to Lynchburg for.

"To put down rebellion," was the answer from all of them.

Rebellion against Yankees! What humbug! Those the refugees talked to however, were very polite, intelligent apparently, and disposed to listen to both sides. All were dressed in blue uniforms and brass buttons, presenting a much more comfortable appearance than our poor soldiers who guarded them. These were tired and worn out, both in looks and habiliments, and not two were uniformed alike or indeed with any uniform at all. Brave, gallant fellows, true soldiers and patriots!

In the hospital, with much light-heartedness and merriment among the convalescents, there were, of course, many

SCENES OF SADNESS.

On June 24 a youthful soldier from the far South somewhere lay on his cot dying. His volunteer nurse, one of our refugees, who had selected him as her pet, was always greeted with smiles by the little pale-faced sufferer, and, when all other food was refused, he would take what she prepared for him. He amused the other inmates of the ward by asking for a blue veil to shade his weak eyes, and no amount of quizzing or laughter could persuade him to part with this veil, which he was accused of wearing as a becoming contrast to his red hair and fair skin! Alas, wasted with slow disease, he lay for weeks, always gentle and uncomplaining, and growing too ill at length for kindly joke or banter, he died finally, more fortunate than most of them in having a brother with him in his last hour.

They did not all die though, happily, and more than one grateful patient, nursed back to health, served to drive off despondency from the hard-working surgeons and matrons.

The battles of the seven days around Richmond make memorable that midsummer of 1862, as Manassas had seemed to the writer the great event of the former summer. And here the loss of a dear friend and relative made real to her, as nothing had done hitherto, the horrors of battle. For days this friend's fate was unknown. Was he killed or taken prisoner? He had been slightly wounded and had been in Lynchburg on a few days' leave, but had hurried back to the scene of action as soon as his wound healed. And now, of one of these last engagements, it was reported that his regiment had gone into battle with two hundred and fifty men and come out with one hundred and fifteen, while his name was

ON THE LIST OF "MISSING."

Many went through with those heart-sickening anxieties which it is a pain to remember even at this distance of time, when the papers were searched feverishly for the list of killed and wounded, and the fate of the prisoner was coveted for the missing one, as in life there is hope even in a Northern fortress. At length silence and suspense was followed here by the sad certainty of

DEATH ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

We next find the refugees at Montgomery Springs, one of Virginia's lovely mountain resorts, and this visit was a great relief from the strain of hospital life and a needed change after recent grief and anxiety. While Montgomery Springs was used partly as a hospital for convalescents, who occupied the cottages, there were a number of visitors at the hotel, mostly ladies with their children, who sought only a quiet place for the summer, and desired no greater amusement than an occasional picnic in the mountains. Not far distant, however, at the Alleghany Springs, there were some two hundred and fifty young people, and here all was mirth and jollity. Like the allies at Brussels, the gay world of fashion which had assembled its beauty and its chivalry amid these wooded glens and rocky heights enjoyed in music and the dance a brief forgetfulness of the vexed battle-tossed world without. Gaily dressed ladies filled the verandas, and handsome

young officers in their showy uniforms mingled in the throng, while

"Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again."

All the amusements of watering-place life, the bowling-alley, the billiard-table and the ball-room, had their votaries, while the whole presented a brilliant and enjoyable spectacle. And who could blame them? The "hurrying to and fro" was soon to follow, and for many a light-hearted cavalier thus enjoying his short leave, the morrow of

DISASTER WAS SOON TO FOLLOW.

Our refugees returned to Lynchburg in August and continued their good work in the hospital. Soon the campaign in Maryland began, and enthusiastic letters came from the army of Lee. The ex-West Pointer, now on the staff of a brigadier-general, wrote to his mother:

"We have crossed the Potomac. I have sprinkled this paper with and dipped my pencil in its waters. Its waves are sparkling in the light of the sun and the bayonets of our soldiers are glittering above its surface while I write. I am sitting on my horse at the water's edge. God bless the Potomac! All well. The band has struck up the 'Marseillaise' on the Maryland shore. Now they are playing 'My Maryland.'"

The young private of the first months of the war was now transformed into a midshipman and visiting Lynchburg on a short leave in October. Some items as to the prices of things at this time may not be uninteresting to note. The midshipman writes of a shopping expedition in Richmond:

"I gave up all hopes of getting a new suit of uniform, finding it cost the moderate sum of \$112, and I had but \$60. A pair of boots cost me \$20, and I was told that it was cheap. Everything is most absurdly dear; half a dollar for a box of blacking. The commonest homespun is over \$1 a yard, merino \$7 a yard, shoes \$15, a tooth brush \$2, and a paper of pins \$1 50."

Our refugees moved to Richmond, where the soldier of the family had preceded them on a sick furlough, and the midshipman being near enough to see them often, the little group were all together again for the first time since the commencement of the war. But this pleasure, of course, was short lived. Soon the sick leave expired, and hopeful letters then came from the battlefield.

Soon the smallpox began its ravages in Richmond, and the streets were thronged with ambulances, hacks and omnibuses, all carrying the unfortunates to the various hospitals.

But not to close the record of this,

eventful year with battles and epidemics, we will look at a hospital camp

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

and Christmas Day. A happy little family party was there assembled in the low-roofed rooms with their plank partitions. The midshipman came from Drewry's Bluff on forty-eight hours' leave, and his sisters left the city for the holidays to join the two matrons at the suburban hospital.

The war had lasted now eighteen months, and as we have seen, the blockade was felt in many ways. But still there was no lack yet, certainly in the Richmond hospitals, of the wherewithal to make merry at Christmas. The Christmas dinner prepared by the ladies of Camp — for the soldiers under their care included a number of good things, and it was delightful to see the enjoyment of the four hundred convalescents who were served with chickens, ducks, pies and cider, while the sick and wounded in the wards had turkey and stewed oysters, and, to crown all, egg-nog.

No. 50.—War Scenes in Richmond.

(By Mrs. Dr. Shaver, of Atlanta, Ga.)

When war was declared between the North and the South I had been for several years an invalid; and my family and friends thought my case hopeless. I had struggled against my infirmity and helplessness, rolling myself across the floor in an arm chair until I learned to use my lame side with a crutch. My husband often lifted me to the library below for family prayers, and sometimes to the dining-room to make one of the home circle around the table, but when the cry "to arms!" echoed through the South, I felt impelled to extra efforts to get about. Naturally energetic, I knew that as mother and wife I could do much to assist and protect. My daughters, though children in years, had learned to bear many burdens during my long protracted illness, but as school-girls they needed a mother's watchful care and such I strove to give them.

It became necessary for us to exchange our home in the heart of the city for a

suburban cottage, where many luxuries and many of the comforts of our old home were denied us, and it was in the new home that I was enabled to befriend many soldiers wounded and sick. The first regiment brought into the old Fair Grounds, on Main street, Richmond, was the —th Mississippi, a noble band of men. The company, commanded by Capt. M—, we knew when they were full of bright anticipations, when the war seemed like a frolic to them. We saw them go forth just before the first battle of Manassas with light hearts and buoyant spirits. In their earliest engagement many of them fell. We knew the survivors when footsore, and weary, and ragged, they came back through ice and snow, some of them to die. Then other battles occurred, in which quite a number were wounded and killed, and it was my privilege to nurse several of them back to health. I will say just here, that when Lee disbanded the army at Appomattox Courthouse, there were left of that regiment, if I was correctly informed,

JUST NINETEEN MEN.

The next to reach the Fair Grounds was Col. Tom Cobb's command of Georgians. During the summer, measles, camp fever and other diseases prevailed in their camp, and it was my mission to furnish a number of them with food suitable for the sick, such as hot teas, soup, mush and many delicacies unknown in camp. For many weeks dinners were suspended in my house, giving to the family cold lunches and meat suppers, that the entire stove might be filled with vessels of soup and other things to be in readiness for the coming of the nurses for the daily supply. Need I say this work was gratuitous, that it was a contribution to the wants of our "braves."

It was during the stay of this regiment in the old Fair Grounds, that a pleasant-faced youth came to me one morning to sell the rations of his mess. He said they "were tired of beef and wanted a change." The meat was nice and fresh, and after questioning him about his right to part with it, I bought the meat, and when I paid him, he asked:

"Can you write?"

It seemed to me a very absurd question, but I answered, "Yes! certainly. Surely you can write too."

He shook his head sadly, and said, "I haven't been taught."

He then explained that he "wanted it set down that the mess might be satisfied with his trade."

I was very indignant at the thought of a youth like that having been so neglected, but when I mentioned it to my brother-in-law, Major G——, who was a guest in our house, he said, "if you could go through some of our Virginia regiments you would find a great deal of ignorance, and in the backwoods of the mountains in our own State not only ignorance but stunted morals and great depravity." Months after this, while I was going daily to Chimborazo Hospital, a distance of several miles through the city from home, to visit and supply the wants of a dear relative who could not be moved, I saw that Georgia youth

WOUNDED UNTO DEATH.

I was going through the ward offering cooling drinks and distributing tracts and the Gospels bound as pocket companions. I offered him one and he shook his head and said, "I cannot read." His cot was near a young man wounded in the same way, apparently worse, only that the other was educated and cultivated, occupying his time with books and papers, forgetting his wound as far as possible. I am sure that thus he was saved while the other occupied himself with his wound, worrying himself literally to death for want of mental occupation.

The hardships of camp life told heavily upon our men. Many more of them it seemed succumbed to disease than died of wounds. A very few became hardened to camp life. It fell to our lot to receive into our family many of these sick and wounded; and while they died all around us, not one, however ill, that came to us died under our roof. Some of these young men who missed a mother's love and tenderness trusted and confided in me, and to this day I meet now and then with those who were inmates of our home in Richmond. They say they have never forgotten the kindness extended to them.

In the spring of 1862, when the battles around Richmond were being fought and the cannonading and musketry were heard distinctly in our yard, my one guest chamber, that was never empty longer than to give it a thorough cleaning and airing, was filled with wounded soldiers. I was sitting in my own room one afternoon holding the wasted form of my little Lillie, when a servant came to tell me a stranger in the parlor wanted to see me. I hesitated to leave my darling, but she slept, and laying her gently down I went down-stairs. A middle-aged man, hat in hand, waited my coming, apparently bowed down with grief.

I offered him a chair and he told me his story.

"Madam," he said, "I have been told that you are a friend to the soldiers, and I have come to see if you can help me in my distress. I am a planter from — County. My name is J——. When the war between the States was declared, I had two brave boys just ripening into manhood, who gladly responded to the call. My wife and I were anxious to obtain substitutes, but our boys would not hear of it and relinquished college honors, every thing,

TO FIGHT FOR THE SOUTH.

"They both sickened with fever in camp and were brought to Winder Hospital in this city. As soon as the news came to us I hastened to them to find them both dangerously ill. I have been here ten days going back and forth trying to obtain furloughs for them or hire substitutes. This morning I succeeded in getting furloughs and hastened to the hospital to find my firstborn dead, and the younger one delirious; will you take him in?"

My tears were flowing freely. How my heart ached for the mother far away, with her bed chamber in readiness for her sons! What a home coming! I could only express my sorrow for the poor father and tell him my spare chamber was filled, and my own child dying. With all the comforts of life waiting for them they never knew again a mother's care. The next day while we wept over our own dead, I heard that the younger son had died the night before and the father had started with their remains for his distant home.

And this was not an isolated case. A few days later, as I sat by the window, I saw a man hatless and shoeless and coatless, coming up the gravel walk to my door. Unwilling for the servants or children to see him in that plight, I went myself hastily to the door. He was one of the Mississippi soldiers who had worn out his shoes and lost his hat and coat on the march. I at once looked over our stock of clothing and supplied him with shoes, hat and coat, all of which before the war closed some of my own family would have worn.

"IN THE BATTLE OF DRURY'S BLUFF"

a nephew of my husband was seriously wounded. Through all the hours of the night the wounded and dead were being brought to the city, and he was taken to Chimborazo Hospital. We lost no time in going to him and giving him our

personal attention. We spared neither money nor time daily supplying his wants and nursing him back from danger to "a comparatively healthy condition, and I had the satisfaction, when we moved him to our home, after two months, of hearing his physician say, "But for your food, and nursing, and cheering, madam, he would have died." But he died in our house in Atlanta in 1868, from the effects of that wound.

During this time of peril, death came again into our household, snatching from us in a few short hours a little son aged five years, who seemed in perfect health, but I had no time to mourn my dead. The wants of the living, the sick, the wounded and the dying claimed my attention. Supplies were very difficult to obtain but although my friends still regarded me as an invalid, I managed to accomplish things that now seemed impossibilities. When I could not help the needy from my own larder, I managed to get my husband to make appeals from the pulpit, raising by voluntary contributions sums sufficient to relieve their wants. Several times during the war, my husband's paper, a religious journal, was suspended. He became gray and thin and dispirited, and it devolved upon me to cheer, to counsel and to become the burden-bearer. We were greatly reduced in finances, and of course were denied still more comforts and the luxuries of our former living. I was constantly meeting and finding old and casual acquaintances reduced to want. Some of them,

REFUGEES FROM HAPPY HOMES,

were reduced to knitting socks, plaiting straw, making flowers of chicken feathers to eke out a living in humble lodgings. For the first time in my life, I moulded candles, dyed old clothing and made new garments from the "rag-bag." As the war went on these hardships grew, comforts and luxuries decreased, and delicate women and children suffered greatly. Many more of us would have sunk under these things but for the hope of final success, never to be realized. Our soldiers were suffering for supplies cut off by blockade and the enemy tearing up our railroads. They were greatly disheartened and strength as well as spirits gave way.

Frequently during these days of sorrow I had commissions from friends at a distance, sending a rich dress pattern, a Brussels carpet, or a piece of silver, or some expensive apparel laid aside for mourning with such requests as this: "With — in the army, our fences down,

orchard destroyed, horses taken, fowl yards sacked and granary emptied I *must* have food for my children; can you dispose of this for me?" I have walked miles, going into every little shop, to dispose of trifles for friends under such circumstances. Upon one occasion I obtained \$900 in Confederate money for a dress pattern for a friend, and it bought for her nine pounds of sugar and a few pounds of coffee.

A dear young friend came to me once in deep distress. She had just had her month's salary counted out to her by the treasurer. It was in \$10 bills. When she got home she found she had \$10 more than was due her. She was a refugee, and the dear ones at home were dependent on her work.

Sickness was in the household. They were out of fuel, out of food, and she said, "you cannot tell what a temptation that small sum was to me, and when I returned the money to Mr. D—, he said, 'some one is underpaid, I guess.' That night some kind, unknown, friend supplied our wants almost miraculously, and I am sorely grieved that I had so little faith."

I might multiply these things. The scenes of sorrow, of anguish and pain, from

THE WEEPING OF THE CITY,

as one heart, over the body of Stonewall Jackson," to the humble scenes where the only son was brought home dead to a widowed mother, to the anguished cries of a young wife over her husband, to an orphan's wail for a dead father, to the casket containing the body of a hero borne to the grave covered with white flowers, while the wife and parents were overwhelmed with sorrow—these and many more.

I have tried to speak words of comfort to many who sorrowed, but the most sorrowful scenes I witnessed was a mother, poor in this world's goods, who sat weeping over the blood-stains on her parlor floor. "This," she said, "will always be here; it is a part of my boy's body, and I am glad the floor was bare when they brought him home; this, and a lock of hair clotted with blood, is all I have left, and they will be never far from me." She it was who mourned longest, refusing to be comforted. I think I see her, even now—that anguished face and wasted form—crying out for her first-born. He was only a *private*, and buried without honors.

In the midst of these scenes of trial there often came most ludicrous scenes, even in the burial of the dead, but they

must not be repeated for merriment. The most

COMIC EXPERIENCES

that I had was the coming of verdant couples to our parlor to be married. I was often needed as a witness and not unfrequently offered the only words of congratulation. Upon one occasion, a boyish-looking young man and a girl came with their license. They were made one, and the youth asked, "What do you charge?" The reply came: "I never make a charge," when he quickly said, "much obliged, I'll send you a bag of turnips." (Which never came.)

Upon another occasion, a gray-headed man came to the city to meet an old woman by the boat. They were to unite their destinies and leave on the afternoon train. There was a delay of the boat and we kept a fire all night in the parlor, as it was bitterly cold. It was late in the day following when they came wrapped and bundled up in an old "carryall." After the ceremony, when the old man seemed very merry, he said to me, "I have raised fine potatoes this year and will send you down some." (A promise never kept.)

Then came the evacuation of the city, the blowing up of the powder magazine, that shook our dwelling to its foundation, and the horror and dread of the incoming Federal troops. We knew not what was to be our fate. We were agreeably disappointed, for though the city was burning and thousands of people were rendered penniless by the destruction, there was no blood shed, no rapine thanks to Our Father in Heaven!

The news that my husband's office was burning came home to us as

DESOLATION AND RUIN.

We had hoped so much from the close of the war. In a few hours our all was gone, save my husband's brain, and that has had to feed and clothe us, and, though half paid, to educate our children. I often wonder that we did not sink under the heavy blow, but we were wonderfully sustained through it all.

There were many ludicrous scenes that Sunday night before the memorable 3d of April. An old woman, who had much of this world's goods, left her home to burn, taking only her Bible and a broom; thus displaying her characteristics—love of God and love of cleanliness. A man of some prominence lost his life trying to save his whiskey. Many saved trifles, while valuables were left. Days after, when I went to a high point, and looked down upon the smouldering heap, it seemed that our

punishment was greater than I could bear. Between me and the North then there was

A RIVER OF BLOOD,

that it seemed impossible to bridge over, but I have learned to accept the will of God, to feel and know that since he has permitted these things I must say "Thy will be done."

In every household there were missing ones. My dear old father died broken hearted when his grandsons came home wounded. The only sister I have gave up her first born to the first sound of the war tocsin. He was a fine, manly youth, just 21. A member of the "Greys" of Petersburg, Va., he went with his company to "Sewels Point" and was in that engagement, where many of his childhood's friends fell around him. Then came his appointment as lieutenant in his uncle's command at "Arkansas Post." He was there when the "post" fell, was carried a prisoner up the Mississippi through ice and sleet to the enemy's hospital in St. Louis. The morning papers gave an account of the prisoner, and his uncle, then mayor of the city, being refused access to this hospital, disguised himself as a baker and sought his nephew. Finding him very ill, a permit was obtained for his wife to go in and out and minister to the wants of the sick nephew. He died there, and though a casket was furnished and an urgent request made for his body, it was refused and he was buried in the

FEDERAL BURYING-GROUND.

My only living brother for sympathizing with the South was banished in the beginning of the war to Illinois, and though afterwards recalled, remained till the close of the war. Of the three sons given to the Confederacy not one remained to tell the fate of the others. On his return to his despoiled home in Missouri after the close of the war he sickened and died.

But there was no feature of the war so distressing as the moral influence it had on the youth of the South. Schools were suspended, parents away, and boys turned loose in the streets with every evil influence surrounding them. Children who had been nurtured and watched over in homes of plenty were thrust out to work for their own living, and to help their mothers, struggling with want. In many instances the boys were the only bread-winners in the family. Just verging into manhood many of them found themselves penniless. Is it a wonder that so many mothers' hearts are aching over disappointed hopes?

No. 51.—A Brave Colored Woman.

(By Mrs. E. A. Steele, of Black Mingo,
S. C.)

I will never forget the night mother called us all to her and read the following letter, which she had just opened, and how she had to pause now and then to control her voice. It was dated and ran:

BARNWELL C. H., Jan. 15, 1865.

My Dear Yody:

Can I possibly picture to you all the horrors we have undergone since I last wrote you? I will try, for I know your dear heart is bleeding to hear from the home folks, and of course you have seen from the papers that Sherman's men have been here. What that means, dear child, you cannot know without feeling it as we have.

On the first of this month they entered the village, and of course we could not hope to miss them, but our house being so far away from the main road we did half hope they might pass by. But alas! our expectations were vain, for on the third day we heard some of the wretches were at the old Rouse plantation, and had burned down the old house, Miss Ellen having left as soon as she heard of their approach.

Well, that happened on Wednesday and I was quite sure they would reach us before Saturday. Of course most of the negroes on the place just took short leave, when the Yankees came near, but Delia and Ann remained true to the end. It was at the suggestion of the latter that I stored quite a supply of meat, corn and potatoes in the loft over our bed-rooms. You can remember that one corner of my room was not sealed over head and this opening afforded us a good door into the loft. I had very little idea that the provisions would be safe there, but concluded that one place would suit about as well as another and even allowed Ann to take up a lot of bedding and some of our old family silverware. When the things were all satisfactorily put away she came down and told me she was "not done yet." She lighted a huge fat splinter and holding it close to the aperture smoked the edges all around.

When asked her idea for this freak, she replied, "Why, Missis, ain't you see de big tags of smoke what is settle on de edges. In course dey wont tink anybody been frouh dere lately."

I smiled, for I had heard of them dig-

ging four or five feet under some freshly stirred earth, in the belief that valuables had been buried there, and I did not think that Ann's trick would stop them.

Here we were, three helpless women, and four little frightened children clinging to us and every moment expecting to see that

AVALANCHE OF TERROR

sweep down on us. You may imagine that we did not sleep much those four nights following, and we all huddled together in my room, half crying as we talked in whispers of them. Ann slept, or rather lay, on a rug by the fire all night, and she would try and cheer us up a bit. Every bark of our old dog, every rustle of the leaves outside made us start and listen in breathless silence. Then the gray morning light would come slowly up over the world, and we would feel thankful that we had been spared that night.

Thus for four wretched nights we kept watch, Delia and Ann taking turns with me. Then the beautiful Sabbath sun rose on our still troubled vision. This day, the holy day of days, was to be desecrated by those brutal creatures called men. We had just risen from our hastily gotten breakfast when Ann came running to us. "Oh! Missis, dey is comin', sure enough."

Our first impulse was to flee, but we thought of our old home, which would certainly be burned did we leave it, and so we stood there, the children crying and Delia and Ann trying to quiet them, while Addie, Lizzie and I stood silently waiting the entrance of the men. We could now very plainly hear their heavy tread and an occasional loud, coarse laugh, followed by a general uproar. Then we heard the short, sharp bark of little Fido and Carlo's low growl, but in an instant both were hushed, two sharp pistol reports followed the last growl as the faithful dogs bounded forward only to fall in their tracks, dead. A horrible oath rang out as the brutes entered the yard and came to the house.

Even then I took in the picture we made as we waited there. At the back window Lizzie was standing shedding silent tears at the fate of her

DEAR LITTLE FIDO.

Addie stood holding on to the back of the chair she had just risen from, Delia and Ann were half sitting near the fire, their arms around my children and I still sitting in my chair, half pushed away from the table. I don't know how they came in, but in a moment the whole house was full of the dirtiest, most vil-

lanous set of men it has ever been my lot to see.

"Look here, madam, we want a hot breakfast; quick, too!" said a man who seemed to be the leader of the mob.

Ann was up in a moment hurrying to help Delia with the meal, while the men were going into every room searching bureaus, closets and trunks with a vim.

I was glad to learn that breakfast was to be prepared only for the head men, and hoped they would leave us enough for dinner.

In this I was disappointed, however, as the other wretches completely cleared out the smoke-house and pantry. They stored all they could carry in their wagons, and then seeing that a good deal was left they destroyed it, breaking open a large barrel of syrup and letting it run on the ground and scattering the corn and rice so that it could not be gathered. They shot a great many of the chickens and the rest they carried off. Of course they took the two horses. They also burned the stable and fodder-house.

We, of course, then expected they would burn the dwelling-house, but one of the most decent-looking officers told us they would spare the house, as we had not "sassed" them.

When the men had eaten, Ann and Delia came in to us and stayed by us all the time. We all went into my room and closed the door. A moment after a brute pushed it open, with the injunction, "Let that d—d door stay open. We want no secret conferences here."

Then another one came in and took the bed covering away, and a third, seeing the aperture, remarked that "something might be up there," and three or four advanced into the room.

This aroused Ann's temper and she gave them her mind.

"I 'clar," she said. "I nebber een my life seen such a ting. People what calls demselves white folks jest teafen like a nigger rilla! Yes, climb up een de loft ef you wants to, en you'll clean de place of smoke en spider web, anyhow. Put dat table here, Delia, en let's help dese white gentlemen to git de rats outen de loft."

Ann's tirade had the desired effect, and glancing up at the smoked edges one remarked that "nothing had been through there," and went out leaving

ANN TRIUMPHANT.

You remember, Addie has great-grandmother's watch. She was afraid to hide it for fear it would be stolen, so concluded to keep it inside her dress front

and run the risk of being searched. Only a few moments after Ann had put those three men out of the room two more came in, and went directly up to Addie, saying, "One of your nigs told me you have a gold watch, and I want it without any to do."

Addie turned to him with not a vestige of fear on her face, and answered: "Then, sir, you will have to go to Augusta, Ga., to the jewelry store of Stephens & Co. I sent my watch to them only last week, and am more than glad I did."

I don't think the wretches believed her; for, after a whispered conference, they came farther into the room, and Delia must have guessed they meant to search Addie, for she stepped quickly between her and the men as they came forward, and, with arms akimbo and eyes flashing, she gave those Yanks such a lecture as I am sure they never heard from the lips of a "colored lady" before.

"Fore God, buckra! ef one of yunner put your nasty hand on dis chile ob my ole missis, you got to knock Delia down fust. De watch is in 'Gusta, en I tank de Lord dat sech white trash wont git hold ob it dis time. Dey tells me dat yunner tryin to set we free, but when I gets my freedom I wants honest folks to gib it to me! For de Lord sake man, where yunner raise any how, dat you cum down here acting like a parcel of hyenas?"

I think those men wanted to choke Delia just then, but her color and kinky hair insured her from harm, and after an awful volley of oaths they too left the room, vanquished, but "mad as fury," Delia said.

It was late in the evening before they left us, and when we heard their wagons rumbling down the avenue and saw the last straggling couple disappear we only thought then to look around at the wreck they had made.

Poor old Carlo lay dead between the house and gate and Fido, also stiff and cold, lay under the jessamine bush close by. Not a solitary chicken was to be seen, they having shot and eaten all they could not catch. We had a fine sow and six pigs in a pen near the barn. The sow they carried off and the pigs, being very young, they killed with an axe right in the pen. You don't know how pitiful it looked to see those poor little creatures butchered up just for spite. Outside the smoke-house door lay a great puddle of black stuff, which we saw was the hog's head of syrup they had broken open, and being fearful that we might be able to

GATHER SOME OF IT,

had afterwards taken a hoe and thoroughly mixed in dirt with it. From the kitchen they had taken every cooking utensil except an old one-legged oven and a frying-pan.

When we re-entered the house we went from room to room, finding them almost bare. In one of the bed-rooms the mattress was gone, the feather-bed cut open and the feathers left piled on the floor, the mirror smashed and the door broken from its hinges. In another the bedstead was destroyed, and some of the furniture cut into by axes, completely ruining it, of course. In the parlor the pictures were either stolen or broken, and the furniture defaced, and some of it completely destroyed. The dining-room was bare and desolate with the exception of the table and a broken dish.

This is a mere shadow of the desolation we saw that day. Here is just what they left us. One mattress, one feather-bed, one blanket and two quilts, which were in the loft, one bedstead, three chairs, whole, one broken dish, one broken oven and a frying-pan. We were lucky in saving a half barrel of flour, six hams, a bushel of rice and some of our clothing, all in the loft.

We had quite an impromptu supper that first night, helping ourselves to the bread from the oven, and using for knives and forks our fingers. We drew coffee in Ann's tin bucket, and each took their turn at a sip. I can smile over it now, but it was a serious affair just then.

The next day one or two stragglers came by, but one glance into the house convinced them there was nothing here, and they went on cursing their luck.

Some of our more lucky neighbors, who happened to miss the raid, heard of our visit of destruction and sent us material aid in the shape of bedding and provisions.

Addie will persist in saying she was justified in telling a lie to save grandmother's watch, and we all think so too.

I had a visit from old Mrs. Ray yesterday and she was telling us how she had saved all her meat. She had killed about twenty hogs just two weeks before the Yankees came, and you may be sure she did not relish the idea that she would lose all her nice hams. Well, a bright idea struck her a few days before the enemy reached her. She had all the meat brought out of the smoke-house, and after it had been carefully looked over she made a negro cut a circular hole in each piece near the joints. She

then brought from the house a small brown parcel which she opened very carefully, and, with a spoon handle, put a small quantity of white powder in each incision and then filled it up with salt. She then had the meat put back in the house and cautioning the negroes not to tell the Yankees it was poisoned, quietly awaited the result. They did come, too, the same crowd that visited us, and she said she was even left more desolate than we had been. When they first entered the house

THEY CURSED AND RAVED

about her "Rebel sons," and swore they would burn down the dwelling-house. Mrs. Ray, her daughter and grandchild, were the only white occupants at the time, and after the creatures had taken all they could find in the house their attention was directed to the barn and smoke-house. A few moments after they had entered the latter there was a general leave, and such oaths Mrs. R. said she never heard from a tongue before. Of course the negroes had told them the meat was poisoned, and she said although she was dreadfully frightened, she could not help being amused at the way in which they quit the house. A large Newfoundland dog had got hold of a piece of the meat and one of the men chased him all around the yard before he could be made to drop it. Then the women were ordered out of the house and fire put to it, the wretches remaining till it was burned down.

Mrs. Ray says that during the entire day she and her daughter never spoke only when addressed, and one of the men remarked that "They'll get over that d---d pride when they see the house burning down," but even then they were disappointed, for they quietly left it, little Ellen being the only one who showed any signs of being repentant, and she begged one of the men, "Oh, sir! please don't burn grandma's house," but being repulsed with an oath she never spoke again.

As they left late that evening a man called out: "You can live in your smoke-house now, and make a hearty supper off that d---d poisoned meat! Good-bye, old Reb grandma!"

Mrs. Ray is living in the smoke-house, and has dined many times on the poisoned meat. The mysterious white powder which saved it was only wheat flour. I hope, dear Tody, you will not have a visit from the fire fiends.

No. 52.—Sherman's "Conquering Heroes."*(By Alice Brooks, of Birmingham, Ala.)*

We, the living, know, and it is marked down for posterity to learn, the cause of the late war. There is no need then for my pen to attempt a review of the disagreement of the North and South. I will tell only of the experience which the war entailed upon myself and Southern women.

The fire of war had smouldered for some time, growing in intensity until it broke into flame with the secession of South Carolina. Then came the rattle of the kettle-drum, the bugle call of cavalry, the drill of volunteers, all unskilled in the ways of war, and tears and partings.

As each State seceded from the Union, casting its lot with the Confederacy for victory or defeat, another star was added to our new flag of Stars and Bars, and its accession was celebrated by a grand illumination and torchlight procession. Every one who could afford the gratification joined in to do honor to the occasion, and it was a beautiful sight to see every house for squares in every direction ablaze with light. Sky-rockets rent the face of night; tar barrels and bonfires burned their brightest; men seemed almost wild with joy and paraded the streets with torches, tossing their hats in the air and shouting huzzah for the seceding State and infant Confederacy. At the Courthouse square speeches were made to hundreds of enthusiastic people; hearts burned with patriotism and fired their words with eloquence. Hope's finger traced a picture of an independent Confederacy with its own laws and law-givers—a picture of victory crowning our South land a queen in her own right. But alas! 'twas but phantasmagoria—delusion at a fearful cost. Poverty and suffering was the cost—desolated homes was the cost— orphaned children was the cost—bones bleaching on battlefields was the cost—a cost too frightfully great for the principle involved.

Secessions of other States followed, and thus we were fairly launched upon

THE SEA OF WAR.

Like gaunt phantoms its recollections rise up before me, for where is there a Southern woman who can conjure up its

memories unless clad in the habilaments of woe and deprivation? Perhaps a few favored of heaven can recall those days with only a sigh—a few who had no dear one to march away at his country's call, full of hope and heroism, to return no more.

From our own home went one dear brother, so talented and promising, his young heart throbbing with heroic impulse. But his youth (he was only seventeen years of age) unfitted him for the rigors of war. Our father obtained for him an honorable discharge from service after months of bitter experience—of sleeping upon the hard, bare ground, and marching on half rations and barefoot through the snow. How we eagerly expected his coming, and what delight could exceed that which his arrival gave! But he came only to die, after two short weeks at home. Oh War! War! may our country never know again thy direful needs!

Although a girl, scarce old enough for grave thought, the sights and misfortunes of those days wrought impressions never to be forgotten. I can remember well when fashion, governed by necessity and not by taste, fabricated many a wonderful costume. As "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," so a kindred poverty produced an utter absence of criticism in regard to wearing apparel. Happy the possessor of a hoard of

DRESSES OUT OF STYLE,

perhaps a grandmother's finery stored away for the dust and moths of the garret! How they were ripped and cleaned and fashioned over! The old-time gourd and palm-leaf patterns again saw the light and no more seemed hideously out of date. Many a girl and woman, however, who in ante-bellum days would have scorned a calico dress, now wore homespun dresses; aye, and wore them with an air of pride, for what could suit a Southern girl more completely than cloth made in our own Southern looms, and hats made from palmetto from the swamps and riversides of Florida? Ah! many a languishing Southern beauty has given heroic resolution to our soldiers by glances from beneath the palmetto hat. There may be some poetic thought connected with this much of our dress; but, oh! the impossibility of writing, or even thinking, poetically of our shoes! They inspire naught but the strictest prose, for they were irredeemably homely. No description would do justice to either shape or fit. The daintiest foot became almost literally a stumbling-block to its possessor. Perhaps some faint idea can

be gained of our shoes from this information—they were made to order, (Heaven save the mark!) of oilcloth, in a smoke-dried cobbler-shop, by an old negro wholly untaught in the art—born, as it were, a maker of shoes, instead of poetry. I once became the happy owner of a half-dozen pairs of real Yankee-made gaiters; but, oh! unkind fate! one size too small for my dainty foot, yet,

LIKE CINDERELLA'S UGLY SISTERS,

I would have almost cut off my toes rather than forego the pleasure of wearing them. "Pride knows no pain" 'tis said, but it is certain Pride's votary suffered while those shoes lasted. Of imported articles and things obtained by blockade running there was a dearth in the land, so that the prices paid for them seemed almost incredible. We went shopping with a basket full of money or "shinplasters," and came home with a handful of purchases. I cannot now recall the prices, but such commodities as tea, coffee, soda and spices, were within reach of few in the South. Coffee was substituted by parched meal, rye, or sweet potatoes cut in small cubes, the rye being the nearest imitation. So accustomed did we become to the substitute that it was really preferred to the best Java, so the necessity became a virtue. So closely did the planters and farmers of the South confine themselves to the production of cotton, that there was a scarcity of even corn and wheat, thus making breadstuffs dear. Many a barrel of the very necessities of life lay for years in the cellars of grasping merchants waiting a greater rise in prices until they became infested with vermin. How often have I seen flour for which enormous sums had been paid, almost able to promenade the pantry with its plenitude of vitality! Not being fond of corn meal in any form save when green and on the ear, many a tear have I shed over the vanished days of biscuit and johnny-cake! When through a stroke of fortune we were enabled to buy a sack of fresh, uninhabited flour, what a joyous sight was it to mine eyes to see the rows of nicely browned, butter milk biscuit brought to the table. With fresh butter (no oleomargarine with the rest of our misfortunes, thank kind Heaven!) rye coffee, perhaps sweetened with sorghum in preference to wormy sugar, if not a "banquet fit for kings," it was at least

A FEAST FOR A HARDENED REBEL.

Although food was so scarce, whenever troops or reinforcements passed through Columbus the ladies always found something relishing to refresh them

with on their way to the front. Such crowds of women and even children would gather at the depot bearing baskets loaded with substantial which had been accumulated in many cases by rigid self-denial, that many a faltering heart and failing courage has been strengthened by the memory of the kind hands that gave them food.

Only once was I brought face to face with grim-visaged war—only once heard the rattle of muskets and the boom of cannon. Battles had been fought for four years and the changing smiles of victory had filled our hearts with fear. Atlanta had been burned and Sherman was marching through Georgia. Nearer came the enemy—nearer to our own little city. No longer was war to be a hearsay, a report—we should now see its reality—see the blue-coated Yankee with his grimy knapsack, his musket or sabre with all the implements of camp or march. Just across the Chattahoochee on the Alabama side intrenchments were dug—breast-works thrown up.

Every household sent out its protector if any had been spared from the roll call of death. The few who rallied to

THE DEFENCE OF COLUMBUS

felt how vain was any show of resistance, yet after hasty good-byes they marched away to fight in the very shadow of their homes. Perhaps the few shots fired from the trenches would be called by a scarred veteran only a frolic or a pastime, and will never be amongst the chronicles of history, but to us that had never beheld a Yankee in uniform, it was fraught with all the reality of a Manassas, a Gettysburg, or Seven Pines. As was expected, the boys were forced from the trenches, coming in hot haste across the foot-bridge into Columbus. There comes a Yankee cavalryman urging his horse to greater speed as he sights the form of a flying Confederate. The fugitive turns a corner to the right—to the right charges the horseman, but the Confederate has vanished from sight. Ah! the doors were all open to the boys in grey, friend or stranger.

Many amusing scenes occurred during the retreat into the city. A brother of ours being exempt from service was one of the few in the fight that night. Running at full speed, (in fact I think he registered his best record in that retreat,) he passed our home and on to the lower and more retired part of the city. Leaping over the fence into a friend's yard, he ran around to the back door where he encountered the young lady of the house. Taking him to be a Yankee in the dim

twilight, she threw up her hands in total demoralization, crying out:

"MY GOD! I SURRENDER."

To this day I do not think she has ceased to be twitted about the importance of her surrender.

Our home at this time was centrally located and we thus had ample opportunity of witnessing the scenes and the lawlessness and rapacity which occurred in those dark days. Everything of any value we had removed to a place of safety in the suburbs, since it was generally feared the business part of the city would be burned. We remained at home retaining only a few actual necessities and comforts. In the morning after the raiders came what a sight greeted our vision! The streets were lined with Yankee soldiers, their horses tethered to trees and awning posts, and a gathering rabble of negroes and a low class of whites. Actuated by greed and in many instances by spite, the crowd piloted the soldiers around to those stores which they desired to ransack. The doors of grocery stores, dry goods stores, hardware stores, crockery stores were burst in with axes, and such wanton waste and stealing the sun scarce ever beheld. Down stairs to our right was a large crockery store. Guided thither by some who were

GREEDY FOR PILLAGE,

the Federals forced the doors. In rushed the crowd furious as the maelstrom, struggling and fighting as they endeavored to seize anything that could be borne away. One crowd comes out with their ill-gotten possessions; another rushes in, their yells and screams mingling with the oaths of the soldiers as they smash crockery right and left with huge sticks, making a very pandemonium. Just to the left of us a large grocery suffers a like fate. Barrel heads are burst, out streams molasses, vinegar, whiskey in a mingling flood. Boxes are burst and contents scattered to the rabble. There goes one loaded with hams, another with flour, while one old woman, for want of better means of transportation, carries her apron full of sugar. One ragged specimen of humanity had possessed himself of a handsome pair of vases. Another congratulated herself upon being the envied owner of part of a china tea-set. Actually a negro was seen to haul

A PIANO AWAY TO HIS CABIN!

of all his possessions the least useful or needed by such as he, whose fingers

were accustomed more to the handling of shovel and hoe than to manipulating the ivory of the key-board. But so intent was the rabble upon plunder that anything was taken without selection. Rooms in the upper stories of store buildings occupied by gentlemen as sleeping apartments were invaded, carpets torn from the floors, pillows, bedding and furniture carried away.

Numbers of houses found protection from the rougher element amongst the soldiery in the presence of a guard who was held responsible by his superior officer for any indignity offered to any of its inmates. We of course had this protection in the shape of a dapper little fellow who fell violently in love with my sister. He nursed his passion in secret, not daring to presume giving it expression to his fair enemy until after the cruel war was over, when she received a genuine love-letter from

THE LITTLE YANKEE.

How we laughed! She, not being reconstructed could not reciprocate, and poor fellow! long has he waited a reply, but it cometh not!

But I digress. Many houses, unless guarded, were entered by the soldiers themselves and searched for valuables, and lamentations were vain to him who had not "taken time by the fore-lock" and consigned his treasures to the guardianship of mother earth. In those occurrences "silence was golden," for those who bridled their tongues fared much better than others who gave vent to their just indignation. In the former case, after a search and perhaps a confiscation of such articles as suited our conquering heroes, they departed with sometimes quite a Chesterfieldian bow. I heard (this "I tell as 'twas told to me") of a lady in our vicinity who violently repelled their intrusion. Regardless of her protestations, not only did they indulge in a liberal search of house and premises, but before bidding her adieu they obtained from her storehouse a barrel of molasses. This they conveyed to the parlor, and after liberating a generous stream of the sticky substance over the carpet, into it scattered the contents of a feather bed.

The night following the occupancy of Columbus by the Federals began

THE WORK OF DESTRUCTION.

All manufactories and Government stores were doomed. Some of the conflagrations would have been grand had

not the occasion been pitiful. It seemed almost a spiteful display of power, for all knew, no matter how unwilling to admit, that the fate of our Confederacy was sealed. How much more generous would it have been to leave a defeated people, already impoverished by the needs of war, the means in our manufactories of retrieving our prosperity under the banner of peace. The rolling-mill and foundry, two cotton factories, several flour and grist mills and the Government granary were early laid in ashes, and for days the air was heavy with the scent of burnt grain. One mill was spared because its owner enjoyed the fortunate distinction of being a Union man. The powder magazine flew heavenward with a horrid crash. The very earth seemed to visibly leap forward with the concussion.

The most frightful scene that it was my lot to witness was the firing of the railroad depot and adjoining warehouse. In it had been stored a number of shells. When the flames reached them one after another exploded with terrible force, hurling fragments of the deadly missile to our very door. It seemed to my eyes a Vesuvius, and my heart seemed to stand still with fear while

MY GAZE WAS FASCINATED.

All around eyes streamed with tears—but for years we had wept for sorrows deep—tears had been shed like rain. The brightest day of spring was clouded by the smoke of battles far away where dear ones, perhaps, were sleeping the sleep of heroes. Never in four years did the sun shine bright save when the news came of a battle won, and even then our hearts sank low at thoughts of victories earned at so fearful a sacrifice of blood.

No need to tell our joy when we beheld the vanishing form of the last departing foe, their work of war and waste well done. The ruin around us—the solitary chimneys, like sentinels, guarding the ashes of ruined hopes—bade us fold our hands in despair. But the future, with hope for its artist, bade us “be up and doing.” No one looking to-day upon our busy, thriving city, with its numerous industries, its flying spindles and busy looms, could form a remote idea of its forlorn appearance after the departure of Sherman’s raiders.

This is an “o’er true tale,” but as I recall those scenes, it seems a tale of hobgoblins, exaggerated and magnified beyond belief. Yet they tell me I know nothing of the miseries of war.

No. 53.—A Double Wedding.

(By Miss M. Mumford, of Pittsylvania County, Virginia.)

1884! And I glance back; I look again, and I gaze eagerly back over the bridge of years to 1864! How we elderly (?) maidens can recall that past, for it is bright in song and story—youth, and the romance of our lives—and though “the light of Freedom’s star falls sadly now on many graves, dug by the hand of cruel war,” and we mourn our brave heroes gone, alas! many of us, all of youth and happiness along with them, yet it is a pleasure, as a pain, to go back and be a girl once more, to cherish those little incidents now gleaming as bright-gilded pictures down the corridors of time.

How well I remember that bleak morning in January, 1864, when the principal of the “Academy for Young Ladies and Misses” announced, “though with no desire to create a panic, or even to alarm in the slightest degree,” that in consequence of the near approach of “the enemy,” he deemed it expedient to allow such of the pupils as might desire to return to their homes, and a dispatch from my father notified me to repair to Richmond, via the Central Railway.

With what feelings of rapture did I hail these announcements! After three years’ seclusion, climbing the hill of science, “far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,” thus, suddenly, to find myself transported to Richmond, the very capital of the war! to see the war! the pride, and pomp, and glorious circumstance of war! I remember there were some soldiers in grey uniform, the first I had seen, seated near me on the train, but I withdrew my gaze in disdain, for I had pictured

MEN IN CONFEDERATE GREY,

with burnished muskets, proudly drawn up in battle array, and I fancied these to be deserters en route for “Castle Thunder” prison. As my views widened, however, I found that they were soldiers on furlough, meditating a short holiday at the Confederate Capital.

As I approached the city my next solicitude was a vague idea about passports, and, not having one, I feared I might have to stand disconsolate, like the Peri, or the Yankees, at the gates of the promised land; but, as my experience in war times still farther enlarged, I found the aforesaid passport to be a necessary script only upon leaving the city. Then how bountifully was the

coachman repaid, with the roll of Confederate notes, after depositing the luggage at my refugee home in Richmond.

That new home, at Richmond, on the James, with its Capitol square drills, and its Franklin street promenades, and its Hollywood rambles, and, alas! its whitewashed wards, where the dead and the dying lay, how it looms in the shadows of the past! endeared and hallowed by so many fond associations with the soldier boys, who did not mind the walks from camp, those bitter-cold evenings, to drink hot coffee "with the girls."

Oh! those parties we would have, when we liked to dance with the boys, though the coarse camp shoes tore long rents in our velvet carpets, and the hands which clasped our own were sometimes rough from powder, or a lack of something—in rude camp life—but we did not mind, for they were soldiers from our sunny South, and had come, with brave steps, and hands with hearts in them, to protect us in our Southern Capital. So we endeavored to give them the best of cheer, poor fellows! bearing up under the privations of camp life, oh, so stoutly!—and, like Desdemona, oftentimes we listened to the stories they would tell, of dreary marches through foe and through fire, and of hairbreadth escapes at the cannon's mouth, until a pitying, loving heart would follow the soldier back, and on, on to perish midst Virginia's snows, where a mound is kept, ever green, in memory's haunts, watered with some maiden's tears.

Fair Richmond, on the James! As I walk your streets to-day, I see nobler buildings rearing proudly over the ashes of others, consumed in the great fire on "Evacuation day," that April dawn in 1865, when we stood upon your seven hills and watched the retreating soldier-columns as they burnt the bridges after them, and saw the flames advance and wreathe about old familiar spires, and much-loved homes.

Across the street from yonder Capitol square is the former site of the quartermaster-general's office of *bellum* days, where several of us served as clerks in

A BUREAU OF LADIES.

Each had her respective books to keep. Amongst my records I kept the dates of confirmation of post quartermaster appointments throughout the Confederacy, and I still recall the face of the soldier wag who wanted to know if I was keeping a "parish register." The female clerks in the various Government departments at Richmond were treated with considerable distinction by the

head officials, and it grew to be a matter of some pride, as well as emolument, to find one's self the recipient, through the postoffice, of one of those "approved applications" under signature of the quartermaster-general, or the commissary-general, or the secretary of the treasury.

In our bureau of the quartermaster-general's office we were favored with special privileges, such as receiving friendly visits, as well as official visitors, which relieved the tedium of work and emboldened us to the perpetration of numerous jokes in these intervals of labor, one of which was a quarterly report of our own bureau sent in to the quartermaster-general in the name of the officer whose duty it was to forward such reports; and, as it will serve as a burlesque on quartermaster reports in general, I give it, as follows:

A MODEL REPORT.

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.
QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 1, 1865.

Gen. A. R. L., Quartermaster-General—Sir: Having heard of the abuses in this room, I determined to make a tour of investigation, and, accompanied by Major B., the gentlemanly proprietor thereof, I proceeded forthwith.

The first desk inspected was that kept by Miss B. Armed with an eraser she seemed to employ most of her time in obliterating the previous day's work.

I found Miss C. slumbering over a mass of unregistered letters, whilst her partner, Miss L., was deeply engrossed briefing a huge loaf of bread and butter.

I would respectfully suggest that Capt. W. W. L. be ordered to report in trans-Mississippi department, and that Miss M. be left in charge of quartermaster returns.

I would hereby respectfully recommend a change of position for Mrs. D., a widow, in which I and I have been forestalled by several gentlemen.

I found that the ladies had torn down the rules, both salutary and sanitary, especially regarding their chewing and smoking, because Capt. DeP. had suggested that any lady who chewed must expectorate as a gentleman. I would respectfully call the attention of the quartermaster-general to this species of vandalism, and I would, moreover, suggest that it be made the subject of a special order. Sitting on the desk is positively prohibited, yet I observed it was the prevailing custom. I also respectfully suggest that this be made the subject of a special order.

I would respectfully call the attention of the quartermaster-general to small bags of starch, which I found concealed about the persons of most of the ladies, designed to be used as face powder, and which, I judge, were drawn as "rations." I consider this a wanton and wicked waste of corn, especially in view of the danger which now so seriously threatens the State of Virginia; and I would respectfully urge the following question upon the serious consideration of the quartermaster-general: Is it compatible with the public interest and present scarcity of sup-

plies, that feline pets and favored dogs should be enticed into this department and fed on cherry pies?

I found that an infinite number of cherries and innumerable groundnuts had been sent to the ladies of this department by prowling young men, which I would suggest be made the subject of a special order, unless two-thirds be turned over, as a tithe, to the quartermaster-general's office. I would suggest that an order be issued to prevent their turning over the ink, also, under a misapprehension of duty.

I would, moreover, respectfully suggest that so much of Special Order No. —, Series No. —, excluding all those likely to create a melancholy penchant in the hearts of the ladies' department, as relates to lieutenant-majors and brigadier-generals, be revoked.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. Z.,

Colonel and Assistant Q. M. General.

WEDDING BELLS.

A few squares above the quartermaster-general's department—and I mark the site of a sacred building connected with the old war times. There the soldiers would gather from the fortifications around, and the convalescent hospitals, to assemble on the Sabbath; and many a social band has stood about its altar, whilst the organ pealed forth a wedding march, down long dim aisles, as the Confederate soldier stepped forth, in all his manly beauty, to claim his Southern bride; feeling more like the conquering hero than, when, with beating drum, and colors flying, he marched triumphantly after a victory at Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, or Cold Harbor, or Manassas, or Antietam and Shepherdstown. Yet, alas! as the fate of such times, the flowers that blossom on the bridal must fade upon the tomb; and the bride of a day is the widow of the morrow.

It was in 1865. Throughout the winter Lee, who had been made, nominally, commander-in-chief, lay in his long lines in front of Petersburg and Richmond, holding them with less than forty thousand men, against nearly two hundred thousand. Although they could be poorly spared, two gallant young officers obtained furloughs to visit Richmond, that they might be united in marriage with the "fairest jewels guarded in the Confederate capital;" for the two sisters had decided to render the occasion still more impressive, with a double ceremony, and, on the eventful evening, I thought I had never witnessed a fairer pageant in the old church. The golden haired blonde contrasted with her dark-eyed sister; and the long line of lovely female attendants, each by way of ornament, in uniform decoration, with a single white japonica pinned about

the bosom—for patriotic women of the Confederacy had long since sacrificed precious stones to "the cause." The building was crowded with congratulating friends, and all went merry as a marriage bell—but, I shuddered as the words fell from the man of God—

"UNTIL DEATH YE DO PART."

How serenely joyful the couples appeared as they traversed the old church aisles, regardless of the whole outside world, of the narrowing Confederacy around them; each happy in a mutual affection, they thought only of the present, or, with the sanguine hope of youth and love, dreamed of the blissful joys of a lifetime "when this cruel war is over."

Before Petersburg was to be assailed in force all the railroads by which the Confederates were supplied were to be cut or captured behind them. In pursuance of this object, Sheridan moved up the Shenandoah valley, routing the remnant of Gen. Early's command at Waynesboro', and crossing the Blue Ridge mountains took possession of Charlottesville. He tore up the railroads for miles around, and destroyed the canal along James River. We all remember how Lynchburg was saved, the high waters in its stream preventing the passage of his forces; but the expedition succeeded in joining Gen. Grant, after pillaging some of the most productive sections in the State of Virginia, and having broken most of the lines by which Lee's troops were supplied.

Grant continued to extend his lines to the left so as to sweep round Petersburg and seize the remaining line of supply or retreat when he received a bloody check at Hatcher's Run. Though the end of the Confederacy was fast approaching, yet the news from Hatcher's Run revived for the moment our flickering hopes as, with anxious hearts, we watched for fresh telegrams that should allay the fears of those who had some friend or brother there. Alas! amongst the "young, who suddenly beheld life's morn decline," foremost in the ranks, falling in the battle's brunt, were our

TWO GALLANT YOUNG BRIDEGROOMS.

And again we repaired to the old church where, a few days since, we had assembled a congratulatory crowd, now a band of mourners, to pay the last sad tribute of respect and affection to the soldier dead, upon whose noble, peaceful brows had flashed, like Pelham's, "the light of a divine surprise."

About the time of Sheridan's movements above referred to, I had gone up to Charlottesville on a visit of a few days,

fearing no obstacle to my return to Richmond. One morning I started out for a ramble on the outskirts of the town, taking the Richmond *Examiner*, for, bracing as the morning was, not to say cold, I had a romantic, school-girl idea of perusing the "news of the war" reclining on a moss-covered stump, with a distant view of the shadowy hills, "the everlasting hills," magnificent Blue Ridge!

I had just seated myself, and, drawing my wraps closely about me, was endeavoring to settle the sheet of paper against a stiff mountain breeze, when a tall haggard-looking veteran approached me and abruptly inquired if I was from the "Sesesh Capital."

Taking for granted it was some Confederate soldier, wishing to learn of home or friends, I answered promptly that I was from that city.

I deemed the allusion to Richmond but a bit of pleasantry, for, in war times, we did not stand upon formalities, and I inquired, in turn, if I could do aught for him there, as I proposed to return in a day or two.

I shall never forget the expression of that face, of mischievous malice, as he glanced furtively around, and with a knowing wink, replied:

"You'd better be about your trip at once, then. That railroad will be in other hands before this time to-morrow," and, with another malicious grin, he was off at a bound.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

I could not help pondering the adage, as I surmised the origin, distinction and motives of my singular informant. Whatever it might presage, I resolved upon one decision—to take the afternoon train for Richmond. That day

THE LAST CONFEDERATE LOCOMOTIVE

ran over the road from Charlottesville to Richmond, and was scarcely out of sight of the invading foe, when Sheridan entered the former.

Safely located on the train, the first object that attracted my attention was the same haggard, evil-eyed soldier of my morning's encounter, ensconced between two military men in Confederate grey. I noticed on minute scrutiny that his soiled and tattered garb was "Yankee blue;" and I found him, in truth, a deserter from the ranks of "Uncle Sam," bent upon perpetrating all the treachery in his power, as he talked volubly and intelligibly regarding Sheridan's proposed operations; and, as his prophetic plans all matured at a very early day, I think the rascal must have been en-

trusted with the knowledge he betrayed from some exalted position of power behind the throne.

But the information afforded by the deserter came too late to avert the onward march of Sheridan; and although he met with disaster at Five Forks, he returned next day supported by reinforcements, who fell upon the Confederates and completely crushed and routed them.

The next day the thin lines of Lee were pierced at Petersburg, and the ensuing night that place and the city of Richmond were both evacuated—the 3d of April, 1865.

The whole of that memorable Sunday night we citizens, male and female, young and old, were in transit in a state of indescribable precipitancy as the troops slowly threaded their way through the blockaded streets thronged with citizens and vehicles of every description. We had realized very suddenly that the city was in a state of evacuation, and much had to be accomplished ere we might expect

THE TRIUMPHANT FOE

to march ruthlessly into our midst. We anticipated their taking immediate possession of all vacant buildings, towards quartering troops, and thus, many of our people were engaged in removing from closely packed premises into others so immediately vacated by our military or Government officials. It was impossible to foresee how we should fare for necessary food in the surrendered Capital, even if a sadder fate than famine did not overtake us, and hence many old men, as well as ladies, were to be seen, all through the night, rolling barrels of flour and meat, &c., along the streets, for the Confederate commissary stores had been thrown open to the public. The whole city kept open house that night, and we felt like one united family, as we stepped in at that door and then at another to discuss the situation.

When the morrow dawned to find that the destruction of the public warehouses, stores, vessels, and bridges had set fire to the city, wild consternation pervaded all classes, which was still further increased by the entrance of Grant's army; though, I will add, to the credit of that General, that his strict orders regarding private property and personal safety of the citizens were most rigidly enforced; and when the Federal troops had succeeded in quenching the flames the ladies of Richmond felt that in the midst of dire calamity they had something still to call forth prayers of gratitude—that the city was not sacked!

No. 54.—The Footprints of Potter.

(By Mrs. E. A. Steele, of Black Mingo, S. C.)

Was it a dream I wonder! That first dim recollection of mine where I saw my father in his gray uniform and heard that he was going to the war, seems now like a vague, misty picture; but the after events are clear enough. We children watched him as he drove slowly down the wide road and then we turned again to our play, our young hearts not taking in the solemnity of this final parting. We had seen him leave with his company for North Island, and mother and we children had gone down there to see him and had camped all night under his tent and enjoyed ourselves greatly, gathering up the beautiful shells that were scattered on the shore.

We had seen the men parading in their beautiful uniforms, had heard the drum beat, had partaken of the meals prepared by the black army cooks, and lastly had stood directly under the folds of our loved flag. To us this was army life and I often wondered why mother and aunt grieved so when no other call was made and "Company E" was ordered out. To be sure I knew this time they had gone to the war, but what that war meant I dreamed not.

The first few months after our home band had marched away a settled shade seemed to rest on all our homes. Fathers, husbands, brothers and sons had left the fireside, mayhap never to return. Aged mothers had stood that day in the doorways and watched with tear-dimmed eye that hopeful band of patriots, watched till the last gray uniform had faded from sight, then turned to the quiet hearthstone with

A PRAYER ON THEIR LIPS,

a prayer that only a mother can make. Wives were clasped passionately to the breast of husbands, and the hearts, too full to speak, had been almost torn by the silent farewell. Sisters wept as they saw the brother's form slowly go out of the old gate up the home avenue, and sweethearts clasped hands in silent agony, young lips were pressed in one long kiss, and then they had gone—gone out hopefully and bravely to meet the unknown dangers and trials of war.

First there were letters that came home, letters speaking hopefully of our

cause and bidding the loved ones cheer up, the parting would not be long. Then the letters came less frequently, and there were months of anxious waiting, waiting that drew the very life-blood from some of those hearts at home. There were eager famished eyes to glance over the "Army News" column of the *Courier*, and, oh! with what heart-throbs the lists of dead were scrutinized.

Filled with sadness as our homes were in those days, our women were no idlers. How the dainty daughters of luxury took on their young shoulders the arduous duties of farm overseer and the various other masculine duties, only our women in the war can tell.

And the work did not stop here. The loom was at work throughout the South and Yankee silks and velvet were laid aside for the new Rebel cloth. Sewing societies were organized in various places and fair fingers, which before had never known the art of the needle, now fashioned garments for the soldier boys in grey. Dainty feet worked the loom treadle, and white hands spun yarn and knit socks for the same cause. Then when the call became more urgent our women did not hesitate to

SACRIFICE THEIR JEWELS

to supply the necessities of body and soul on those long, wearisome marches in the West.

But the drum-beat comes nearer home. It is coming, that dark line of blue coats, in whose pathway the smoke and curse of war follows hard, the curse of a bandit war, for no honorable warfare ever left such curse in its wake. Desecrating the sanctity of the temples of God, turning out widows and orphans into the highway, applying the torch to homes, and polluting the virtue of the purest and best wives and sisters in our land; yes, these all followed the footsteps of Sherman in his march to the sea.

War! Yes, but such a war as no other country has ever been visited with since time began. On comes that track of ruin! From Virginia, North Carolina and Alabama we hear the war-cry and know that soon for us, too, will come that dread day. One, two, three months and they have entered our State.

It is just here, kind reader, I would beg your attention for a short while. It was not a warrior blue-coat we were expecting to-day, not a mighty army of valient soldiers from the cold Northern hills, but a band of mongrel hyenas, an army of soulless creatures called by the honest name of men.

What wonder that the hearts of our women grew faint as that war tramp

sounded nearer. What wonder that the name of Sherman brought terror even to the hearts of children and the aged grandsire whose tottering form and gray locks that banded mob had insulted throughout

THE BLOODY MARCH.

To-day we have heard that a detachment of Potter's raiders are between here and Georgetown, only a few miles from Black River, and making directly for Brown's Ferry. The "home band," an impromptu cavalry made up of young men, boys and old men, have gone down there to intercept them. They will destroy the bridges and flats, thus causing the blue-coats to take a much longer march in reaching us. Here, in this little corner of Williamsburg, with the wide waters of Black River between us and that fire-fiend band, we can hide in safety for a few more days.

News has come back to us that our boys reached the ferry, destroyed the flat and gave Potter's men a few short pointed salutes from their muskets, causing them to file on up the river carrying two wounded comrades with them. The crossings at Potato Ferry and the lower bridge were destroyed in turn, and the blue-coats kept on the other side of the river, our little band keeping even pace with them and occasionally making a target of some stray fellow that had loitered behind in a greedy search for plunder.

Secure as we felt ourselves to be there was a universal belief that the Yankees would be amongst us in a short time, consequently there was grave questioning as to what would be done in case they did come. Aunts Carrie and Eleanor, with some half dozen friends, were to meet at our house on the following Tuesday evening to discuss the important subject. Mother and aunts had decided that a place known as

"THE DEVIL'S DINING-ROOM"

was the best place for concealment in the neighborhood, so good indeed that it was doubtful if anyone could get into it at all. It was a dense growth of lowland, composed of briar and a mixture of low and high shrubbery that grew in such tangled and close confusion it was impossible for the rays of the sun to penetrate it. Inside this green wall was an island-like opening, smooth, high and dry, and which was accessible only by a narrow hog path, which ran through the close, outer wall of briars close to the ground. Any human being entering this wild acreage would have to crawl on hands and knees.

Fancy for a moment a frightened bevy of young ladies filing in solemn order through that dark archway in the manner represented above! But ridiculous as the in-going would be, once inside there was safety for themselves and those mysterious though precious packages of letters, which our girls never trusted to be hidden away with the family ware, buried under the garden arbor.

Tuesday evening came and with it a group of anxious girls bent on an important mission, where to hide themselves and those precious letters. All eight of the inseparable friends were to cast lots together

IN THIS HOUR OF DANGER

and, with the exception of cousin Sallie Wilton, were on hand early. The details of the arrangement were all settled very soon, indeed there was not much to settle. Each member of the fugitive band was to take with her only such articles as she could not part with at any cost. Two old trusty negroes, a man and woman belonging to grandmother, were to be taken along to cook, for of course they expected to stay there several days. Then there was a box of provisions to be taken by each one. Of course the boxes must needs be small else they could not be dragged through the hog path. Then there were the comforts for the camp bed, one to each individual, and a cup and saucer, a coffee pot and an oven. At last the list of necessities ran so high it was feared the "dining-room" would not accommodate them all and there was a general hubbub as to which articles could be left.

In the midst of the final business Sallie Wilton came in, and for a few moments the talk quieted down.

"What had kept her so late?" "And the business is all settled already," and "What's the news?" and "Heard from the blue boys?" were questions that had followed in rapid succession, while Sallie took off her homespun bonnet and sank into the nearest chair.

"News enough, girls. Potter has rounded us and we won't have to go to the 'dining-room' at all. Aunt Margaret's Jim came to grandma's to-day and says Potter left that section on last Wednesday, taking in the direction of Charleston. Here is a letter aunty wrote to grandma, and which one of you can read aloud. The wretches have played havoc over there."

POTTER'S FOOTPRINTS.

Aunt Carrie took the letter and commenced to read, while all sat silent and attentive. It ran:

BLACK RIVER, February 8, 1865.

My Dear Old Mother: I know you have been quaking for us over here, and well you might, for Potter has been here and left his footprints. It will relieve your mind to tell you at once that we are all alive. I expected that Mr. McClough would be cruelly used, but am thankful his person received no hurt. His gray locks and bent form were targets for low, coarse jests—such remarks as these: "There's a half dead old Reel!" "Hello, humpback Confed!" and such like, which he bore in silence. The house swarmed with the dirty crew in ten minutes after they first entered the avenue. Our own negroes were foremost in searching the closets, cupboards and trunks, loudly declaring that Mr. M. had "lots of money hid" somewhere. Out of our fifty negroes there was only one who took no part in the plunder. Mollie never touched anything at all, but stayed with the children and I in the dining-room. I could not think of staying in the bed-rooms or parlor, for these were packed with a crowd of mixed men, cursing and quarrelling over the stolen goods. They found one bag of money and took that, thinking it was all that was hidden. They literally

CLEARED THE PLACE

in an hour, and when I was beginning to hope they were about to leave an officer came in and gruffly asked for Mr. M. "We have orders," he said, "to destroy all salable property, and I want the key to your gin-house, where, the negroes tell me, you have a lot of seed cotton. I want it to set fire to the bales." "You don't mean to burn it all, sir? Surely you will leave me something to buy bread with," Mr. M. answered. "Not a bale will I leave! Thirty-five bales of cotton will make a comfortable fire for this cold day, ha! ha!" he laughed as he turned to go. The cotton was piled up under the gin-house and packed so closely they had to move it about before the fire would burn it. We sat or stood out on the piazza and watched it till the flames reached the building above and around it, and then it got so hot we had to leave. Some of the live oaks in the front yard were scorched and the yard palings drawn by the heat of the burning mass, over seventy yards off. They left us at dark, with not a mouthful of food in the house, but we happened to find corn enough for our suppers, and had it ground in the hand-mill at the negro houses.

Of course we hoped we were over the worst now, but on the following evening I was horrified to see a small company of negroes coming up to the house. Mr. M. said at once that they had heard of the money he had buried and were after that, but that

HE WOULD DIE

before he would tell them where it was. He said he was old anyhow, and did not have long to live, but the children and I would need it; only he and I knew the place it was in. The negroes marched right into the house and called for him. He went out and I heard angry words and loud cursing from them, and knew he had refused to tell where it was. Presently they all went out to the gate and I thought they had compelled him to tell; but I shuddered the next moment when I saw a great strapping wretch fastening a rope around the old man's neck. I ran out and up to the wretches begging them not to hang my husband. Their only answer was: "We hangs him or gits de money," and kept on fastening the rope, Mr. M. standing

firm and silent. All at once I cried out, and then a loud laugh broke from the wretch as he loosed the rope from his neck. I had told them where the money was hidden, and was half crazy, repeating over and over, "In the garden under the big rose bush."

I WAS PERFECTLY DAZED

as Mr. M. and I walked back to the house together, followed and surrounded by the negro band. They made me go with them to the garden and stand by till the box of money was unearthed. "I tell you what, ole woman, it will be a mighty sorry day for you ef dat box ain't there," one of them remarked, and another added, "Yes, we burns down dis house 'fore we leaves ef dat silver and gold don't show itself directly." I knew we were entirely at the mercy of the brutes and did not open my lips, but oh! how it hurt to take such words from dogs. They got the box directly, and after some more cursing for the trouble we had put them to, left.

I truly hope you may never see war as we over here have seen it. Come over as soon as there is a fall in the river and you can cross at Johnson's Swamp. Perhaps by that time we will have gathered up a few mouthfuls to eat. Your daughter,

MARGARET MCCLOUGH.

There was a general feeling of relief when this letter was read, for we felt sure the enemy had passed beyond us and would not be likely to turn back. So the removal to the "Devil's Dining-Room" was not undertaken; but till to-day Aunt Carrie never speaks of war times without referring to the day when they all met to discuss that important piece of swamp land, and smiles at the picture of that anxious group stands before her, and she looks back at the trials and tribulations of "our women in the war."

No. 55.—Ravages of the Federals.

(By Mrs. Mattie H. Jarnagin, of Terrence Landing, Miss.)

In the year 1861, I, a young girl fourteen years old, was going to school in Shelbyville, Kentucky, to the well-known, and much beloved Mrs. Julia A. Yevis. My uncle and guardian, who lived in Desoto County, North Mississippi, finding that I would soon be cut off from him, sent for me, and placed me at the State Female College, Memphis, Tennessee.

When I arrived at Memphis the city was wild with excitement and full of Confederate soldiers, companies being formed, others drilling, and all anxious to "do or die" for the land they loved. Among the number, was a young soldier

boy from Austin, Mississippi, who took my heart with him when he left for the Army of the Tennessee. Our homes were not far from each other, on the same grand old river, and we had been little sweethearts from the time I was four years old, my aunt having married his father. At that time little did we think when we told each other good-bye, with tears and promises to be true always, that four long years would pass ere we should meet again. Not knowing it, he was happy in being able to serve his country, even with his life, while I was proud of my soldier lover, and thought him handsome, brave and good.

Memphis all the time was a scene of life and jollity. As one crowd of soldiers left others came in. All the while closer and closer came the Federal army to our beloved city. When it was positively known that Memphis was to be given up and all the Southern soldiers taken away, the citizens who were able made preparations to go South. All was in confusion, every train of cars was crowded with refugees, some leaving everything they had in the world, going out homeless, to be near

LOVED ONES IN THE ARMY.

I left at this time and went to my uncle's home, thirty miles from the city, where I was as lovingly received as a daughter. I was the first to get there, but the house was soon filled up with friends and relatives, two young ladies among the number. As we were still in Dixie, and two companies of Confederate soldiers encamped near us, the girls had a delightful time going to parties and picnics and taking rides on horseback.

But this was soon to have an end. As yet we had not felt the heavy hand of war; now, however, it came in all its horror—the lines of our army were drawn farther South, and we were left between the two, belonging to neither. Raiding parties came out from Memphis every few weeks, and took all they could find; then a crowd of our own boys would come, and all we could live without would be given to them.

At one time a Southern soldier came up to the fence to get some directions. My uncle was out talking to him, with his baby girl in his arms, two small boys near him on the fence and a young lady standing by his side, when four or five Federal soldiers came suddenly around the bend of the road and fired directly into the crowd, fortunately hurting no one. The Southern soldier turned on them, firing several shots,

then under whip and spur was soon out of sight.

More of the Federals now came up; the house and yard were filled with them. They broke open all the doors that were locked, went into the smoke-house, took the meat, and threw what they could not use to the dogs, taking everything else with them, such as sugar, coffee, and a few jars of preserves. None of these things could be replaced, so it was

A GREAT LOSS TO US.

Some took the carriage out, and after cutting all the leather and cloth into strips, poured a can of turpentine, which they found in the carriage-house, all over it preparatory to setting it on fire.

While this was going on outside, others were going all over the house, and into everything, breaking up what they did not want and taking what pleased them. Upon finding no silver they became very angry. The silver had been rolled in a black cloth and placed as far up the chimney as the arm could reach. The tea tray being large enough to go across the chimney it was easy to secure it there.

While those in the house were looking for the silver, and those in the yard had gathered to have the bonfire, the alarm was given that a large number of Southern soldiers were coming. In a very few moments the Federals were off, never waiting to touch a match to the carriage, and as they left it, so it remained to the end of the war; only the top was taken off so we could use it and funny enough it looked.

All the evening we could trace the route taken by the Federals by the smoke from burning gin-houses, the only thing they burned on that raid.

As the darkness deepened it was quite cold, and when we left the dining-room we saw a bright light in the sitting-room, caused by a large fire made in the room by a man servant we kept about the yard. When we got in there, the silver was a soft mass in the fireplace. Strange as it seems now, these things never grieved us, for worse than this was happening every day to others in the loss of loved ones

BY DEATH OR CAPTURE.

About this time I heard that my own home on the Mississippi River was broken up. It was a beautiful plantation, and on it were two hundred of the best and most faithful negroes in the South, who loved me, as I did them, with a warm, true affection. So much confidence had my father in them that on his death-bed, three years before the

war, he called them in to tell them good-bye and told them to take care of his wife and child. I will tell you further on how well one fulfilled this trust.

On this place was a large three-story house, which was finished and furnished four years before the war. There were horses, carriage, buggy and everything for comfort, and even luxury, and thinking that perhaps something might be saved, I went to Memphis with my uncle in a buggy. When we reached the city we drove to the house of an elderly widow lady, a cousin, and the one with whom I had boarded when at school. My uncle, after getting his supplies, went home, leaving me there to see Gen. Washburn about my place, and to spend a while with these cousins, for I was very fond of them.

They lived at a lovely place, with a large yard filled with flowers and trees. In front of the yard was a large encampment of Federal troops, who did all in their power to make themselves disagreeable to the people of the place. They would come into the yard and take what they wanted, unless a guard was placed at the house to keep them out. Before my cousin had asked for a guard the soldiers would

COME IN CROWDS

to get water from the cistern. They would soon have emptied it, there were so many of them, so the crank was taken off and brought into the house. They demanded it, and, as it was not given to them, they were furious, but left, and after a little while came back with a crank made of wood.

They laughed and danced around the cistern in great glee, as they turned the wooden crank, looking all around to see if anyone was watching them. They could see no one, all the blinds being closed, but two of us were peeping through at them. Just as the water began to pour out, and five or six were ready with more buckets, the crank broke and we screamed with delight "good! good!" They then broke off the top, so that they could turn the wheel with their hands. At this the dear old lady went out and placing her arms over the top, wheel and all, told them they dared not touch it, and they did not.

She thought it best to see Gen. Washburn and get a guard. I went with her to see if he could or would do anything to protect my home, or rather the things taken from it. He would not see us, but referred us to Adjutant-Gen. Morgan. The adjutant-general detailed a soldier as a guard for her, kindly listened to all I could tell him, and said they could do

nothing for me, that he thought the "marine fleet"

A DISGRACE TO ANY ARMY.

I was in Memphis several months and could not not go home, the lines being closed. News had been brought that Gen. Forest with his troops were on their way to the city, but it was not generally believed. A few nights later, however, we could hear strange noises in the yard. We crept to the windows and could see men hiding behind the trees and shrubs. Soon we heard firing all along the Hernando road, and knew it was Forest and his brave men.

We dressed ourselves and waited for them. It could not be long—they were getting nearer—we could tell by the firing and yells of the soldiers. As soon as they were near the back door, it was thrown open to them. In the joy of seeing them we had forgotten that the front yard was full of their enemies, firing around the house, it being a line between the two. Soon all the doors were opened so that our men could pass through, and in a short time they were in possession of the yard.

Forgetting all danger we ran out in the midst of the soldiers, where the fighting was going on. One of the Southern officers cried out to us, "For God's sake go into the house and shut the doors." We were so excited we really never knew what we were doing, only feeling that if our boys were around us we had nothing to fear.

As we went in a ball crashed through a window near us, burying itself in the wall; others came faster, and we went into the back rooms that we might be better protected. As the firing grew more distant, we looked out to find that the Confederates had driven all before them on their way out of the city.

AFTER THE FIGHT

we picked up hands full of balls in and around the house, and two shells in the yard. The Memphis ladies, finding that a number of our own men lay dead about the streets, asked permission to have them buried in Elmwood, that beautiful city of the dead. They were not allowed to have the bodies removed out of the streets until that evening. All day long they laid under the hot sun. Warm, loving friends had to sit still and bear in silent pain this knowledge, unable to raise a hand to help them. The next day they received permission to bury them, and from the grave of Major Lundy his sister was taken to Alton prison.

I was then very anxious to leave Memphis, but no passes were to be had on

any of the roads leading from the city. However, Dr. Owen, a friend of my father, and a minister, who was going with his wife to their home, near Austin, on the Mississippi river, offered to take me with him. I was delighted to go, for I could visit my aunt, the stepmother of the young and brave soldier to whom I was affianced.

I had heard that they had suffered severely by the Elliot fleet, the one that ruined my home, but never did I dream it could be as bad as I had heard until, on the arrival of the steamer, I saw but one house where the pretty little town once stood. Chimneys and blackened patches of ground told their own story of sorrow. My old aunt and uncle were homeless. All the men had been taken to the boats as prisoners, as soon as the fleet landed, and the women were told they had twenty minutes to save what they could. My uncle's family consisted of his wife, a young married daughter with two little girls, and a single daughter. They were doing all they could, when

A YOUNG SOLDIER,

hardly more than a boy, came in and helped them, and when the little three-year-old girl said to him, "My poor danma won't have no house to put her head in," his eyes filled with tears.

He said he would never, never witness such a sight again.

The little one asked him for a drink of water, and he gave it to her, and asked her to kiss him.

"No!" she said, "I won't tiss you, but I will pay to God for you."

He will long be remembered for his kindness, and he was the only one who showed any kindness, all the others stealing what they wanted, then firing the houses and releasing the owners to see them burn.

By night the place was a smouldering ruin, around the embers of which the men sat and watched the little their wives and daughters had saved until morning.

All the women and children were sheltered in the house that was left, except one lady who camped out. She took a dreadful cold which caused her death.

The day after Austin was burned Dr. Owen, who had a lovely home not more than a half mile from there, gave up his house to my uncle and moved into a nice office in the same yard; his wife being away at the time, he did not need such a large house. It was with Dr. Owen I came from Memphis, and at his home I found these dear friends.

Several days after my arrival, a gentleman on his way from Helena, called, and learning who I was, told me that a negro man who claimed to belong to me was sick several miles off. He had been trying to get to my uncle's, and from there to me. We sent for him, and he proved to be one of the

BEST AND MOST FAITHFUL

of them all. He ran away from the Federal army at Helena, determined to find me, and from him I received the first direct news from my own home. I asked him to tell me all about it, at which he said:

"Poor little miss! you ain't got nothin; the Yankees done took it all."

He said the carriage, buggy and wagons had been hauled out and thrown in the river; the horses, mules, corn, meat, cotton and all the furniture light enough to carry had been put on the boats; what they could not take they cut to pieces, such as the doors, drawers and tops of bedsteads. After stripping the house and breaking the glasses out of the windows, the slats out of the blinds and the locks off of the doors, they called up the negroes, marched them to the boats, put the men in the army, and took the helpless women and children to St. Louis, when they were turned loose and told to take care of themselves. As the boats left the landing they threw shells at the house until they knocked the chimneys off. Among a large number of books they carried off our family Bible, the only thing which they sent back. I think they feared to keep such a good book among such bad men.

After Dick had told me all this, he said, "Poor chile! you ain't got nobody but me to take care of you, and as master told us all to do it on his dyin' bed I am goin' to do it," which he did by hiring himself out and bringing me the money to live on, although he knew he was virtually free.

Once Dick went to the plantation and found a white man living in the house and working as much of the land as he wanted to. Dick knew he had moved there without asking permission, so he asked him for the rent to bring to me. The man refused to pay any rent, and one night

DICK TOOK THE BEST MULE

he had and brought it to me, a distance of one hundred miles saying, I ought to have rent on the land, and as the man would not pay any he took the mule for rent. It was very hard to get him to take the mule back to the owner. At last, however, he did it; but he was never convinced that it was right. A

more faithful friend would be hard to find, although his skin was black.

I sent Dick out to the home of my guardian, I remaining with the dear friends near where Austin once stood. My uncle, who had been trying to find a house to rent, that he might not keep his kind friend and his wife any longer out of their house, found a place nearly a mile back from the river, into which he moved just before Christmas. Soon very cold weather came, and with it rain and snow, which beat through the roof and in the windows and doors, making it a very hard life for the dear old people who had been used to every comfort. Even the necessities of life could not be had for love or money; there was no sugar, coffee or flour in the house; but they stood the trial bravely, for they were Christians.

With us young people the condition of affairs made little difference. Everything looks bright to young eyes, so we were never troubled. There were three of us in the same house, and we read, sang and laughed away the hours. On one occasion a young lady friend came to see us in a very queer looking spring-wagon. We asked her where it came from and were told that it was a hearse with the top taken off. We all took

A RIDE IN THE HEARSE,

with three young gentlemen friends, who were at home for a few days on furlough, following on horseback, with handkerchiefs to their eyes and moaning and sobbing as if at a funeral, answered by bursts of laughter from us, not one of us thinking how often aching hearts had followed to the grave the cold, dead forms lying where we were then sitting. We were not heartless, but young and gay. If we had thought of these sad trips our hearts would have been very sorrowful; as it was, we only thought it a ride few in life had taken, and enjoyed it for the novelty connected with it. Since then how differently I view it!

My visit to these friends had been prolonged for several months. I had waited for a suitable escort to make a trip by land of thirty-five miles, and at last found an escort in the person of a dear cousin of my mother's, who loved me and was willing to do anything for the child of one who had been as a sister to him. The trip had to be made on horseback, as the mud was so deep for ten or twelve miles that a buggy could not get through it, and early one morning the horses were brought to the door and after a tender good-bye, we started.

At first the roads were very bad, and

we could make but slow progress; after we crossed Cold Water River, however, we were in the hills, and the roads were good. We were enjoying this part of the trip when we saw that a storm was brewing, and being near no house except a little hut, and so far from that that we would have to ride very hard to get there before the rain fell,

OFF WE WENT AT A GALLOP,

getting there and in as the rain began to pour down. It was a dreadfully lonely place—one little room, all blackened with smoke—and we had to move several times from under the leaks. It seemed to be the home of two rough-looking women, one of whom had lost an ear. The gentleman by talking to them ascertained that in a fight her sister-in-law bit the ear off.

The rain was soon over and gladly we left there, arriving safely at the home of my guardian, where I found several changes had taken place since I left them, five months before. His young daughter, now a widow with three little children, and two nearly grown step-daughters, had come to live with him, and the family numbered fifteen, all young people but two. We were madly merry from morning until night.

We soon heard it whispered about that the Southern armies were going to surrender, but could not believe it. Alas! it was too true. Late one evening as we sat in the firelight there was a knock at the door. One of the girls opened it and invited a soldier to enter. He said he was from Camp Chase, and had been paroled. He gave the girls messages from their brother Charlie, who was a prisoner at the same place. We lit our lamps, composed of eggshells filled with lard, and a soft cotton wick which was pulled up over one edge to light; these were placed in goblets filled with meal so they would not turn over. As the light fell on the soldier there was a glad cry of

"CHARLIE! OH! ITS CHARLIE!"

from sisters and mother. Joy now filled all hearts, which was soon turned to sorrow, alas! for he brought the news of the surrender. Our cause was a lost one, and a dark cloud settled over us.

But the return of the boys who wore the grey soon made our hearts light again, for we wanted to make happy their short holiday, before they took up life's burdens in earnest, and with willing hands and stout hearts worked for the support of aged fathers and mothers and young sisters. The boy I loved, then only 22, left his father in a pretty home practicing law, and found him

working in the field to feed and clothe his dear old wife and little daughter. He went to work with his father, and before the year was out we were married, those so dear to both of us making their home with us, where we tried to shield them from every sorrow. Our dear father has gone to a brighter land, and his sweet old wife only waits her Father's call to join him there.

My husband and I have spent nearly nineteen happy years together, and had but few sorrows. As we look back at those four years of war, we think it has taught us, among other goods lessons, self-denial and patience, and we find—

"There is many a rose in the road of life,

If we would but stop to take it;

And many a tone from the better land,

If the querulous heart would make it.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth;

The grass is green and the flowers are bright,

Though the winter storm prevaileth."

"It is better to weave in the web of life

A bright and golden filling,

And do God's work with a ready heart

And hands that are prompt and willing,

Than to snap the delicate minute threads

Of our curious lives asunder,

And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,

And sit and grieve and wonder."

No. 56.—*Fighting Fair Women.*

(By *Old Dominion, of Columbia, S. C.*)

The winter of 1864 found the beautiful Capital of our State teeming with an overflowing population. Refugees had been driven from their ruined, desolated homes all along the coast of the State by ruthless invasion. The lower portion of Carolina had long been the cherished home of a large proportion of her sons, the extreme fertility of soil, the rich tropical luxuriance of fruits and flowers, the lovely sites for homes, often commanding fine views of bays and rivers, having from the first settlement of the province induced men of wealth and culture to make this favored land an abiding home. Besides the many who sought refuge in Columbia because insatiable war had bereft them of lands, houses and goods, those who dreaded the onward progress of the Federal army were glad to transfer their household gods, silver, jewels and other valu-

able things, to a place deemed perfectly safe. Thus it came to pass that our city was really a grand art gallery as well as a treasure house for the persecuted children of our State. Renowned paintings by world-revered artists, valuable pieces of sculpture, besides hundreds of family portraits were carefully treasured, as in an ark of safety.

Alas! for the uncertainty of earthly hopes! The news of Sherman's steady advance brought grave anxiety to the thousands of helpless women, who having with loyal trust armed fathers, husbands, sons, and even beardless boys, for the defence of their country, awaited in prayerful hope the issue. Many thought Columbia so unavailing as a strategic point, that an experienced general would not deviate from his line of march to make war upon women and children—nevertheless, to be prepared for any contingency, the various departments transferred articles of value to some more remote spot. As horrible rumors of the violence and unscrupulous acts of the soldiery in Georgia reached us, all mothers who could possibly send their young daughters far away from what was presumed would be the line of march, gladly availed themselves of the kind invitations of distant friends. The probability of railroads being destroyed and the surrounding country devastated by the approaching army induced many prudent housewives to fill their storerooms with everything in the shape of provisions which could be obtained. Not only were immense households dependant upon such supplies, but our poor, sick and wounded soldiers, who filled our crowded hospitals and depots, stretched

IMPLORING HANDS TO THE WOMEN

for sustenance and help. How faithfully, and with what entire self-sacrifice that help was daily given, only He knows who enabled the widow of Sarepta to give her last loaf to the Prophet, with what seemed the certainty of death to her son and herself.

Our country had been so exhausted by war, blockade, and the constant demands of our own army that luxuries had long been abandoned. The utmost care and ingenuity had to be exercised to extract from plain, coarse food, delicate nourishment for the sick. Again and again, in those days, just as a hungry family were seating themselves at a meal a messenger would announce that so many soldiers had just arrived without provisions and would have to leave in a very short time. In a moment the entire meal would be sent to our fam-

ishing soldiers, with scarce a regret for our own needs.

Thus the weeks so fraught with cares and anxieties to aching hearts passed. At length came the never-to-be-forgotten month of February 1865. The news constantly received of the advance of Sherman's army, the passing of our own troops who were evacuating the lower country, added daily to the depressing forebodings and anxieties. Finally, on the 16th the enemy reached the west bank of the river, and commenced shelling the city, the conspicuous yellow flags marking the sites of hospitals, where our poor wounded and stricken soldiers lay sick and dying, being selected as fitting targets.

On the evening of that day, the last train from Charleston, bearing Gen. Beauregard and his staff came in. My son, one of that

GALLANT BAND OF CITADEL CADETS

who bravely fought at Tulifinny swamp, was seen by Gen. Beauregard's son, stretched helpless and ill, on the platform at —. Young Beauregard immediately petitioned his father to rescue his classmate, and my son was taken to the hospital, whence Surgeon P. sent him to me with this advice: "If possible, remove your son from the city. The hospitals have been under fire all day, and we are informed that the butchery of every Confederate soldier will attend the entry of the army."

About 10 o'clock that night a reconnoitering party of Hampton's men came in, and relatives who were with them urged our speedy departure. Preparations, therefore, were at once made. A bed was arranged in the carriage for our poor boy, ill with pneumonia. My mother, sister and three little children prepared to accompany us. Besides the medicines, stimulants and concentrated nourishment for our son, we took only changes of clothing, our trunk of silver and a very valuable box of jewels, intrusted to our keeping by a friend. As we left our comfortable home at two o'clock, that bleak February morning, whose day and night were to witness such horrors, my husband handed the keys to my faithful maid, saying, "Move your family at once into the house. Use all of its stores in any way you think best for the preservation of the house. Should none of us return, it will be yours."

Our invalid was so exhausted that we were obliged to stop for rest and refreshment about twenty miles from home, and at 12 o'clock that night our attention was directed to the lurid sky in the di-

rection of Columbia. At first it was presumed that, as usual, only the public buildings would be destroyed; but soon the increasing glare and glow showed too truly that

THE CITY WAS IN FLAMES.

After three days of toilsome travel we reached the shelter of a kind friend's house in Lancaster. My husband that night buried our trunk and box of valuables and left us to join his command. A few days of rest and careful nursing of our invalid followed. Then came rumors of the approach of the enemy and we were soon informed that they had reached the Catawba and were making pontoon bridges to enable them to cross the river.

At daylight on the morning of the 22d or 23d my aged mother was engaged in her devotions, her room being downstairs. In a moment, her arms were seized by rough soldiers who exclaimed:

"Get up old woman, praying will do you no good now, for Sherman's bummers are upon you!"

Her gold spectacles were torn from her eyes, her pocket rifled, her bureau, valise and dressing-table stripped of every article of value or comfort.

Hearing the noise, we ran to her and found the soldiers all over the house, engaged in their work of pillage and destruction. We supported the trembling, terrified old lady up-stairs, where we had left our children, and in a few moments the noise of many feet on the stairs and the oaths and threats of men warned us that our trial approached. A lovely little girl of six years, who had treasured her pet doll and a cake of sweet soap, (a great luxury in those days,) during all her journey, sprang out of bed, seized her treasures, and, childlike, darted under the bed for refuge.

The same disgusting scene of pillage and violence was occurring in the room as had happened below. At length one of the men approached the bed, and finding it warm, in dreadful language accused us of harboring and concealing a wounded Rebel, and swore he would have his heart's blood! He stooped to look under the bed, and seeing

THE LITTLE WHITE FIGURE

crouching in a distant corner, caught her by one rosy little foot and dragged her forth. The child was too terror-stricken to cry, but clasped her little baby and her soap fast to the throbbing little heart. The man wrenched both from her and thrust the little one away with such violence that she fell against the bed.

Having searched every nook and cor-

ner, ripped up the bedding, tore up the carpet, and taking whatsoever they listed, from a woman's thimble and scissors to gold watches, they turned to enter my son's room. I stood in the door and asked for their officer, and when he appeared I represented to him the extreme illness of my son, offered to hand them everything in the room, save the bed, and in the name of humanity requested that they would not snap the slender thread of life by a noisy and violent entrance into the sick room.

"I can promise nothing," he replied, "Every restraint is removed from our men in South Carolina. I will try to get them to go in one at a time, but that room must be searched."

Accordingly, they entered, sometimes one, sometimes two. Invariably they went first to the bed, and with threatening curiosity peered into the pale beardless face of my boy. The room was robbed of every particle of stimulant and nourishment, save what my faithful old nurse had concealed about her person.

Besides the pillage of everything of value or comfort, for two days and until 10 o'clock at night we were subjected to successive bands of these marauders. They uttered many threats of burning the house and swore

VIOLENCE TO ITS INMATES.

On the third day towards evening, a large number of well-appointed cavalry rode into the yard. In a few moments fencing and outhouses were torn down and evident preparations were made for a camp. Our servants informed us that the house would that night be made headquarters for an officer of rank and his staff, and Gen. Atkins and staff soon came to the house.

We hoped for rest and quiet, but the General's answer to our request for a guard was the same as that of his officers. Soon after his arrival, however, he sent his surgeon to visit the sick boy. The surgeon asked what was his disease? How long he had been sick? Where he came from? Why we left Columbia? Had he ever served in the regular army? His age and other questions. To the last two questions I replied, saying, "he is 18 years old; a State Cadet, and has never served in any other capacity." The surgeon said, he was too feeble and needed stimulant, and asked why I had not supported him?

"Because your men have taken everything from us," I answered.

"I will send him stimulants and food when the wagon comes," he rejoined, and

then said, "the General wishes to speak to one of the ladies of the house."

My sister went down stairs with him. The General and staff were seated around the fire, with their boots off. No one arose as she entered, and after a moment she asked, who wished to speak to her.

"I do," replied Gen. Atkins; "take a seat."

She found a chair and obeyed.

He then questioned and cross-questioned her as to

HAMPTON'S FORCE,

position, stores in Columbia, railroads, roads and bridges. Finally, her evasive answers or dignified refusal to reply, exhausted his patience.

"You know less than any woman I ever saw," he said, "but all this will not avail to save you. Our forces are throughout the length and breadth of your State. We shall soon see the proud women of Carolina, as those of Georgia, with tears in their eyes, begging crusts from our men for their famishing children. O, it was glorious to see such a sight! Now Hampton takes no prisoners. We take none! I saw eighteen this morning with their throats cut."

My sister interrupted him.

"My God, sir," she exclaimed, "why do you tell me these things?"

"Because you women keep up this war! We are fighting you! Now what right have you to expect anything from us."

Upon this her terror gave way to indignation and she rose to her full height.

"I expect nothing, sir," she said, proudly, "but one thing I will have. I demand of you, a general in the service of a civilized country, protection from insult this night! I demand that a sufficient guard be placed at the foot of the stairs to prevent intrusion upon a party of helpless women and children, from whom your men have taken every article of food and almost of clothing."

Upon this he smiled in the most amused manner and said, "Well, be it so."

He then asked the same questions relative to our invalid the surgeon had pounded.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

My sister returned to us flushed and excited, saying, "We are in the den of the lion; nothing but the mighty power of God can save us."

Soon afterwards there was a knock at the door and the General's cook came in with a tray of flour, a plate of coffee and a bag of dried fruit for the ladies.

During the day, when the soldiers were

rifling the smoke-house, and killing all the poultry, pigs, &c., two North-western men, who seemed to feel some pity, brought us several pieces of bacon, saying, "For God's sake, ladies, hide this. They will not leave you a mouthful of food." So we felt quite rich with such a store of provisions.

Soon afterwards we heard the guard placed at the foot of the stairs. Our faithful servants stretched themselves across our doorways, and we ventured to get mother and the children to bed. We were too excited for sleep or repose. The terrors of that night, God only knows. We were not intruded upon, but the agonized fear of my boy being murdered before my eyes next morning, wrung my heart. "We take no prisoners." "I saw eighteen with their throats cut," rang in my ears and seemed graven in letters of fire before my eyes. If he was spared, I determined to ask a written protection for him.

The next morning I sent and requested an interview with

GEN. ATKINS.

He came to the foot of the stairs fresh from his toilet and entirely changed in manner from the previous night.

"I will write a protection for the house and you ladies, which will be respected as long as my men are passing," he said, after I had addressed him. "My soldiers represented to me yesterday that you had a Rebel soldier concealed feigning sickness. I sent my surgeon up, determined to take him this morning. The surgeon confirms the statements of you ladies relative to him. His being a Cadet has saved his life. Several of my officers were guarded between Charleston, Florence and Macon by Cadets last summer. They met with so much kindness and courtesy at their hands that we gladly avail ourselves of every opportunity to return their civility. Your Cadet will not be molested by any of my people. I regret that under much aggravation I used last evening such roughness towards you. Send at once and gather up all the provisions wasted in this camp. They will last you a long time. Good-morning."

He left a guard as well as the paper of protection, but the guard left abruptly at 1 o'clock, learning from a courier that

HAMPTON WAS COMING.

Nothing could exceed the despair and indignation of our old family coachman after the raiders left. For besides the loss of his darling blooded horses, which he openly professed to love better than his wife, the family coach, the pride of

his life, was a sad wreck. It stood in the back yard, shorn of its curtains, its cushions all gone, its polished sides wounded and torn, its silver mountings wrenched off—to Daddy Lewis "a solemn mark of the frailty of human greatness" which drew tears from his eyes.

During all this time the rains had descended heavily, almost without interruption, the pitiful heavens seeming to weep unavailingly over the calamities of our devoted State. The roads became almost impassable from the mud, which the passing of heavy army wagons rendered daily deeper and more tenacious. Bridges were swept away by the swollen streams, and thus the left wing of the great army was delayed, and for nearly two weeks companies and squads of men continued to pass through our premises.

One evening about dusk our servant handed me a little crumpled bit of brown paper. I recognized my husband's writing, and read: "I have come safely through the enemy's lines; am concealed a mile from your house; at what hour will it be safe to see you?"

"Come between 11 and 12 o'clock," I wrote. "You will be safe in the house until daybreak."

WITH INTENSE ANXIETY

we awaited the hour, every noise, every shot, causing terrified apprehension. At length he came.

"I have come," he said, "to take our son through the lines. His life is in jeopardy so long as a single soldier of this army remains in the country. I have brought brandy, powerful stimulants and nourishment." We immediately began giving to our boy strong food and brandy, and towards morning he was so revived that his father began dressing him. Our dear old nurse, whose extraordinary increase in size had amused us all, now produced from the recesses of her person a wonderful array of flannels, woollen socks, &c., &c. His cadet uniform had been carefully sewed up in a cushion, upon which one of us always sat. Thus he was comfortably clad for the dark damp night. My husband promised if they escaped to send a messenger to announce the fact, who should reach us early the next afternoon, and they then departed guarded by a faithful negro, who knew where the sentries were posted.

The next day wore slowly away; then the afternoon and night, and not until noon of the third day did the messenger bring

GLAD TIDINGS OF THEIR ESCAPE.

They had been seen, fired upon and

were compelled to make a large detour to avoid parties of the enemy.

After this time the days wore slowly away. The corn gathered was laboriously ground in a coffee-mill to provide hominy for the children. For ourselves we boiled the corn with ashes to remove the tough outer skin, and then for many hours in pure water, so that it became a coarse kind of big hominy. The little store of tea, coffee and sugar had long been exhausted. Our kind servants were untiring in their efforts to serve us, but not a drop of milk could be obtained for the young children. Mills were all burned and destroyed, cattle all killed, railroads torn up and bridges gone.

At last we learned the troops had all passed, and we breathed freely. A few days afterwards my husband returned with horses, borrowed from a friend, determined to remove us from this desolated country. He and the servants worked indefatigably upon the much-abused carriage, and, with the aid of strong white oak-trace-chains and ropes, it was rendered fit for use. Some scraps of india rubber cloth found about the camps aided to make curtains, and corn bags were tacked up when that supply was exhausted. The same sacks filled with straw, or our scanty clothing, covered the bare seats. Behold the two carriages

READY FOR THE JOURNEY!

Mounted on the lofty dickey of the parti-colored family coach sat our faithful and once-dignified coachman. His beaver without brim, the top of the crown knocked in, surmounted his grey locks. His dress was composed of a Yankee overcoat, military pantaloons—sadly the worse for wear—and a huge pair of cavalry boots. He held, as if perforce, a pair of rope reins to guide the raw-boned spavined mule, graced with shuck collar, and trace chains on the right, and the rough unbroken little mule on the left likewise caparisoned. On one side of the dashboard was a bag of corn, on the other a sack of bacon. We had no luggage, for the soldiers had carried off all our silver, jewels and clothes.

Thus equipped, we began the journey. My husband went before to sound the depth of mud and streams and the carriages laboriously followed. We finally reached a much swollen creek with a most abrupt descent. Our adventurous coachman thought he could get across, but, to prevent the carriage running too rapidly upon his untried mules, he locked one wheel to make the precipitous

descent. There was no stopping his unbroken steeds, however. In a moment they plunged into the deep, rapid stream. The water rushed through the carriage and the little mule's ears alone were visible. He was

SWIMMING FOR LIFE,

but not one inch could the creatures move the carriage. Accordingly the other team was brought, and as on many succeeding occasions, the four managed to pull us out of our difficulties, through the dashing, foaming stream. We reached the house of a kind relative, who had escaped devastation, met our dear son, and for a few days enjoyed a haven of rest and refreshment.

Having heard from Columbia that our own home had escaped the flames we resolved to return at once to our stricken city and friends, and with substantial aid, in the shape of provisions from our friends, we began the journey home. Nothing could exceed the depressing effects of that journey. All along the road, as far as the eye could reach, gaunt chimneys reared their blackened forms, where smiling happy homes had stood. Slaughtered cattle of every kind festered on all sides. But the brave Southern heart was still true to its noble instincts of hospitality. Never were we refused shelter. At the humblest hut we were welcome.

"I have no food, 'but such as I have give I thee,'" was invariably our greeting.

We had repeatedly the pleasure of dividing our stores with these

FAMISHING WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

At last we reached the long, red hills of Fairfield. The manner in which our old coachman was forced by his illy-matched team and ill-fitting harness to descend those hills, cannot be recalled without excessive amusement. He would always begin the descent with much preparation and dignity, holding as tight reins upon his team as their wriggling bodies would permit. But about half way down they would escape from some of the chains, and as fast as they could run would dash to the bottom. The corn sack would fly out on one side, the bacon and flour on the other. Then, when fairly down, the mules would stand breathless, and the groans of their driver, as he sat with the reins in his hands and all the harness on the ground, his expression of wounded dignity and intense contempt, may be imagined; they can never be described. At last our perils by flood and field came to an end and we approached

OUR DESOLATE HOME.

The few houses left were affording shelter to many houseless ones, so we could only obtain two rooms in our own house. We found, although she could not prevent the sacking of our house, our loyal servant had preserved our home. With wonderful courage and tact she met the officers when they entered the city, represented that she had such comfortable quarters for them that she soon filled every room with officers. She provided for them abundantly with all the house contained, only stipulating that the house should not be burned. Several times it was fired and extinguished by her efforts and entreaties.

The trials and privations of that memorable summer may not be recalled. They were cheerfully, uncomplainingly borne for the sake of our brave men who, with breaking hearts, realized the "Lost Cause."

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

No. 57.—Two Fair Sentinels.

(By M. G. McC., of Nelson County, Va.)

I must preface the distressing tale I have to relate with the candid acknowledgment that the experience is none of mine. The story, true in every particular, came to me from a sister of my father's, who was for many years a resident of Rockbridge County, was intimately acquainted with all the actors in the drama, and whose own husband took part in the final scene. My aunt is rather a matter-of-fact woman and would not, I feel convinced, knowingly exaggerate a single incident of the sad tragedy, and heaven knows that the baldest, most unvarnished statement of the facts is pitiful enough to need no upholstering, nor trick of language, to make it go straight to the heart.

I cannot relate it perhaps as graphically as my aunt does, having as I have already stated, the disadvantage of not being an eye-witness, but I will do my best. After all it was more a misfortune than a fault to have grown up since the close of the war and to have been unable to share the trials, hopes, sufferings, anxieties and vicissitudes of those eventful four years.

The scene of my story is the little hill

city of Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia, a place that has become so closely associated with the history of the great civil struggle that some trifling description of it may not be altogether out of place. Since its foundation, now upwards of a century ago, up to the present day there has scarcely been a period in which Lexington has not figured in the history of Virginia. Beautifully situated on the banks of North River, surrounded by wooded hills, blessed with pure and abundant water, a healthful and bracing atmosphere, in the heart of a thrifty, prosperous region, Lexington early attracted the attention of the Executive, and Gen. Washington, recognizing the greatness of its natural advantages, moved here and firmly and finally established the institution of learning which bears his name.

Years after the Military Institute also was located in Lexington, and she became the alma mater of learning in the South. Here the gallant sons of Virginia and her sister States for generations received the training, both mental and physical, which enabled them to bear themselves right bravely in forum and on tented field; and here, likewise, many of them learned in later days, from contemplation of a noble Christian life, the resignation and forbearance, the generosity and proud humility with which adversity may be borne.

BEAUTIFUL LEXINGTON!

fair, still and tranquil amid the soft encirclement of verdure-clad hills, gray and hoary, and worn with memories and traditions, the houses mossed thick with legends of the past, thy narrow, rugged streets bringing back the echo of the steps of giants who have trod thy causeways, thy churches, scarred by the hand of time and man, still filled with the memory of Jackson and of Lee, thy colleges abounding in the records of the men who have honored themselves and thee, and thy sacred burying ground, within whose hallowed precincts is garnered all that is noblest of a lost but unforgotten cause—we bow at thy shrine and hold thee blessed among the cities of the South.

Among the leading people of Lexington from time immemorial the family of W— have held a conspicuous position. There have been W—'s in Lexington ever since the place was big enough to support a W—; and they have been always respected, liked and looked up to by the community. The particular family of W—, with whom we have to concern ourselves, consisted

in the year of grace 1864 of a widowed mother, several daughters and one son, a rather wild young fellow named Matthew.

"Mat" W—, as he was commonly called, was in good truth a bright, manly sort of fellow, very popular among young and old, very kind-hearted and full of fun and frolic. The gravest and worst of Mat's faults he shared with hundreds of his age and social standing in all parts of the country. He was a little too fond of a glass, and when drunk, like many a better man, was apt to make a fool of himself. A few months before the June of '64 Mat took unto himself

A SWEET YOUNG WIFE

and joyfully set up an establishment of his own; not far removed, however, from the parent nest.

When Hunter made his celebrated raid through the Valley of Virginia in the summer of 1864, swooping down like a night hawk from Staunton, Mat W—, with many of the Lexington boys, was with McCausland's command. Having timely notice of the enemy's movements, McCausland crossed the James River to the Lexington side and destroyed the bridge, thus securing to himself valuable time in which to effect his retreat. There had been some skirmishing all during the retreat, but no regular fighting, and the bridge was fired without a particle of opposition.

The Confederates rested several hours in Lexington before continuing their retreat, and the soldiers whose home it was embraced the opportunity of seeing their families and procuring such necessities as were obtainable with eagerness. Matthew W— most unfortunately stopped along with a mob of soldiers near the Courthouse and got to drinking with them and discussing the incidents of the retreat and the burning of the bridge. As the indifferent liquor mounted to his brain he commenced boasting in very bombastic style of the number of Union soldiers he had sent to their last account the day before, Samson with his tens of thousands of victims to a jaw-bone being evidently, in Mat's estimation, a puny weakling compared with himself. His companions observing his condition, in a reckless spirit of mischief egged him on to wilder and wilder accounts of his exploits by a cunningly simulated disbelief in his prowess.

Apart sat two quiet-looking men, in worn gray uniforms, who took little part in the scene, and were apparently utterly uninterested spectators of it. Afterwards it was discovered that

THEY WERE FEDERAL SPIES,

and that not a word or a look escaped them.

"How many Yanks did you make bite the dust, Mat?" inquired a tall, rollicking fellow, refilling poor W's already too frequently emptied glass.

"Seven," hiccupped Mat, thickly, "seven d— Yankees, as sure as you are a living man. I picked 'em off as fast as popping partridges; bowled 'em over like nine-pins; blamed if I didn't."

"Whereabouts was all that carnage, Mat?" queried another soldier, incredulously. "I was right there myself all the time, and I didn't see a sign of it."

"Just beyond the bridge, in that big clump of trees, outside of Mr. C—'s yard," replied Mat, adding with the obstinacy born of intoxication, "I did shoot 'em, sir! shot 'em all—own—hand."

"All right, old fellow," cried the first speaker as he prepared to depart, "we'll just stick you in the rear when old Hunter presses too close upon our track. It'll save a battery."

"Is that true?" inquired one of the quiet men indifferently. "I was in the van myself and didn't see any fighting. Were seven Yankee's really killed?"

"No, not a bit of it," replied one of the men.

"I was right alongside Mat W— all the time, and there wasn't a blessed Yank in sight. Mat always talks tall and wades in gore when he is drunk. He'll beggar St. Bartholomew if you give him whiskey enough. Liquor always bloodies his discourse, although ordinarily he is the sweetest tempered man alive. Sober, Mat wouldn't hurt a fly in cold blood—nor drunk either, for that matter, for all his top-lofty talk."

POOR ILL-FATED MAT,

confused by his potations and guided only by instinct, reeled quietly home to his wife, who put him to bed and suffered his regiment to depart without him, rejoicing doubtless, poor soul, that accident, even such accident as this, had preserved her husband to her for a few days or hours longer.

On the 10th of June the Federal forces entered Lexington, and one of the first orders given was one for the arrest of Mat W—. It was well-known that he was still in the town, that when the gallant Greys marched away poor Mat was utterly incapable of accompanying them, so that the bird was safely in the fowler's net. The Federal spies had been keenly alive to all Confederate movements, and they were positive that their man had not left his house.

The detachment sent to make the arrest had no difficulty in carrying out their orders; first, from the fact that Mat's wits were still somewhat scattered, from the effects of his frolic; and second, from the earnest desire he evinced to shield his wife and make light of the arrest before her, his sole idea being to reassure her and treat the whole occurrence as a matter of course. Wildly she clung to him, clasping him frantically and entreating him "not to leave her, to stay with her." She could only be induced to unclasp her arms and let him go by the most positive assurances on the part of the commanding officer of the guard that

NO HARM SHOULD BEFALL HIM

worse than having to take the oath, or suffer some slight imprisonment in the event of refusal. Nothing serious could result from the arrest, they affirmed. Not one word was breathed of the slaughter of the seven imaginary Yankees, not the faintest allusion made to the burning of the James River bridge, or any of the events of the late retreat, and it is needless to say that all recollection of his silly boasting had vanished from Mat's mind, evaporated with the fumes of the liquor that engendered it.

Leaving his wife at length somewhat quiet and reassured, building largely on the officer's promises and fully persuaded that after some few forms were gone through her husband would be allowed to return to her, Mat accompanied his captors silently. He was not at all comfortable in his mind, and was haunted with a strange presentiment of coming evil. He had dissembled bravely before his wife, and apparently put unlimited confidence in the officer's words, but down in the recesses of his own heart was none of the confidence he professed to her, and almost unconsciously he braced himself for what might come to him. He was fully aware that in the event of his refusal to take the oath death or a long imprisonment awaited him, and he knew that he meant to refuse.

Their way led past his mother's door, and as they neared the spot old Mrs. W., who had been informed of her son's arrest, rushed into the street and clasped him in her arms, while the sisters gathered around him weeping. It was

A PITIFUL SCENE,

the women with streaming eyes and wringing hands, the brave young fellow holding back his own emotion fiercely that he might soothe and comfort them; the file of dark coated soldiers, with res-

olute look and gleaming bayonets, and the specious voice of the captain of the guards, going over the same promises, repeating again and again the same assurances of safety. As they hurried him away at last Mat hastily placed his watch, ring and shirt buttons in his mother's hand, bidding her in a hoarse whisper carry the watch to his wife with his undying love.

* * * * *

In an old-fashioned country house near the site of the burned bridge lived two young ladies of the name of C——. They were sisters; bright, clever, attractive girls, brave and high-spirited, for they had been reared in a time which called forth every power of mind and body, sharpened every faculty and rendered courage and endurance absolutely second nature. Southern women of this generation have been drilled in a severe school; they have been born and nurtured in adversity, they have known suffering and privation, met poverty, war and death with heroic fortitude, and like silver tried in the furnace of earth, they have been purified and ennobled.

Around the home of my two heroines the Federal troops were encamped for days, burning the fences for firewood, destroying the out-buildings, making away with portable property and disorganizing all domestic and plantation life. There was not a white man on the place, and the young ladies were virtually the sole persons in authority. But they were not afraid. Bold in the might of

THEIR INNOCENT WOMANHOOD

they defied even ruffians to molest or harm them, and personally they were safe even from rudeness.

The Federal main body had passed the river and gone on into Lexington, leaving only a detachment to guard the crossing, but the usual stragglers which hover like buzzards in the vicinity of every armed force infested the country and made it unsafe for people, particularly women, to walk abroad much.

One afternoon, during the Federal occupation of Lexington, the girls noticed from their window a party of Yankee soldiers cross the river and approach the house, marching in a solid squad, and with the resolute air of men bent on serious business. Entering a clump of trees near the house the ranks opened, and the sisters, watching every movement with strained attention, saw that they had a prisoner among them. Swiftly the final, deadly preparations were made, every man moving as part of a horrible machine of death. Forcing

their prisoner down on his knees with his back against one of the trees, two soldiers bound him there securely. Then some order was given, seven men detached themselves from the rest and ranged themselves in front of their victim, with muskets raised and levelled at his breast. With bated breath and sickening hearts the involuntary spectators clasped each other spasmodically as they gazed. The officer advanced, raised his hand and gave the word. Seven shots rang out in a thundering peal, which the cliffs on either side of the river caught and echoed and re-echoed with weird, deadly reverberation. Then the seven actors in

THE HIDEOUS DRAMA

fell quietly into ranks again, and with scarcely a glance around the party of avengers of an imaginary crime turned silently away from the scene of a real one.

For moments that appeared hours—years in their awful intensity—the girls stood staring into each other's blanched face with terrified eyes. What did it mean? Was it a military execution, a deserter or a spy shot? The distance was too great, the shock of the whole scene too tremendous for them to notice the color of the prisoner's uniform, and indeed before the full realization of the deadly import of the scene had come to them the deed was done.

But why were their grounds selected for the execution? A sickening conviction that there was more in this than met the eye seized both sisters. They must, they would fathom the awful mystery. Shivering with dread, yet unable to remain supine, the girls turned from the window without a word and walked straight out to the scene of the tragedy.

Nearing the spot, the first shock was the discovery that the dead man was a Southerner, for the torn, blood-sodden uniform was the well-loved grey. This was a friend, then, who had been slain at their very door. The body had fallen slightly forward, the head drooped towards the breast. Gently one of the girls lifted the gray cap from the cold, white forehead, stooping so as to obtain a good view of the set face.

A friend! This was more than a friend; this man foully murdered before their very eyes was a neighbor, an old companion, a boy who had grown up beside them, played with them, ridden with them, borne arms in their defence. "OH THE PITY OF IT, THE PITY OF IT!"

And now what was to be done? The poor fellow was dead; seven bullets in

heart, and breast, and shoulders, his life blood in a pool on the ground at their feet. Nothing to be done, save to care for the poor remains. One of the girls bent and tried to unfasten the cord that bound him to the tree, but the weight of the body against the rope strained on the knots and made it impossible. Some soldiers passed along the road, paused a moment and regarded them suspiciously; a dark shadow skimmed slowly along the ground, back and forth, back and forth, telling of birds of prey hovering near.

Gravely the brave girls consulted over the dire emergency. They could not move the body—indeed they dared not, there was no telling what vengeance might overtake any one, rash enough to interfere in such a matter; equally certain it was they could not leave the corpse of their friend alone through the awful night, alone in the silent wood where not even the majesty of death would protect it from foul beasts of prey.

Clasping each others hands tightly the noble girls arranged their plans. They would watch beside the dead themselves, through the night, guarding it from harm; alternately they would undertake the vigil and keep guard, hoping, praying that with the morning would come assistance.

And bravely, firmly, these noble women carried through their self-appointed task, keeping watch not only that one night, but all through the next day and the night following, for they could get no one to help them remove the corpse to the house. Fancy those hours in the dark, in the night,

ALONE BESIDE THE DEAD,

with a hostile camp filled with rough soldiers near by, with the ever present terror of insult, the dread lest they should have to abandon their task from fatigue before help should come; the constant vigilance necessary to keep at bay all beasts of prey—and then remember that the deed was performed by two young girls, tender, delicately nurtured, carefully guarded from every rough wind, and uncover reverently to the noble courage which sustained them in their fearful undertaking.

On the third day the enemy's camp was struck, and after nearly four days' occupation the Federal troops withdrew. As soon as all danger was over, one of the brave girls, leaving her sister in charge, went into Lexington and told her story to the first white man she met. A party was collected as soon as possible and proceeded out to the C—

farm where the body of poor Mat W— was found still bound to the tree in the position in which he had received his death wounds. Sadly and quietly a little procession formed and bore the body of the ill-fated young man back to the home of his childhood, and the following day loving hands laid him gently to rest in the beautiful old cemetery.

And for the two noble girls who so bravely fulfilled a trust thrown suddenly upon them, words of commendation are too poor. They can best be recompensed by the unvoiced admiration which rises spontaneously in the heart at the thought of their courage and faithfulness.

No. 58.—*The Village School-house.*

(By *Louisa Lewis, of Norfolk, Va.*)

The war! What memories sweep over us at the mere sound of that word! And at any allusion to an event which took place during that memorable period how our minds run back over month after month of dire calamity to some of us, or perhaps to the more fortunate of only excitement and fear! Happy, indeed, might that household esteem itself which could look round at the close of those dark days and find itself intact, with all of its members spared to gather again around the family fireside, or meet once more at the festive board.

How well I remember the war with its perils, its excitement, its constantly shifting scenes and even its occasional funny phases! I was only a child at the time when on the beginning of hostilities our family removed from our old home in Norfolk, Virginia, to a country place in North Carolina. Here, in Camden County, we were during the four years, just on the border-land as it were, just where we were swept over by raid after raid of the Northern troops; where our own Southern soldiers could come to us, sometimes in large numbers and oftener by twos and threes. When these last were in the village we lived in constant fear and dread of a sudden raid and consequent capture of the boys in grey.

In this little village we settled down to a regular country life—settled down, that is, as much as one could in those dreadful days of excitement. No one can feel very quiet or at ease whose

mind is ever filled with ideas of impending calamity and whose last look at night and first in the morning is to see if everything is safe, or if the enemy is approaching.

I shall never forget the occasion of the first Northern troops passing through our village. I had heard our family and the neighbors talk of "the Yankees," in fact there was little else even thought of in those days among us. Several miles from us they had shot two "Rebels" who had unhappily fallen into their hands and this had been the subject of great indignation and much talk, and childlike I had come to regard the "Yankees" as monsters bearing some semblance to humanity, possibly, but of a different type and related to the

GIANTS AND OGRES OF MY FAIRY TALES.

We were all in the village school-house, or academy, as it was pretentiously called, fifteen or twenty children and our teacher, a young lady who was a mere girl herself, and suddenly there came into our view through the windows overlooking the village a large number of soldiers dressed in the blue uniforms of the Northern men. The tramp, tramp of the marching kept on and the men still poured into our little village until the whole road and the yards around were filled with them. The entire place seemed alive with them and my amazement at discovering that after all a Yankee was a man, was extremely ludicrous.

But my discovery did not lessen my fright, nor make me any braver than my schoolmates. How we all clung around our young teacher who was herself nearly as much terrified as we were! We closed the shutters and bolted the door and sat down in semi-darkness and almost total silence. Every now and then one a little more courageous or more curious than the rest would take a peep out to see if they were moving on; but no; instead of going, they were making active preparations for passing the night comfortably, and the sentinels were stationed up and down the road.

Finally, having stayed in the school-house until it was beginning to be near dark, we ventured out into the yard. We then divided into two parties, one who should try going home and one who waited to see the result of the experiment. I was in the first party and well remember how my heart beat as we opened the little gate and stepped out into the road and how we trembled as we passed the first and second guards. But the men took no notice of us and we fled home with a sense of

RELIEF TOO GREAT FOR WORDS.

After seeing our success the second party gained courage for the attempt and they too reached home without being molested.

These raids were very disastrous to our village; every horse that could possibly be made to do duty was taken, and often through sheer wantonness animals were carried off that could not by any means be of service to the raiders, thus leaving the inhabitants of the county without any means of getting about or of cultivating their fields. Then, too, all the poultry was stolen, a serious loss in those times when almost all the men were away fighting for their country and the ladies and children were left alone, and we depended a great deal on the chickens, ducks and turkeys which could be raised at home, poultry and eggs being often our main stay. With each raid all of the feathered tribe that could be caught were taken, the hogs killed and everything, even to our clothes, carried off.

Generally we would be warned of the approach of the enemy—a man or boy would come rushing in hot haste to the village, with the always startling information: "A raid is coming!" Then all was hurry and bustle. At our house we had a kitchen which was set up about a foot and a half from the ground. This space we had boarded up closely all around and when we knew the Yankees were approaching, we would take down one of the boards and drive all our fowls under the kitchen and again fasten it up. Here they would be in such darkness that, being deluded into the belief that it was night, they would go quietly to sleep and in this way be saved to us.

WHAT QUEER IDEAS

of time and the seasons those chickens must have had, if they considered the matter at all!

Then into a hole in the wall which let us into a large space over our dining-room, we had to stow away everything valuable half a dozen times a month. This hiding place was between the ceiling and the roof, and was accessible by removing two boards behind a door at the head of the staircase and gave us ample room to conceal our property. Here the silver spoons, sometimes hastily snatched from the table, watches and all jewelry, blankets, cloaks and even silk dresses had to be hidden away until, as my mother often declared, the things were worn out by constant pushing in and pulling out.

This we were compelled to do, however, to preserve our own necessary

clothing, &c., for it often happened that a family surprised by a sudden raid and not having opportunity to conceal their effects were robbed of everything; even things that could not in any way be of value to the soldiers, such as ladies' clothing, were stolen and carried away.

Once or twice some of the Northern troops came up to our house door and threatened to burn us out if we did not give some desired information about some of the Confederate sharpshooters who lived in the county. My mother, who was one of the bravest of women, defied them as often as they came, and determinedly refused to provide food for any of the Yankees. I have heard her tell the men who were demanding food that she had nothing for them, and that when she did have she intended to keep it for our own soldiers, until they would be so angry they could not control themselves, and would curse and swear dreadfully, all of which

MOVED HER NOT AT ALL.

But on one occasion even we were compelled to furnish provisions for them. Five thousand negro troops, accompanied and commanded by twenty white men, camped all night in our village. That night, after repeated refusals, mother agreed to provide supper for the two principal officers, on condition that they would prevent their men stealing our property. In accordance with this novel agreement, we furnished the supper and the officers set guards about our house and yard, so that none of the troops were permitted to enter, and we escaped very well.

The next day when they were all out of the neighborhood we found that except at our house there was not a chicken, duck, turkey or pig in the whole village. Across the road from us lived a widow lady of considerable means, who had four or five children. Everything available on her premises had been killed and eaten. After half a dozen white men had eaten at her table, they called in and seated in her dining-room crowd after crowd of negroes, until there was nothing more on the lot which could be killed and cooked. The remainder of the village people shared in the same experience, and when the raid moved on were left almost without sufficient food for a single meal.

Often have my mother and I sat up all night watching the fires kindled by the soldiers in the fields around us. One night I remember so well; there was a large fire in a small lot next to our garden on the one side, another in the field opposite us, and in the field adjoining

our yard on the other side two or three.

LARGE FIRES BLAZED,

kept up by fuel from our wood-pile, which was conveniently near. In the afternoon we had five or six cords of wood piled up there—the next morning found only a few sticks. All night we could not sleep, and putting out our light we crept from room to room and from window to window watching the invaders and wondering with vague alarm what they would do next.

Then one quiet day suddenly came the hissing of a shell, which buried itself and exploded in the field behind our house. How we all hurried out in the yard, and in fear and trembling awaited the next, which came a few minutes later. It was in winter that our little village was shelled, and in carts, wagons, or any available vehicle, all left our homes and fled to the neighboring county. I remember being put in a cart, wrapped in a blanket, and going with the rest of the family to another County. Here we remained until the craft which was shelling the village had left, when we all came back to find the fields and gardens torn up in every direction, but not a house damaged except by having the windows broken by the explosion of the shells.

Our most terrible experience was one night in midwinter. We owned one horse, the finest animal in the county, and we had been at great pains to keep him from being stolen. Whenever we knew of raiders being within ten miles of us we always sent the horse to the woods to be hidden in a sheltered spot which had been arranged for his accommodation; sometimes we sent him every night to guard against sudden and unexpected enemies. On this night the horse had been sent away as usual, and my mother and I, having seen that everything was safe,

WERE QUIETLY SLEEPING ALONE.

Suddenly we were awakened by a loud knock at the door. My heart seemed to stand still with fear, but my mother, although terribly startled, asked quietly: "Who is there?"

"Open the door," came in a gruff voice, accompanied by another thundering knock on the door.

This mother refused to do, and again the order was repeated, this time with curses, followed by the inquiry: "Where is your horse?"

To this mother replied that the horse had been sent away.

This angered them all the more, and the oaths and curses increased in violence as they declared they would set

the house on fire if we did not tell them where the animal was.

By looking carefully around the edge of the window curtain, we could see them: two soldiers who were angrily stamping up and down the front porch, and not five feet from us. They kept this up for some time, greatly to my terror.

Mother, in the mean time having dressed, now cautiously drew aside the curtain a little to look out again, and one of the men saw her and immediately struck his bayonet through the shutterless window, grazing her cheek and cutting her face very badly with the glass and narrowly missing one eye.

Now that the glass was broken, there was nothing to prevent their putting a hand through and opening the fastening of the window and raising the sash. This we knew, and so mother lighted a lamp, after handing her watch and a few other little things hurriedly gathered, to me as I lay covered up in bed, and taking down the bar, opened the door, and they walked in.

Mother placed the lamp where its light could shine out in the yard, and standing in the door in the full glare of the light watched the road,

HOPING FOR HELP.

In turning over the contents of the bureau the men came across a small picture of my uncle and asked who it was, to which mother replied: "He is my brother; he is in the Southern army, and I wish he was here now for your sakes."

"Oh!" responded one of them lightly, "he could not do much with both of us."

"He would be quite sufficient for both of you and for any number like you," answered my mother, "for no one but cowards molest defenceless women."

After overturning the contents of boxes, trunks and bureaux and taking all sorts of things, spoons, jewelry, clothing and even sheets, the men walked out remarking as they left that the next time they came we "had better tell them where that horse was."

No one can tell what a fearful night that was to us; all alone and without any one to protect us, with hostile soldiers beating with curses and threats at our door! my mother's face cut by broken glass and grazed by the bayonet! our property stolen! All these combined to produce such fear, alarm and excitement that we were completely exhausted when the welcome morning light once more dawned upon us.

The whole village was enraged when the matter was made known to them, but they were utterly unable to help us

in any way. The men, although diligent search was made for them, were never found. Like the Arabs of ancient story, they had silently stolen away.

Surely the trials of our noble Southern women were greater than those any one else was ever called upon to endure. Deprived of not only the luxuries, but the comforts and often of even the necessities of life,

THEY STOOD UP BRAVELY

and were never lacking in any emergency. In our neighborhood the first Federal troops who came through carried off with them all our servants. Women, who all their lives had been accustomed to be waited upon in all cases, were suddenly left without a servant on the entire premises, and were at once obliged to cook, wash, sweep and attend to all the manifold duties of a housekeeper who is also a wife and mother. To all this they rose superior, and without a murmur they took up the heavy burden of labor, nor laid it aside until forced by physical weakness.

I have known my mother to ride in an open cart, in the bitter winter weather, from where we lived to Norfolk for necessary supplies for the family. This was a distance of about fifty miles by the road, and one can readily imagine what a severe ordeal it was. Nothing could be obtained, however, without getting it from Norfolk, and as each person was only allowed to carry what the custom-house officers decided to be necessary, some one from each family was compelled to undertake the trip.

Thus we lived through the war, in a constant struggle with fear and excitement, work and privation, and as if all this was not enough, to some of us—alas! to many, came the far, far greater and overwhelming trial of being called to surrender as martyrs to the enemy's bullet those we loved dearer than life.

No. 59.—The Ladies' Kitchen.

(By M. S. S., of Virginia.)

When the hospital, which had been established at the University of Virginia, July 22, 1861, to supply the extraordinary needs consequent upon the first battle of Manassas, was broken up in September, that the institution might be reopened at the usual season, in its stead a regular Government hospital

was put up between the University and Charlottesville.

Although occasionally disturbed by rumors of meditated raids that never occurred, here hundreds of sick and wounded were accommodated until the close of the war, with the memorable exception of Sheridan's three days' visit in March, 1865.

From the very inauguration of a hospital in this neighborhood the ladies of this community showed the deepest interest in the welfare of the sick soldiers, who thus found a home in their midst, and did all they could in the way of supplying them with delicacies and home comforts. It was not usual, however, in our hospital, for young ladies to visit the wards in person, but ministrations of that sort were left to the married and elderly. But early in 1862 Senator Mason's daughters came to Charlottesville directly from their old home at Winchester, where the women were particularly noted for their devotion and systematic attentions to disabled soldiers. These ladies suggested the establishment of a dispensary, to be annexed to our hospital and put in the charge of ladies, subject, of course, to the orders of the surgeons. This suggestion was eagerly adopted and acted upon by a few

NOBLE, DEVOTED LADIES,

who continued their unselfish labors, with unflagging zeal, to the (literally) bitter end.

Miss M. M.—and Miss E. D.—first proceeded, with much trepidation, to lay the proposition before our revered surgeon in chief, Dr. J. L. Cabell, and were quickly set at ease by his cordial acceptance of the proffered aid, and his promise to smoothe their way as much as possible. On April 15, 1862, then, the ladies' kitchen of the Delavan Hospital was duly organized, and commenced its regular ministrations of mercy, to be continued every day, Sunday included, for three whole years.

Circulars were struck off and distributed, appealing to the citizens in town and country for such help in this good work as they could bestow, and most hearty and generous was the response on all sides. One good lady, Mrs. Wm. Hart, of North Garden, Albemarle, sent daily during this long period ten gallon cans of milk and buttermilk both, besides eggs, poultry, fruit and

vegetables without stint whenever they could be spared. There was a book kept in which every donation was recorded, but the lady who has the best right to know thinks that it must have been destroyed at the time of the great Yankee raid. But with no thought of self-seeking were those gifts made, and surely we may look for their record on high, although every vestige of them may have departed from earth, save in

THE MEMORIES OF A FAITHFUL FEW.

The arrangement was for a storeroom, where provisions were kept, and a kitchen, where the ladies cooked with their own hands such food as the surgeons prescribed. They did not confine themselves to dainty preparations, such as custards and jellies, although these were made with rare skill, out of materials often inadequate to their presentment, according to prescribed rules. Unused to labor as they were, they kneaded huge trays full of bread, and withheld not their hands from any task, however irksome and laborious.

The necessities of the times taught those apt scholars many a strange lesson of economy and ingenuity, combined so that if the receipts for many a dish concocted to suit the exigencies of Confederate supplies had been written down, they would have added a valuable chapter to the culinary lore of our country. The commissary furnished the storeroom with the substantials of meat, flour, sugar, and also fuel, but to voluntary contributions the ladies looked for all else, and seldom was their larder empty.

Four ladies were constantly employed, two in the storeroom and two in the kitchen, with a man servant to clean kettles and pans and keep up the fire. When the bringing in of

A GREAT MANY WOUNDED

at one time, after some severe battle, required a great deal of extra service, helpers were not wanting from among those ladies who could not ordinarily be spared from home, and hence were not to be found ordinarily at the kitchen. Young unmarried ladies consequently bore the brunt of the burden, and nobly did they acquit themselves of their self-denying task, accounting their sacrifice as naught for the love they bore the cause in which the soldier suffered. Even in the retrospect, with tears in their eyes, they say "We did but please ourselves in what we underwent for

those who bled for us. Who could have done differently?"

The whole thing was systematized, each lady being upon duty, some for a week at a time, others for one day in each week, from 7 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening. Even little children would help by keeping the flies off the sick in hot weather, and proud enough they were of being found useful like their elders.

Beef tea, broth, chicken soup, and every article of food suitable for invalids were made here in the nicest way, so that the poor soldiers really enjoyed greater comfort than they could have done

IN THEIR NOW IMPOVERISHED HOMES, and quick were they to find out from their ward-master and nurses that these nice things were not prepared for them by menial fingers, and you may depend upon it that the knowledge that they were thus cared for sweetened many a morsel and rendered many a hard couch softer.

In their season flowers were freely scattered through all the wards, and ladies of suitable age were constantly found to visit the sufferers, lending books, or reading them aloud when desirable. The ladies' kitchen became the pet establishment of the whole environs and its fame spread far and wide. Thither naturally gravitated the earliest ripened fruit, the freshest pats of butter, and, in short, every dainty procurable, in the assured conviction that they would be impartially and judiciously distributed, according to the necessities of their various patients. The best part about such offerings was that they most frequently came from those who had to practice strictest self-denial so far as their own tables were concerned, and did not give of their surplus, but frequently all that they had of what was delicate and tempting.

To many a sensitive woman the fact that her husband and brothers were roughing it upon coarse food out in the field, made comfortable diet actually distasteful. How could she feast while those whom she loved better than life were faring so differently? No, give her the plainest possible thing, and let everything superfluous be sent

TO HOSPITAL OR CAMP.

The writer is convinced that no part of our war was more peculiarly noteworthy, nay, more marvellous, than the way that the South was fed. We were

an agricultural people, dependent upon annual crops for yearly supplies, obtained mainly by the labor of servants who, now that every white man capable of bearing arms was called into the field, were to do the same labor under the supervision only of women and aged men. Our servants had been, for years before the war, tampered with, and urged to insurrection and murder by our enemies, and still they worked quietly and humbly during those slow-dragging four years of war, obeying their mistress when, perhaps, she was alone with her tender family in the midst of at least a hundred colored men in the very strength of their years.

Armed with good consciences and the power of habit the women moved fearlessly about their homes, cutting out the usual garments for "the hands," knitting their socks and distributing medicine where it was needed in their cabins without a qualm of uneasiness, lest condign punishment should overtake them for their participation in

"THE UNPARDONABLE SIN OF SLAVERY."

The war coming unexpectedly at last, and finding no granaries filled with provident stores, while we were cut off from the charities of the outside world, we must yet thankfully look back and acknowledge that as a people we were fed and knew no lack. This subject has not been considered and commented upon in its bearings as it deserved to be.

That our Northern brethren had no expectation of such an anomalous condition of affairs when they declared war upon us we well do know. The very first time it ever dawned upon the writer's imagination that there was serious danger of a war between the sections, she was seated on the deck of a Hudson River steamboat engaged in pleasant conversation with an intelligent Northern gentleman, when, a Presidential campaign being in progress, a man came around to take up the votes. At home they had even laughed at the rabid attacks of the newspapers upon the South, and said, "Oh! such is the voice of hired politicians. The sensible people of the North cannot believe such wicked nonsense." But to her horror the lady heard one vote after another given for the Republicans, until her own immediate party was demonstrated to stand single and alone in its political affinities. She let her amazement be known to her companion, and then they began to talk. Presently he said the South must do so and

so, which she knew it could not do with honor. She said:

"WE WILL FIGHT FIRST."

His reply was memorable.

"You cannot fight! Your worst enemy is in your midst. Let us but sound the tocsin of war and your slaves will rise! Why, you will have murder and cutting of throats in every house."

That lady returned home with a burden upon her spirit that she had never known before. Not that the dread of servile insurrection ever disturbed her peace, but she felt that her people had determined foes in the fanatics of the North who only watched and awaited the opportunity for coercing us into doing their will.

The above conversation has been recalled not for the purpose of stirring up sectional feelings again, but that we Southerners may recognize the merciful dealings of a kind Providence towards our women and children, especially in so signally shielding them from horrors that beforehand were deemed by dispassionate persons as the legitimate, the necessary result of a slaveholding nation being brought into a state of civil warfare.

While every topic under Heaven is so freely discussed nowadays it is strange how silently has been passed by, how indifferently regarded, the wonderful spectacle presented throughout the entire South, during the war, of perfect

DOMESTIC PEACE AT HOME,

while all who could have enforced it were abroad.

Moreover if the circumstances had been given beforehand, and the question put as to how a people in such a case could be fed and how clothed, what human wisdom could have devised the answer, as it now lies unfolded before us, when we pause and reflect upon the strange paths by which we were led, in which we ever found "the manna" by the way. Like the Israelites, too, the quails might be lacking and the flesh-pots left behind. But who was heard hankering after them, or bewailing their loss?

The question of how we Confederates were clothed is one involving too ample an answer to be more than touched upon here. May it be fully treated by some pen more competent to the task. The writer was made happy at the opening of the war by the ingenuity of a friend who kindly constructed for her a coal-scuttle bonnet of loftiest dimensions,

whose foundation was a piece of stiff pasteboard taken from the last box of candles she ever owned. In this formidable headgear she was still to be seen arrayed when that peace dawned which was not a peace. She was fortunate enough to have a long new cloak when the winter of 1861 came, and this garment, too, went through the war with credit, and was

THE ENVY OF MANY BEHOLDERS.

Oh, the knitting! Everybody knows how we knitted until nobody could rest. Of all slow work ever invented knitting fine cotton stockings is the slowest, and if there had not been some patient old lady in almost every family I very much fear some of the prettiest little feet in the Confederacy must have needs gone bare before the war was over. Knitting for the soldiers, though, that was a different thing, far more interesting and then so much easier. The slowest of us could do something in that way out of coarse, warm yarn, but how we did envy those who had been trained to such industry in the good old days, and resolved to do better in the bringing up of our little girls, starting them right away.

For once the whole nation of women were freed from the shackles of fashion, and we dressed as we pleased, or rather as we could, without dread of criticism from any. We plaited straw hats, which our fathers wore out of complaisance, heavily though they weighed upon their brows. Rye straw, however, really made quite a neat hat, especially when half the straw was dyed black, and after awhile when corn shucks were used for ladies' hats, they were

LIGHT AND PRETTY BESIDES.

In the glove factory we succeeded better, and some girls made exceedingly nice gaiter boots with only a little aid from the shoemaker. Most of us consented to encase our feet in thick leather shoes with leather shoe strings, and were thankful at that. Of our homespun dresses we were really proud, and fancied that we looked quite presentable. The pattern I remember was the shepherd's plaid, plain black and white, you know, which is a style that never looks amiss. In 1862, I scolded my husband well for his extravagance in bringing me a black alpaca dress that cost three dollars per yard. How I blessed him for it afterwards. In 1864, I gave five dollars for a piece of muslin such as we could now get for twenty-five cents, and for enough

common dark calico to make my baby a short dress, eighty dollars.

Our feats in the way of remodelling old frocks, and particularly in the process of dyeing, are best recorded in the following clever parody, composed "while her hands were in," by Mrs. Letty Lewis, daughter of the elder Governor Floyd, of Virginia, sister of the younger, and a most noble, venerable matron, who happily still survives to bless a large and loving circle of admiring friends:

THE DYING CONFEDERATE LADY.

I am dyeing! Hessie, dyeing!
Boils the kettle hot and fast,
With the bark of the plum and walnut,
Gathered in the days long past.
Reach a hand; oh! Hessie, help me!
Cease thy giggle and look here;
Notice this great pile of garments
Thou alone and I would wear.

Though my torn and faded dresses
Lose their blackness evermore,
And my well-worn shawls and stockings,
Tell how war has made me poor;
Though no glittering silks are with them,
Prized by every woman still—
I must mend and change and alter,
Dye my Sunday garments still.

Let not fashion's heartless daughters
Mock this crape, this garb of woe,
'Twas no woman's hand that tore it,
'T was a Yankee's soiled it so.
Haste then, Hessie, bring your dresses
First like mine they were and gay,
Throw them into this big kettle;
They're too good to throw away.

Should the rich folks that have plenty
Sneer at bark dyes in the towns,
We will say, if they don't like them,
They can send us better gowns.
I must dye my web of linsey
To be woven e'er the spring,
Judy waiteth for her filling;
And this color is the thing.

So be quick my laughing Hessie,
Gather up our mournful pile;
Don't expect to light that dry wood
With the splendor of thy smile.
Hand me here those capes and dresses,
Take thy veil and wrap with mine;
So we'll be in style next Sunday,
Triumph in that cloak of thine.

This is dyeing, Hessie! dyeing!
Starts a tear drop in thine eye?
Wipe it off my bonnie Hessie,
Tatters are not worth a sigh.
See! that stick will break that kettle.
Hessie dear! this is the knell
Of cherished hopes! the dye is thrown
Reconstructed! fare thee well.

A VISIT TO A HOSPITAL.

A family of very young children claiming my almost exclusive attention during the whole of the war, I had been unable to render that efficient aid in the hospital wards which I admired so much

in my sister women, but one morning in the summer of 1864 I received a summons to which I could not turn a deaf ear. Mrs. P. wrote to me from "the tent," begging that I would come down and see a poor wounded young gentleman, who had formerly been a university student, and would doubtless be gratified to receive some attention from the professors' families. She asked me also to bring him a little blackberry wine if I had any very good, as he was drooping and evidently needed something of the sort.

Before proceeding, let me explain what "the tent" was. An excellent old bachelor physician, Dr. Harris, of Augusta County, who was not a commissioned surgeon, however, had come to the Delavan Hospital with a request that he might be allowed to put up a tent himself in the open field near by, (the season being summer,) and have committed to his care any cases of gangrene or other hopeless disease that were despaired of, or that might possibly be benefited by the freer access allowed

THE FRESH BREEZES OF HEAVEN

in a tent than could be the case in a walled building. He, too, through the press, asked for help in the way of lint, milk, &c., and it soon being bruited abroad that in "the tent" were to be found the saddest, most pitiable cases of all, to that point public sympathy turned, and volunteer helpers among the ladies appeared here, too, to nurse the sick, as well as supply their other needs. Although Mrs. P. — was mistress of a family, part of every day she was to be found at "the tent" ministering in every way possible to the wants of its inmates.

As quickly as possible, after securing her note that morning, I hunted up a bottle of nice blackberry wine, and adding a few delicate crackers and other things, proceeded with great timidity, however, to pay my first visit, (with one exception, when I had a companion,) to the inmates of a hospital, a thing that to many of my friends was of daily occurrence, and a matter of course.

Mrs. P. —, however, appeared the moment I asked for her at the entrance, and her kindness, with the friendly looks I met wherever my glance fell, soon charmed away my fears of intrusion.

She led me immediately to the couch of the sick man whom I came to see, and introduced him as Mr. D. —, of Louisiana,

A CAPTAIN OF A COMPANY OF CAVALRY, whose regiment, however, I have forgotten entirely. He lay upon a very low bed, and at his feet sat a good-looking young colored man called Tom, who, I was told, was his body-servant, whom he had brought with him from Louisiana, and who had been his inseparable attendant in every campaign. Mr. D. — proved to be deaf, an infirmity, superadded to his evident prostration, that effectually prevented any prolonged conversation. He did manage to explain, however, that he had not himself attended the University of Virginia, having been prevented from entering upon his collegiate course by the breaking out of the war, but his brother and other members of his family in past generations had been educated there, so that he felt attachment for the institution. Everything about him betokened the refined gentleman, both as to his appearance and manners, ill and languid though he evidently was. His features were regular and finely cut, his complexion fair, and his blonde hair and beard were glossy, smooth and neatly trimmed—while his linen was immaculately pure. I did not tax his strength long, but speedily took my leave after promising to call again soon.

Mrs. P. —, however, insisted upon taking me through the whole tent, and introducing me to her other patients. It was touching to see the gratitude shown for the smallest interest manifested in them by

THOSE POOR FELLOWS,

and I inwardly resolved to do something for them all, and that without loss of time. That something proved to be only a freezer of coffee ice-cream, and if it only gave the recipients half as much pleasure as the giver found in its bestowal it was enjoyed.

My next visit to the tent was Sunday morning, on a clear, pleasant day, when we stopped on our way to church. Mr. D. — was lying asleep, so that we could not disturb him, but left the custard brought for him with Mrs. P. —. More delicate, fair and refined than ever he looked in his slumber; freshly dressed, too, to greet that holy day. Again I was led through the double line of cots, this time being greeted as a friend, no longer a stranger. Having a hymn-book in my hand, I could not resist my impulse to read a few comforting verses by the bedside of one especially afflicted. After I had finished I was touched to see big

tears rolling down the cheeks of an elderly man in the adjacent cot, and surprised when he beckoned to me to draw near.

"Ah lady! how often have I heard my sisters at home sing those very words. Oh! how they go to my heart. Please read me some more of the same sort."

I tremblingly made another selection, and read:

"Now, lady," he said, "I have something to say to you by yourself."

Mrs. P. immediately withdrew to a distant cot and he then went on in a low tone.

"I feel as if I must ask somebody's advice. I want you to help me to decide whether I must have my right arm cut off. The doctor says it should be done, but if so, my livelihood is gone, for I am a carpenter. My wife is dead, but I have

TWO SWEET LITTLE GIRLS,

with nobody else to depend upon. Tell me, lady, can I give my right arm up?"

I was thrilled through and through. Young as I then was, to be appealed to for advice in a crisis of such vital import, was too much for me. With my peculiar dread, too, of the surgeon's knife, how could such a poor little creature as I venture to advise? For an instant I was speechless. Then I essayed to remind him that the surgeons were the only ones competent to give an opinion in his case; they had knowledge, we were ignorant; that the particular surgeon in whose charge he lay we knew was tender as well as wise, and would surely recommend the gentlest course. I begged him to accept his sentence, whatever it might be, as the will of God towards him, and as such to be received as the ordering of a tender Heavenly Father who never willingly afflicts his children, but if he put his trust in Him would surely make even this sore trial work for his eternal good.

With awed feelings and aching heart I bade good-bye to a suffering fellow-being, who had drawn so close to me, a stranger, who was never again to see him in this life. Various domestic hindrances kept me at home during the early part of the week; then it poured down rain incessantly, and not until Thursday, when I sent some ice to the tent, could I even get a message to inquire after the patients, about whom I felt such deep solicitude. The reply that came was

MELANCHOLY ENOUGH.

The anxious father had had his arm am-

putated, and survived the operation only a few hours.

Mr. D— also was dead and buried! Some interesting particulars concerning him were furnished me by a pious gentleman who had closely attended him during his illness. The doctors said in the beginning that his wound, which was in the foot, was slight, and ordinarily would not have been deemed serious, but his constitution seemed to be peculiarly sensitive and he seemed not to have the slightest "rallying power." Tom watched him night and day with unflinching devotion, never leaving him save to see if all was well with his master's horse, which was well cared for, since they seemed to be well provided with money. Everybody tried to do what they could to mitigate the trials of sickness to the poor gentleman, but he was sunk in deep depression from which there seemed to be no rousing him. Finally, there came a letter from home, containing the heartrending news of a beloved sister's death. She was married, and her husband with their only child visited her grave to adorn it with fresh flowers. As the lovely little girl stooped down to add to the wreaths already there, a poisonous serpent, lurking underneath, stung her hand and she too was

STRICKEN WITH DEATH.

The unhappy brother and uncle, receiving such distressing news upon his own bed of languishing, at the same time received a death-blow from which he never rallied, but under whose stroke he sank surely and rapidly. All that gave joy to him in life having departed, kind nature granted him a gentle release from misery.

We heard further that Tom had seen that every possible respect was paid the remains of his master, at whose loss he seemed deeply grieved. A handsome coffin was procured, and the grave dug apart from the long ditch where most who died in the hospital were buried in common. Mr. D—'s grave was distinctly marked, being placed beneath two trees, and provided with a head and foot-stone, his name being inscribed upon the former. Afterwards his remains were removed to their family cemetery by some surviving relative, but so quietly that no one knew it at the time.

Not until every duty had been performed that affection could suggest did the faithful Tom mount his master's horse and ride away to the far South, bearing with him the sad news of the tragic fate of one who had evidently been to him friend as well as master.

No. 60.—*The Arrest of a Spy.*

(By Mrs. C. of Camden, S. C.)

During the summer of 1863 there came to me a telegram from my mother, saying she was ill.

Fortunately for me Col. Jefferson Goodwyn, the mayor of Columbia, his wife and his two daughters were on the eve of a journey westward, and he kindly offered to take care of me as far as Montgomery, Alabama.

I telegraphed at once to my husband, who was then in Richmond, for permission to go, and he as promptly refused to give it:

"No. You must not go. Railroads too dangerous. Cars too crowded. Too hot. Too great risk of fever."

In utter confusion of mind I read this aloud. The silence which followed was broken by Miss Kate H——'s soft voice.

"What a comfort it is to know what one's duty is. To be uncertain about that is the only trouble."

Did she think my duty was to obey my husband? I did not so decide. I obeyed the natural impulse, which bore me away to my mother, who was ill and bade me come to her.

After all I ventured to assume all risks, as there was nobody to be hurt but myself.

So the next morning, bright and early, I was to be found on the train with the Goodwyns. Dust and dirt we had beyond our expectation, but there was no crowd.

On the part of the soldiers there seemed no hurrying in hot haste to join Pemberton's army in the West.

"Now, I will give you a hint," said Col. Goodwyn; "suspicious characters, from all accounts, are aboard to-day."

"What is the matter with them? Who are they?"

"They tell two stories—say they came in on a flag of truce, and say also that they ran the blockade to nurse a friend in Mobile. See if you can find them without my showing them to you. They are well watched. Look! Can you pick them out?"

That was easily done.

We female Confederates had all of our feathers in a sadly moulting condition just then. Our old clothes were hardly

fit to be seen. Our uniform, so to speak, was a clean calico dress that, at least, could be washed. Labor was the cheapest of all things. Our dresses were gathered at the waist by a belt, and we wore large hoops. The immense bishop's sleeves, then the fashion with us, had this merit—hands could be thrust therein when gloves were missing, and could so be protected from heat or cold. Everything of

OUR ANTE-BELLUM OUTFIT

was mended and darned to death. It was always being altered and changed steadily for the worse. The bodies of dresses were out before the skirts, and a favorite way of utilizing the skirts which remained was to wear a Garibaldi waist of flannel in winter or muslin in summer. The general effect of all this, as you may suppose, was far from brilliant. And yet a pretty girl so disguised did not suffer. She had as many admirers and lovers in her calico as she cared for. I appeal to the memory of the girls of that period. Were not men, frantically in love, as plenty as blackberries? Was not the soldier lad's love song "Ever of thee?"

Well, those poor, rusty Confederate women were shabby enough. We give that up. While they had hope they cared for none of these things. They were single-minded, and their one idea was to win in the Cause.

The contrast then was sharp if smartly dressed strangers appeared. They were as flaringly conspicuous as flamingoes, who had strayed in among a brown covey of partridges.

Already I was staring at three fine dames (and their attendant cavalier) who sat near us. They were gorgeously arrayed, resplendant creatures, the like of which I had not seen for a long time. The most notable personage in this group was a tall woman, thin and straight. She wore a gay, yellow, much-betrimmed travelling dress. Her ringlets were long and glossy black. If her cheeks were neither "as broad nor as red as the pulpit cushions," (for no Bet Bouncer was she,) all the same she was a highly rouged dame or damsel. Airy and easy in her manners, she was absolutely absorbed in a flirtation with a Confederate major (the aforesaid cavalier.) Everything about this Major was brand new—spic and span—without spot or blemish, and in spite of the star gleaming on his collar, the general effect of him was decidedly Yankee. His face was clean cut, fresh and untanned by exposure to our sun. It was odd to see

a man so little sunburned. He was florid, wholesome, handsome. That I must say, were he

FRIEND OR FOE.

Facing this man and this woman, sat two other splendid creatures. They fairly shone in the sun. The prettiest of the two, with all of her good looks, had a hard Northern face. We set her down at once as a sharp Yankee. She too was covered with feathers, flowers, lace and jewelry, and at the back of her seat, she had thrown a cashmere shawl. Her companion was distinctly of a German type, not bad looking, though heavy of features. She it was also who had betrayed them. Col. Goodwyn gave us to understand this with a knowing nod. So for our convenience in talking—and we talked of nothing else—we named them Yellow Gown, Cashmere Shawl and Frau Judas.

If they were spies, they were very foolish ones. They had shrill voices, and they were noisy and reckless. We could not avoid hearing what they said, and I confess we listened with all our might. How they bragged of New York—the comfort, the prosperity, the wealth of the North. They laughed at our sordid destitution and poverty. Frau Judas took up her parable and described even the butchers' shops in New York, "where you could get any 'cut' you wanted, and were served on a cool, clean, marble counter."

"A queer way they are behaving, if they are spies," we said again and again, while we had no thought but for the flangoes.

Suddenly I noticed a man who held a paper in his hand and read from it in a strong voice:

"Vicksburg has fallen. Pemberton has surrendered it to the Yankees."

I wonder if I will ever be so miserable again in this world. It nearly knocked the life out of me. My heart seemed to stand still. For a moment I neither could see nor hear.

The next thing that I remembered was my indignation at the unholy joy betrayed by the suspected party. They exulted at our rage and humiliation. Now

THIS WAS HARD TO BEAR.

"That opens the Mississippi," said a loud voice behind us; "cuts it in two. Only a question of time now."

But we must go back to our spies.

A man whose seat was opposite to them, had the gift of sleeping under adverse circumstances. He slept through

everything, and always in ear shot of these devoted strangers. In one of his rare waking intervals he spoke casually to Col. Goodwyn. And as he walked away, the Colonel asked:

"What do you think of him?"

"He is one of the seven sleepers."

He had, however, a keen greyhound face; his expression was eager and inquisitive, not what one might have expected from so sleepy-headed a person.

Col. Goodwyn took my book from my hand and wrote: "He is a Richmond detective and is following these people."

My book was one of DeQuincey's, and I have it now with all these notes as they were scribbled therein that day.

We called the sleeper Mr. Bucket, in memory of Lady Dedlock in Bleak House. But he had no fat finger. He was a lean and hungry Cassius. No Confederate waxed fat in those days—that goes without the saying.

Then a fair and comely youth came to the front of the battle. He quietly took a seat behind Cashmere Shawl and Frau Judas, and *sans cérémonie* opened a conversation. He was too young looking to be in any uniform at all, poor boy! but the Confederate grey was very becoming to him. Indeed I think it was to everybody!

In a furtive way, looking back as if to see who was listening, he whispered audibly enough:

"Plenty of good Union men in Tennessee. I came from there. You can trust me."

Fancy my feelings. That boy a traitor after all! And he looked so young, so innocent,

AND SO FOOLISH.

I wrote down my discovery for Col. Goodwyn's benefit. He was surprised, and he took good care that Mr. Bucket should see what I had written in one of his brief moments snatched from sleep.

The book came back to me with these words, pencilled by Bucket's own fingers: "He is one of our understrappers."

Before long this efficient young subaltern was introducing his superior officer, Mr. Bucket, to Cashmere Shawl. After this we gazed in open-mouthed wonder at our Bucket. His munificence! his magnificence! More like a horn of plenty, he was pouring out his gifts upon the Tennessean's two new friends—fruit, watermelons, pinders—everything our poor country afforded.

Sleep no longer hanging heavy on Mr. Bucket's eyelids, he was as good as a play.

And so the long hours passed, and we slowly ran up to the station at West Point.

We were overheated, tired to death, wornout by smoke and dust; and we felt there was mischief in the air. The cars were still; not a sound was heard but the giggling and flirting of Yellow Shawl and the devoted Major.

The door opened with a bang, and in stalked the tallest and most cadaverous Confederate officer I had ever seen. There was an unmistakable dignity in his slow movement. A war-worn veteran, every inch of him. He was lame, and leaned heavily on the arm of another man in uniform. He wore his sword and red sash. No doubt from his lameness he had been lately wounded, and his awfully fallow face spoke of swamp or camp fever, too.

When he reached the Major's party (he came in at their backs) he stopped and rested upon the arm of the seat opposite; then he reached across and put his hand on the Major's shoulder.

The Major was murmuring low in his lady love's ear, happy and unconscious, but at this unexpected touch he started and turned his head to meet the grim face and stern eye of that pale man in Confederate grey.

Instantly every drop of blood left the Major's face. He was pale as death!—terror stricken! A spasm seized his throat—indeed,

HE WAS A PITEOUS SIGHT.

As for me, I was awfully sorry for him, no matter what his crime might be.

"Look at his face! Don't you see how guilty he is."

But Col. Goodwyn took things coolly. His voice was by no means low or sweet at any time, and now he spoke out distinctly.

"He is not half so stunned as you were when the thunder clap came about Vicksburg," he said. "May be the fellow has something wrong about his heart."

The officer in the red sash then asked the Major to show his commission, which he did at once. He had it handy, ready for exhibition.

The officer, who seemed to be sitting in judgment on the spy (so-called,) read the commission carefully, and then, striking it lightly with his finger, said:

"This is unusual. It is filled out and signed in the same hand. This is not Mr. Seddon's handwriting."

The Major hastily interrupted him.

"I own that I am from Maine; but I have fought for the Confederacy from the very first."

That word Maine was a cold blast from the North. It fell upon our ears chillingly.

It was very awkward, and people exchanged significant glances.

"I was in the commissary department," he went on, "but I got a discharge from the service because I have a disease of the heart."

"Colonel, he heard you!"

"Well, poor devil, he is ghastly enough. See; he breathes with difficulty."

The poor Major was in a quandary. Our hearts failed us, and we could not bear to look at the spy in his agony.

When the delinquent spoke of his discharge our officer smiled.

"In the Confederate service a disabled officer is allowed to resign. He is not discharged. Come, now! put an end to all this. Tell us where you acted as commissary, and we will telegraph immediately. Until we hear, you will be under arrest."

There was a great deal more of this painful scene; and then they led him off,

MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE.

He was corpse-like in his ghastliness.

The voice in the rear was again heard:

"Ladies, I am not *that* fretted because one Yankee is likely to be hung as a spy. I think of the thousands and thousands of fine fellows, good men and true, who were killed no doubt before they let Pemberton surrender. And the women and children of Vicksburg, they are driven out of their homes! *Think* of that New Yorker, Pemberton, giving up on the 4th of July! I can hear their rejoicing—the cock-a-doodle doing—and the Yankee doodle doing. I can hear their cursed bands in full blast."

There was a perfect Babel of voices. Maddened by a sense of defeat, such as the Vicksburg matter brought with it, every one was excitedly talking to any one else who would listen. Failing to secure an audience of one even, a few bursting with rage and patriotism stood up and vented their fury and indignation at large. They denounced everybody in authority—generals, Government and all at one fell swoop.

The Yankee contingent left without its head.

Soon after our wide-awake Bucket was seen to re-enter the cars. He had followed in the wake of the forlorn Major, and now we had eyes and ears for nobody but Mr. Bucket. Hitherto he had failed to become acquainted with Yellow Gown and her Major. Indeed he had not seemed aware of her existence. He took the vacant seat by her side now, and the Tennessean promptly rising from his place behind Cashmere Shawl formally introduced them.

Yellow Gown was still in tears. Alas! she could not turn pale. Her colors were too fast for that; but her whole countenance had changed; the whites of her eyes were lurid, and she wiped them upwards, well knowing the damage water would do to her complexion.

Cashmere Shawl showed signs of great internal disturbance, but held her peace.

FRAU JUDAS

ate her watermelon with a relish, and smiled serenely. There was Dutch phlegm for you!

The sympathy and condolence now poured out by our Bucket upon Yellow Gown was abundant. He gradually grew confidential.

"He had gone out after the Major," he said. And it was evident that he had heard something that had shocked him greatly while out there.

"I did stay until the cars began to move off slowly," insinuated the mischief-making Bucket. "It is a very disagreeable thing to repeat to you, but I left him trying to clear himself at your expense. I did, indeed."

"Why, what could that man say about me. I hardly know him," wailed Yellow Gown.

"He said you were sent here to breed dissatisfaction among us; that was your business here. That you were trying to make him turn traitor!"

"The liar! traitor himself," she howled out, fairly cursing him, by all her gods. "And to think I never laid eyes on him until to-day!"

Col. Goodwyn, in an audible tone aside: "They are all one party—they came from Richmond together."

The loud-mouthed man cried out from behind us: "I thought they were courting and that they would be married as soon as they could find a parson."

And now Mr. Bucket seemed to occupy the Major's place in every sense of the word with Yellow Gown. He

was devoted, and she received his attentions as pleasantly as if there were

NO MAJORS IN THE WORLD

whose fate hung heavily on the rest of us.

The Tennessean stuck like a leech to the other two.

The topic with them seemed gratitude and admiration of Mr. Bucket.

"What would we have done if a kind Providence had not caused him to come to our relief?"

At Montgomery we saw the last of them. Our road lay in one direction—theirs in another. But that final glimpse showed our Bucket gallantly offering his arm to Yellow Gown, and she was giggling and coquettishly accepting it. The Tennessean walked off with Frau Judas and Cashmere Shawl tightly tucked, one under each arm.

"There she goes," cried one of our party, "tripping along in all her proud attire."

"Gay and débonaire," added another.

"She must have a good conscience, she is so light-hearted. See! She is looking into Mr. Bucket's face just as she looked at the Major."

"The jade!" croaked one gruff voice from the rear. "She has forgotten her first man already. And I wouldn't stand in that Major's shoes this minute for all that is in this world. No, I wouldn't."

WHAT BECAME OF THEM?

Who knows? That they came to no harm, you may be sure. Our Government was never harsh to women. The worst that could befall them was to be hustled as hastily out of our huge Confederate barracks as they came in. And after their short and sharp experience of the ills we suffered, independently of their personal danger, no doubt they joyfully hailed anew the flag of truce, which was ordered to bear them away, and shake the dust of the doomed Confederacy from their feet with infinite satisfaction.

And the spy, what became of him? I do not know. We left him to his fate at West Point Station. Let us hope that he proved innocent of the charges made against him. He was in a wretched plight—that I saw.

No. 61.—Chaos in the South.

(By Mrs. Jane Pringle, of Georgetown, S. C.)

It was not easy for two women alone to travel in the autumn of 1864, but it was necessary. We had spent the four years of the war in Europe, and now a new departure had to be taken. The old régime was done and we must go home and start a new life. Advice as to how to cross the border was not wanting, and certainly the easiest way was to cross the Potomac at night in a rowboat, but my daughter resolutely refused, as we might be fired at and could only trust to luck. She insisted on taking all "her clothes," which were contained in many trunks, and also persistently refused to run the risk of being shot at. To go by sea was to me a terrible alternative, as the blockade was then very strict, so the only course left us was to throw ourselves on the mercy of the general in command of Norfolk and asked to be allowed to go through the lines to South Carolina.

A dear young relative offered to escort us to Norfolk and he started from New York with all our trunks and got to Baltimore that night. We were to carefully hide our name, but as the head waiter of the hotel knew me at once and stood behind my chair during dinner, I confess I did not see the use of so flimsy an attempt at concealment. Thinking it over that night before taking the steamer down the Chesapeake Bay, I came to the conclusion that it took too much time and trouble to tell lies consistently and I decided to stick to the plain truth in this our very hazardous expedition, and so not, if possible, bring about any complications. It turned out decidedly the best policy, and I always stuck to it during all the troubled times that followed.

When we got to Norfolk we applied to the general, who appointed an interview, and we went to his office and found him with another general. They asked a number of questions.

"Why do you want to go into the South?"

I answered, to save what I could of our property.

"Where are your sons?"

"In Hampton's cavalry," I said.

"Where is your husband?"

"Dead."

"Have you much quinine?"

"A bottleful."

"Are you the bearers of letters or papers to the South?"

I answered, that "neither Mr. Slidell nor Mr. Mason had sent even a message for fear of in any way compromising me."

Then both generals told me how utterly hopeless the struggle had become for the South, and one of them showed me a map of Georgetown district with every plantation and the owners' names marked on it. They advised me to take salt with me, as the salt works had been destroyed everywhere and there was a salt famine, but in this they were mistaken, and I dragged about a lot of salt quite uselessly for a few days and then gave it away.

The general in command said he would run a special train to the last village in the lines, after which there were forty miles of neutral territory before reaching and

CROSSING THE BLACKWATER,

where we would come on the first Confederate post. He said he would take the same occasion to send back some refugees for whom he had no use and who were a very bad lot.

Next day we started, and the general most kindly sent an officer, I think one of his aide-de-camps, to see us safely on our way. There was also a very intelligent reporter who, when he reached the terminus, kindly helped me to hire a carriage and horses, which I certainly never could have got without him, as all the horses were hidden, and their existence stoutly denied. For \$40 (in gold) we got an open carriage with a negro driver and a cart for the luggage, and here we took leave of our escort and plunged into the unknown. Certainly if ever ignorance was bliss it was then. No idea of evil entered our minds; we traversed a desert with this strange negro, with a calm sense of all absence of danger which seems, in looking back with the lurid light of after days, to have been either idiocy or inspiration!

At sunset we crossed the Blackwater, and saw for the first time the gray jacket of a Confederate picket. We reached a small, dirty house, with a wide piazza, some time before the party of refugees who had been following us, and, as I now believe, constituted a very great danger for us and our luggage. However, we kept ahead of them and drew up at the tavern, where an ugly, sour-

“What we wanted,” and “where we came from.”

I told her civilly we wanted a bedroom to ourselves and supper when it was ready.

She said we must wait for the bedroom to see if two ladies would allow us to sleep in their room, as she could not give us a room to ourselves.

When the refugees arrived they were loud in their denunciations of us, saying, which was true, that our baggage had not been examined by the Federal officer, whilst their's had been very strictly searched. At the moment I did not see the aim of this declaration, but I noticed that the attitude of the landlady became very aggressive, and as soon as the so-called ladies had agreed to let us share their room we went up-stairs, my daughter innocently leaving our bundle of wraps and umbrellas in the entrance hall—needless to say, we never saw them again. She luckily went to bed at once with a violent headache, and so disappeared from the scene.

I never shall forget the supper-table I sat down to. It was under ground and a more ruffianly-looking set of men I never saw. We were told afterwards they were blockade-runners. I noticed that one man who sat opposite to me had an intelligent if not a strictly clean face, and looked altogether of a better sort than the others. I also noticed that he stared at me most rudely. I could only pretend to eat the dirty, greasy food and this gave great offence. I found out my opposite neighbor was

THE PROVOST MARSHAL,

as he was pointedly addressed as such by the woman at the head of the table, looking fixedly at me as she did so. Of course I hardly noticed these circumstances at the time and only recollected them afterwards.

As soon as possible I left the table and went up to bed. The two women talked loudly long into the night and I was so tired I fell asleep while they were talking. Next morning I asked for my bill, which was \$60, and for which I offered greenbacks. The woman burst out with a torrent of abuse and refused to take anything but Confederate money, which she knew of course, I had not. I took the bill and walked out on the piazza to reflect.

Here one of the women of our bedroom came up hastily and said, “Ma'am, you are in great danger; take care.” She had tears in her eyes and looked quite frightened as she spoke, and hurried away.

What was the danger? Suddenly I recollected our negro coachman, whom I had paid generously and who was keeping guard over the precious trunks, might help us, and I asked him if he could give me Confederate bills (which were perfectly worthless there) for greenbacks, dollar for dollar. He grinned largely and agreed gladly, so that I was able to go back to the dreadful landlady and pay her bill, as she had insisted, in Confederate money. Her face fell and she glared at me furiously. There was then nothing seemingly to prevent our going down to the railroad station to take the train, and we walked away to wait for it. At the little station I found my opposite neighbor of the supper table talking with great excitement in French to another man about us. They were both in uniform. We were, he said, to be immediately arrested as Northern spies.

This, then, was the danger. I immediately addressed the provost marshal and said, “I think it right to tell you that I understand what you are saying, and that you are quite wrong.”

He was very much surprised, but took off his hat—he was from New Orleans—and then proceeded to argue the matter in French.

What security had I to give that we were not spies? We had been sent in by special train; our baggage not searched, and only the week before a woman and her daughter had been arrested for less cause on suspicion and

THEY WERE IN PRISON.

“I have only my name and position to offer as reasons against being arrested; but these are enough, and you must recollect that two women, situated as we are, can only rely on your knowledge of the world to protect us against the vile aspersions of the sort of people who have denounced us, and who are very low, as it is evident they have done it from envy and malice. Were we really spies we certainly should not have been sent in a special train.”

He asked where we were going.

I said my intention had been to go directly to Charleston, but hearing there was yellow fever there I should now try to join my sons, if I could find out where they were, which would not be difficult.

“Ah! if you do that,” he said—

“I most assuredly shall,” I answered, “if you will let me go.”

“Send Lieut. Edwards,” he called out, and Lieut. Edwards appeared.

He gave the lieutenant orders not to lose sight of us, and to guard us to where Hampton's division had camped.

Lieut. Edwards turned out a very nice fellow, and never seemed to doubt that we were "all right." He recommended us to a farm-house, where we stopped, whilst he went on to announce our arrival to my son, which he faithfully did; and, after a night ride of fifty miles, my boy joined us for a few hours, after so many terrible years of separation.

* * * * *

It was early in April, 1865, and the spring of that year was exceptionally beautiful. Since February there had been no frost to check the early vegetation, and the gardens of the South blazed with red camelias and roses. The scent of the magnolias was heavy in the air, and the mocking birds sang all the day long; the sun was bright, and the river ran clear and full; the order of nature had not sympathized with the terrible confusion and trouble that reigned in the land, and there had not in many long years been a season so propitious to crops that, alas, were not planted that year.

In February the Confederacy laid down their arms, after a fierce and fruitless struggle of four years, and bleeding, exhausted and hungry,

THE GREY JACKETS SUBMITTED

unconditionally to the Northerners. The Federal army manned the Southern towns, and their gunboats steamed up the rivers, and landed cautiously at points where there was no cover for lurking sullen sharpshooters, who snapped their fingers at discipline and resented bitterly the peace which to them was ruin.

The negroes were free, and believed that each black man had a right to "forty acres and a mule," and that in a short time all the houses and lands and barns and mills would be theirs, and their masters would, as they expressed it, be the lower rail and they the upper rail. Meanwhile they profited by the occasion to give up working the land, and with true negro restlessness swarmed over the face of the country, and the roads were black with them, aimlessly wandering.

All the planters left their houses, and took their families into the interior of the State, as if one place were safer than another at such a time; the truth being that the real peril lay with the negroes, and that only the neighborhood of Northern troops could keep these in check, if they willed to murder their former masters. That they did not massacre the whites, who were wholly in their power, can only be accounted for

through the prestige exercised by the planters over their slaves. The instances of this imaginary power made a curious part of the history of that sad time, and certainly preserved the whites from having their throats cut, and their wives and daughters reserved for a worse fate.

Habit was stronger than freedom, and it is to the credit of both races that the sudden upheaving which took place and shattered the homesteads in no instance involved

THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD.

Only one example took place in the neighborhood in which this story is placed. The negroes took out a wretched overseer, formed a platoon and shot at him until he fell riddled with buckshot. But on the very same day a young planter, who had ventured to go home and was seized and carried out to be shot, was saved by one of his former slaves putting him on a fast horse, hid in a thicket, and bidding him ride for his life, while he amused the negroes with a shotgun. They let the boy get away and then killed Skinner, the overseer.

These were the events of the day on that beautiful morning in April, when a lady and her daughter sat at breakfast in their pretty home. The plate chests had been taken in time to Columbia, the old Madeira secretly put under the shingles of the roof by two faithful negroes, and then these ladies, not knowing where to go, decided to remain on the plantation, and let the wave go over them. They drew their robes around them, to die decently, if need were, at home.

Suddenly a loud shouting was heard, and a terrific stamping from the adjoining plantation, only separated by a hedge of Cherokee rose from the avenue leading to the house in which these ladies lived.

"What is that noise, Elias?" said the elder of the two to the servant.

The negro's face took a most sinister and insolent expression, as he answered, "It's the people amusing themselves."

The ladies went out of the breakfast-room and, passing through the garden, walked to the rose hedge, and saw how the people were "amusing themselves!" They were pulling down the house on the next plantation and

DANCING AROUND THE RUINS.

It became necessary and prudent then not to leave their house for a moment uninhabited, and the ladies hurried back and pursued the usual routine of their lives.

Two carriages soon afterwards drove up the avenue. On the box of the first one sat Elias, directing the coachman to the house. Following the carriages were five or six hundred negroes. The carriages came to the front door and the elder lady at once threw the door open and said: "Whom have I the honor of receiving?"

There were two very common looking white men who seemed greatly taken aback and hesitated; but the question being again put, the answer came hesitatingly, "the provost marshal and his assistant."

"Walk in provost marshal," said the lady, "I am very glad to see you at this time," and the men entered the dining-room and looked around.

The younger of those two ladies had taken up her knitting and seated herself as far from the men as she could. Both ladies were in the deepest mourning. Death had been lately in that household, for the second time within the year, and death then seemed something actual that sat at every hearth, and by use had lost half its terrors—it seemed such an easy, natural thing just to die without more trouble or sorrow, but there is always the instinct of life, which compels as it were a struggle.

"Give up your money and your arms!" said the *soi-disant* provost marshal.

Out of her pocket the elder lady took a roll of

CONFEDERATE NOTES,

which were then not worth the paper on which they were printed, and handed it to the man. Around her neck were hidden her son's watches and around her waist was a belt with gold, for nothing was safe except what was worn on the person, and not always then.

"Why, this is good for nothing stuff," said the man, tossing the roll of notes into the fire. "And now, tell me, where is your husband?"

"He is dead."

"And where are your sons?"

"In Virginia, in Hampton's cavalry."

"Oh! then, I must confiscate this house."

The lady took this for a bad joke at the time, though, as it proved, the man knew no better, and not knowing exactly what to say, she asked "on what ground?"

"Oh! you are all d—d Rebs, you know, and I dare say there are some at this moment about the house."

With this he rushed at some gloves lying on a bookcase and tried them on, but could only get in the tips of his fin-

gers. Then he made a tour of the room, opening every drawer, and poking into every corner behind the hangings.

Just then the younger lady looked out of the window and uttered an exclamation at the frightful scene before her. Packed as close as they could stand, there were perhaps a thousand negroes, all with bags under their arms, waiting to sack the house. In their excitement they rolled their hideous eyes till nothing but white seemed visible, and showed their glittering white teeth as they laughed and jeered. But by the force of old habit the sight of

THE NEGROES IN FULL REVOLT.

roused the blood of the lady, and she said to the man, when one of the boldest pressed his flat nose against the window pane: "Please order that negro away."

The so-called provost marshal shook his fist at the negro, who instantly slunk away; then the search in the room continued.

At last on the sideboard, in an oaken paper box, the man found and pulled out a photograph of the young lady, and said to her: "Is that you?"

The young lady burst into tears.

"It was me," she said.

"Give it to me," he answered.

"But you have got it."

Was it an inspiration? The answer saved the ladies, and subsequently the man, for the answer was, "Take it," and he took it, and then the tide turned.

Elias had forced his way into the room, and stood greedily gloating over what he was to get; but the elder lady said to the provost marshal, "That vile negro has lied to you; he knows that there is no silver here, and he told you that the house was 'crammed' with it."

"How dare you lie to me!" exclaimed the provost marshal fiercely to the negro.

"Order him out at once," suggested the lady.

So with a fierce oath he bid Elias go, and never dare to put his foot on that place again.

Elias started off at a run, and never stopped till he reached a far off plantation; and he never did put his foot on that place again.

"But," said the lady, "you must also send away all those negroes."

"I will," he replied, and going out he flung himself on a led horse and charged into the midst of the

MASS OF TERRIFIED NEGROES, who fled in every direction panic stricken.

Then back came the officer and said, "what else can I do for you?"

"Give me a protection," said the lady, and produced pen and ink.

With considerable halting and difficulty the precious paper was written, and signed "Pro Mar," and after offering a five dollar bill to the young lady, which she threw at him, he brought in stolen silver, which he gave to the elder lady. (She took it and returned it subsequently to the owner.) Then the two men left the room, got into the carriage, on the front seat of which was a sheet filled with silver, and drove away.

The younger lady then stood up to go to her room, but fell forward, flat on her face, in a dead faint—but the house was saved.

The "protection," though it proved to be a forged paper, yet did its work, and subsequently saved the house from a night raid of twelve negroes armed to the teeth, under a white sergeant, who, luckily, could not read, and took the paper for what it was given.

The so-called provost marshal turned out to be a marine, amusing himself by making a raid on his own account. He was discovered by the photograph in his possession, and arrested by the naval officer in command. He was brought in irons to the house he had spared for evidence to convict him, but the evidence was refused, and he could not be condemned.

"And was the photograph stolen or given?" was a question put.

"It was given," was the answer.

After this, those ladies were taken under the especial protection of the fleet, and shown every attention and kindness by the officers, who at first could not believe that they were really living alone, surrounded by such fearful dangers; they thought that the sons of the house must be somewhere near, watching over their mother and sister. Later they knew that the men were

ALL AWAY IN LEE'S ARMY,

and they offered to station a gunboat in the river before the house to protect it from blacks and whites, but the offer was not accepted, lest the sons should return suddenly and resent the safety owed to those whom they had so lately fought against.

There was hardly a day at that time unmarked by something new and terrible. War, such as that was, with the horrors of a servile race added to all the rest, is something that cannot be understood except by those who went through it. The negroes on the whole behaved with wonderful moderation, though much of that undoubtedly was due to the unconsciousness of their own

strength. That ignorance probably prevented a repetition of the scenes of St. Domingo.

Something of a lull fell upon the seething tumult. The negroes in masses trooped into the town where the Federal headquarters were established. The plantations were well nigh abandoned, and the fields lay fallow in the sunlight. In vain did the friends of the negroes tell them of "the dignity of labor." To their minds freedom meant the liberty of inaction, and where there was labor there was no dignity. So they lounged about and made the place dark with their numbers, until an order was issued that all the "colored people" should go to their homes, and none should be allowed to come into town without a pass from their former masters stating their business. With a fine irony the planters were ordered to keep the negroes on the places and in their quarters at night. This was

A FIRST CHECK TO THE NEGROES, for, as they said, it was "berry hard case dat free nigger must be orderly." But they swarmed back again and waited for something else.

It was in those days that, having been a very long time without any news, the ladies in question decided, not very wisely, to drive to the village in the pine woods, twelve miles off, where some communication was always kept up with the army of Virginia. Gen. Lee's surrender was not immediately followed by that of Johnson in North Carolina, and Hampton's cavalry was known to be with Johnson. Who was alive and who was dead? That was the question. Transportation was not easy. Early in the winter all the horses and mules had been stolen under pretence of impressment for Confederate scouts, in reality to plough the fields of Confederate deserters from the army, from whom they were later on recovered in a dying condition from work without food. Only one old mule had been left behind as worthless, and this animal was harnessed to an open buggy and early in the morning a start was made.

To understand this drive it must be recollected how rice plantations lie. The rice fields are a belt of cleared cane and cypress swamp, and must border on the river, from which they are watered by ditches, so that they make a long line of little breadth. On the most convenient knoll of sand raised above the swamp, and usually where there are oak trees, the houses are built, and naturally these too are, for beauty, on the banks of the river, so that all

THE LIFE OF PLANTATIONS

is near the swamp, and the boundary line on the neighborly road is marked by a high bank, usually planted with Cherokee rose or casina, with its thick growth of varnished leaves and bright scarlet berries. The road is a straight dead level of sand, with plantation banks on one side, and interminable pine woods on the other, and as there are, of course, roads running to all points for convenience inside the plantations, the main road is as solitary as the Desert of Sahara.

It was so on that day. The wild flowers in the woods were in full bloom and beauty. The blue and white lupins made a carpet, they grew so thickly; pink azaleas were scattered as far as the eye could reach, under the growth of lofty pine trees; and there was the dog-wood with its great masses of white stars, like so many milky-ways, and the delicate fine-fringe tree, with its graceful drooping branches. But the crowning glory of the woods, and one of the most beautiful of all flowers, was the yellow Carolina jessamine, flinging its golden bell-flowers from every tree-top, and filling the air with the scent of Parma violets. Perched on the tops of the bushes on the plantation side the mocking-birds, which never go into the woods but keep to the gardens and fields, sang their loudest and sweetest spring songs. No ball-room decorations and no ball-room orchestra were ever more beautiful than the accompaniments of that solitary drive

THROUGH THE CAROLINA WOODS.

Only the mule was the drawback; he would not, could not go faster than a walk, in spite of all manner of urging. But still he walked and sidled on past three plantations, till the line of the third plantation was reached, and here there was something new. This was the largest and most populous of the plantations in that neighborhood, and the eight hundred negroes on it were very turbulent and dangerous. They had quietly pulled down the fine large house, and divided among themselves the Turkey carpets, family portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a large library of foreign books, and hundreds of dozens of old Madeira.

It was curious to see the road strewn for miles with pages of the latest French novels, which they had torn up for some reason unknown. The latest idea was to throw up a line of earthworks and hoist a red flag at the boundary line of the plantation on the road. As the buggy driven by the ladies appeared

three loud taps on a drum were given by an invisible sentinel, and as they reached the line two negroes started up from behind the high hedge, armed with guns, and the taller of the two leaped from the bank on to the road, brandishing a huge axe and looking most formidable. He was evidently, from his appearance, one of the Northern blacks who had lately come to the plantations, and who led and influenced the slaves in all things.

THE MULE STOOD STOCK STILL,

and the second negro jumped down and went to its head. The tall man, speaking good English, then said, "Who are you, and where are you going?"

The names were given, and the further information that we were going up the road, were in a hurry, and would be thankful if he would help us on our way by giving the mule a start.

For a second or two, which seemed an hour or two, the man appeared to ponder, looking full at the ladies, and then he said gravely, "Certainly; good morning ladies; start that mule sir."

The two men then presented arms, and the carriage spun away.

The remainder of the long drive passed without their seeing another soul, and the ladies had time to recover themselves, for they had been very much alarmed. On arriving about midday at the village they found messengers just come in from the army, bringing news that Johnson had surrendered and disbanded his army, and that the men were coming home. Many refused to believe in the final extinction of all hope—there were no letters, only verbal messages, for in those last days of confusion post-offices and mails were all broken up, and communication was carried on entirely through trusty negroes, who made their way unsuspected through the lines, and brought back tidings, mostly a few words on wrapping paper, just to show that the writer was still alive. There was no news, for the end had come.

There was great distress for food in the pineland settlement; the poultry on the plantations had been stolen and sold by the negroes, and there being no gardens allowed in the pineland from sanitary regulations, it was getting difficult to live. A kind friend shared some sweet potatoes with the ladies, and then they set off again, and the mule took them at a round pace home, where they arrived late at night and found all quiet.

The men came back from the army and began to work at home quietly and hopelessly. No one could tell what the

day might bring, no one looked forward or tried

TO PLAN A FUTURE.

In June, when the rice field malaria begins, all the families of the planters crowded together in the pineland settlement, where the great danger was the ease with which the village could be surrounded any night by the negroes, and a general massacre of the whites take place. White men were forbidden to carry arms; every black had a gun given to him; the odds seemed fearfully against the white race, but the negroes knew that many of them would be killed before the whites were overcome, and each negro feared that he might be one of the foremost to stand against those fierce returned soldiers, who counted their lives for naught in that moment of defeat and humiliation, and who would fight like heroes to defend the women. All day long the planters spent on the plantations and the women and children were quite alone in the pine woods. The negroes would no longer be the servants, and it was curious to see ladies with little white hands carrying pails of water, the parson milking the cow, and the old ladies cooking the dinner.

The negroes who had been to the war with their young masters in all cases returned with them and behaved exactly as in former times, only being paid wages instead of being clothed, fed, and cared for; these were civil and willing to do their work. During the war many of the young men on going into battle gave their purses to their body servants, to be taken

HOME IN CASE OF THEIR DEATH.

In no instance was this trust abused; after the battle the money was invariably given back intact.

Food now became the great question. How were those thousands of negroes to be fed if no crops were planted. The rice fields lay abandoned and rapidly growing up in a crop of formidable weeds. Then from headquarters in the capital came forth the decree that the plantations were to be planted on shares with the negroes, the planters furnishing the land, the seed, the animals and feeding the negroes till the next crop, in default of this, the crop to go to the Government. These conditions were never modified, and all that summer the plantations were worked for the benefit of the negroes and to the ruin of the starving planters.

The suffering was fearful, but it was bravely borne. Those who had gave to those who had not; the communion of charity was perfect. People walked in

at dinner time because they were hungry, and whatever there was on the table was shared with them freely and without comment, and the host did not feel generous nor the guest grateful. Time wore on and things quieted down into desolation.

No. 62.—Fun in the Fort.

(By Esther Alden, of Plantersville, S. C.)

May 29, 1863.—Heigh ho! I am to leave school to-day never to return! I suppose I am grown up! The war is raging, but we, shut up here with our books, and our little school tragedies and comedies, have remained very ignorant of all that is going on outside. Now, I suppose I will know more of the exciting events taking place, as I am going to Charleston to-morrow and we will stay there as long as it is considered safe. We have had some hardships to endure this winter. Our fare has been very poor, but much better than that of poor C., who writes that at his school they have not had meat nor butter, tea nor coffee for a long time, but have lived entirely on squash and hominy! I do not think girls could stand that; they would rebel; but the boys all recognize that the master is doing his best for them. We have always had meat once a day; our supper consists of a huge tray of corn dodgers which is brought into the school-room and placed on the table, that we may help ourselves, and the dodgers are the hardest and the driest I have ever seen. We do help ourselves and the tray goes out empty. Most of us have been very quiet about it, but not long ago one of the girls left and it seems she had stowed away some dodgers in her trunk, which she displayed to sympathizing friends and relations when she got home, making a melancholy story of her sufferings. The dodgers, with age added to their actually adamant character, were simply indestructible, and there was quite a stir made outside about our woes. We who remained at school, however, disapproved of her conduct as being very disloyal. In our own homes even there are many privations now, and we are rather proud to feel that we are sharing, at a very safe distance, some of the hardships borne by our brave soldiers.

Charleston, June 20.—It is too delightful to be at home! In spite of the war every one is so bright and cheerful, and the men are so charming and look so nice in their uniforms. We see a great many of them, and I have been to a most delightful dance in Fort Sumter. The night was lovely and we went down in rowing boats. It was a strange scene, cannon balls piled in every direction, sentinels pacing the ramparts, and within the casemates pretty, well-dressed women, and handsome well-bred men dancing, as though unconscious that we were actually

UNDER THE GUNS

of the blockading fleet. It was my first party, and the strange charm of the situation wove a spell around me; every man seemed to me a hero—not only a possible but an actual hero! One looks at a man so differently when you think he may be killed to-morrow! Men whom up to this time I have thought dull and commonplace that night seemed charming. I had a rude awakening as we rowed back to the city. When we came abreast of Fort Ripley, the sentinel halted us demanding the countersign, (I believe that is what they call it;) the oarsmen stopped, but Gen. R., who was steering the boat, ordered them to row on. Three times the sentinel spoke and then he fired. The ball passed over the boat and Gen. R. ordered his men to row up to the fort, called the officer of the day, and ordered the sentinel put under arrest! Of course I knew nothing about it, but it seemed to me frightfully unjust, and I was so indignant that I found it hard to keep quiet until we got home. This circumstance destroyed much of the pleasant impression which the evening had left on my mind.

The Lodge, July 10.—This morning we were aroused at daybreak by the sound of heavy firing. It is an awful sound. The enemy have opened fire on Morris Island. We got up at once, and throwing on our clothes hastily, met to consult as to what we should do. It was decided that we should leave the city at two. We began packing immediately and by twelve everything was ready. Just before we left I got a letter from H. entreating us to leave the city at once. He is in the battery at Cummings Point. God protect him. We reached the S. depot at midnight, and not having had time to write, our own carriage was not there, and it was impossible to hire one, so we had the pleasing prospect of waiting until a messenger could be sent to the Lodge, a distance of three miles. As we stood talking over the

prospect, a figure in a white coat loomed up through the darkness. It proved to be Mr. W., who offered us his buggy, and soon after Dr. S. offered us his carriage, so we got here comfortably and without delay. I have not been here before, so I peered anxiously out to see what sort of place it was. The moonlight made everything look very weird and unlike other places. I think it must be quite pretty, though the white sand, which looks so like snow in the moonlight, may have a very different effect

BY SOBER DAYLIGHT.

July 15.—The moonlight surely was flattering; the place is by no means pretty; a queer old-fashioned house facing north, with a lawn of white sand, if that expression is permissible, in front, and scrub oaks in abundance beyond. Within everything looks very homelike and cosy, a piano, two indeed, (our own being out of tune, papa has hired one,) and all the dear things from home. This house has been lent us by the widow of an old friend of P.'s who lives in the village of S.; she and her family are the kindest and most generous friends; indeed, the whole neighborhood is remarkable—very cultivated, agreeable people, and so very kind and generous. I am not accustomed to receiving, and I fear I do not yet understand how to accept with proper grace and gratitude. The village is about three miles from us, and we have one or two neighbors quite near. They keep us supplied with fresh butter, milk, eggs, vegetables and fresh meat of various kinds, not to mention lovely flowers which come nearly every day. Papa placed us here because the plantation, Cherokee, is no longer safe, (the gunboats constantly run up the river and shell the plantations along its banks,) and he does not think the enemy will ever come here, there being nothing to bring them. He has bought a tract of land in North Carolina, about a day's journey from here, to which he has sent a number of negroes that they may learn to spin and weave clothes as well as make a crop of provisions and some cotton. We will call that place the Refuge, as, if the enemy ever will reach us here, we could retreat to it.

July 17.—Yesterday I received three letters, one from M. full of news from the city, and very cheerful. P. is well but they have not seen him at all since the attack commenced, and can only communicate with him through the mail, though his gunboat is in sight. H.'s letter was very gloomy; I fear he thinks affairs nearly desperate; his responsibility is very heavy, as he com-

mands Battery Gregg at Cumming's Point. The letter was so spattered with ink I could scarcely read it, for which he apologizes, saying a shell had exploded near, and

A FRAGMENT BROKE THE INK BOTTLE!

It makes one shudder to think of our brave men in such peril day and night and we can do nothing for them but pray—that we can do.

July 19, Sunday.—Just as we were leaving for church the paper came, and therein was the dreadful intelligence that J. had died of his wound. It is too dreadful! If I could I would hope that this, like the first, might be a false report, but something tells me it is true * * * Oh, that terrible Gettysburg! * * * Just returned from church; had a beautiful service. Mr. K. is rector here, and I like him very much, but to-day a Mr. O., a stranger, preached. He gave a beautiful sermon, not at all like a sermon; he seemed talking to us so earnestly that it was impossible not to feel. His text was, "Be ye not troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me." It is very appropriate to this time, when every heart is filled with care and anxiety, and so many, alas, with sorrow. Oh the noble lives being daily sacrificed!

August.—We are becoming quite reconciled to our new home. Mamma is such a manager, she has made everything very comfortable around us; she has turkeys and chickens, and pigs and cows, a nice vegetable garden, and even a pasture planted for the calves. We have only the house-servants here, but Nestor is most capable and takes as deep an interest in having things nice almost as mamma herself; he works in the garden and the pasture most of the time, and leaves the house work very much to little Aaron, who enjoys his importance immensely. We live pretty well, but I cannot get to like sassafras tea or any of the substitutes for coffee. I have tasted fodder tea, which certainly had some resemblance to black tea, but then I detest black tea, and perhaps a person who liked it would not find out the resemblance. Clothes are our greatest trouble, and I confess I do like nice-looking clothes. We are now in a uniform—a purple calico—not naturally an ugly thing, but when you see nothing else it ends by being hideous. Papa bought an immense piece and we each have two dresses of it. It is distracting! Mamma has a loom going here and had dresses woven for J. and myself, but they are a very curious color—a plaid. J. is an uncommonly plump child of thir-

teen, and in her gathered purple homespun dress she is

QUITE A LITTLE SHOW.

Mine perhaps looks worse, as it is intended to be a close fit, but fortunately the cheval glass is not here, and I can only see a small portion of myself at a time, and so am allowed to remain calm in mind, and fancy it a trim fit. I can weave myself, after a fashion, but I cannot learn to spin. Papa bought us each a pair of shoes in Columbia, but they are so huge it is difficult to get on in them, still, as my old ones are completely gone, I struggle about in these long, low, very broad craft. They say they are English shoes, if so I'm sure I would prefer French; we are knitting socks and making shirts for the soldiers all the time. I wish I could knit faster. C. was sixteen last month; he has gone to the Arsenal.

Wilmington, February 26, 1864.—I have been here a month and have found it very pleasant, only I wish I was not so shy; it takes away so much from my pleasure in seeing people. I went the other evening—very soon after I came here—to a party. I am passionately fond of dancing, and was much pleased to go. As I entered the room a very handsome man was introduced to me and he asked me to dance. I answered promptly, "With pleasure," when he further inquired, "Do you dance fast or loose?" I was completely upset by this, to me, incomprehensible question. I did not like to say "fast," I could not say "loose." I had not the vaguest notion what either meant, but they both sounded disagreeable, so I stammered out that I had made a mistake and did not dance at all. So I did not dance, and, moreover, will have to continue not to dance while I am here. It is too bad! I soon found out what the question meant, for about half the couples in the room were waltzing in a natural way, while the rest of the couples were simply holding hands, which gave the effect of what the children call stiff-starching. These people looked at the "fast" dancers in a very superior manner, as though from a moral eminence, but really the "loose" dancers were much worse to my mind. It is a case of

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE,

and the effect was truly funny. I have done a little shopping since being here, but money goes a very little way. I had to give \$50 for a pair of corsets, \$16 for two black belts, \$24 for two pair of kid gloves, and \$19 for buttons and needles. The people of the town are very warm-hearted and hospitable, and many of

them very pleasant. Gen. and Mrs. Whiting are charming, and the staff is a very pleasant one, but I am such a country mouse that I shall be glad to get back home.

The Lodge, March 17.—I am so happy to be at home again, though I have enjoyed my stay in Wilmington very much. I find papa here, which is a great pleasure; he is so seldom with us, and now I hope we will all be together for a little while.

The Lodge, May 20.—We got back here Wednesday, after an absence of two months, and oh, what desolation has fallen upon us in that time! It seems like years since mamma and I left here in answer to that sudden summons. * * * Life looks too dreary and forlorn ahead.

August 20.—Poor M. is much worried by her new and arduous duties in looking after the business. P. always arranged everything for her, and now she has no one to consult or advise with at all. B. is with Kirby Smith beyond the Mississippi, and we very rarely hear from him. It is very hard to get clothes and medicines for all the people. Having just had to make out lists of everything for the executor, I know just how many there are—

FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY,

and I do not see how M. is to provide for them all. She has made quite a crop of rye here, and has sent some of it to be made into whiskey, as it is greatly needed in sickness among them.

The Refuge, September 20, 1864.—This is a lovely place. The house is on a high hill overlooking a small lake. I suppose it might be called a pond, but I prefer to call it a lake. The woods are beautiful, made up of a great variety of trees, not like the everlasting faithful scrub oaks of the middle country. The river is about a mile from the house, a rugged, pretty walk, and the river banks are very picturesque. It seems strange that this is the same river that glides so peacefully through the rice fields at Cherokee; here it is noisy and shallow and foams with rage as it meets great rocks and boulders in its way. M. had to come here to see after the business. Things on the farm do not progress well, but the negroes seem cheerful and contented; some sorghum has been made on the place and now it is being made into molasses to their great delight, "sweetnin'" having been scarce of late. The cattle and sheep are here and looking well, and Buster, the shepherd dog P. brought from abroad, seems much happier than he used to be in the low country. The house is a regular

farm-house, and all the furniture and pictures from the house in town look strangely out of place. Many valuable things are stored away here, glass, china, silver and a quantity of old wine; this last has been packed in hogsheds and rolled into the lake! Mr. T., the agent in charge of the place, came yesterday to make a "call." He is a sharp-faced, lean, yellow man, and looks much more like a Yankee to my mind than like one of our people; the "call" was a prolonged business one and conversation was difficult. After one of many long pauses, he pulled out a pipe and proceeded to smoke, asking each of us in turn to join him. Upon our declining, he said to me: "Yo' doant smoke? Wall, then, yo' chews?" No, again. "Wall, then, surelee yo' dips?" No, again. "Wall, ma'am, vo' wouldn't find a lady of your age in this county that doant do one or the other!" This was a great shock, for we had no idea we had come into

SUCH A STRANGE REGION.

M. is always wishing for a lodge in some vast wilderness. I really think she has come very near finding it now. We are all charmed with the place and very reluctant to return to S. H. and civilization, but we must go next week.

The Lodge, October 4.—We got down from the Refuge the afternoon of the 29th. Received a letter from D. to-day; she mentions the funeral of Mrs. Rose Greenhow, who was drowned while running the blockade. It seems a very sad fate, after all the trials she endured at the North on account of her Southern feelings. I am reading Gen. Jamieson's "Bertrand du Guesclin," and have thus far found it very interesting. Poor Gen. Jamieson died of yellow fever in Charleston the other day. J. is in Fort Sumter and H. also. I truly hope they may escape. * * * M. sent the wagon for the whiskey to-day, but Daddy Andrew came back with a sad story. He said when he tried to get the whiskey he was very badly treated, beaten and pursued by armed men on horseback, so M. says J. and I must go with him to-morrow on horseback as a guard.

October 6.—This morning J. and I mounted our horses and rode along with the wagon to the distillery, twelve miles away. We had a charming ride, and old Daddy Andrew felt quite strong in our escort. We went and returned without adventure of any sort. * * * The news for the last few days has not been good; there have been re-

verses in Virginia, and many of our cavalry killed.

January 31, 1865.—A cold, dreary, rainy day; it keeps one shivering over the fire. Since the fall of Wilmington everyone has been very gloomy. I got a letter through a flag of truce saying Gen. Whiting was doing well; he fought with great gallantry. A few minutes ago Mrs. A. sent a runner over with a paper containing good news. France and England are said to have recognized the Confederacy! South Carolina is to be defended! Johnston to command here, and Lee's army to come to our assistance. I don't think it can be true. We do need some good news so much, things seem to get worse and worse, but

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

The Lodge, February 2.—We have sent all our saddle horses by a friend on to Butler's brigade, where they will be in service, but if any survive we will get them back at the end of the war. J. and I send our great pets, hoping they will carry brave men into battle; the three others we do not feel so much parting from, though one of them is a great beauty; he looks like an Arab.

February 27.—Things look very black. Our army is passing through this place every day on their way north. It is said they will make a stand at Cheraw. I do not know how it will be. Some of the men are in high spirits, some very much discouraged. Those who have been shut up in forts and earthworks are rejoiced at the prospect of active service in the field, poor fellows! Every day some one that we know drops in weary and hungry, and we have the pleasure, when pleasures are very rare, of giving them a good meal and sending them on their way refreshed. They suffer greatly in leaving, for when Butler's men go we will be left to Sherman's tender mercies.

February 28.—Our dear boys C. and I. have stopped to see us. It was too pitiful to see them bowed down by their heavy knapsacks and accoutrements. They do not look as if they had enough to eat. We gave them one square meal at any rate. We are living very well now, for, as Sherman will soon be here, there is no use to keep our turkeys and chickens for him.

March 1.—All the men who come in ask us if there is any wine or whiskey in the house, and entreat us to destroy it. We have a good deal of old wine, which mamma often says may be our only salable property after the war. C. spent one night with us, and he and Nestor packed the piano box full of the finest old Madeira and in

THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

those two, with wonderful contrivance, got the huge box down the front steps and buried it directly before the door. It is so well done that no one would know there had been any disturbance of the ground. Mamma, with the help of our kind neighbor, Mr. E., has buried the box of silver in the woods. I have buried the jewelry and watches of the family, also the miniatures and everything of value, even our photographs, for we hear that they always tear up photographs. J. and I have become accomplished in burying valuables; we take a large cloth with us, and remove the top of the earth carefully, then dig a hole, put the things in, fill the hole again, and then with great care replace the top of earth, fitting all the pieces together, and no one would ever suspect anything, even if they examined the spot. The greatest difficulty is to mark the exact spot so as to be sure of it again. To-day we took up the boards of the garret floor and laid the rest of the old wine in there, with what sugar, coffee and flour we still have. Fortunately the boards of the floor were not nailed down, but they rattle and clatter so that it seems to me every one who walks over them must know their secret. Tea is so precious I have hidden the one caddy that we have in a hollow tree near the house, where it will be perfectly safe and yet easily reached if we need it. H., when he passed through, loaded a pistol and asked me most earnestly to keep it near me. I have put it in the *étagère* drawer in the sitting room; it is very much carved and does not look as though there was a drawer at all. The preparations to meet the enemy, if they were not tragic, would be absurdly funny in many instances. Mrs. H. has made an array of long pockets of some strong material, which she wears under her dress. In these she has stored provisions for an indefinite period, besides spoons and forks by the dozen, tea, coffee, &c. To add to this burden she wears three dresses, not wishing to lose them. Fortunately, she is a tall, slender, erect woman by nature, so she can carry all this and only look like a very robust woman moving with slow and quiet dignity. I have even

BURIED MY JOURNAL,

which is a thick book, and have made a little soft book of writing paper that I may keep it in my pocket.

March 2.—This morning we had a fearful moment. Two of Butler's scouts came in last evening to see us, and spent the night. We promised them break-

fast at daybreak; they had just finished breakfast and were mounting their horses in the gray dawn of the morning when we heard rapid firing in the road about half a mile behind the house. Of course we thought it was the advance guard of Sherman's army, and the moment of their departure, which would have been painful any way, was positive agony. They rode away rapidly as we thought into the very jaws of the enemy. Later in the day we heard from the servants that the firing was only negroes shooting hogs. It shows what we have to expect—that they have begun at once to shoot all the hogs they can find—but I'm sure I am very glad they should have them instead of Sherman's men. Just before Mr. P. left this morning he begged mamma for God's sake to pour out the demijohns of whiskey which she had hidden away. She has sent some to the Refuge and some to Cherokee, where it has been a great blessing in cases of illness, also some she sent to the hospital, but she still has two demijohns here. Mr. P. said the consequences would be too awful if they were found, so after he left mamma called Nestor and Daddy Andrew and had the demijohns put on a wheelbarrow and rolled to the branch and there poured out. It was a melancholy procession. Poor old Daddy Andrew was in tears. He has great love for whiskey under any circumstances, but this, his own child you may say, that he had taken to the still as rye and been beaten for, and finally brought back in triumph, now to see it poured into the branch! It was too much. He went down a little below and lay down upon the ground and

DRANK FREELY OF THE BROOK.

Nestor was less demonstrative, but it was a sad sight to him, they were both so proud that "Miss" had provided for "we people" what no one else's people had. Shortly after this good faithful Nestor came to mamma and begged her to let him go. He said he would hide in the woods until Sherman had passed; that he knew too much of the things that were buried to be willing to meet the enemy. He said: "Miss, I don't know what I might do if dey put a pistol to my head." Of course M. told him to go, and gave him a good supply of provisions to carry. Daddy Andrew has been sent off into the swamp with the carriage horses to try and save them.

March 4.—To-day, as we sat at dinner, mamma just beginning to carve a very nice turkey, Polly rushed in, crying: "Miss, dey comin'." We all knew well enough what that meant. We had been

looking and watching for them these two days, since our men left, and at last we had begun to hope that this little place might be altogether out of their line of march. Wesprang up from table, and before anyone knew what she was doing J. rushed out and threw her arms round her little spaniel's neck. He was barking furiously on the back piazza as he saw strange men ride full speed into the yard and rush up the steps. I shall never forget the picture the child made with her arms clasped tight around the dog, looking up fearlessly at the soldiers who rushed past her into the house. Her face said as plainly as possibly, "If you shoot my dog you must shoot me." A number entered the house, loudly demanding

FIREARMS AND WHISKEY.

Mamma told them she had neither in the house, but they were very scornful of that declaration and proceeded to search. M. showed them the way to the storeroom, which was in a cellar under the house, and remained there while they searched. Her quiet dignity, fearless manner and beautiful countenance must have influenced them somewhat. But after much breaking and searching, they came upon a box which contained quite a number of bottles, and then it was terrible to hear their triumphant yells and oaths. We, up-stairs, knew not what was going on below, and the sounds were fearful. To add to our dismay, Polly ran in crying and saying, "Ole Miss will be kill! him will stay long dem mans, an' dey de drink an' de cuss an' de swear! do missy go beg um fo' come up." But mamma had told us to remain together, (D., J. and myself,) on no account to leave the house, so we begged Polly to go and remain near M. She told us afterwards that when the soldiers found the bottles they yelled and made so much noise that she could not make herself heard, and they proceeded to knock off the heads and take copious draughts of sweet oil, whereupon the disgust of those who had been so fortunate as to get a bottle and the delight of those who had not succeeded in getting one was intense. In the meantime another party had entered the house and commenced a most thorough search from top to bottom, asking loudly for firearms. I let D. answer all the questions, for my little pistol (of which she knew nothing) lay heavy on my mind. They left not an article on the étagere untouched, breaking some and putting in their pockets everything they thought of any value. One party had found out the dinner in

the next room and were very merry over that. D. had been with us but a short time and her trunk was in her bedroom, packed and locked. They entered and demanded the keys. She did not at first give them up, but they called for an axe to break it open, so she gave them the keys and sat by to see every article of apparel held up to examination and derision. "What's this?" "How do you put it on?" with endless coarse talk. D. sat perfectly still and silent,

THE PICTURE OF INDIGNATION.

I know now why he made me promise to keep that pistol; if I had seen one of those creatures touch my beautiful sister I would have shot him. We had for safekeeping the trunk of —, who had been killed in Virginia. It had been sent home without the key, and remained unopened, treated with all the tender reverence which a heroic death commands. After finishing with D's trunk, they turned to this one. She told them, when asked, that it belonged to others and that she had not the key and did not know its contents. They broke it open and just on top lay the sword and pistol of the dead! These they seized and turning to D. one of them cursed her, calling her "a liar!" It was terrible! She bore it in a most wonderful manner. It seemed to strike one of them with a certain compunction, for he took out of his pocket the ornaments he had taken from her trunk, and carefully selecting one of very trifling value gave it back to her with all the air of one making a present! It was bitterly hard to bear. One party went up into the garret and poked into every dark corner with their ramrods, and all the time to my ears the tell-tale boards were crying, "Take us up! take us up!" But they did not listen to the boards, and came down as they had gone up, and our hidden stores were untouched. The number was increasing all the time, the killing of every living thing was going on in the yard, some were walking around the house with their ramrods sounding the earth, but thank God not one entered by the front door, so the big box of mine has not been found. They all came up to the back of the house, which is near the road. Now the maid servants in the yard came in

IN GREAT DISTRESS.

Their boxes had been opened and all their "things" thrown about and everything of value taken. They had not thought of hiding away their valuables as we had done, the general impression among them being that they were to

have things indefinite given to them by the Yankees, instead of having anything taken away. Margaret came in crying, her money and brooches and a long list of things, including her blankets, having been taken. By dark they had all gone, (they had seemed in great haste all the time and fearful of surprise,) and quiet was restored to our dismantled house. Thanks to the hidden supplies, we have had a frugal supper. None of us could make up our minds to go to bed, so we made up the fire, and are sitting around it now.

March 6.—Twelve o'clock at night and we still sit whispering by the fire—our faithful old Polly on the rug nodding; D., with her feet extended, trying to rest, and I on a stool, scribbling to while away the time until dawn. One more quiet day has passed, thank God, and we hoped for a quiet night, but shortly after 9 Polly came up to say she heard them coming, though thus far none have stopped; it was only the noise of their passage along the road, which is quite near. The feeling which comes over me at the thought of seeing them again is indescribable, and yet everyone says our experience of them has been mild. They did us no personal harm, but their presence and manner is an insult—they are so low, so incapable of appreciating courage in man or woman. They delight in making terrible threats and then gloat over our misery. Yesterday a captain was here who pretended to be all kindness and sympathy. He was comparatively polite and did not enter the house. Perhaps he knew it was not worth while after the foragers. He asked for something to eat, and we gave him what we had, on the piazza. When he began to talk he proved almost worse than any of the others; said he had vowed never to take

A REBEL PRISONER,

and that he would take delight in cutting one down, and often did it! My disgust was intense, but I tried very hard to keep cool. He asked: "Do you know what you are fighting for?" I answered "Existence." He said: "We won't let you have it." With a fearful grin he went on, "In four months we'll have the Confederacy on its knees." I answered, "You must kill every man, woman and child first." He said, "We'll do it, too. At the beginning of this war I didn't care a cent about a nigger, but I'd rather enlist for ten years longer than let the South have her independence." Then, with a chuckle, he exclaimed, "We'll starve you out! Not in one place that we have visited have we left three

meals." At something D. said he exclaimed, "Oh, I know what you mean; you mean the Almighty, but the Almighty has nothing to do with this war!" Such blasphemy silenced me completely. I felt it was wrong, or at the least imprudent, to talk to such a creature. We hear of unrestrained plunder and destruction in every direction. The poor negroes suffer also, and I fear we are all destined to feel the pangs of hunger. But after hearing that man talk I had rather do anything, suffer anything, than submit. But to think of the noble, glorious men we lose by the hands of such wretches! Though everything looks black around I feel that we must succeed. I pray it is not presumption.

Sunday, March 12.—The day is bright and beautiful; everything looks full of peace and joy, and, thank Heaven! there are none of the enemy near us. But we cannot tell what terrible battles may be going on far away, for we can hear nothing from our army. This morning we all walked to church and got there in full time, though it must be three miles. There was not a vehicle of any kind to be seen, but one mule cart. Every one looked cheerful; indeed, the reaction has made every one feel brighter than usual. The sense of relief is so great that I feel as though a heavy burden had rolled from my shoulders. Every one has suffered, more or less, except our dear neighbor, whose preparations had been complete to stand a siege, his house being far from the main road, and

SHE NEVER SAW A YANKEE.

We, I think, fared better than most, but we hear dreadful rumors of their doings at the Refuge—not a bushel of corn left on the place, nor a mule, nor ox, nor cow, nor sheep; they burned the gin-house with the cotton, and, worst of all, eighteen tierces of salt. Salt now is as good, or rather better, than money; it is so scarce throughout the country that one can obtain all supplies in exchange for it. When they were leaving they set fire to the house, but the negroes put out the fire. They have destroyed the things in the house, carried off the silver, of course, and drank up all the old wine. There is nothing left on the place but a little rough rice. Only three boys went off with them. Mamma is greatly distressed and says famine is inevitable. Daddy Andrew has returned with the two horses which he hid in the woods. He is full of tales of wonderful escapes, in one of which he left my side-saddle hanging on a tree in the swamp.

Well I doubt if I ever again have a horse to ride, so I shall not miss the saddle.

March 13.—Byron came down from North Carolina to-day. He had seen dear C. at Wadesboro' and marched six miles with him to carry his musket. He says he was well, but had had to throw away all his clothes because of the severe marching, and so he was very ragged and dirty. Byron brings a very earnest message from Daddy Hamilton saying Mr. Thad ordered the people, large and small, to leave the place and return to the low country, so mamma has determined to go to-morrow up to the Refuge. Our journey will be directly in the track of Sherman's army, and Mr. E., our kind neighbor tried to dissuade M. from attempting it, but when he found she was determined he offered to accompany us, which is very good of him, for he is going on horseback and it is thirty miles, and he is by no means young.

Refuge, March 14, Tuesday.—We left the Lodge early this morning, M. and I in the carriage and Mr. E. on horseback. Anything more frightful than the day's journey I cannot imagine. First of all the terrible state of the road, which was one continued slough of despond; then the perpetual sight of dead creatures and the sickening stench arising therefrom; the misery, desolation and hunger of the people living on the road. It is like

SOME HORRID NIGHTMARE.

When I shut my eyes I see nothing but creatures and human beings in agony. The poor suffering horses! Some fortunately dead and out of their misery, others groaning in death pangs, some with disabled limbs feebly hobbling about to glean a blade of grass; the cows and oxen slaughtered and left to rot! I counted eight beautiful calves lying dead in one pen; many times we saw two or three and many, many times mother and calf lying dead side by side! Our horses were terrified and Daddy Andrew had trouble in quieting them. Our whole journey was made at a walk, and we reached here weary and hungry. We had lunch with us, but it was impossible to eat a morsel on the way. The houses which we passed were all shut up—no look of life about them. We stopped at one house to get water. After some time a woman and child ventured out, seeing we did not look warlike. They had lost everything and were facing starvation.

March 15.—The negroes on the place met us with as much pleasure as ever, apparently. Their experience of the Yankees has not been pleasant. To see the gin house with the salt burned, and

all the provisions, except what they could save by stealth, destroyed was not to their thinking the conduct of deliverers. They have managed to save some corn and rice, and when they bring it into the barn it may be enough to ration them for some time, but the question is how the next crop is to be made. We have no beds or comforts of any kind, and are living as though in camp. The wanton destruction in the house is extraordinary. Everything is cut to pieces with swords; not a chair remains whole; the white marble from the cellarette lies on the floor in fragments, the cellarette itself has been chopped with swords or hatchets; two exquisite figures of Night and Morning lie on the floor in a thousand pieces; two very handsome old mirrors are shattered. It is enough to make mamma ill—things she has been so careful of, things many of which have accompanied her

FROM YOUTH TO AGE DESTROYED.

Never was man more astonished than Mr. T. was when he came this morning and found us here. He never imagined ladies would attempt the journey up here at this time. Soon after he came the country people began to drop in, and after staying a long time in their fashion one said, "Wall, I would like to know when the auction is to begin, for I've got some what to do." Mamma said very quietly, "there will be no auction here to-day," upon which they all left. It seems Mr. T. had announced that he would sell at 12 to-day all the things remaining on the place, and the country people had assembled for that purpose. When mamma asked Mr. T. the meaning of his conduct, he replied that he had done what he thought best in ordering the negroes to leave the place, that "no one in the country had provisions for themselves, and to have a lot of starving niggers among them would'n't help matters." Mamma told him she had arranged about their provisions and would see that they were not in any danger of starving, that she had no intention of allowing them to be driven off the place, and that in future she would dispense with his services. He was astounded, for he thought there being only a woman to deal with he would have things his own way, but this is the end of him as far as we are concerned. Mamma has put Daddy Hamilton in charge of the place.

March 17.—We made the frightful journey down to-day, and I pray God we may never see such desolation again. The sights and smells were worse than when we went up. There being only

women and children at home, the dead creatures are buried no where. Surely it must bring a pestilence. We find C. here with typhoid fever. Seventeen can not stand up against scant rations and forced marches. She looks

OLD, GAUNT AND HAGGARD.

March 18.—We have taken up all of our buried things but the silver and the wine. Everything is uninjured, and we have lost nothing but the caddy of tea, which I thought myself so smart in putting in a hollow tree. Either some one saw me put it there and has taken it, or the hollow is a bottomless pit; in either case the tea is gone, and now we want it so much for C.

March 28.—Mamma not having heard from Cherokee for a long time, sent Toby down to find out how all the people were, and to tell Mr. B., the overseer, to send up the mare and colt, also the two larger colts, as she thought they would be safe here now, the enemy having passed. Toby was gone a week and returned yesterday with the information that the very day Sherman's army reached this place and Kilpatrick camped at the Refuge, a small party of Yankees went to Cherokee. They took off the oldest colt with them, and when Toby told Peter, Miss J. told him to bring back her colt. Peter laughed and said: "Miss J. colt indeed! de Makus colt now!" That is his son. He represents the demoralization among the negroes as complete. All the young men have enlisted in the Yankee army, and are now drilling in G. The Yankees rushed into the Cherokee house, followed by all the negroes. They destroyed and carried off everything, sawed down the mahogany banisters, took off the doors, shutters and sashes, and hewed down with axes the marble mantelpieces! The stock has been divided among them. They wished to drive Mr. B. from the place after taking the keys from him, but he appealed to Col. Brown, who told them to let him remain on the place. He now receives rations along with the negroes.

OLD PRIAM KEEPS THE KEYS!

Toby answered all our questions with apparent truth and willingness; says there is no one on the four plantations who dares "take up for Miss;" that the few who feel for her have to whisper together in secret. These he says are his father and mother and eight others, all old people. He says the Yankees have promised to divide the land among them! Our boat was coming up the river with ninety-four tierces of rice. The authorities at the navy-yard turned it back,

knowing Sherman was up in this direction, and not knowing that the enemy had possession of the lower part of the river. Of course it fell into their hands. If only that rice could have escaped we would have no fear of starvation for some time to come; but now! The negroes here and at the Refuge have behaved so beautifully, it is a great shock to hear all this from the plantation; but poor creatures! I suppose it is quite natural, being led on and incited to deeds of violence by those wretched men. Who would not be upset by the idea of being master instead of servant? Precious few! It is more than freedom these people purport to give them; it is land, horses, wealth in fact. What wonder they are intoxicated!

April 1.—Last night Majors — and — came in suddenly; they came direct from Raleigh, and oh, what sad, sad news they bring! * * * Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!

* * * * *

There follows a blank of some weeks in the diary; the writer evidently could not record the downfall of the Confederacy in which she believed.

No. 63.—Refugeeing in Barnwell.

(By S. B., of Charleston, S. C.)

A recent number of the *Century* contained a sketch of Gen. W. T. Sherman, written by a warm admirer of the ex-commander-in-chief, in reading which one is strongly reminded of the old story about the two sides of the shield. Involuntarily one asks oneself can it possibly be that this much lauded individual is identical with that Gen. Sherman who passed through South Carolina in the spring of 1865, heralded by a reputation which the arch-fiend might have envied, and leaving behind him a detested memory which time may have

I had been spending the winter of 1864 with my friends, the Taylors, in the lower part of Barnwell, and their residence, being situated upon the direct road from Augusta to the coast, was a convenient resting place for soldiers from our army going home upon furlough or returning to their commands upon the seaboard. Hardly a night passed without some of these men finding food and lodging under that hospitable roof; and though the fare was often

of the plainest, it was given with a hearty good-will and courtesy that might have graced a royal board, and that was generally fully appreciated by the recipients, many of whom were themselves gentlemen and accustomed to the amenities of society in the days "before the war."

How well I remember the group that used to draw around the wide, old-fashioned hearth on those winter evenings, listening to the long stories and easy talk of the young men about their camp life or adventures in Virginia or the West; stories that were for the most part humorous and gay even when telling of hardships and sufferings that might have saddened or hardened veterans, while these were for the most part mere youths. With what eager eyes and ears would Mr. Taylor's boys listen to the soldiers' chat and long for the time when they too would don the grey uniform and ride away

TO JOIN THE ARMY.

But soon there came a time when furloughs were only granted to men too ill to do further duty, and when those hastening back to join their companies brought tidings of Sherman's rapid advance through Northern Georgia, and of the utter destruction and devastation which marked his route. Then as we sat around the blazing lightwood fire of evening, we no longer laughed and jested of far-off dangers, but discussed gravely what we should do in case—though it seemed an almost impossible contingency—the Northern army should ever come our way; whether to stay and face all dangers in the hope of protecting the house and property, or to "refugee" and leave everything to its fate, became the all-absorbing question. When I say "we" I mean Mrs. Taylor and myself, for there would be no question about Mr. Taylor and the two elder boys remaining to be shot or taken prisoners.

As I look back to that period and recall all the dreadful stories constantly brought to us from across the river regarding the atrocities committed by "the Yankees" on their march through Georgia, I wonder how we ever made up our minds to remain at home, and can only conclude that we were encouraged to do so by the belief that Sherman would surely be checked before reaching Savannah, or that, should he succeed in capturing that city, he would make Charleston his next objective point, leaving our obscure neighborhood unmolested.

While comforting ourselves with these delusive hopes, Sherman reached and captured Savannah, crossed the river and

turned northward, having selected for his goal, not Charleston, as we had expected, but "the army of Gen. Lee, nearly a thousand miles distant, at Richmond, Va." The rapid falling back of our men, who had been guarding the coast between the two cities, was the first intimation we had of danger and in all haste Mr. Taylor set about making preparation for flight with his sons, negro men, horses and mules to some place out of reach of the enemy; while, at the same time, he did all he could to secure provisions for those who were to remain by having corn, meat and potatoes brought into the house or concealed about the premises, while he advised his wife to appeal to the first Federal officer she saw for protection.

A cold, drizzling rain falling ceaselessly from a leaden sky added not a little to the feeling of depression and disquiet we all experienced upon that last day within our lines. Group after group of cavalry rode slowly along the highway before the house, wrapped in overcoats or grey blankets and with bent heads before the chilling rain. Some of those who had formerly been our guests came to the house

TO BID US GOOD-BYE.

In the course of the morning Mr. Taylor and his party took leave of us and set off in company with some of Wheeler's cavalry in the direction of Augusta. Of course, the parting between Mrs. Taylor and her husband and sons was, under the circumstances, a very painful one, but the gentle little woman kept up bravely until the little procession disappeared in the distance among the sombre pines; even then, after the first uncontrollable outburst of emotion, she quickly recovered herself and was busy all the remainder of the day in dispensing hospitality to such of our men as required it. Several times throughout the day the dull boom of distant guns came to us through the rain and mist, giving the assurance that the Federals were not entirely unresisted in their advance, although the small force we had in that portion of the State was entirely inadequate to hold them in more than momentary check.

For sometime after dark the muffled tramp of horses along the sandy road would be heard at intervals, but we thought it wiser to extinguish all the lights so as not to invite attention to the house, and we were allowed to rest undisturbed until daylight the following morning, when the last of our troops called in passing to warn us of the near approach of Sherman's raiders, and, at

the same time, to obtain some provisions, their hasty retreat allowing scant time to prepare the coarse rations they carried with them.

After eight o'clock our men ceased straggling past, and the road, which could be seen for a considerable distance towards the South, became perfectly deserted. In what way the women employed themselves in their quarter we did not know, but only the cook and housemaid appeared in the yard all that day, and they moved about their work in a solemn, speechless way, oddly at variance with their usual ceaseless

CHATTER AND QUARRELLING.

Once or twice, indeed, the cook relapsed for a few minutes into one of the melancholy chants with which she was wont to relieve her culinary labors:

"Don't grow weary, brother, don't grow weary,
Don't grow weary for the day's most gone.
Keep your lamp trim en burnin',
Keep your lamp trim en burnin'—."

Then suddenly would break off in the midst of the stanza and continue her work in silence.

What a strange, still, lonely day that was and how slowly the hours dragged along! Mrs. Taylor and I passed most of it upon the sunny piazza, our fingers busily employed in knitting socks for the soldiers, a work which required little thought and with which we had been accustomed all winter to fill up all intervals of leisure. The children played about us in a subdued, spiritless manner, no doubt impressed by the unusual stillness of the day.

I cannot now imagine anything more forlorn than our condition was during that interval when we occupied the border ground between the two armies; forsaken by our friends and hourly expecting the appearance of our enemies, and yet I cannot recall that we were really very much frightened, saddened or anxious. I remember how we talked and even laughed over the items of local gossip just as usual, and that we did not dwell much upon what was painful in our position, nor speculate as to the future. At intervals, over the fields of sedge-grass and the level lines of blue-green pine woods, we would see a column of smoke suddenly rise, spread out in the form of a thunder-cloud in summer, and then blacken in a way which infallibly indicated a cotton fire, each a little nearer to us than the last, and we knew that Sherman was signaling his approach by burning the homesteads and gin-houses along his route, and yet we neither exchanged words or

looks of dismay at the sight. We simply awaited our fate.

Towards nightfall the sound of drum and life told us that the enemy was going into camp at no great distance from us, though up to that time no sight of the "blue-coats" had greeted us upon that portion of the road where it crossed a slight eminence, a point towards which our eyes had many a time been directed during the day. It was with little appetite we partook of supper, and then, after fastening the doors and windows as securely as possible under the circumstances, for many of them had not been locked or barred for years, we lay down to rest without undressing, for we were not at all certain that the house would not be fired before morning. A glow along the southern sky showed where the long line of camp fires extended, and, knowing the foe so near, our uneasiness prevented us from sleeping for some hours; but as the night wore on and nothing occurred to alarm us,

FATIGUE CONQUERED ANXIETY,

and both Mrs. Taylor and I fell into a sound slumber, from which we were not aroused until the gray light of dawn was creeping into the room.

The sound of drums beating the reveille assured us of the continued nearness of the enemy, but up to breakfast time we had no other indication of it. Just as we were finishing that meal the clatter of hoofs made us spring from the table and hasten to the door, when to our infinite relief the familiar grey uniform of our own cavalry, and not the dreaded blue, met our sight. It was two of Wheeler's men who had returned upon a scouting expedition with the object of gathering some reliable information regarding the position and force of the Federals.

One can imagine the revulsion in our feelings after having experienced for twenty-four hours the sensation of being utterly deserted and defenceless. I think the two young soldiers must have been rather surprised by the warmth of our greeting, but they had the good grace not to show any amusement it may have caused them, and perhaps after all I am wrong in attributing any such feeling to them, for they seemed fully to appreciate and pity our desolate condition. Having prudently declined our invitation to breakfast until they had accomplished the object of their mission, they rode on in the direction of the Yankee camp, and it was with no little anxiety we awaited their return.

After nearly an hour's absence they reappeared, rode leisurely up and

dismounted, fastening their horses to the fence and leaving their caps and swords upon a bench in the piazza when they went in to breakfast. From their nonchalant manner one would have supposed the enemy miles away, whereas they had discovered a considerable force of Kilpatrick's cavalry camped less than a mile away, who might surprise and capture them at any moment if they came in any other direction than along the open highway.

While Mrs. Taylor attended hospitably to their wants I stood guard upon the piazza to warn them of danger, and before they had finished a very hearty meal a group of soldiers in Federal uniform appeared in sight. At my hasty summons our scouts seized the accoutrements, and buckling on their swords as they ran to their horses bade us a hurried farewell and rode away into the woods. As there was no doubt that they had been seen we fully expected they would be pursued, but probably fearing an ambush the Yankees wisely allowed them to escape and contented themselves with setting fire to a great barn and gin-house belonging to one of our neighbors which stood near the roadside.

With considerable apprehension we awaited their next movement, fully expecting that our time was about to come, but they seemed in no haste and occupied themselves for some time around the burning buildings. Presently one of them mounted and rode slowly towards our house, keeping a sharp lookout in the direction in which our scouts had disappeared. This first specimen of a Yankee cavalryman was certainly not calculated to

STRIKE TERROR TO OUR REBEL BREASTS.

A sorrier horse or a more awkward rider I never saw, and the picture he presented as he drew up at the gate was so ridiculous that we both had much difficulty in answering his inquiries about "them d—d Rebels" he had seen leaving the house. His stirrups were so short that his knees projected absurdly, and that, with his round shoulders and claw-like hands grasping the pommel convulsively at every movement of his horse, formed a sight that effectually dispelled our fears regarding the much-dreaded "raiders." I never have been able satisfactorily to account for this creature's appearance, for, though none of Kilpatrick's cavalry rode with the easy grace we had been accustomed to see in our local troops, many of whom had passed half their lives in the saddle, they were generally

passably good horsemen and men of medium stature, not such apes as he. However he got among them, he had a very happy effect upon Mrs. Taylor and me, for as soon as he turned away we enjoyed a good laugh at his expense, which relieved the tension of our nerves and enabled us to bear more quietly the events of the day.

Our first visitor was soon followed by a host of others, who did not hesitate to enter the house and wander through every part of it in search of valuables. On the approach of a numerous party Mrs. Taylor and I had retired to the sitting room and taken our places beside the hearth, the children sheltering themselves as much as possible from observation between us and the wall, and these positions we maintained throughout most of the day, during the whole of which the house was never free of the raiders. They would come in groups more or less numerous, dismount and enter the house, go from room to room opening bureaus, trunks or closets, overhauling their contents and pocketing whatever article happened to take their fancy; then when their curiosity was satisfied they loaded their horses with provisions and rode away to be succeeded by others.

After all the sensational reports we had heard regarding Sherman's men upon their march southward through Georgia, we were agreeably surprised by the civility of their manner towards us. We would hear them laughing and talking noisily as they stamped through the house, with sabres rattling and a jingle of spurs as they went, and more than once some one strummed upon the piano, which was in the parlor at the further end of the house, while his comrades joined their voices in a noisy chorus. But whenever they entered the room where we were sitting they became orderly enough, either passing through it without taking any notice of us, or bidding us good-day and generally touching their hats or removing them as they did so.

Occasionally one would draw up a chair and enter into conversation, and nearly all who did so expressed astonishment that we should have remained at home to encounter

SUCH SCENES OF PILLAGE

as those going on around us. "Bless your soul, it is not allowed; this plundering is not allowed," one told us impressively, and presently we saw him riding away with a pile of provisions behind him and chickens tied by the feet and hung over his horse's neck.

Whenever during the day the cook had endeavored to prepare some food for us it had been seized and devoured almost before it was cooked, and so, from the early breakfast we had had nothing to eat. Towards evening the children, who were worn out with excitement and fasting, began to cry, and, seeing how rapidly the store-room and smoke-house were being emptied, fancied we were all about to starve to death. One good-natured fellow, overhearing them, went out and secured a considerable quantity of ham and bacon, which he stowed away under a table in the corner of the room, telling the children reassuringly that this supply would last them a good while, but the moment his back was turned some of the others unceremoniously took our provisions away.

The determination Mrs. Taylor had expressed of seeking protection from some Federal officer was not carried into effect, owing to the fact that throughout the day no one wearing even a sergeant's stripes was to be seen among the multitude that thronged the house. As the behavior of the soldiers had in general been so orderly we did not mind so much about securing a regular guard during the day, but when the evening drew on without our having discovered any one to whom we could apply for protection during the night we grew seriously uneasy. At last one of the men who had been sitting quietly beside the table for some time, and had heard Mrs. Taylor inquire anxiously of several where she could find one of their officers, came near us and asked why she was so desirous of seeing an officer. She explained frankly her purpose, whereupon he told her she need have no anxiety upon that score, as the orders were imperative that all should be in camp at tattoo, and straggling after dark was most severely punished. If we could have put faith in this assertion it would have saved us much needless alarm, but after the other soldier's assurance that plundering was not allowed, we had grown dubious regarding these orders, or at least of the attention paid to them by the men. In this case, however, after experience proved the good-faith of our informant, for during the week which followed, throughout which Sherman's army was passing, we never once were disturbed nor heard a footstep near the house after dark.

As the shadows lengthened our visitors grew less numerous, and finally the last footstep was heard descending the steps of the piazza and the sounds of voices and horses' hoofs died away in the distance, but it was some time before

we felt fully assured they had all departed. Then the servants, whom we had seldom caught sight of all day, came in and Mrs. Taylor was able to get some food for

THE FAMISHING CHILDREN

and ourselves. This finished, we lighted candles and proceeded to investigate what damage had been done by the raiders, when so wild a spectacle of disorder met us that we were impelled to put down our candlesticks and enjoy a hearty laugh. One would naturally suppose "a good cry" would have been more in accordance with our feelings under the circumstances, but I think the relief of feeling that the first day of our trials was past and we still had a roof over our heads counterbalanced everything else.

Fearing that the barn and corn cribs might be burned even if the house was spared, Mr. Taylor had taken the precaution to have many bags filled with shelled corn and stored in the house some time previous. Whether because they suspected valuables to be concealed, like Joseph's cup, in the corn sacks, or because they wanted the sacks as they had the pillow slips to carry away some other booty, they had emptied the corn in heaps upon the floor where it lay mingled with the contents of the trunks and drawers in the wildest confusion. Every blanket, quilt and sheet had been stripped from the beds and carried off, ornaments of various kinds had either disappeared or been broken, and from a handsome India shawl several strips had been cut for scarfs. In the parlor the top had been thrown from the piano, some keys broken and wires cut, the music and books lay strewn about the room and yard, and a valuable violin of Mr. Taylor's had been taken, while most of the pictures had sabre thrusts here and there in the canvas; perhaps a feeling of superstition alone had saved the mirrors from destruction, for they were almost the only unbroken articles in the room.

With some difficulty we collected sufficient clothing to replace the bed-covering as a protection against the chilly night, but between cold, discomfort and anxiety we slept but little, and were thankful to see daylight come once more. The previous day had been what is sometimes called "a pet day," coming in the midst of disagreeable weather, and when we rose numbed and unrefreshed that Monday morning we found it again raining. Only a few Yankees visited us that morning in search of milk and any odd trifles which

had been forgotten or overlooked by their comrades, and about 9 o'clock we saw a long column of cavalry file past under command of Gen. Kilpatrick. To see the perfect order and decorum that prevailed in the ranks one would hardly believe them

LAWLESS MARAUDERS.

During the remainder of the day an occasional straggler hurrying to overtake his command alone called at the house for food, and these, lacking the support of numbers, behaved quite civilly, taking no more than they were given; but sometimes next morning we saw the infantry in their ugly light blue overcoats, not coming by the road as the horsemen had done, but swarming over the fields and through the woods, ofttime halting to examine everything which they could suspect of containing valuables. These were generally much rougher men than the cavalry, with quite a number of foreigners among them who, oddly enough, expressed far more rancor and hatred of the "d--d Rebels" than we ever heard from any of the native soldiers.

In this instance, as before, no officers were visible though we watched closely for them, feeling our need of protection much more than we had previously done; but there was so little work carrying away, except corn and potatoes, of which they had abundance, that they did not halt long and were merciful enough not to burn the house and leave us exposed to the weather as they did for many of our neighbors.

For nearly a week these troops continued passing and we grew quite accustomed to their visits and to the sound of drum and fife at tattoo and réveillé, though we did not become used to the scarcity of food and the discomfort to which they had reduced us. As to putting the house in order we gave up all efforts to do so after two or three attempts rendered useless by the next raiders who came. But at last they all passed by and we were again left to a solitude unbroken for days by any visitor or the sight of any human being upon the roads. Meantime the servants had ceased their attendance upon us; enjoying, I dare say, the sweets of their new found freedom by sleeping and eating all day long. For days not one of them appeared in the yard and Mrs. Taylor and I never thought of going to the quarter to look after them, but did what little work was requisite ourselves and watched anxiously for the appearance of some familiar face.

Suddenly one morning at daylight we were awakened by hearing some one

splitting wood, and looking out beheld the cook busy in the kitchen, from whence her voice was soon heard chanting the old refrain:

"Keep your lamp trim en burnin"
For the night's mose gone."

Soon afterwards the house girl arrived and began laying the table for breakfast with elaborate care, although there was only one spoon and two knives in the house, and hardly an uncracked plate or cup.

"You may depend upon it, they have heard something," Mrs. Taylor said, laughing. "I think our refugees must be returning."

And soon after I heard the cook forewarning one of the others who refused to do something as to her fate

"WHEN MASS JIM GIT BACK."

Sure enough, before nightfall the wagons came home, having fortunately escaped any meeting with the enemy, though one after another the negro men had slipped away from them under the cover of night, until only a few of the old family servants remained, who thought it beneath their dignity either to run off to the Yankees or to desert their master in his misfortunes.

And just here let me say, I do not believe there is any other people upon the face of the earth who would have behaved as well under the circumstances of so suddenly acquiring, not only freedom, but citizenship, as our negroes did. For months we were almost at their mercy, and it was the exception when one of them took advantage of it.

For a little while people were rather reluctant to go any distance from home, not feeling quite sure that we were entirely rid of our unwelcome visitors, but when they overcame this timidity and began to resume their usual neighborly intercourse what adventures each one had to relate! In hearing how much worse many of our acquaintances had fared than we, many of them having been left homeless and destitute of almost every necessary of life, Mrs. Taylor and I came to look upon ourselves as specially fortunate in having got off so easily. Despite the actual want and suffering they had undergone almost every one had some ludicrous anecdote to tell, but whether the stories were grave or gay they invariably began with the phrase: "When the Yankees came," until it grew as conventional as the "once upon a time," of childish litera-

ture. This was all very interesting for awhile until the novelty of these experiences wore off, but after a little the fund of incidents was exhausted and people began to tell what had befallen them over and over again, until one felt inclined to put their hands over their ears and run away so soon as a friend commenced with the detestable formula:

"WHEN THE YANKEES CAME."

And after all it was not so much "When the Yankees came" as after they were gone that our hardest trials befell us. In very wantonness they had carried off quantities of articles for which they had no use or means of transportation, and around their camping grounds and by the wayside lay heaps upon heaps of provisions, clothing, books and an endless variety of things whose loss was a serious one to people impoverished by years of war, and who had neither money to replace them nor an opportunity to do so had the means been forthcoming. As all the mills within many miles of us had been burned down we were compelled for a time to live upon beaten hominy with an occasional thin slice of bacon to give a relish to it, and I have still in my possession a spoon cut from a bit of cedar wood which did duty for a considerable time in place of those the raiders carried off.

But what made these hardships so doubly hard was the certainty of defeat which soon came to us. Through all the long years of the war, in our darkest days, no matter what befell us, we always consoled ourselves with the firm belief that we must ultimately succeed, and that our dearly-loved Lee would be the one to lead our armies to final victory; but when, in the early spring, rumors began to reach us through various sources, there being neither mails nor telegraphs at that time, that Lee had surrendered, our darkest hour had come. We tried for a time not to believe it, but at last the dreadful truth had to be admitted, and I never can forget the feeling of utter despair the conviction brought with it. In reading lately a paper by Burton Harrison, which appeared in the *Century*, on "The Capture of Jefferson Davis," I was vividly reminded of those last days of the Confederacy, and when the story was ended I laid down the book with something of the old despairing feeling at my heart with which I had first listened to the tale nearly twenty years ago.

No. 64.—*Drinking the Wormwood.*

(By Mrs. E. C. Foster, of Fincastle, Va.)

Early in April, "and all save the spirit of man was divine." Birds were twittering on the apple boughs, blue belled hyacinths and violets were nodding gracefully to the sweet-scented zephyrs, and shouts of little children were blending merrily with Nature's glorious carnival of woodside sacrament and benediction. The great but incompleted C. and O. Railroad was astir with busy life, and our corps of engineers might be seen late and early at their post of duty, hurrying to and fro to adjust matters as though some fearful evil was impending that would scatter plot and purpose far more disastrously than our present deadly explosive agents.

There had been for months a far-off rumble and stifled calm, such as presage the coming earthquake heave and havoc, and every ear and eye was turned northward to learn its ominous import. There was a fierce tumult, as of horses and chariots and men rushing to battle, and the waters grew red from the tide of human blood, and we thought of the vision of Patmos, and knew now that God's curse had fallen upon us, as we saw His holy temples profaned and His high priests offering incense to strange gods! War! war! Hark! can it be that brother has met brother in deadly conflict, and old Hecubas and Priams are to cast ashes on their heads and Andromaches weep and wail over their Hectors, till Troy shall fall or Greece conquer? Women now grew faint at heart, and longed for peace tokens of olive branch and calumet; for men were drunken with the taste of human blood, and its strange powers had maddened them; and a long, dark, stormy, bloody midnight must gloom the land ere they clasp hands again as brothers across a sea of blood.

Well, to our own home band: An eager little group, sad-eyed and leaden-hearted, met for the last time around the morning board.

"I'm off to-day for Harper's Ferry," cried our draughtsman. "And I'll follow on the morrow" rejoined the resident engineer, rodman and leveller. "And we must organize a home guard to take care of the women and children," wisely supplemented a fifth official.

"Oh, we'll not be afraid," replied I, "for only snake-fangs and spider-stings daunt me."

"What! do you not know that there will be hundreds of starving Irish laborers left on the work? and your lives will not be secure a moment when they know that all civil law is null and void," interposed another; "and 'Long Ellen' herself can shoulder a barrel of flour as easily as any man, and take it from Major K's store to her cabin a mile distant; and you're not afraid of her?"

"No, not afraid of 'Long Ellen;' she may be an ogre to men, but brave women do not fear her."

But this was no hour for humor or levity. We were all about to part *forever* after a sweet communion of many months, and our hearts were very heavy. Besides there were tender, very tender blood ties to be ruthlessly severed by this cruel need of going out to battle for home altars and gravestones. The sudden peal of the trumpet, and the upgirding of our loved ones for death or victory, was a terrible thing, next to

THE JUDGMENT CALL OF GABRIEL'S CLARION.

The next day's struggling sunbeams fell upon a desolate home, set deep in the heart of a late penetrated forest, and misty eyes were at windows watching retreating forms, some never more to leave the impress of their footprints on that long-familiar highway. The pile of family blankets had been ominously reduced, rough haversacks improvised, Bibles packed, and the last soft whisper, "with or upon your shields!" burning doubtless in sorrowing hearts. The terror of powder, shot and ball was lost now, under the tender love-wail for bandages and lint.

But blinding tears must be wiped away for life's loud clamor-cry for sterner duty. From room to room I hastened, setting aside carefully every straying relic, for everything of value had been left in my charge, and I must see to its safe keeping. Wedged in by Union foes and unemployed Irish, with my "Stars and Bars" ever floating within a few feet of my threshold, how could I promise myself an hour's repose or security? One, only one engineer would return that night and remain indefinitely at his old post of responsibility. A few days later and whose protection could we claim, for all were gone?

And now a new trial awaited me. A thundering bang at the hall door aroused me from a sorrowful reverie, and the next moment a young girl with a bright eye and brighter outfit stood beside me;

and before I could speak excitedly inquired, if I knew that "grandma had the matches and kindling ready to set fire to my house?"

"Why?" I returned eagerly, but striving to stifle all emotion.

"Oh! because she don't like you Seecesh, and wants the Yankees to come in and take off the niggers, so that poor white folks can get work. I can show you the very place, right under here," stamping her foot near the hearth. "She says there's a pile of shavings under there, left when they built the house."

I made no comment, but resolved, if possible, to see the chief engineer, the kind and sympathetic Charles B. Fiske, at an early day, and ask his advice how to proceed.

That night I was startled from a deep slumber by the sound of footsteps and suppressed voices near the house, and catching up my cloak and slippers crept stealthily out into the darkness, expecting to see the old incendiary applying the match to the rubbish under the floor; but hearing naught but the muffled drum of my beating heart I walked around the house several times to reassure myself that my fears were groundless, and returned to my bed, but not to sleep.

A visit from my friend, the noble old chief, was the most cheering event of that week; he called, he said, to inquire if I needed counsel or assistance from him, as he well understood and appreciated my helpless condition. I told him of the threat, and my fears, when he assured me he would, on his return to the White Sulphur, call at the little cabin at the foot of the hill, and threaten its occupants with summary vengeance should any injury be done me or my children during my defenceless condition. They were

A TREACHEROUS CLAN

who would not have scrupled to do me any private wrong, and though I heard no more menaces they were my secret foes to the day of my departure for safer quarters. Before I left the place, indeed, I was not surprised to hear that the famous Amazon, "Long Ellen," had said to her friends that she knew where she could get the genuine coffee after her store of rye was exhausted, and if I refused to sell to her she would take it by force. This menace likewise proved no soothing lullaby to my midnight vigils, but, hearing that it was my custom to keep a pistol by my side night and day, she thought that discretion would prove the better part of valor, and this evil, too, was averted.

Many laborers and their families still lingered on the work, not knowing what they could do to procure the necessities of life. They did not understand the causes that led to the war, and had been taught that the old flag of the Union, under which they had taken refuge from oppression at home, was to be trodden in the dust by the Southron to preserve the institution of slavery; so the predilections of many were for its old pre-eminence. Growing desperate at last under the vulturous gnawing of hunger, they assembled on the highway to discuss the policy of joining the army as the last resort from starvation.

I had heard of a late repulse our army had suffered, and, growing reckless, I called to a poor Irishman who was haranguing his fellow-sufferers, and inquired why he and his comrades did not join the Confederate army in its struggle for independence. I reminded him of England's yoke and its galling power upon the great soul of his down-trodden countrymen. I told him of the patriot Emmett, and all the true, brave hearts of the Green Isle that had perished in the struggle for liberty; of tithes and imposts, and exactions, cruel and rigid, that his powerful master had imposed for the greed of gold and power. My brain and heart took fire under a God-endowed inspiration of oratory that I never possessed before nor since, and when I grew calm a score or more of sturdy, earnest-eyed, true hearted advocates for human rights and liberties offered me their hands, as an earnest of their appreciation, and swore eternal fealty to Dixie and her flag. Poor fellows! as far as I ever learned they nobly kept that oath, as sacred and inviolate as Hannibal's hate to Rome, or that of the brave Regulus when Carthage tortured. What less could I do? Starvation ahead, as all the public works had been suspended, or an honorable chance for bread and life in the Confederate army.

Well, the days moved on, and battles were lost and won, and seas of human faces turned sadly up to God in bitter throes of mortal woe. But all this is left for the manly historian's pen to chronicle, for weak woman could not write it through her tears. In the sterner details of field and camp, I would speak of one only, the greatest and grandest, of all the conflicts, because fought and won by raw, undisciplined troops, unused to hardship and suffering and privation, poorly equipped in clothing and weapons of war. I mean the heroes who wore the grey, especially the dauntless Stonewall band, the nerve and sinew of our

invincibles, who met and routed the Federal hosts on the ever-memorable 21st of July, 1861. I, too, on that fatal day threw upon our high altar of sacrifice a noble boy, and right nobly did he win his laurels. We did not, or we could not, improve that victory, and all was lost.

There were as fierce battles fought around hearthstones, and as signal victories achieved, but the writhe and agony in the wrestle for the right were seen by God alone, who kept the registry. The world will read it when He wills it. It is for Virginia mothers, wives and sisters to tell their story of suffering; and the famous little Spartan boy will be forever forgotten, for her soil was the great slaughter pen, and the mongrel world trampled on our reeking hearts to hurl the death shafts at our brothers beyond.

At Malvern Hill my darling first born fell, not by the hand of death, but nervous prostration from the recoil of the gun under superhuman efforts to stamp renown upon Carpenter's Battery, and

WIN THE DAY FOR SOUTHLAND.

The shock fell upon me like the terrible visitation of burning lava upon the fair Campanian cities—it turned me all to stone! The next day's stage bore me to Gordonsville, where he had again fallen in attempting to follow the army into Maryland, refusing to be carried to a hospital whilst he could follow his brothers to victory or defeat. Ah, that long, anxious, wearisome journey of abstinence and vigils, shall I ever forget it? And that killing search and suspense until one wild anguish cry of "my mother!" told me my darling still survived; but ah, so wrecked that only his love for me told his identity.

I took him before the medical examining board of Richmond and received for him a furlough for thirty days. The next day found me homeward bound, with my precious charge scarcely able to travel. Ah, mothers, you, and you only, know the agony of those anxious, weary months, when no cheering change told of returning health in mind or body—every harsh or discordant note sending a thrill of horror through the shattered nerves and functions, threatening at times a total eclipse of reason, or extinction of the vital powers, had not the most powerful restoratives been resorted to.

Hearing at this time that Gen. Jenkins's brigade of cavalry was quartered indefinitely at the White Sulphur, and that a company of Border Rangers from Kentucky and West Virginia constituted

a part of it, I determined to make them a visit. I hoped to see some of my old pupils, and was much gratified to recognize old familiar faces and receive so hearty a greeting from them all.

"God bless you, my poor exiles," I exclaimed, as I clasped their hands. "How can we thank you enough for coming to us in this sore hour of need?"

I had left them years before little children at my feet, clinging, dependent; now bold, self-reliant, stalwart men, who had followed the bugle call to victory or death, stood before me. One, a sweet, bright-faced youth on the general's staff, was asked by a comrade if he knew me.

"I know her? why shouldn't I? she's thrashed me many a time about my lessons;" and seeking me out amongst the crowd he gave me a warm welcome.

"Why C.," I exclaimed, "what are you doing here? you have too amiable a face for your stern profession."

"Oh no," he returned, "the enemy destroyed my father's portrait when they burned our house in G., and I mean to be revenged," and the memory of the outrage gloomed his face as a coming tempest dooms the heavens.

That autumn four of them made us a brief visit; a few weeks subsequently half the number fell in the great wrestling ring of liberty in a moment of victory and earnest hope!

I well remember how their young cheeks glowed with enthusiasm and their eyes kindled with patriotic fire when my daughter, an old schoolmate, then a helpless cripple, played Dixie over and over again at their request until, faint and exhausted, she closed the piano. Has old Cabell ever gathered in her noble dead? Let her not forget to lay away very tenderly those young martyrs to freedom. In yonder silent, solitary plain they lie forgotten by the busy plotting world, as it whirls on in its giddy circuit of pleasure or glory. Oh, death! we are all mourners in thy funeral train, our broken hearts feel thy tread, though no note comes from thy noiseless footsteps. Brilliant victories were being won by the heroes in grey, and pæans of triumph entranced the nations, and a pillar of flesh, instead of Jehovah's arm, was our fortress of strength.

Suddenly the heavens were palled in darkness; a note of lamentation from strong men rent the air, and a multitude, pale and terror-stricken, swayed back as if smitten by a mighty whirlwind.

JACKSON WAS DYING!

and he could no longer raise his right

arm to Heaven in prayer. God of Love! who now was to wall those beautiful plains and shield them from desecration and ruin? Morning dawned, but no bright tintings flushed up among the dark masses of lowering clouds that fringed the eastern horizon. Deep in the frowning distance boomed the heavy cannon, while ever and anon rattled the deadly musketry; but Southland's great anguish cry, "Jackson has fallen!" was all her people could hear.

'Twas now again deep midsummer, but still the camp-fires burned throughout our land, and thunder bolts from Jehovah's hand convulsed the earth as the eternal roar of man's artillery startled the heavens.

"A battle is being fought just beyond the mountain there," exclaimed my poor boy wildly one burning afternoon as he sat at an open window inhaling the fresh air.

"How far from us, my dear child?" cried I frantically.

"About four miles in a direct line, and it must be at Dry Creek: Listen! oh, listen, don't you hear the roar of the cannon, and the rattle of musketry, and the cries of the wounded? Let me go, oh let me have my uniform and cap, for our men are retreating and it must not be. Give me my uniform, for they will not suffer me to enter the lines in civilian's clothing, and they are needing us all to drive back the invaders."

He tremblingly arose, but soon sunk down again overpowered. I whispered to his sisters to hide his artillery suit and every weapon they could find; but he struggled to escape from the room, until overcome by utter weariness, like a tired child he sank into a profound slumber.

The following day was ushered in under a cloudless sky and consuming sun, but my two little boys entreated to be permitted to visit the battle field with a friend, who offered to take them in his charge. The frightful scenes and sounds of that little field of carnage will never be forgotten through life. Bodies swollen half beyond their natural size; faces blackened by smoke and decay; wild, blood-shot eyes, staring from glaring sockets—but enough! enough! God of Love! what a thing is war when our language, full as it is, and teeming with an influx of the most powerful and expressive words from almost every dialect, is too meagre, too barren to define its havoc, horrors and humiliation, its wantonness and wretchedness, its rapine and ruin, its sorrow and suffering! Did some friendly hand ever give those fathers, husbands, sons and brothers

human sepulture? The enemy had invaded our homes at an unexpected hour, and no appliances of ease or comfort were available. As invading and retreating forces had drained our larders and granaries of life's sustaining elements, and our fields had been but partially cultivated, there was but little left now to meet the exigency of the hour, and suffering and privation must of necessity fall to the lot of all. But some shelter must be sought for the sick and wounded, and the

BEAUTIFUL WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

a spot ever associated in the mind of the stranger with elegance, fashion, ease and gaiety, was from dire necessity converted into an hospital for the sick and wounded of both armies, who, bleeding and dying, were congregated here in indiscriminate confusion. For nearly thirty-six consecutive hours many received no nourishment but the coarsest food, and that scantily doled out, for all this section was literally in a state of partial starvation, scarcely equal to the task of supporting its aged men, women and children.

Having heard that Capt. —, who commanded a Pittsburg battery composed of convicts, was wounded, and had ordered his men to burn me out for refusing to have my flag cut down, and for divers other uncompromising and daring measures, I requested a faithful servant, who still did us service, to cook several baskets of provisions for my daughter and myself to take to the hospital the following day. There were but few horses in the neighborhood, all having been pressed into service that were suitable, so we nerved ourselves up to walk a seven miles journey through the heat and dust of that burning day on an errand of mercy. The news of the battle and its disastrous issue had brought from every quarter for thirty miles around kind nurses for the sufferers, who supplied them with everything their helpless condition required, but yet there was enough of human woe to be seen to rend hearts of adamant. Yearnings for home and its loved ones; incoherent mutterings and appeals for help, to those who, perhaps, never knew their tragic end. One poor creature appealed more pitifully to my sympathies than any other, for his sufferings maddened him. He was a major in the Federal army and had received three or four wounds, one from a ball that had entered his breast tearing a cavity in which an egg could have been inserted; the right arm too, was shattered by a ball, or shell, and

the left lay paralyzed by his side. When I visited the hospital again his couch was empty, and he sleeping in a strange land, with no wife or mother to cast a flower over his lonely grave.

I requested to be shown to Capt. —'s room if he had no objection to see me. Such was the nature of his wound that only a recumbent position afforded him any relief. I very delicately touched upon the subject that had given me some uneasiness, when he replied with much emotion: "Madam, you visited me a fallen foe, you brought food to nourish, wine to refresh, and books to cheer me, and now would you transform me into a fiend to injure you and your helpless little children? No, no. I expect to be taken to Richmond as soon as I am able to travel and cast into prison, and I prophesy that I will be exchanged for a Confederate officer, but if you will hand me my testament from yonder stand I will upon its fly leaf furnish a written refutation of the charge, and make a request of those under my command to do no wrong to any person in this section after such Christian kindness as has been shown me and my friends."

I was very favorably impressed by his frankness and genial manner; indeed a Christian spirit was manifest in all he said, and when I arose to leave he shook my hand with the warm cordiality of an old friend; then requesting my daughter to read aloud the 10th verse of 2d chapter of Revelations he turned to me, and with a sweet smile remarked that upon that promise

HE BUILT ALL HIS HOPES.

I left, promising to visit him again, if possible, before he left, for which he thanked me, saying "the conversation had greatly cheered him."

Passing down the stairway we encountered a repulsive creature of sardonic physiognomy, detailed as Capt. —'s nurse, who muttered as he passed something about "old she Rebels," and on other occasions he looked vindictively after me as though wormwood and not "the milk of human kindness" flowed in his heart. But it is all over now, and the hated and hating will soon stand adjudged before the Great Searcher of human hearts, for love we are told is the fulfilling of the law.

At the expiration of the ten prophetic days Capt. —, who had been removed to Richmond, was in verity exchanged for a commissary officer who had grown faint at heart under the fumes of gunpowder. Before the exchange was fully

effected the prisoner escaped to our lines, and upon being asked by me to explain the difference in his flight and the pursuit of those ordered to recapture him, he replied, with a sneer, that he "never knew a woman who could ask a sensible question." However, the Captain was, in a few hours after, exchanged for another of our officers, and it appeared that nothing was to thwart the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Our lives were now to know no repose, for all had grown weary of blood and battles, and the foe more determined than ever to humiliate us by submission. One day my poor invalid, ever anxious to hear from the seat of war, proposed to accompany me to the post-office to learn what was happening in the great world beyond us. Deeming it prudent to observe some precaution, as rumors were afloat that an immediate raid upon us was contemplated by the enemy, when within a half-mile of the office he said, "It would be wise for you to go ahead, and drop your handkerchief if your suspicions should be aroused by anything unusual. I fear that column of smoke beyond those trees is from camp fires, and I'll remain here a while until you give me the signal to proceed or retreat."

I hurried on until within a few yards of the office, when lo! though ten o'clock the milkmaids were espied in merry mood, protesting that old Brindle, Star, Pink and Cherry would soon be milked by whiter hands, now tenderly gloved and jewelled.

"Oh!" exclaimed "big Fanny," the saucy, sleek laundress, "here's Mrs. — and yonder's her son running through the bushes, going to the mountings. I'll tell the Yanks, I bet I will."

"Fanny," whispered a faithful house servant, "would you be mean enough to do such a thing?"

"Let her do it if she dare, aunt Sally; all the armies of Julius Caesar couldn't take him or his mother a prisoner," I said, and turning to the insolent negro I added, "You'll see, old saucebox, how I'll confront those soldiers who are crossing the creek yonder."

The glitter of buttons and tinsel and burnished steel reflected by the bright morning sun assured me they were not humble privates. The next moment they dashed furiously within a few steps of me, as if they wished to trample me under foot, but

I STOOD LIKE ONE TRANSFIXED, when they suddenly reined in their high mettled steeds.

"Good morning, gentlemen; do you

belong to the Yankee army?" was my excited salutation.

"No, madam," returned the best-equipped, "not the Yankee, but Federal army," throwing a pungent emphasis on the first term. "Who are you, madame?"

"An uncompromising Rebel wife and mother," boasted I.

They smiled, and inquired where I lived. I answered in perfect truth, so describing the house and its surroundings that it could not be mistaken for any other, adding. "And my flag, not yours, floats there yet, though very much tattered."

"Does it, really?" queried another, smiling kindly, as though he had been addressing an artless little child. "Have you any friends in the army?"

"Oh, yes; a great number, for I recognize no man as my friend who is too cowardly to fight under our banner."

"Who was that running through the bushes just as we came in sight?"

"My son, sir, who has been disabled since the battle of Malvern Hill—not by your bullets though; his nervous system was terribly shocked by the recoil of one of the guns of Carpenter's Battery."

"Will he return to the army?"

"Certainly, as soon as he learns its present position, perhaps to-morrow."

I could hear the quick pulsations of my heart and wondered if they could. What if those winged-footed chargers should be sent in pursuit? But I prayed to God as I never did before to be my refuge in this my hour of trial.

"Do you know you are nearly subjugated?" interrogated one calling himself a Virginian.

A blush of shame burned my cheek as I answered, "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askalon, that the old mother ever yielded an inch of her sacred soil for the foothold of a traitor son."

"None of you know what you are fighting for," scornfully asserted the first speaker.

"For the kingly heritage of freemen, for our home altars, for the preservation of our time-honored institutions, and for the holy principle of honor, truth, right and justice," I answered caustically.

Much more I said, and then they waved a polite adieu and galloped off spiritedly.

But now drew on another "winter of our discontent." The nearest mill was three miles, and a supply of bread must be laid in to meet the demands of a family of ten. Grain was alarmingly scarce,

and our poor, decried Government issue depreciating in value, and many refused it for life's simplest commodities. Even the floors of mills had been scraped by the raiders for the musty deposit of years, scraps of rancid meat and skins laid away for soap kettles devoured with eagerness, and every substance capable of mastication submitted to the impossible process of digestion. Rumors were afloat that several soldiers of a raiding army had been poisoned by a poor woman who sold them some pies and cakes, or, as the story ran, "some *pisin* cakes," and threats were made that certain houses in a suspected section should be burned through revenge. Our own condition was perilous in the extreme, and our security of life and property a disputed point.

THE OLD TORN FLAG

still floated before my door, and protests from my friends were often made against such rashness. Our poor invalid, ever yearning to return to his old post of duty, improved so gradually that the change was scarcely perceptible. We avoided all discussion of exciting topics in his presence, and if bad news was heralded never alluded to it when he was near.

Though October now, the day was affectionately bland, and I proposed he should accompany me to a neighbor's, hoping that such recreation would in some degree dispel his habitual melancholy. His eye beamed with pleasure as he assented, remarking it would be well for me to borrow a dress from our servant, as I might encounter some straggler from the enemy's lines and not be able to whip him." So we rummaged the house to complete the feminine outfit, and a "carpet-bag to fit him" was also provided for the occasion. Fully equipped, we trudged over rock and ravine and soon reached the home of my friend. Passing an Irish cabin where several were engaged in earnest conversation, as I lingered a moment to lace my boot I caught a remark or two from one who narrowly eyed me, as he said to his neighbor: "Mike, I am sure that's no woman; faith, and I'd be willing to bet she's a man."

"Well, Patrick," cried Mike, "and its no business of ours, and sure it is not; and I'd not be the sow! to meddle if she does walk like any other man."

Reaching Mrs. —'s, we were ushered into the reception room and introduced to Major —, whom some important war errand had brought to our section, as "Mrs. — and her daughter, Miss Sally."

He was a man of genial nature, a humorist, and phenomenal in some traits of character. I observed how suspiciously he watched my soldier daughter, who soon withdrew to another apartment to disrobe. Upon his return a loud laugh from all, in which the Major joined uproariously, told how much he too enjoyed the farce. Upon being pleasantly rallied by our hostess on his celibacy, he replied, "Oh, I'll marry some man's daughter some day, and when I do Mrs. — here shall be one of the first to know it." Some months later a paper from him came to me, containing a notice of the marriage of Major — to Miss —, of C—, with pleasing comment upon the event.

A dismal season of cold, stint and constant dread of encroachment from the enemy was rapidly drawing on, and we nerved ourselves up to meet it. A little boy in the service of Gen. —'s family at — Springs had actually died of starvation, and but for the generosity of the Rev. —, a noble Presbyterian minister, we too must have suffered, but he was too humane and patriotic to refuse our Confederate money in exchange for grain.

At Christmas we were agreeably surprised by a visit from three of our old friends of schooldays' memory, belonging to the Border Rangers. We awoke early to find the great pines encased in bright armor, and spikes of silver hanging from the eaves of our dwelling. Spirit fingers had left a weird tracery upon window panes, and crystals upon trees; shrubbery and dead grasses glowed as if each had a sun prisoned within. Ere this beautiful panorama had dissolved,

LAUGHTER PEALS AND MERRY VOICES

without heralded our guests. How we enjoyed the renewal of that long broken communion of ante-bellum days, and we half forgot the cold and privation and home-sickness of the far-away tent and the perils of the battlefield. But the hours flew by on golden wings, as all pleasant ones do, and that brief interval of rest and peace was over. So away to camp again they hurried and we never saw them more.

Three long, dark, weary months of entombment and our senses were again attuned to life, and we raised our coffin lids to see everything aglow with God's bright presence. My poor soldier boy was yet unfit for duty, and 'twas now too apparent that years must elapse before the return, if ever, of his old strength and vigor. His anxiety for his country's fate and discontent under his ina-

bility to fight in defence of her rights aggravated his extreme nervous depression, though letters from his kind, sympathetic captain, excusing him from camp, and commending his heroism and valor when in the ranks, gratified him when everything else failed.

The season had unfolded its magnificent tribute of flowery mead and emerald field, and we were endeavoring to solve the perplexing problem of maintaining ourselves another year under our adverse surroundings, with the harassing fear of being burned out by Unionists, or the invading enemy, when several government wagons stopped near the house, and the baggage-master handed a letter from a major in the commissary department, who had been our friend in happier days. It signified his earnest wish that I would accept his offer to move my family to an adjoining county, where security of life and property and a fairer hope of a support for my family would be afforded me. Most joyfully I acquiesced in his wishes, and the following day found us on the road seeking refuge in C— County.

The last summer of the war had dawned upon us, and our poorly-clad and worse provisioned armies were suffering repulses at every quarter, though struggling like gods for a cause unwon, and a handful of heroes had to stand against the world. Soon the "melancholy days" came, not for the despoliation of forest and fields alone, but to despoil our hearts of the last faint budding of the little flower of hope that had so cheered us through our weary, sorrowing war path. We secured no recognition from the nations after our wasted blood and bravery, our trials and tears, our suffering and sacrifices. But it was no marvel that the world refused it, for such hideous, repulsive caricatures as the North had drawn to provoke its contempt and derision could not fail to impress it most unfavorably and uncharitably. The Christian world was holding a jubilee of love and thanksgiving in memory of the Manger Child of Bethlehem, but in our land men were rejoicing over a carnival of death, and human blood drenched the fields like rain from heaven! All hope of a distinct nationality was at an end, and a few months more of strife and sorrow and sackcloth, and might would triumph over right, and the sword of the vanquished would be surrendered to the victor.

The grandest column of the Temple of Liberty had fallen, and others were tottering, and soon its dauntless defenders would be cloven down in the wild, mer-

ciless sweep of the last great battle shock! My poor darling went out to meet it, but a merciful Providence again returned him to the security of home. The holocaust was complete. Midnight deepened into storm and tempest, pre-saging the darker morrow's dawn upon old Appomattox! The combat deepens, and trodden in the dust lies the Confederate banner—the proud labarum of the Southman's rights! Alas! for the gallant braves of the intrepid Lee, as he with god-like majesty surrenders that faithful sword to the conqueror. The white mist disappears, and the last wreathing column ascends to the skies, freighted with the anguish-heaves and writhing of a mighty nation's last death-throes!

No. 65.—Foraging Around Nashville.

(By Miss A. M. B., of Jacksonville, Fla.)

My home was in Tennessee when the demon of destruction, War, spread his dark wings over our beautiful and prosperous country. Our State being the old home of Andrew Jackson, the Tennesseans appeared to have a kind of patriotic pride for the memory of the old veteran with a desire to preserve the Union at all hazards. However, June 8, 1861, Tennessee cast in her lot with her Southern sisters, declaring herself one of the Confederacy. Nashville, the seat of government and the pride of the State became the headquarters of Gen. A. S. Johnston and other Confederate officers, Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, and the earthworks at Bowling Green being our means of defence. Volunteers from Louisiana, Texas and other States commenced coming in large numbers: sounds from the fife and drum echoed from the hillside, while the "Bonny Blue Flag," or the "Stars and Bars," floated from many houses and every *marqué*. Some of our old men shuddered for the consequences. "We have entered upon a struggle," they said, "which will cause many of us veterans to sweat, as it were, drops of blood before it is finished."

Nashville was the centre for supplies also. Ladies who had never made garments before commenced working on

soldier clothes; sewing machines made the music for the household, while those who could knit rode about in their carriages knitting on soldier socks. As autumn set in, and the earth teemed with vegetation, larger quantities than usual were saved, that the soldiers could be supplied. No train ever left for Bowling Green that pound cakes, pies, pickles and many other toothsome articles were not sent to Camp Trousdale for the boys in grey. Time wore on and our young men, unaccustomed to exposure, got sick and were sent back to Nashville for treatment. Our wholesale stores and warehouses were converted into hospitals, where our most wealthy and elegant ladies ministered to the wants of the sick and dying. Many private families took sick soldiers into their homes and almost every house was an improvised hospital. Soon our medicines became scarce and substitutes were produced. For gum arabic we had starch boiled and mixed with oil for an emulsion, beside many other things I could mention. Those living near made hot coffee boiled with sugar and milk. I have crossed our suspension bridge with a negro woman and a big bucket of coffee which I served to the wounded soldiers myself for weeks in succession. We sometimes took milk and buttermilk, for which the most feeble would raise their hands to get a drink.

Thus the first year of the war passed with us. January, 1862, dawned without any advance movement from the Federal forces, but we knew that a battle was not far distant. Finally about the 10th of February, 1862,

FIGHTING COMMENCED

between Grant on the Federal side and Floyd and Pillar on the Confederate. Our daily dispatches gave us no encouragement. They said: "Enemy reinforced every day since the engagement commenced." Saturday, the 15th of February, was a rainy, drizzling, sleeting, chilly day, when the bell tolled from our market house, ordering the citizens to assemble in solemn conclave. One old marketer on hearing its mournful echoes said, "I have done bin cummin' to this market for these twenty years and I never heard that bell make such a queer noise before!" We told him our forces at Donelson would have to retreat and we would be in the hands of the enemy. The following Sabbath was a day long to be remembered by those in and around Nashville. The Confederate forces were retreating South, and no citizen was allowed to cross the bridge until the army were all over. Hurried

words of parting were said by the young men who stopped at their homes, while many mothers pressed the manly forms of their sons to their hearts for the last time, and printed the good-bye kiss on their lips, while the tears choked their utterance. Everything was in a state of confusion, commissary stores were thrown open to the citizens, and stalwart women commenced rolling flour barrels, shouldering sides of bacon, and gathering up clothing until they had sufficient supplies to open a neighborhood store. Gens. Floyd and Pillar after the army had crossed ordered the suspension and railroad bridges over the Cumberland destroyed as a strategic move for a successful retreat of their forces.

Every day we expected to see the Federal army; but a week passed when, on Sabbath morning, the 23d of February, Buell's advance of a hundred cavalry entered the suburbs of Edgefield and camped. The citizens were much excited, but our apprehensions for safety were quieted when a friend told us the Federals "were having their horses shod, paying for the work in gold, and behaving themselves very well." No attempt was made by the enemy to cross the river for another week, when thirty transports under protection of ten gunboats, commanded by Gen. Nelson, came crawling up the Cumberland slowly as though each bluff was a masked battery, and every mile of water a net work of torpedoes. The skies, as if in sympathy with our reverse, had wept constantly, covering the whole face of the country with water. What remained to grace the triumph of a conqueror was only some old men, women and children, with a few Confederate soldiers, too sick to follow their commands. It was

A SILENT SURRENDER

with no exclamations of triumph or display of pageant. The Union flag was raised on the capitol building, while a few women waved small flags with the "Stars and Stripes," whether from patriotism or fear I never have determined; but the Union soldiers were not favorably impressed with the movement, as they responded: "Ah, you turned too quick!" Some of the most patriotic officials commenced canvassing our hospitals for the purpose of administering the oath of allegiance to the sick. Whether this ordeal was designed for a benefit to the soul or body I never could surmise, as most of them were beyond the reach of human aid, and would soon enter that world where allegiance to no government but that of King Jehovah would be recognized.

Many of the Southern soldiers in private families were moved to the country. Civilians had no means of crossing the river but in little row boats. We went and returned unmolested. During one of my visits to the city I found a poor emaciated Kentucky soldier who was anxious to get across the river where he would have better food and less anxiety about the fate of those taken prisoner by the enemy. I had him carried down from his room and put in a hack, which he endured very well. We then were driven to a private ferry at the foot of Broad street when the hackman lifted him out and set him down on the river bank. I asked some citizens who were passing if they would not carry my sick brother to the boat, which they did. The effort had exhausted him. He leaned forward and gasped. I held him up with one hand while I dipped water with the other, which after a little I saw he could swallow. I procured help to put him in a buggy which I found standing on the opposite shore and drove to the house of a friend where, after being carried in, everything was done for his relief and comfort. Next day I returned with a carriage and took him in the country two miles to the residence of Judge J. B. White, where he commenced improving very rapidly. His father having been informed of his whereabouts arrived in a couple of weeks.

"Is my son Richard alive?" was his first exclamation. "I had about made up my mind I should never see him again."

What a joyful meeting! The dead alive! The lost found! Tears fell like rain while cries of joy rent the air. All present were moved and sympathized deeply. A suit of citizen's clothes was furnished the young man, who left in a few days with his father for their Kentucky home.

The Federal army after their arrival soon took possession of all the unoccupied houses. The residence of Gen. Zollicoffer appeared to be an object of special aversion. The soldiers with their bayonets punched holes in the faces of the family portraits as though these

SILENT SENTRIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD

were responsible in any manner for the imaginary errors of its former occupants, while everything of value was sent North as a trophy or destroyed. The enemy soon commenced constructing earthworks for the defence of the city. Houses were filled with ordnance stores, and piles of cannon balls and torpedoes were placed on the sidewalks.

No one dared smoke a cigar in the streets for fear of arrest. The same feeling of security was felt which would accompany the venturesome tourist while walking over a smouldering volcano which, might burst any moment. Orders were issued for citizens to come up and take the oath of allegiance, or be "sent through the lines."

Foraging and raiding now commenced in earnest among the Federal forces, as John Morgan, our military chieftain, had cut off their source of supplies from the North by destroying the railroad where they took their means of sustenance from the surrounding country. Federal soldiers scoured the supposed haunts of Morgan, but this "Wizard of the Saddle" eluded all his pursuers. Finally Col. Heffron came to Gallatin, where Morgan was frequently heard from, with a detachment of men, and arrested every male citizen in the town, after which he started for Nashville with them on foot. Gen. John Morgan soon afterwards came up with his troops, who were well mounted, and pursued them. After considerable skirmishing the citizens were rescued and brought back to Gallatin that night.

The following morning a regiment of picked men from the Federal army who were in pursuit of Morgan came to town and fought a battle in the suburbs of the city. Forty or fifty Federals were killed and a number more wounded. The enemy then retired leaving their wounded in the hands of the citizens. A lady living near the hospital went in to offer her services in behalf of the injured and dying, and, meeting the surgeon, the following conversation took place between them.

"Are you a Northern woman?"

"No, sir, I am a Southern woman, a native Tennessean."

"Well, madam, I must say you have a lot of brave men down here, for we have travelled farther, worked harder, and got the — whipping that ever a set of poor devils had."

"I am glad of it," was the lady's response.

Squads of soldiers from the encampments in the vicinity were constantly prowling about stealing and killing stock, entering our houses and asking for food, when, as a recompense for our hospitality, they walked off with the silver spoons given them to eat with tucked up their coat sleeves. Regular foraging days were as much to be dreaded as

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

At first we remained in our houses with

the doors unlocked. One foraging day they walked in with great deliberation, roamed all about the premises, took spools of thread, shears or anything they could find, broke open the storeroom, took out all the provisions, then visited the smoke-house and left not a pound of meat. They put a smoke under the bee hives, robbing the bees of all their honey, and set the dry grass on fire in the yard, which threatened the destruction of our dwelling. The servants fled in dismay to their cabins, where they found the soldiers busy fitting keys to their trunks and rummaging in their boxes. When they left on that day there was nothing to eat and twenty human beings, black and white, to be fed—while the children, who had eaten nothing since morning, were crying with hunger. Our neighbors kindly sent in rations for all, which lasted a day or two.

Next morning I went to Nashville to see if we could not get a protective order, as no member of the family was in military service against the Union. Gen. Negley was in command. I went to headquarters and asked to see the General, but he was very busy in exchanging prisoners, who were standing outside under a flag of truce. This was about 10 o'clock in the morning. The General afterwards rode out to Fort Negley for the purpose of superintending the work then in progress. The aide-de-camp came in at 1 o'clock in the afternoon and said: "The General has gone to dinner."

"I can wait until he returns," said I.

"Oh," replied he, "I thought you might want some dinner too."

"No," said I, "fasting is something to which I am becoming accustomed, as on forage days we think ourselves fortunate to escape with our lives, the luxury of eating being never thought of, much less enjoyed."

The day wore on and the shadows of evening commenced to lengthen, soldiers came and went with dispatches, citizens brought complaints of ill-treatment from the soldiers, all of which I heard but said nothing. Finally I commenced to reconnoitre. Capt. Lowrie, chief of staff, was sitting at his desk. The General was out. I rose from my seat, approached the Captain and said: "I know you are tired looking at me, and I am tired staying here. If you will only give me a protective order I will go and not trouble you any more."

He smiled a little, which gave me courage, and soon wrote, and handed me a document in which he said. "Officers and soldiers are requested to respect this order."

On our clear autumnal mornings of

1862 the echo of forage trains could be heard for miles. A short space of time decided the direction. The advance guard of cavalry and artillery was always seen first. The officers in charge were usually respectful. They halted occasionally, but when we told them we had no supplies hardly for ourselves and produced our protective order they passed on. About three miles beyond us was a distillery which they appeared to find by instinct. God only took care of us when they returned full of new whiskey—most of the men being too drunk to steal, or exert themselves in any way. Some days were

MORE TERRIBLE THAN OTHERS.

One day will linger in my memory while life lasts. It was a lovely morning in the month of November, our Indian summer, with a silvery haze in the atmosphere, and the hush of the dying year around us. One of our neighbors, Mr. Wm. D. Phillips, had his barns and cribs full of new hay and golden grain. A Federal wagon train was heard approaching. They had come for the forage—and while some were loading others were going around the neighborhood on voyages of discovery. The pike was covered with wagons, horses and men. They kept asking us for something to eat. We told them we had nothing for ourselves. I spied a small procession of them coming towards the smokehouse for the salt. Two of them had filled their buckets. I told them to put it back, that we had a few hogs and no money to buy salt, and we had protection for everything on the premises, and also demanded to see their authority for taking our salt. They then turned it back and "allowed if I'd bin talkin' to the Gen'ral they'd let it alone." I mounted guard on the barrel, where I remained over an hour, when, suddenly hearing the planks burst from the hen-house, I turned to see a pair of blue breeches crawling in and disturbing a hen with maternal intentions. I told him she had been sitting there for the last six weeks, that she was nearly the age of any member in the family and I would congratulate him on his good teeth if he could eat her, when his movements for chicken ceased.

My attention was then directed to the hill beyond the house, where I saw the soldiers driving up a few remaining hogs, four poor cows and a couple of yearlings, our only hope of sustenance in that direction. I hurried through the cornfield, jumping the fences, and, after sticking fast among the cockle burs many times, arrived at the gap first,

just in time to halt them. I said: "You cannot keep that stock; it is all we have, and I am going along and will get it back again." Two of the soldiers on the wagons raised their guns to intimidate me and fired. I saw their aim was too high and told them I was not afraid. They then insulted me with the foulest of language, but as I had no redress I was silent. The wagon train soon moved towards Nashville, when I rode back to the house on an old lame horse, which I had ordered a servant to bring me before I left. The soldiers had just destroyed over thirty swarms of bees for another neighbor and were stung in the contest until their eyes were closed. They asked me if our bees were not Rebels. I told them we had not classified them; that they had

THE BITTER AND SWEET TOGETHER.

I found a few stragglers sneaking around the stables and watched them come out, and they asked me if a piece of canvas they saw, which had been used as a thrasher apron, was not "a piece of a secesh tent." We had succeeded in keeping them out of the house all day by locking the doors and diverting their attention in conversation, but when the sun sunk to his home in the west we were glad to be numbered among the living after so severe an ordeal. Our neighbor from whom they had foraged came over and exclaimed, "I am glad they have taken all I had, for now they can't come again!"

The country in and around Nashville had been foraged from until nothing hardly remained. They had robbed the Davidson County Poorhouse of all the supplies the poor afflicted paupers had raised. I went to the city with one of the commissioners to obtain rations for them. The Federal lines were guarded with chain pickets through which only a military escort could pass out, but we came in without difficulty.

Christmas week came with bands of marauders riding about the country day and night. A neighbor, Mr. Waggoner, living on White's Creek, was murdered under the following circumstances: Five men who came on horseback dressed in Federal uniform assaulted the house about midnight, demanding admittance. Resistance was useless, and Mr. W— arose and dressed himself, when they entered and commenced searching the house. They said he had money and they were going to have it. They rummaged everywhere until they came to his wife's bed. Mrs. Waggoner, being paralytic, was unable to rise, but they lifted her up

and searched, finding over four hundred dollars, which they took. After leaving the house the thieves discovered that one of their horses had strayed, when they returned, accusing Mr. W— of hiding it, which he denied. A pistol shot was heard and Mr. W— never came back. Mary, his grown daughter, being alone, was afraid to go out in search of her father, and waited until day broke before she knew his fate. When she looked out it was only to see his lifeless form in the cold embrace of death. She walked over a mile to the nearest house, where she told the terrible news, when the report spread and friends gathered for miles around. The cold-blooded murder of a worthy, innocent neighbor was a deed which made the stoutest hearts tremble with apprehension for their own safety.

Our citizens were afraid to go into Nashville for fear of arrest and imprisonment. Lieut. Osgood, of Gen. Mitchell's staff, was provost marshal, and he took delight in offering insults to all of our Southern people who approached him for any purpose. Our feelings were so outraged all we wanted was a good chance at him outside "the lines."

As the Confederates were near Nashville it was nothing unusual for detachments to be seen riding about the country, to which we always gave a welcome and a corn-dodger. One Friday evening I was seen by some Tories living near with

A GROUP OF OUR BOYS

seated around me in the yard eating. I went to town next morning with a lady friend, taking along a present of some flowers for the General, to whose headquarters we repaired without delay. He appeared flattered, requesting us to be seated while he issued an order for our passes, and sent his orderly to bring them from the provost marshal. Our Tory neighbor had carried the news of my feeding the foe and was waiting to see me walk in and be refused a pass home. How crestfallen they looked when the aide came in with the dispatch from headquarters for my pass. When we brought presents to the Federal officers they felt that they were not the promptings of friendship, but conciliatory gifts for favors, and would say in reply: "Now, don't ask us for something we can't give you?"

Heavy skirmishing now commenced on the Murfreesboro' pike and a regular engagement took place which ended January 2, 1863. This was known as the battle of Stone River and was one of the fiercest contests of the war. The Con-

federates advanced to Shelbyville and the Federals took possession of Murfreesboro'. If the enemy claimed a victory they were too badly crippled to follow it up.

A week afterwards, accompanied by an old gentleman friend who was anxious to know the fate of his wounded son, we started from Nashville on horseback for Murfreesboro'. I had an immense carpet-sack swung to my saddle filled with underwear, socks, pins, and bandages, for the wounded soldiers. Thirty miles' travel in time of peace and through an army demoralized by fighting were two different things. At no time were we away from the sight of soldiers on both sides—the Southerners seen in the distance. Miles of Federal wagon trains met us on their way to Nashville for supplies, as the railroad was destroyed and cars burned. The wagoners drove close to me allowing no space for passing, and they kept trying to break my horses legs by running against them. When I discovered their purposes I turned out in advance of meeting them, and rode through the fields, as there were no fences to obstruct our travelling anywhere. Dead horses and mules were thickly strewn in every direction, the number increasing as we approached the battle field. A few houses only were standing with no enclosure or out-houses. We met a poor forlorn looking lady in an old carriage, followed by a plantation wagon in which was some furniture. She said to us that she was trying to get into the back country. "You can look over there and see the desolation of my once pleasant home," she continued sadly, "with my house full of soldiers. I can't stay there alone."

We saw the trenches each side of the pike where the dead were buried, and the rails from the fences, where the fighting had been the worst, tumbled flat, while many treetops in the vicinity were taken off by shells and balls as though with a sharp axe. The heavy rains had washed

THE BLOOD-STAINED FIELD

and we were spared the sight of human blood. We crossed Stone River, entered the town just before sunset, and proceeded to the residence of Col. Reedy, having a verbal message for Mrs. R, the mother-in-law of Col. John Morgan, the purport of which was that if any of John Morgan's men were taken prisoner by the Federal army no quarter would be shown them. We had difficulty in procuring a stopping place, each of us in separate and remote parts of the city. The burning buildings of absent owners

furnished light for the city several days after the Federals took possession, when the following order was issued by the Confederates:

"If the burning of our houses is not stopped in Murfreesboro', we will burn every Union house in Shelbyville."

Morning dawned and breakfast being over we started for the hospitals. The Soule College, beside all the churches, were occupied by the wounded Confederates. The weather was cold and the poor fellows had no protection for their bodies (their clothing having been removed to dress their wounds) but a blanket. I had a pair of thick yarn socks which I put on the feet of a poor Arkansas captain after washing them. I stretched my other garments as far as they would go, and finally tore open one of my skirts and laid it across the breast of a poor wounded soldier to keep him warm. The groans of these poor men were terrible during the dressing of their wounds, and while the slugs of putrid flesh were being extracted, and thrilled us with horror.

We continued on our mission of mercy until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when a man dressed in black velvet stepped up and handed me an envelope which on opening I found contained an order for me to report at the provost marshal's office and be sent through the lines.

When I entered the office of the provost marshal, whom I had seen many times in Nashville, I said, "Ah, captain, am I arrested?—and what for?" "For carrying letters," he replied.

"I have brought none," I answered, when he told me to go and see the General.

The General, on hearing my arrival announced, seemed in a terrible rage, and commenced pacing the room like a caged lion.

"The Rebel mail carrier from that part of the country where you live is captured at last."

"That has not been my mission since the war commenced," said I, "but I have tried to assist those of our neighbors in trouble and I do not fear a truthfulness in investigation of the whole matter under consideration."

He made several remarks in regard to Rebel women, to which I retorted with full force.

"Dressed like a lady and educated, you think you can do as you please, do you?"

"General," I replied, "if I am found guilty I intend to die game. There is no flinching with me."

He retired when I saw Gen. Davis coming up the steps, and he, on entering,

spoke to me, and asked what was the trouble?

I told him I had been detained with a cloud of calumny resting on me.

Gen. Rosecrans then asked Gen. Davis if he knew me.

"Yes," said the General, "she was the delegate from her neighborhood and visited my headquarters several times while I was encamped over the river."

"What was the object of her mission?"

"In behalf of relief for the poor."

"Oh, then," said Rosecrans. "She is good to the poor; I think more of her."

We were not permitted to leave until a courier was sent to Gen. McCook, from whom I had also received passes.

Gen. Rosecrans and staff were in the elegant residence of Col. Kibble, then absent in the Confederate Congress.

THE PATHWAY OF DESTRUCTION

was marked in every apartment. The beautiful bookcases, with their well filled shelves, were being despoiled rapidly. I heard one officer say, "That is a shame, to be breaking up those beautiful sets of books bound in calf."

Gen. Garfield was seated here trying to collect the papers and army records as executed by Gen. Gareche, who had been killed in the last engagement, and Garfield was now promoted to chief of staff in his place.

My firm and fearless manner appeared to make them treat me with more respect. The General had preparations made for our supper after they had eaten.

Time wore on, when a little before 9 at night the courier came in with the dispatch from Gen. McCook. The contents being in my favor, we were allowed to leave and report in the morning. Sentinels were stationed at every corner, and the rattle of musketry was heard and repeated on the approach of any one, but as we had a guard we were allowed to proceed. At 10 o'clock the next morning we visited headquarters, and after considerable parleying were permitted to leave without further detention, after obtaining a pass for ourselves and a permit for our horses.

We started home through the back country, thinking it safer. The destruction around us and the misty rain above our heads were not inspiring, but we rode on in silence for about ten miles, when the approach of night warned us to seek shelter. Our people living in the country were glad to receive any one who was a friend, and although rations were scarce, a hearty welcome was not lacking.

The following morning found us again

on our way homeward bound. The weather had turned cold during the night, the day being clear and cold, with snow enough to hide the neighborhood roads through the woods. The rain that had fallen froze as it came down, the forest trees being covered with icicles, from which the sun reflected the iridescent hues of the rainbow and a sparkled like diamonds in the sunlight, reminding us of the gorgeous glories of our heavenly home. About midday we rode through a cedar thicket where the birds were feasting on cedar berries. There was the robin singing his song of joy, the red bird whistling in his freedom, and the oriole catching the refrain, while the thrush warbled the echo chorus. This retired retreat was their home, so thickly set with foliage no rude winds could visit them, or wicked hunters find them, and all was peace in the dwelling place of God's orchestra. Just before dark that day we arrived at our homes, weary from travel and heart-sick from sorrowful sights, but thankful our lives had been spared through all the dangers we had passed.

No. 66.—In the Valley of Virginia.

(By Mrs. Gilmer Breckinridge, of Fincastle, Va.)

In writing a sketch of "the times which tried men's souls," I deem it but proper to give a glimpse of a household which furnished five soldiers to the army of the Confederacy. Imagine, then, in the Valley of Virginia an old homestead gray with age, mantled with ivy and situated on a gentle elevation in the midst of the estate, while through the lowlands ran the Catawba, and far away in the distance rose like an amphitheatre the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany Mountains.

The original proprietor of the place served his country in peace and in war, having been a soldier of 1812, and a member of Congress for many years afterward. He lies buried in the family graveyard, situated upon a hill clothed with evergreens, which can be seen from the windows looking to the northeast, and it was reserved for the five young men before mentioned to go forth in defence of their inheritance as well as of the last resting place of their grandsire.

When the first alarm of war was sounded, few women appreciated the

situation of affairs, and none foresaw they were to become the *dramatis personæ* in a tragedy to last for four long years. They associated battle only with bands of music, gold lace, plumes, gorgeous trappings, prancing steeds and military display. When soldiers were camping at the Fair Grounds, near Richmond, where troops were daily being mustered in from every quarter, a favorite pastime of the ladies was to resort thither to witness the afternoon drill. Great was the enthusiasm. What more stirring than the sound of the drum! What more inspiring than the graceful manoeuvres of the "Zouaves," the "Rifles," or the "Rangers!" A lady having returned from witnessing such a display, congratulated herself upon having at last achieved her heart's desire—she had seen Gen. Lee!

"Gen. Lee," exclaimed a gentleman friend. "Surely you must be mistaken—he is not in the city."

"Oh, I am quite sure I saw him," she replied, "he was walking in front of all the rest, wore a tall, very tall stiff hat—was gorgeously appparelled, and every now and then turned and waved something, (a sword I suppose,) which every one else instantly obeyed."

It was sometime before the gentleman could sufficiently recover from a fit of laughter to assure his companion the personage she had taken to be the commander-in-chief was only the drum major, and the imaginary sword was his baton, with which he was beating time for the musicians who followed him.

Thus, it will be seen, women had to be educated to the stern realities of war, and when at last their eyes were opened they bade farewell to

"The spirits-stirring drum, the piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride and circumstance of glorious war."

To wear the coarsest material, to stint one's self without a murmur, to knit and sew for "the boys in Grey," to take the blankets from the beds and even the carpets from the floors if any poor, shivering soldier required covering, became

EVERY WOMAN'S RELIGIOUS DUTY.

The oldest of the five young men previously alluded to equipped a company at his own expense. The wool from which the uniforms were made was the growth of his own flock, and was spun, and much of it woven, by the negroes on the plantation. Mother, sister, aided by ladies from the nearest town, made up the cloth as fast as it came from the loom, covered canteens, contrived visors, and finished off haversacks. When all was ready a dinner was given to the

company in a grove of oaks, the soldiers engaged in athletic sports and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Then there was a dinner at "Grove Hill," the old mansion. Tables decorated with flowers were set out on the lawn under waving trees and cloudless skies, and a patriotic poem, composed and set to music by the young Captain's wife in honor of his company, was, as an especial compliment, printed upon white satin and presented to the author.

All seems too sad as looked upon through the dim vista of years; so many bright hopes shattered, so many brave hearts pulseless. When they were gone willing hands worked on still, keeping ever a stout heart, and writing cheering letters to the absent; looking always to the time when the vacant seats around the hearth-stone would be filled, and the family circle reunited once again.

Little was thought of the comforts and elegancies gradually given up one by one by those at home. Very soon great inconvenience was caused by the small supply of shoes in the South. One had constantly to keep in mind the children and servants, and jealously to guard against inroads on sole and instep to prevent dependants from having to go bare-foot. Mrs. B. having sent her nurse's shoes to the cobbler, after waiting in vain for them, called in person to see if they had been mended.

"Why, madam," rejoined the man, "I've worn them shoes out long ago."

Upon the lady's expressing some surprise, he laughingly replied: "I can't help it, ma'am; your nurse had two pair and I had none. I'm an old man and she's a young woman. You'll have to excuse me."

Not knowing which was the most astounding, the candor or the audacity of the man, the lady said nothing, but from that day forth his shop was avoided as a bad place for soles. On one occasion, in a moment of dire necessity, an old-fashioned bronze morocco needle book was ripped up and converted into a dainty pair of boots for the two-year-old

PET OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

But even the children were patriotic, and no sooner did the little girl get into her boots, than, clapping her hands with delight, she sang.

"Hurrah for the benny blue flag
That wears a single star."

Barley, sweet potatoes, the root of dandelion and rye were all used as substitutes for coffee, and the decoction was swallowed amid jest and witticism,

some declaring after all there was very little difference between *ri-o* and *ry-e*. It was not so easy to supply the place of the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," and tea made from dried raspberry leaves was taken with an aversion which nothing but patriotism could have alleviated. White sugar was not to be thought of. In the effort to procure enough to "ice" a wedding cake a lady drove forty miles, only to be disappointed at the end of the journey. When the absent succeeded in getting a furlough the treasures of the storeroom were brought forth, and dried cherries, dried currants and berries of all sorts were used in concocting pies, cakes and even plum pudding, which last was always eaten with "Rebel sauce."

Boys still went to school and mothers sent them boxes, which, however, were filled with edibles of a very domestic kind. As G— was at that time a pupil at the Virginia Military Institute, his mother was not neglectful of the time-honored custom. The box reached its destination, the contents were, of course, divided and devoured, but, said G—, "the catsup was rather insipid." It turned out that the hungry cadets had consumed a bottle of blacking which a careful mother, knowing the scarcity of the article and the strictness of military regulations on the subject of neatness, had made from the juice of the elderberry.

All the ink used at Grove Hill was of home manufacture; the "Mistress" even tried her skill at pharmacy, and the writer vividly recalls a prescription of which she became the victim. The tonic was made of iron-filings steeped in vinegar. One dose sufficed! The whole vocabulary of medicine never contained anything half so nauseating, and what was most remarkable—for a whole day everything in the shape of food or drink seemed to have turned to iron-filings. "Throw physic to the dogs" was never quoted more feelingly, and, concluding it was better to suffer than be strong by such means, the bottle was put aside, never to be brought to light except under very unforeseen circumstances; but of that more anon.

Lights were very scarce, especially in the towns. A great many sat by fire-light only in winter, and went to bed in darkness during the summer, unless the moon should kindly shed her beams. A few persons living in the country resorted to sycamore balls split in half and soaked in the drippings of pork or other fatty substances. Upon the larger plantations candles were made from beef tallow; but here, too, a difficulty pre-

sented itself, as there was no candle-wick

TO BE HAD FOR LOVE OR MONEY.

Finally, old cloth was torn into very narrow strips and fastened in the moulds, and the experiment proved successful.

Some children were always bursting their buttons—what was to be done? Pins were the only substitutes, and a paper of those cost five dollars! The old colored "mammy" gathered a supply of persimmons, extracted the seed, bored holes into them with a sharp instrument, and sewing them on each little garment found them far more durable than either pearl or porcelain. Be it to the credit of "Aunt Maria," she is still faithful to the family, still lives on the old plantation and continues to sew on buttons (gratis, if she might be allowed.)

"But what shall we do for artificial flowers," exclaimed J—, as she planned her costume for a coming wedding.

Long was the matter discussed. Non-plussed at last, no one ventured to offer a suggestion—for at the time all thought nothing but Aladdin's lamp or the wand of a fairy could supply the deficiency. But here woman's pluck signally distinguished itself. The momentous night arrived, the wedding came off. J—, radiant and happy, with snow-white flowers in her hair and on her corsage, attended the entertainment, and moreover had the satisfaction of hearing the japonicas she wore extravagantly admired by Capt. J—, who said he knew those exotics grew no where else but in Miss R.'s conservatory. The young lady waived the subject, but the two old geese which sounded a clarion note of alarm when they lost their breast feathers, equal to the noise of the sacred geese in the temple of Juno, could have told a different tale had they been gifted with the power of disclosing facts. Indeed one rarely saw anything without setting to work to think out a substitute in case of necessity, and, when Miss — walked up the aisle one Sunday morning wearing a coarse straw hat braided by unskilful fingers and trimmed with a palm-leaf figured stripe of Gen. A.'s dressing gown, scarcely any one smiled—the situation was becoming pathetic.

A dear old gentleman who, like Lord Bacon and John Wesley, considered "cleanliness akin to Godliness," when recovering from inflammatory rheumatism was greatly distressed at not being able to shave. Every able-bodied man was in the army, the barber among the

rest. The writer offered her services, which were wisely declined, she never having handled a razor in her life; but the beard grew apace, and, as it grew, became more intolerable, owing to the fact the wearer had been accustomed to a smooth face since his boyhood. Then, out came a work-box—from it a sharp

PAIR OF LITTLE SCISSORS.

The patient's eyes being closed, the operation commenced. After a long time, the towel was taken from under the chin, and a looking-glass held before the invalid. Examining the instrument which had worked such wonders upon his physiognomy, joyfully he exclaimed: "My dear, I believe if you could only get hold of a pair of large scissors you could easily build a house!"

There were no piano tuners in the country and one would fain "make a joyful sound" when "the boys" were at home. The broken string was removed, its place supplied, the discordant notes attuned to harmony, all a home job, and, done by woman's fingers.

It remained, however, for a lady in an adjoining county to accomplish what no other female in the South ever attempted. The farm was deserted by the male sex, her only brother in the army. The water on the place becoming unfit for use, the two ladies not only drew it off, but one of them was let down to the bottom of the well and cleaned it out.

As time went on "Grove Hill" became a place of frequent resort for friends and relatives whose homes were within the enemy's lines. Soldiers were constantly passing to and fro, and cavalymen often encamped on the plantation to recruit their broken down horses. By request two patients were sent from the crowded hospital in Richmond in order that they might be revived by mountain air, country fare, and female attention. One of these young men was pronounced on a decline, in fact one lung said to be entirely gone. There was no cod liver oil in the whole country, but, the hostess substituted the purest of cream as a remedy and had the happiness of seeing Mr. K. become a well man.

Notwithstanding every effort to shut one's eyes to the possibility of a failure of the Southern cause, affairs were growing ominous. A great shadow too, fell upon the old homestead. John, the boy of seventeen who laid aside his school-books for the sword, was the first to fill a soldier's grave. And here, it may be allowable to quote from the journal of a gifted young creature who was just entering upon the threshold of womanhood at the commencement of those

DARK AND STORMY DAYS.

GROVE HILL, August 12, 1862.—I am going to keep an "Acta Diurna." It will be a suitable employment for war-times when we have no visits to pay, no material to work upon and no inclination to read anything but our Bible and the papers. We are much scattered now. Mamma is at "Glen Cary" making arrangements for sister M. to come here to stay during the war, as brother L. is surgeon and away from home constantly. Papa came home after dinner bringing news of a victory over Pope. After the latter issued those cruel bulls, how I do wish we could get hold of him! Col. S. and brother G. are here. After tea we sat in the portico 'till a late hour enjoying their conversation, and I learned a great deal that I never knew before; one thing was, that Calhoun was not a secessionist but a revolutionist—just what papa is and just what Gen. Washington was. G. is at home and took a fox-hunt. A thing of such rare occurrence now deserves mention. Started a "Red," had a "bully chase." Music and Hector led the pack. Old Prompter started the fox although one hind-leg was almost off and he ran the chase on three legs only, &c.

Later on she writes: It rained steadily all day. G. and J. sat in the library talking. He is a funny boy. I never loved him so much before. John and I were nearer the same age. I never formed a plan for the future in which he did not bear some part. God takes our nearest and our dearest ones. What a sad summer it has been! J. came home the 17th of May; the ten days he remained we tried to banish all sadness and make him happy. The 27th he left. We begged him to stay but he thought there would be a battle in a few days and considered it his duty to be at his post. Five days after he left he was mortally wounded at the battle of Seven Pines. Late Monday night, as E. and J. lay awake talking, we heard a strange footstep in the hall, then a scream of agony, and mamma, almost fainting, came in and handed us a dispatch. She intended starting for Richmond next day but was too ill to travel. On Wednesday got as far as B, but was detained there by a slide on the railroad. The next morning news came that our noble boy was dead! Those hours of intense anguish seem like some dark dream. E. has put a wooden cross at the head of his grave with the inscription

"HE HATH ENTERED INTO PEACE."

Sunday, September 7, 1862.—Soon after breakfast fourteen of us arranged ourselves in the two carriages and two buggies with a few riding horses and went to church. Mr. W. preached a beautiful sermon and read the whole service which weliked very much. Afterward Mr. G. assembled us around him and read the news, and glorious news it is! Our army at Munson's Hill, in sight of Washington! but, the Yankees have been quite as near Richmond. We were so distressed Mr. S. was killed; his poor wife heard it just as she was coming out of church! On our return home, after tea, Mr. W. had service for the servants; there was quite a good congregation; cousin K. and sister J. sang the hymns.

September 10 I spent the morning making envelopes, and knitting for the soldiers. Afterward we occupied ourselves reading and talking; at dinner-time got the mail; the papers say we have captured Cincinnati! Jackson gained a victory at the Relay House,

nine miles from Baltimore. Miss D. continues in her room and is the centre of attraction; amused us very much talking of marriage, says she has tried single life for sixty-nine years and thinks double life must be happier.

A word about the lady here mentioned: She was a resident of the City of Richmond and one of the most brilliant of her sex. She never married, it is true, but it was not for the lack of many opportunities. The sparkle of her conversation, her originality, her great strength of character made her the centre of every social circle whether young or old. During the struggle of the South for independence she gave herself wholly to the cause. As generous as she was patriotic, she made it her one object in life to visit, feed and work for the soldiers in every imaginable way. When for relaxation during the summer months she resorted to a more healthful portion of Virginia, even there she made her morning

ROUNDS OF THE HOSPITAL

in the town of B. just as she had done in the city of Richmond. When going through one of the wards as usual on a hot summer's day, she paused near the bedside of a poor fellow lying there with locks unkempt, matted and damp.

"My child," said Miss D., bending over him, "I am going to comb your hair; you will be much more comfortable, I assure you."

There was a mute, appealing look from the patient which said as plainly as words could say, "Oh don't, I beseech you."

With keenest intuition, divining his scruples, yet nothing daunted thereby, Miss D. continued: "I have combed them out of the heads of captains and colonels—you just lie still and don't mind it in the least."

At this stage of the proceedings the old lady's companion turned aside to suppress a smile, but it is to be hoped that in the desire of a warm and sympathizing nature to make the poor private feel in good company, under what might have proved a very trying ordeal, Miss D. had unintentionally drawn upon her imagination for her facts.

She is the same lady whose name has passed into history, and who figures in a book of "English Novels" as the heroine of an amusing episode during a visit to Mount Vernon. In the fervor of her devotion to the memory of Gen. Washington she left her party and went alone to shed tears over the tomb of the "Father of his Country." When the excursionists had refreshed themselves, and had all started on their pilgrimage

to the shrine, she rejoined them, only to find she had wept over the ice-house.

In returning to the journal from which quotations have been made, be it remembered, the hand that penned each line is cold in death; nor did the writer ever dream that anything she wrote would be made public; in fact, in order to make the paper hold out (it was very scarce then) the writing is so fine, the lines are so close together, the manuscript is almost illegible. To return to its pages:

It rained steadily to-day; in the afternoon cleared up and we walked down to the garden, when G. told us of a conversation he overheard between "Uncle Phil" and some of the younger servants, Uncle P— telling the direction they must take should they wish to run off to join the Yankees. We always treated him more as a friend than a servant. Slavery is a troublesome institution; I wish for the sake of the masters it could be

ABOLISHED IN VIRGINIA.

December 29, 1862.—These last ten days have been very peculiar. They reminded me of a piece of poetry, by Hood, called "November." We had no servants, no dinner, no supper, no comfort, November. When the holidays are over, I think I will write an Ethiopian parody, having de servants, de carriage, de pies, de dinner, de cook, de light, de comfort. On Friday E. and I really worked hard, helping Matilda make cakes for her party. I learned all about baking. In the evening made a beautiful head-dress for Susan and carried it over to "Aunt Suky's." They begged E. and myself so hard to come to the wedding that we went. The bride looked very pretty, dressed in pink tulle. I arranged some ivy leaves for her. The Episcopal service was read by "Uncle Ned." After the marriage Polly and Susan begged us to go to Polly's house to see the dancing. They had banjos and fiddles and danced quite prettily.

March, 23, 1863.—On Sunday we received letters telling about Brother C.'s capture. Later we heard he was killed. An officer told Mr. C— he saw him fall. Until this we had been hopeful.

March 27.—This is the day appointed by President Davis for fasting and prayer. I wish we could have attended our own church. I felt miserable for fear we should hear bad news of C., but, oh joyful! there was an extract from a Northern paper saying among the prisoners was Major B., a relative of the traitor Vice-President, Gen. J. C. B. I've been happy ever since I heard that news.

With such tidings as the above, with frequent reports that the enemy was coming toward that portion of the country hitherto considered unapproachable, with rumors of disaster and dreadful carnage by day and by night, then anxious watching for the news, and when it came gathering around the reader and hearing the list of killed and wounded with pallid lips, and breath coming thick and fast; this became the situation at "Grove Hill," as it did at every other fireside.

Referring to the journal we find the shadow of coming events in the following:

June 16, 1864.—How much excitement we have been in for the last few days! On Sunday we heard the Yankees were in B., so we commenced secreting things in the servants' houses. I basted all of T's letters in my flannel skirt. On Tuesday morning E. and I buried the silver.

I ACTING GRAVE-DIGGER

had a hard time of it. After dinner the Yankees were really in F. Papa wouldn't believe it and rode off to town. Some of the servants standing on a hill saw papa ride up to the Yankees and soon after heard them shooting, and ran home to tell us they had killed him. I never had such a shock in my life, but soon the brave blood rushed to my cheeks; I stopped fainting and started to town to see papa, when some one exclaimed "there he comes!" Sure enough he had slipped off from them. I was so burdened with letters, journals, silver, &c., I don't think I could have gone far.

June 19.—They are here at last! Yesterday we were sitting at dinner feeling very secure when we heard they were coming. We stood on the lawn watching for them, and soon saw some of them rushing down the lane. Then we sat down very composedly; I had my pet bird feeding him when they came up. They insisted we had "Rebels" hid in the house. One man rode up, thrust a bottle at me, ordering me to fill it with brandy. I told him very calmly we had none, whereupon he said "d—n you, I'll make you fill it," and started to get off his horse. I was not alarmed, but sister J., seeing my danger, ran down the steps and implored the protection of a looker-on. Some of the men insisted upon going up-stairs, into the cellar, and everywhere, to find drink. Three of them were fearfully insolent. Oh, God! what a time that was. We wrote to the officer in command, (Col. Putnam, of Ohio,) and asked his protection. He came up, and taking his seat in the porch, said: "Are all of you married? If not, we'll send some Yankee's here to marry you; that's the way we'll build up the Union again." He left a guard; kind, but oh, so insulting in the way they talked about the South. I sat in the door, listened and prayed more fervently that our noble Southerners might be successful. The guards talked so unkindly about the negroes; there were three hundred with them, tired and dirty, and yet ten of our negro men joined them; dear little Josh went too; the older servants made him go. All of our cattle and horses were taken. Papa behaved beautifully. My sakes, how Mr. Ross, one of the guards, abused the nabobs of the South; said where he lived no man was ashamed to use the implements of agriculture, but his wife was too proud to let a negro enter her house. The next morning, I had forgotten it was Sunday, and I went down, picked up my knitting and went to work in order that I might look as unconcerned as possible, when mamma came into the hall, reminded me what day it was, and took my needles from me.

Yes, it was too true, the Yankees had come! Often a whole night had been spent in packing up valuables, and when the alarm turned out a false one persons

had to dig up enough spoons to put upon the breakfast table. When too much hurried to store away silver or jewelry, articles were sometimes secreted about the person; and the dear girl writes in her journal she had become quite tired of wearing the sugar dish and cream pitcher under her skirts. There were

SOME LAUGHABLE EXPERIENCES

during those dark days; a little fun went a long way, and no one could enjoy a joke without sharing it with his neighbor. The enemy came upon us at nightfall. My mother, sister and myself clung together for safety around our only protector, who, though stricken with age, sat erect, calm and unmoved in his portico. We heard the approach of negroes, when a mile and a half away. Added to the sound of wheels rattling down a rocky hill, there was the bellowing of cattle, neighing of horses and the bleating of sheep which had been seized on the different plantations through which the invader passed. Above all this din arose a wild chorus chanted in time to the banjo, which some "contraband" strummed vigorously as he followed in the motley procession, and we very soon became aware we would be at the mercy of one of Hunter's wagon trains. For some time we asked in vain to be told who was in command, but finally a sergeant took pity on us, and offered to take a note to the Colonel.

In the meantime men dashed around the lawn upon snorting horses, calling out: "Search the eaves, boys; search the eaves of the house; they have treasure hid there." Some went to the kitchen where supper was being prepared for the family; in a few moments everything in the shape of food had disappeared. To the negro women in attendance who had remained faithful to the family, it was: "Sis, get me some bread; sis, make me a cup of coffee; sis, I'd be much obliged for a drink of water." Upon our remarking to the sergeant upon the rude conduct of the men he replied, "the boys had gotten several barrels of apple-jack coming along and hardly knew what they were about." The guard, though rough, self-asserting creatures, were welcomed with heartfelt joy. One of them (Mr. Ross) carried on an animated conversation, all on his own side, though directing his remarks to the silent, dignified old Virginia gentleman sitting in the portico, whom he invariably called "Uncle."

"Uncle," said Mr. R., "I guess this house has been in the family over a hundred years."

There was no reply.

"Now, this place is beautifully adapted to the growth of the vine."

Still no answer.

"I tell you what, Uncle, one of these days all of this plantation will be cut up into forty-acre lots, and will be a blossomin' like the rose."

No rejoinder could be extorted from the noble old *pater familias*, and Mr. Ross, turning his attention to myself and sisters, added, "Ladies, the day is coming when this eighteen-months'-old child will ask you whatsort of a looking creature a negro was—there won't be one in the whole country."

"I thought you were proud of them; you have several hundred with you," my mother ventured to remark.

"No, indeed; we don't want them; we have no use for them; why, you have no idea of the immense superiority of the North over the South," continued Mr. R., now striding up and down the hall, our little boy in his arms, and apparently addressing his conversation to him instead of to the older members of the family, who seemed to turn

A DEAF EAR TO ALL HE SAID.

"Why, the North has seats of learning opened to all alike. Persons may receive an education free of charge. We have our free schools, our universities, our academies. Why, I haven't *saw* a free school since I came to Virginia."

We smiled (inwardly,) the only reply we dared give to such an assertion, made by such a person and on such an occasion.

Our supper having been eaten for us, as night wore on we retired to the second story, but not to sleep; no one touched a bed that night. Once we were summoned down-stairs to be told if there were any treachery on our part the house would be in flames in five minutes. Assuring them there was no danger, we returned to our place of retreat in order to consult as to what might be done with the whiskey which had been secreted in a far away closet up-stairs in case of illness. Since the marauders were wild with "applejack," we deemed it safer to destroy the precious article. It was at length poured into a tall tin vessel, carried down the back stairs at the rear of the house and smuggled to the brow of a hill, whence the last drop was emptied to the ground beneath. Under cover of the darkness of midnight the parties returned in safety, but it was a hazardous expedition, and those who joined in it were in momentary danger of being shot at as Rebel soldiers in disguise.

While the scenes just related were

being enacted in the old home somewhat similar occurrences took place in the town of B., twelve miles distant, where resided the old bachelor uncle who had been so successfully shaved with the scissors. It happened that many articles of value belonging to the writer were in his house at the time, and at the first alarm were packed and sent down the river for safety. But followers of the camp branched out in every direction, the boat was captured, silver and jewelry pocketed, the harp torn from its box and strummed upon by the rabble as they brought the instrument back through the town. On first reaching the opposite side of the river, however, the enemy shelled the place. The old gentleman, just alluded to, having no cellar of his own in which to take refuge, positively refused to seek safety in any one else's, and sat during the whole time with folded arms in an uncovered portico. His niece, Mrs. P., of New Orleans, unwilling to desert him, sat beside him. Perceiving no warlike demonstrations on the part of the inhabitants, the Yankees contented themselves with burning the bridge, and soon poured into the village. As they swarmed into the house Mrs. P. followed them from room to room, watching them with flashing eye and scornful expression as they tore open wardrobes, pocketed towels and made themselves disagreeable in every imaginable way. When a table drawer was opened and a package of papers taken out, forbearance became no longer a virtue.

"Private letters, gentlemen," said Mrs. P. "Read them."

"What do you mean? We wouldn't do such a thing."

"Indeed? I should think gentlemen who would steal towels wouldn't hesitate to examine private correspondence."

A scowl and an oath was the only answer.

Going into the hall, Mrs. P. dogging their footsteps all the time, one of the men opened a press, seized a bottle labelled

"BLACKBERRY WINE,"

held it to his mouth, and swallowed the contents at a gulp. No sooner had he done so than, dashing the bottle from him with an oath, he yelled out in a rage, "My God, you have poisoned me!"

"You have poisoned yourself," replied Mrs. P. with provoking complacency.

"Why did you not tell me it wasn't wine?"

"You did not ask me," replied Mrs. P.

Now, although the man never found it out, Mrs. P. knew he had only taken a heavy dose of iron filings, the identical medicine prescribed as a tonic, and put into a bottle from which I had forgotten to remove the original label.

After dire threatenings, and language more expressive than eloquent, the man who supposed himself poisoned went off for a while. Presently he returned and opened the conversation with "Your husband is colonel of a Louisiana regiment."

"He is," said Mrs. P. proudly.

"We've captured the whole set of them."

"Indeed?" said Mrs. P. with a provoking smile of incredulity.

"You had a son, a pupil at the Louisiana Military Institute."

"I have," replied Mrs. P. with apparent unconcern.

"We have taken him prisoner."

"You have?"

"Yes, and I'll have the pleasure of giving him a good thrashing."

"And he will have the pleasure of returning it," said Mrs. P.

Thoroughly out-done, the man went out among the servants to plan some other mode of revenge.

Mrs. P. returned to the porch and met a fresh supply of marauders. She appealed to the first one she saw for a guard, but "for heaven's sake do not send one of Hunter's rascallions."

Unfortunately the person addressed belonged to Hunter's command, and firing up in an instant, replied, "If you were a man I would put my sword through your body."

"I am only a woman," rejoined the lady, "but if you choose to make use of your weapon, you will find me equal to the occasion."

The hero of the bottle of iron filings was all this time consulting with the man-servant about burning the house, but be it to the credit of that faithful negro, he made every excuse for Mrs. P., saying she was only mistress of her uncle's establishment for the time being, and that her home really was in Louisiana.

In the course of the day she succeeded in procuring a guard, and under their escort walked beyond the town into the camp of Gen. Averell and demanded the harp which had been captured. It was restored, proved to be uninjured, and has cheered many solitary hours since.

To return to the old homestead, a few days after the "raid" described some of our men followed in hot pursuit. Then every one went to work, everything edible was served up in the kitchen for

"THE BOYS IN GREY."

Firkins of butter which no "green-backs" could purchase were taken from their hiding places and the house was ransacked for socks and clothing for the needy. And here I make an extract from the journal:

About a hundred of Gen. Ransom's men came for ice water, bread and buttermilk. Sister J. commenced telling some of the soldiers how her jewelry, silverware, &c, had been captured on the boat, and then a dear little fellow handed her a pair of her sugar-tongs, which she recognized directly. They were taken from a haversack left on the field when we defeated the enemy at Rauging Rock. He declined any reward, but mamma presented him with a suit of new clothes no poor soldier could refuse. Oh! 'twas a joyful sight! we were looking from the attic window when the first detachment came. Then we went out on the lawn, the soldiers cheered and galloped down the lane.

I beg leave here to state that most of the servants remained faithful, and in every instance except one the supplies confided to their keeping were returned. Later on the journal says:

At tea-time mamma wanted lights brought in, and called for Susan and Matilda. Virginia said they couldn't be found, as they had gotten religion. We all hoped the rest of the servants would wait until after supper. E. asked Nelson if they were having a revival. He said they always "had 'em" at that season of the year. What singular creatures they are! I do not think our prospects for peace were ever so dark; we have met with so many disasters of late. I wish the women could fight; their sufferings are so great anyhow, a leg shot off, or a head either, would hardly require a greater degree of endurance. I would shoulder my pistol and shoot in a moment if I were allowed.

And here we close the book; so many dark days followed, so many hopes were shattered, that although "the sunshine of wit sparkles through the pages like a thread of gold running through a darker back-ground," we drop the curtain at the threshold of a lonely fireside and whisper, hush!

When Confederate money depreciated so rapidly that \$70 was paid for a skein of black patent thread, and \$600 for an ordinary mourning dress, we knew the South was doomed, and it was not long ere the cause for which woman fought with a firm will, if not with weapons, was lost and the conquered banner furled forever.

The beautiful young girl from whose journal we have quoted became a bride. Two weeks only of wedded happiness were her's when the bridegroom was recalled to the army. They met no more until after the surrender. Two weeks later the bride of six months lay in her coffin. Her grave is close beside that of

her favorite brother, the soldier boy of seventeen.

Of the five brothers who went forth in defence of their home, the oldest lost his life in storming "Fort Kennon," the youngest at "Seven Pines," a third, the hero of "Kelly's Ford," fell fighting, we know not where. Two only returned, one of whom bears a memento of the struggle in the shape of a wound in the leg and a sabre cut over the brow.

No 67.—Heroism at Home.

(By Mrs. Allie Travis, Conyers, Ga.)

What event of great consequence to the world was ever recorded, in either sacred or profane history, in which woman did not play an important part? She had a share in the introduction of sin and death into the world; through her was the promise made of Christ's victory over these, the greatest destroyers of man's happiness. She gave her presence with her sympathy and tears to the agonizing scene of the Cross, and on the morning of the Resurrection she was the first to receive the glad tidings that the Lord had risen. It is a sad fact that the long, cruel wars of the ancients were sometimes directly caused by woman's influence, and the loss of crowns and the subjugation of nations were frequently due to her fascination. In the late war between the States the influence of Southern woman was felt from the beginning, and its history would certainly be incomplete without a record of her trials and triumphs. It is true she passed no ordinances of Secession, but when they were passed she entered heartily into the endeavor to achieve the independence of the South. Her smiles and patriotic words encouraged the boys to don the gray. Her busy fingers, during the four long weary years of the struggle, were constantly employed in spinning, weaving and knitting to supply the wants of our soldiers. In the hospitals she was an angel of mercy, dispelling the gloom with the sunshine of her presence. Her gentle ministrations did much to relieve the sufferings of the wounded and dying, while she pointed them to Him who was "mighty and able to save."

But even this list of her labors is in-

complete. In many instances, in addition to manufacturing the clothing, she followed the plough and used the hoe, in order to raise the provisions for the family while the husband and father was fighting his country's battles. Ah, the story of her sufferings, toils and sacrifices during this time of trial will never be written. An innate modesty will prevent her blazoning to the world her acts of devotion to her country's cause. A spirit of bravery and independence was developed in the women of the South altogether new to them. As an illustration, I will give an instance that occurred in Middle Georgia:

A woman, whose husband and eight sons were in the army, assisted only by a daughter,

PLOUGHED, PLANTED AND HOED

a field of corn that was to furnish her future bread. When it was in roasting-ear, and had become her pride and hope, a squad of soldiers made a raid upon it. With the spirit of "a hero determined to do or die," she seized a pistol, walked to the fence, told them it was her dependence for bread, and ordered them out, declaring that she would shoot the one that dared remain. Strange to say, admiration for her courage, or possibly some other motive, caused them to beat a hasty retreat. Did the feats of Nancy Hart during the Revolution excel this?

But yet brighter examples of heroism were found among those reared in luxury and ease, who were, by the vicissitudes of war, deprived of home and of even the necessities of life. For these to patiently learn to earn their daily bread, and at the same time to write hopeful, cheering letters to fathers and husbands in the army, was to display a heroism that the courage of the battlefield never surpassed.

Although called upon to surrender their heart's richest treasures to the Moloch of war, and to endure hardships unknown to them before, the women of Georgia knew but little of the want and suffering that followed the tread of the invader, until the summer of 1864. My own experience began Friday, July 22, of that year, when the citizens of Covington were suddenly filled with horror by the report that a large body of Yankee cavalry had captured the up train at Conyers, only ten miles away, and were rapidly approaching the town.

Then ensued a scene of the wildest excitement and dismay. Horses and mules, in fact anything that could pull a vehicle, were hastily harnessed and hitched to whatever would serve as a transport for valuables. But the means

of transportation were inadequate to the demand, so that many were compelled to trust that which they prized most to the carriages with which nature had furnished them. As self-preservation was the motto of the Home Guard and hospital retainers, the road deemed safest was soon filled with a hurrying, pell-mell crowd, on whose faces was written, "escape for thy life," and no angel was needed to hasten their efforts in that direction.

This stampede furnished instances of fright perhaps only surpassed by the famous Bull Run retreat. One man, tall and lank, who was a member of the tribe known as

"HOSPITAL RATS,"

had long attracted attention by his woe-begone, dying-by-inches look and his slow, snail-like pace. The reported proximity of the Yankees infused new life into his veins, and he was soon seen rushing comet-like through the air, his long hair streaming in the wind; and as his reserve force was all brought into play he soon out-distanced all competitors. A lady who had come from Alabama to nurse her wounded husband was looking out at our front door when the racer flitted past, and, in spite of her distress, could not restrain a laugh, while she cried "Look at Duncan! look at Duncan!" But Duncan was gone.

A citizen who was unused to the saddle, and who seemed to think that every addition of motion was an increase of speed, was making frantic efforts to hasten his horse by jumping up and down in the saddle. The horse, being more of a philosopher, and either not afraid of Yankees or unconscious that he was individually interested in the escape, was disposed to take things more deliberately.

Two men, one old and gray-headed, the other a wounded soldier at home on furlough, in a state of reckless frenzy attempted to defend the town, and killed two of the raiders. The friends of the two killed were so enraged that it was with difficulty their officers could restrain them from burning the town. The Yankees affirmed that they had lost two of the best scouts they had in their army, and, of course, two of the citizens must die in retaliation. The old man who fired on the invaders, pierced by bullets, fell on the sidewalk mortally wounded. As he lay gasping in death, his heart-broken daughter kneeling over him, mingling her tears with his blood, they were the objects of ridicule and sport to the group of inhuman sol-

diers ranged around. One of them laughed and said: "Boys, don't she cry?" Another held his hat and suggested that they "catch her tears;" and still another comforted (?) her with the assurance that "if her father had had a thousand lives they would have taken them all;" and to give certainty to the assertion, one of the group walked up, placed the muzzle of his pistol in her father's gray hairs, and

SCATTERED HIS BRAINS ON THE GROUND,

The soldier who fired on the raiders was more fortunate. They made every effort to find him, but were unsuccessful, although he made many hair-breadth escapes during the day. Yankee revenge, however, was not to be cheated. An English resident, who belonged to the State troops, and was at home on furlough, had that morning put his little girl on the train. Hearing that the Yankees had captured it, and not knowing the fate of his child, he grew frantic, and said that he would go to her, or die in the attempt. While waiting at the depot for his horse, the raiders arrived. Unarmed and guilty of no greater offence than having a cartridge box on his person, he was arrested and carried to the woods, ostensibly to be tried by court-martial, but really to furnish another victim for their revenge. Two of the raiders going over to the town met a citizen and inquired: "Who is this man George Daniel?" He, not knowing the circumstances, and hoping to save Mr. Daniel from being taken a prisoner, replied that "he was a citizen and a merchant of the place," which was true before he joined the army. Without another question, simply saying, "We'll have that man to shoot," the two soldiers dashed rapidly away and in a short time the victim of their wrath was left a corpse in the woods just where he fell. His three orphan daughters knew nothing of their sad loss until several hours later a Yankee told some one in town that they "had left a dead Reb in the woods." After a search was made Mr. Daniel's body was found, pale and motionless, but a picture of undaunted bravery.

Of course the raiders tore up the railroad, destroyed the Confederate property, seized all the arms and carried off all of the horses and mules they could find, but, with a few exceptions, did little damage to other property. This raid, however, was followed in a week by Stoneman's, and the raiders carried off and destroyed property as it pleased them. After they had passed we had comparative quiet until the 1st of Sep-

tember, when every heart was filled with consternation by the announcement of

THE FALL OF ATLANTA.

A great many of our citizens at once refugeeed, and as the hospitals had been removed soon after the raids, our town looked deserted, indeed.

"The Yankees are coming!" was the cry that every few days greeted the ears of the people who remained. This report during two months proving false, we had almost concluded that they would vex us with their presence no more. After a night of fancied security imagine our dismay when we learned that Yankee scouts had been in the town while we were sleeping, and that Sherman's whole army had encamped only a few miles from us.

Who can describe our feelings on that morning! All human aid was gone, and we felt as we never had before, that in God only was our "refuge and strength," and we trusted that He would be a "present help." Prayers for personal safety went up to Heaven from the depths of woman's agonized heart, and were heard and answered. Sherman told the mayor, when he asked the conditions of surrender, that he had just issued an order to his troops that everything in the houses was to be respected, but everything out of doors was to be considered "Uncle Sam's." Had all of the citizens been informed of this order, much that was lost might have been saved. As might have been expected, however, the order was not strictly obeyed, and "Uncle Sam's" proved to be the "lion's share." No houses were searched, but anything seen in them that the Yankees fancied was considered theirs by the right of capture, and was seized accordingly. From the conversation of some soldiers, who were appropriating the contents of our store-room, mother learned their orders, and succeeded in bringing some provisions into our dwelling, else we would have suffered for something to eat, as they carried off everything in that line they could get.

The street in front of our house was a moving mass of "blue coats"—infantry, artillery and cavalry—from 9 o'clock in the morning to a late hour at night. All during the day squads would leave the ranks, rush into the house and demand something to eat, seize what they could get, then go to the yard and garden to chase chickens and pull up turnips, and rush to the street again only to be succeeded by others.

When the first squad arrived the chick-

ens were still in their house, so the task of catching them was easy. But when they were turned out, as the Yankees killed them with sticks and clubs, there were many instances of

"DYING GAME,"

worthy of the cause in which they fell. Early in the morning, during a short calm in the storm, my mother secured two fine turkeys from the yard, and slipping them into our house, put them separately in dark closets. The darkness and solitude so awed them that they kept perfectly quiet, and so escaped Yankee rapacity.

Our nearest neighbor locked up one of her turkeys in a large room in the house. The light and noise kept it so uneasy that it paced the floor uttering its "gobble! gobble! gobble!" every few minutes. It proved to be a regular apple of Tantalus to a squad of Yankees in the yard. As it would change its position in the room, and its cry would come from different directions, they would rush from corner to corner of the house, exclaiming "Oh, it's right under here, and I'll have it directly." As their search afforded such amusement to the family, and proved to be so fruitless, they finally gave it up, perhaps deciding that it was either a phantom turkey or the work of a ventriloquist.

How still and calm everything was for a few days after the Yankees had passed!

Not a crow was heard, not a single note, The dawn's dead silence breaking.

A few of our chickens escaped by secreting themselves so far under the house that they could not be reached. But they were thoroughly demoralized. It was a day or two before they reappeared, and then they came to the corners of the house and stretched their necks as if looking for Yankees. Ever after they had a horror of blue pants, as was attested by the fact that every time an old colored man who wore a pair given him by the Yankees would come in the yard they would beat a hasty retreat.

But I must not forget to mention the conduct of a colored girl of ours while the Yankees were passing. She was standing in the yard, viewing with apparent indifference the passing pageant, when she recognized some of her clothing in the hands of a soldier returning to the street. She immediately investigated the matter, and found that they had broken open her house and

were appropriating all that she prized. She soon filled the yard with her

SHRIEKS AND LAMENTATIONS.

A Dutchman in our house at the time inquired, "What's de matter wid dat nigger?"

"Your soldiers," I replied, "are carrying off everything she owns, and yet you pretend to be fighting for the negro."

"Fight for de nigger! I'd see 'em in de bottom of a swamp before I'd fight for 'em," he answered angrily.

The girl was afraid to say anything to the white men, but when she saw a colored soldier wearing her newest style hat her wrath knew no bounds. Going up to him and shaking her fists in his face, she exclaimed: "Oh! if I had the power like I've got the will, I'd tear you to pieces."

Once during the day she was standing by my mother, who was telling a crowd of soldiers that "the Lord would be revenged upon them for their treatment of us."

One of them answered, "Oh, yes; you talk about the Lord now, but there is no Lord for the poor negro when you've got him tied up, giving him six or seven hundred lashes a day."

The colored girl instantly replied, "I've never got that much yit."

He answered, "Oh, you'll tell any lie now," then added, "Will you allow your race to live in bondage all their days when you could be free?"

"Well, of course," she said slowly, "if the whole universal was free I'd want to be free, but I expect to live in the 'Confederick' as long as there's a Rebel."

Later in the day she was standing by the front gate, when a soldier marching down the street said to her, "Oh, yes, the Rebs said we never could get Atlanta, but you tell 'em I say the Yanks can go anywhere."

"Thank God you can't go to Heaven," burst from her lips, while she quickly moved back from the fence.

Stopping a moment and looking as if at a loss what to say, he asked, "Why! do you think you'll get there?"

"I don't know about it," she answered, "if you don't quit coming through here kicking up such a fuss; you won't give me time to pray."

Another Yankee said, "The niggers here are the greatest Reb niggers I ever saw."

"O, yes," she replied, "the farther South you go, the more sense the niggers got."

She was our cook, but it was only

after a great deal of persuading that she could be induced to cook supper for

OUR YANKEE GUARD.

She protested, "Miss Liza, it ain't right to give him vittels that we've had such work to save, when we need it ourselves."

Knowing the strength of my Rebel sentiments, my mother, in those days, had exhausted every argument to convince me of the rashness of expressing them, should we ever again fall into Yankee hands. She succeeded so well in frightening me that for several hours after the arrival of Sherman's army I was so silent that I might have been taken for a probationary disciple of Pythagoras.

"Knitting socks for the Rebs?" elicited no reply, as my sister and I sat quietly knitting from balls whose hearts were gold watches. But alas! when greatly provoked it is hard to preserve self-control, and, after witnessing the depredations of the raiders several days, and when an officer came in and attempted to reconstruct me by arguments to prove the sin of Secession and the certainty of our subjugation, my tongue was loosed and my heart was fired.

During the long controversy that followed, devotion to our cause and fears for my personal safety produced such a conflict of emotions in my heart that I would frequently rise to my feet as some answer to his arguments would come to me seemingly by inspiration; then, at the entreaties of my sister, I would recollect myself, sit down and endeavor to be calm.

At length unable to answer, he rushed from the room, saying, "I see it is no use to argue with you."

"Nor I with you," I called after him, for

"If you convince a man against his will, He's of the same opinion still."

I heard afterward that a soldier went to the house across the street and said to some comrades: "Boys, you had better not go to that house over yonder; there is one of the rankest secesh gals there you ever saw; she used us up, and looked like she might lick us, too, if we didn't mind."

The remark was not very flattering, but still I liked the idea of being thought true to the South.

In the afternoon a young friend insisted so much on my going to the front door with her to hear the music that I consented. When we reached the door

THE BAND WAS PLAYING "DIXIE."

I smiled and remarked to her that "they

must be at a loss for tunes, as they were playing one of ours." If they had heard me they could not have changed the tune quicker to "Yankee Doodle." Taking my friend by the hand, I led her in immediately, saying "We will not listen to that tune." A friend, living several miles out of town, told me that a Yankee officer informed her of the incident, and inquired my name. After the surrender a cousin, who was a prisoner at Point Lookout at the time of "Sherman's march to the Sea," brought me the army correspondent's account of it, clipped from a New York paper. In it there was especial mention made of the Covington ladies. It said:

"They were very pretty and intelligent, but great Rebels. While the bands were playing 'Dixie' they were all smiles, but as soon as they commenced 'Yankee Doodle' they went in, shut the doors and closed the blinds."

But I have written enough about those times of trial. How rejoiced we should be that they are passed. Secession is dead, I hope, never to be resurrected, not even by Massachusetts, which I believe was the first State in the Union to ever threaten it. The animosities engendered by the war are passing away, the last faint traces lingering only in the hearts of those who fought and endured the least. Peace and good will are taking the place of sectional strife. Prominent men from both sides can now meet and amuse each other with accounts of their war experiences. But I must say, I prefer they would not laugh over the number of chickens and turkeys captured by Sherman's army on their march through Georgia. That seems too personal a matter, and with all my reconstructed ideas I have never been able to see any fun in it yet.

The tone of the Northern papers indicate that a better feeling prevails for the South, and the time is coming when no editor can be found "with soul so dead" as to allude in sneering terms to the provision made by the Georgia Legislature for supplying maimed soldiers of the "Lost Cause" with artificial limbs, and complain that no such provision had been made for

THE GEORGIA MULE.

Let our brother in Blue tell of his exploits during the war, but let him feel and express only respect and admiration for those who wore the Grey, and who fought so long and so well for what they believed to be a just cause. And when he speaks of the sin of slavery let him not forget that he once owned negroes himself and that his ships

brought the race from their native land. The North and the South can never be cemented into a real union until each respects the other and is willing to admit that in "the late unpleasantness" each was actuated by love of country and guided by honest convictions of duty. When that day dawns, and the rosy light is even now gilding the eastern sky, giving promise that the last murky cloud will soon pass away, then shall the sun pour his glad beams over a land enjoying a peace and prosperity unknown to the earth before; and as the Stars and Stripes float proudly on the breeze, the salute of every American heart will be:

"Flag of my country, long may it wave!"

No. 68.—The Old Red House on Fort Hill.

(By Mrs. Mary Tucker Magill, of N. Y. City.)

To any one who lived during the war between the States it would be useless to give any description of the little city of Winchester in the Valley of Virginia, but, as a new generation has sprung into existence since that time, it will perhaps be as well to describe it with a few of its classic associations. Winchester is situated near the head of the Valley of the Shenandoah, about thirty miles from Harper's Ferry, so well known as the scene of the John Brown raid, and nearly the same distance from Martinsburg, while Charlestown, where John Brown was hanged, is directly on the turnpike road leading from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. This same turnpike was the great highway for the two armies during the struggle, as it led directly through Winchester up the Valley to Staunton, and the abundant crops of that section formed an important item in the calculation of the South, so during the time these crops were to be gathered the Confederates occupied Winchester as an outpost. In this way the little city became a bone of contention for the two armies. It changed hands eighty times during the four years' struggle and was the field of some of the most exciting battles of the war.

Standing upon the main street of the city, just at the entrance of the town, upon the valley turnpike, indeed—as at this point it entered the town—is the

site of old Fort Washington, built by Washington during the revolution. No remains of the fort exist, but upon one corner of the site now stands a large old-fashioned red brick house with a green yard on either side and a porch opening directly on the street. It was from this point that the writer viewed the war in Winchester, and no better point could have been chosen. Directly upon the crown of old Fort Hill, the top of the house commanded a view of the whole country around, and we—my two sisters and myself—used to call it our Point Lookout. From there we watched the battles on the hills around with such intensity of interest in the wavering and struggling lines of blue and grey that we quite lost sight of any danger to ourselves. I can well understand how soldiers in the fight face danger with such wonderful courage. Intense excitement destroys fear. Gen. Jackson was, of course,

OUR VALLEY HERO, and when he appeared we felt secure that everything was going right, until experience taught us that "the battle is not always to the swift." The bitter trial came to us more than once of seeing our fathers, brothers, sons and friends, with Jackson at the head, knocking at their own doors and driven back by superior numbers, leaving us in the hands of an enemy rendered all the more bitter against us for the struggle made.

Do you want to know how women feel in a beleaguered city when an enemy first comes upon them? Memory brings back a vivid scene. Let me paint it for you: It was about one year after the war began. Winchester had been often threatened but had never fallen; and in our pride we boasted it would stand true to the dear old mother to the end. One bright sunny afternoon the cry was raised that the enemy were approaching on the Martinsburg road. We laughed in derision. The same old story—they will find Jackson there and will turn back. But Jackson himself appeared, riding at full speed. I could draw his picture from memory. He was not a graceful rider—that must be confessed. His body was thrown forward slightly, his knees drawn up and his eagle eye looked into the distance. To see his power you must see his eye.

"Old Jack has his war look on," said one of the party.

The hero was a warm personal friend of ours, and when he saw us he stopped and invited conversation.

"Oh, General!" exclaimed one, "is there really going to be a fight?"

"I think so," was his answer, with his usual quick utterance, then catching sight of some dismayed faces, he added, "not frightened, I hope?"

"A little," confessed one timid spirit, "I am so afraid our men will run."

"I think not, I think not," he said, "but if they do I will call out the ladies."

A general exclamation followed, "They will run at the first fire."

"Never!" exclaimed the hero, with enthusiasm, "a woman never deserts the post of duty. You do injustice to your sex. Only give us your prayers and we will succeed, I am confident. I am ready for them."

"May the God of battles go with you," prayed a lovely Christian woman present. "Through Him you will conquer."

"I know it! I know it!" he exclaimed, wringing her hands, and in another moment he was gone.

But his hopes and ours were destined to another disappointment. The enemy did not advance, but camped a few miles away. That night

GEN. JACKSON

and his faithful cavalry officer, Gen. Turner Ashby, made, in person, a reconnaissance of the position of the foe, and the fact was disclosed that the immense force of the enemy had nearly belted the town.

Only one point of egress was open—that by the valley turnpike—so the fiat went forth that Winchester must be abandoned before morning.

Gen. Jackson was staying at the house of my brother-in-law, and, calling the family together, he told them the sad, inevitable conclusion. He had hoped, he said, to have saved the old place once more, but his duty to his army forbade, and he must leave us. He then gave wise counsel about prudence under our altered circumstances, and was gone before we had time to realize the impending blow.

It was a night of weeping and wailing in our "deserted village;" sad for those who left, and worse still for those who were left behind, as imagination pictured indescribable horrors. The morning dawned on empty streets, and as soon as we could see we went up to "Point Lookout" to inform ourselves as to our situation. How well I remember the sight!—the sun just rising upon an ominously quiet city, not a sound broke the stillness, and the only life in the picture centered in the forms of four men with white bands around their right arms, who were riding towards us upon the Martinsburg road. Our first dreadful thought was that it was the advanced

guard of the hated foe; then we recognized Gen. Ashby, who had remained with a few picked men to see the Yankees enter Winchester. Such a tumbling down stairs you never did see as we did when we were assured of this fact. There was surely not very much heroism in the manner in which we three rushed out into the street—Niobes, all of us.

"What are you doing here still? Has Gen. Jackson changed his mind? Have the Yankees retreated?"

"No," Gen. Ashby said, sadly dashing all hope. He was the rear guard of the Confederates.

Then our tears broke forth afresh.

"Tell our friends," I said, with a dolorous sob between each word, "that—we—are—bearing—it—as—cheerfully—as—we—can."

Gen. Ashby could not help smiling, though he was very sorry for us.

And now there appeared in the distance a shimmer dancing like a heavy dew on the grass, and then each blade of grass brought forth a blue man, and Gen. Ashby slowly retreated before the advancing foe, while we precipitately dashed into the house and closed and double-locked the doors.

The invaders soon came, singing "John Brown's Body;" then formed in front of the old red house on the hill and gave three cheers for the Union, which was answered in the distance by Ashby and his three Confederates with three cheers for the Confederacy.

WINCHESTER HAD FALLEN!

For days no one went out of the houses; no window was opened. The Yankees might have thought they had taken a city of the dead. I must make an exception in favor of the old red house on Fort Hill, for on the second day of the occupation, Gen. Shields took it for his headquarters and we found ourselves crowded into two rooms, while the rest of the house was occupied by the enemy as offices and dwelling rooms. In order to save our silver my mother decided to keep house for them, so we were obliged to sit at the table with them. One privilege accorded us was permission to lock up our front parlor, while the back room served as an office.

Now I am going to confess to an act in connection with this arrangement only authorized by the existing condition of affairs.

G. M. Shields and the bulk of his army went up the valley in pursuit of Gen. Jackson. He told us at the breakfast table, saying with a contemptuous sneer, "Who is this man Jackson you all make such a fuss about? I should like to see

him. He runs whenever I come near him. I am going once more to find him, and if I succeed he will not make more than one meal for myself and my men."

We made very defiant answers. I remember saying to him, "You will sing a different tune when you come flying down the valley pursued by Jackson."

But for all our brave words our hearts were very heavy as we saw the magnificently equipped army start off in pursuit of a few ragged boys. For two days we watched and waited for news. At length an orderly arrived with dispatches. He had all we wanted to know. The temptation was too great and I ran into the front parlor, locking the door behind me, crept under the piano, which we had placed against the folding doors opening between the two rooms, and lying flat upon the floor, put my ear to the crack and heard the news. Shields and Jackson had not met. Jackson still retreated up the valley with his handful of men and Shields was returning in despair.

Relief and mortification in a word! There had been no fight. But Shields would again vaunt us with the remark that Jackson was afraid to meet him. And he did. He was very angry at his failure to bring on a battle and made us feel it. He condescended to visit upon helpless women his own want of success. He told us what was without foundation, that he had fought Jackson and killed and wounded three hundred of his men, and sent him flying and beaten before him. Oh, the agony of the suspense! We did not half believe him, because of my eavesdropping adventure; but the mere doubt, when so much was involved, was terrible. But that was the last day of that trial. Shields left us, having found other quarters more convenient.

A few days afterwards the battle of Kernstown was fought. Jackson received orders to return to Winchester and engage the enemy. The strategic points of this move we did not know till afterwards. Johnston was falling back from Manassas. Shields and Banks, with their large force in Winchester could prevent this by a march of one day across the intervening mountain. Indeed, a large body of troops had already started when Jackson, with his

TWO THOUSAND RAGGED BOYS

came down the valley and offered battle. Oh, how we trembled and triumphed! It was the first cannonading and musketry we had ever heard and few wanted ever to hear it again. We felt as if every explosion sounded the death knell of

some one we loved. But we were confident that Jackson would not fail. We would see them enter in triumph.

Night closed in upon our hopes and fears. We had heard constantly conflicting reports, but we all believed that the Confederates would be in possession in the morning. When I started out at day dawn, however, my heart sank at sight of the blue uniforms in the distance. Then I met a friend wringing her hands and crying, "Jackson's army is cut to pieces; all our soldiers are dead or prisoners; I am just going to look for my boys." She had four sons in Jackson's army.

It was even so. After one of the most gallant fights of the war Jackson had to retreat with heavy loss. But his object was accomplished—the portion of the Federal army which had started to Manassas returned to protect Winchester, and Johnston fell back from Manassas without the loss of a man!

And now I must tell you the story of my banishment from Winchester. When Gen. Shields gave up our house as his headquarters he left a young lieutenant, C., very ill in one of the upper rooms. He had his own nurse and physician, and the understanding was that we were not to have anything to do with him. But during the confusion incident upon the battle of Kernstown his nurse went off taking with him everything of value the sick man had. There were so many wounded in the town that the physician forgot his charge, and we found ourselves obliged to give him the attention he so much needed. This we did faithfully. There was no war beside the sick bed. It was some days before we could get a physician to come, but at last we succeeded, and the robbery was discovered, but not the robber, who was never found. Another nurse was appointed, but my mother watched over the sick man as if he had been her son. His mother, brother and uncle came on to see him and were there for six weeks or more. The battle of Winchester was fought during that time, and we had the delight of seeing

JACKSON ENTER IN TRIUMPH.

He only remained, however, long enough to gather up the immense supply of commissary stores which Banks had left behind him.

We then had three sick men in our house, two Confederates and one Yankee, and our hands were full between them. Soon after the battle of Winchester our sick Yankee was taken home by his friends, but in spite of the difference in politics a warm friendship

had sprung up between us and resulted in a correspondence between Mrs. C. and myself.

Milroy was placed in command of the post of Winchester and our troubles reached their height. He was a low, Western Yankee, with all the will to emulate Butler in New Orleans, with none of Butler's ability. He furnished his headquarters on Main street by pressing furniture from the different residences in the town, giving a certificate that it should be paid for at the close of the war, if the owners should be found to have sustained the characters of "loyal citizens" during the struggle. Of course this was the most useless form, as they did not take the property of "loyal citizens," so-called.

Presently Mrs. Milroy and her children were brought on to share the grandeur of the General. She was a woman not above but below the stamp of a servant. We amused ourselves very much with her general appearance and manners. When she arrived she was much disappointed that her appearance created no military enthusiasm. Putting her head out of the carriage she said: "I'm the wife of *Gener'l* Milroy, why don't you hurrar?" But they still refused to "hurrar."

Mrs. Milroy was much dissatisfied with the quarters provided for her. With all the fine houses the "Rebels" had she did not see why she should be stuck down on Main street in the dust. The result was the seizure of Mr. Lloyd Logan's beautiful house, which was appropriated to the use of Gen. Milroy and his staff as headquarters. Mrs. Logan and her daughters were very summarily disposed of. Mrs. Logan was an invalid, and had been for years. Her husband was away, and she had her three young daughters and two sons with her. Gen. Milroy refused to allow her to take anything out of the house, even a silver spoon with which to take her medicine. He placed a guard over the ladies while they packed up their personal clothing, and then exiled them. As the ladies went down the front steps to take the ambulance Mrs. Milroy and her brood stepped out of a fine carriage and took possession of the house. Of course the community was terribly excited at the outrage, for which there was not even the pretence of an excuse.

It so happened that I had a letter from my friend Mrs. C. to answer, and I determined that I would send her the account of

THE LOGAN OUTRAGE.

I was absolutely in need of an outlet for

my excitement. I did not tell my mother and sisters what I was doing for fear they would disapprove, as it was a very unsafe proceeding in those days to put anything in a letter which could not be seen by the whole world. As the mails were under the strictest surveillance nothing was considered sacred in the rebellious community. I will give an extract from the letter. After sympathizing with her over some troubles confided to me in her last letter, I said:

"And now, before you read farther, I want you to take your Bible, and, turning to the 21st chapter of First Kings, read the chapter, and then listen while I give you a second edition of it from our lives.

"Our Naboth, the Rebel, had a house in a very pleasant garden, where he had surrounded himself with everything which was suitable for the comfort and convenience of his household, and when he went off to the wars he left his wife and daughters well provided for.

"Now it happened that this beautiful house of Mr. Naboth's was hard by the headquarters of Gen. Ahab, then commandant of the post at Winchester, and Gen. Ahab, casting his eyes upon it and remarking its commodiousness, its fair proportions and its admirable situation, desired it with a great desire. Daily would he bend his steps or his horse's steps in the direction of this house, and hourly did he present the question to himself, how would he accomplish his ends? After some time this perplexity and this ungratified desire so preyed upon the mind of Ahab that his countenances showed the traces of his trouble, and he would return from the daily inspection of the coveted possession heavy and displeased.

"Now, what a man lacks in himself he often finds in his wife, and this was the case with Gen. Ahab. Seeing him thus going about daily as under a burden, Jezebel, his wife, went unto him one day and said unto him: 'Why art thou sad, and why eatest thou no supper?' and Ahab answered: 'Because I want the house of Naboth for my headquarters and I cannot get it.' Then said Jezebel unto him: 'Dost thou indeed command the post of Winchester and wantest what thou durst not take? Get up directly and eat thy supper and I will give thee the house of Naboth.'

"So Ahab arose and ate his supper, and committed the cause to Jezebel, confident that she would accomplish her pleasure without assistance.

"Then Jezebel wrote an order in Ahab's name, and sealed it with his seal, and sent it to the captain of his provost guard, saying, 'Take with thee, at an early hour on the morrow, a guard of some dozen men, and go to the house of Naboth, the rebel, and search it diligently; be not sparing of thy patriotic talk, and provoke the women to answer. Report to me when thou returnest.'

"So the captain of his guard did as she had said, and the result was what might have been expected. The words of the women were reported to Gen. Ahab, and he saw in them ample ground for their banishment from the town. So the order was issued, and with a guard over them to see that they took nothing out of the house, the women

proceeded to get themselves ready to start that evening.

"Now, Mrs. Naboth was weak and sickly in body, and the physician had ordered a medicine for her recovery compounded from the fat of the codfish liver. She said unto the captain of the guard, 'Give me one of my silver spoons that I may have wherewithal to take the medicine prescribed for me by my physician.' Then answered the captain of the guard wrathfully, 'Thou wife of a perverse and rebellious man! Thinkest thou that my general will permit thee to take from this house any of the valuables it contains? No! They are carefully confiscated for the rebellion against the best Government in the world. Ahab himself has use for thy silver.' And he hastened away in a rage and gave orders that a closer watch should be kept upon the silver and the gold, the hangings of the windows and the silken garments; lest any of these should chance to go to strengthen the hands of this most wicked rebellion against the best Government the sun ever shone upon."

Having finished and directed this epistle, I took it to the postoffice in a sealed envelope, thinking it was very safe as it was addressed to Mrs. Commodore C. I did not think they would dare to open a letter so addressed. But I reckoned without my host; it was opened as soon as I left the office, and was handed over to Gen. Milroy's special detective, one Purdy by name, who at once set about to trace out

THE REBELLIOUS OWNER

of the initials "M. T. M." Some days elapsed before this was done. I was comfortable in the thought that my friend had received my effusion, when, one afternoon while my sister E. and myself were seated beside the sick bed of our mother there was a loud ring at the door bell. E. answered it and I soon heard her calling me. I went to the parlor and there stood Purdy with my letter to Mrs. C. in his hand. I knew at once that I had no quarter to expect at his hands, and so addressed myself to the task of meeting the consequences of my act as coolly as I could.

Purdy was a tall, lank specimen of humanity, with a ratty expression of eye, as if he was always on the search for food. He knew that he had found it at last. He was not unknown to us even before this episode, as he was continually coming into prominence as the author of some mischief to the community. He boasted that he knew all that went on in every household in Winchester, and, although this was far from being true, there is no doubt that he did have his spies among the negroes, who reported to him and were paid for it.

"I've got a letter here directed to Mrs. C—," said he, as I entered, holding up the document for my inspection.

I held out my hand for it, but he drew it back, saying: "Oh, no! You don't touch this letter, you don't. This letter is of some importance. I hold on to this, I do."

"Oh, well!" I said, trying to be very cool, "I don't care very much about it. I wrote it, and, of course, know the contents."

"You own up, do you!" said my adversary rudely. "Jest as well. I had run you down. Now, what do you think is going to be your punishment for this wicked letter?"

"I suppose I shall be sent to Dixie," I said; "that is not much punishment; you do not make Winchester so charming that we long to say."

"Wall, don't you feel skeared?" he inquired.

"Not very much," I said, most untruthfully, for my heart was trying to get out of my bosom. "One should never be afraid of telling the truth."

"Truth! Why, young woman, this letter is jest a lie from beginning to end."

"How dare you speak that way to me!" I exclaimed, all fear gone in an instant, and feeling the strength of ten men in me.

The man was a coward, and I found that it was the real way to manage him.

I went on excitedly, proving every fact asserted, and he had nothing more to say. I will not repeat the whole conversation. He went away, taking the letter with him, but promising to come back and burn it before me. He did not come until the next morning, when he made his appearance at the door, accompanied by a Yankee with a gun over his shoulder.

I met him at the door.

"Well," he inquired, "how long will it take you to get ready for Dixie?"

"Not many minutes," I answered.

"I have only half an hour to give you," he said.

"Very well," I said, with the utmost calmness. "I shall be ready."

I saw he wanted to shock me into asking a favor of him, and this I would have died rather than do.

Just then my mother appeared upon the scene, weak from illness and nearly fainting from agitation, and my captor took advantage of the situation.

"You see the condition your ma's in," he said; "she aint in no condition for you to leave her. Now if you will just write an apology to Gen. Milroy I'll see that he forgives you and lets you stay."

"And I'll tell you what," I said, every drop of blood in my body at boiling point, "I would not write an

apology to Gen. Milroy to save his or your life. I have said nothing but the truth, and shall never apologize for that."

MY BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER

rose up notwithstanding her weakness and her fears and said: "Bad enough to have to go, but apologize to Milroy, never!"

"Wal," said Purdy, "this man must see you pack your trunk while I go down town."

Off he went, while my guard with his gun followed us to my room and seated himself to watch the operation of packing.

In about ten minutes the redoubtable Purdy returned, and with hat on his head and hands in his pockets marched through the hall and into my room, monarch of all he surveyed.

"Wal," he said, "it's time to be off."

"The time is not nearly out yet," I answered quietly.

"My time is precious and I can't wait for you any longer," said Purdy.

I was kneeling before my trunk, but his tone of insulting power over me brought me to my feet before him.

"I think it is time you understood our position," I said. "You came here to my own house and order me to leave it for an indefinite time, graciously giving me half an hour to get ready. Long before the time is out you come here and order me to leave. Now I tell you I will not leave until I am ready. Let the half hour go. You shall wait my convenience!"

And he did. He sat down sulkily, but did not say another word until he ordered two soldiers in to take out my trunk.

By this time all the neighbors had gathered in, and the scene is painful to remember even now. They were weeping and wailing over the terrible revelation of our utter powerlessness—that this coarse, vulgar man, that these invaders of the sacred soil of Virginia had the power of breaking down the doors of her homes and forcibly taking away one of the inmates, to what further dangers we knew not. And our natural protectors were meeting death far away! But I am simply to give you the incident.

I was put into an ambulance with a guard of twenty-five cavalry around it, and three soldiers inside, and was driven out eight miles from town and there left. And as I stood in the road alone one of the cavalrymen cursed and swore at me. Well, I knew every one in that part of the country and went to the house of a friend; but I dared not stay, as I had received orders not to be found

in the enemy's lines again during the war. And these lines might be thrown forward any time, so I had to be "a movin' on." A little son of the friend in whose house I had taken refuge drove me in an open wagon to Woodstock, a distance of eighteen miles; from that point some one drove me a few miles further, and so at last I got into

THE CONFEDERATE LINES

and went to Richmond, where my friends were. I used to return to Winchester whenever the Confederate army went back and always took care to leave with them. Once I had to escape on horseback and rode sixty miles, but I was never in the Yankee lines again till Richmond fell. I got a position in the examining office of the commissary department, where there were about sixty ladies, from all parts of the South, many of them exiles from their homes as I was, all sufferers in the same cause. If these pages should reach the eye of any of these co-workers I would say to them that the memory of those days, with their anxieties and their strange experiences, have never faded from my mind and memory. The Confederacy is folded away out of sight, but like our dead treasures it holds the most sacred place in my heart.

I might multiply interesting incidents of my life during these four years, but time will only allow for two stories, which will close my sketch. During Gen. Jackson's occupation of Winchester, in November, 1862, after the bloody battle of Antietam, when the town was used as a field hospital, the market-house, courthouse, warehouses and private houses were full, and even along the streets the sufferers lay, affording a moving picture of the horrors of war. The rapid transitions of the army had rendered it impossible to supply the sick and wounded with such comforts as they needed. A pallet of straw and coarse army fare was the lot of all, no matter of what condition or rank.

In this state of affairs it may be inferred that the ladies of the town were not backward in their efforts to supply, so far as their means allowed, what was lacking, and when these resources were exhausted they still gave their time and services. Night and day found them in attendance upon the poor sufferers. They even took the hospitals under their entire charge, and with all their energies and affections strove to mitigate the sufferings they could not prevent.

But an obstacle occurred which threatened to be serious. Our shoes wore out and there was not a shoemaker out of

the army. We could not go to the hospitals even in bare feet, and it was rapidly approaching the stage when that alternative was to be considered. In this emergency it was suggested that a shoemaker might be detailed from the ranks to supply our wants. Acting upon this idea the writer, as representative of her companions, wrote Gen. Jackson upon the subject, in which she took the ground that although nature and custom excluded women from more active participation in scenes of warfare, yet were they, in pursuing their walks among the sick and suffering, and relieving the destitute, as truly the soldiers of the South as the men, and as such their absolute wants should be supplied. A definite request was then made, that Sergeant Faulkner, a young tradesman of the town, might be detailed to make shoes for the ladies. Gen. Jackson sent the following reply:

A LETTER FROM GEN. JACKSON.

NOVEMBER 14, 1862.

"My Dear Miss Mary: Your application of the 12th inst. has been received, and be assured that if I had the authority it should be granted. But whilst I have no authority for making a detail for such purposes, yet, if Sergt. Faulkner applies for a leave of absence and it receives the approval of the intermediate commanders, I will regard it not only as duty, but it will be a pleasure to grant it. Be assured that I feel a deep and abiding interest in our female soldiers. They are patriots in the truest sense of the word, and I more than admire them. Please give my kindest regards to your dear sisters and inimitable mother, and believe me your much attached friend,
T. J. JACKSON."

The following day the Confederates evacuated Winchester, the Yankees came in and shoes were plentiful.

Now for my last incident.

A few weeks before the close of the war a large audience assembled in the negro Baptist Church, on Broad street, Richmond, to hear some patriotic addresses upon the situation. A gentleman spoke most eloquently and forcibly upon the emergencies of the times, and fired my patriotic heart to the very core. Amongst other things he said:

"When the women of the South are ready to do as the matrons of Rome did—throw their ornaments of gold and silver into the treasury and redeem the Confederate bonds—the Confederacy will be safe."

That once turned over in my mind a list of my treasures. Sadly small it was. Of jewels not one was left. But I had two beautiful pieces of silver—a legacy from my grandmother. Surely they could not be better applied, so the next morning I sent them down to the treas-

urer, and two weeks after the Confederacy fell.

Some months later I was travelling from Washington and met the Richmond orator. I told him the circumstances, how his eloquent tongue had wiled away my treasures, and he promised that he would consider it a debt from him to me—and it has continued ever since.

No. 69.—Talks with the Children.

(By Mrs. W. A.)

Now, children, before the gas is lit, let us enjoy a quiet chat around this bright wood fire. It reminds me of the war times. Tell you about those days? Very thankful were we when we could have such bright fires as these of oak and pine. Then, for a long time, we had no other light at night for our sewing, knitting, reading and writing. Even splinters of "fat lightwood" were very precious. Carefully, too, we gathered large pine burrs and dry corn cobs which blazed brightly, though lasting but a few minutes.

Was corn scarce then? Oh yes. I ask you when you are enjoying nice syrup or butter with your batter cakes and biscuits, and meat or milk with your hominy or rice, to think of the times between '63 and '65 when it was difficult for the refugees, especially, to get food. Your own great-grandmother and aunts and many others at the last, for, I dare not say how long, lived on the plainest cornbread and cowpeas for breakfast, dinner and supper, with only water to drink. Yet they never had better appetites or health, and patiently and cheerfully they endured these privations.

At last, in the district near the mountains, where they had fled for refuge from the shelling of the city, each year their house rent was doubled, and neither cowpeas or corn could be bought or borrowed. They would not borrow if they could, because there was no prospect of being able to return. At this time I came from another part of the State to visit them, and try to persuade them to move again to another district, where food could be bought, where a comfortable house was offered to us, and where, together, we would be nearer our soldier boys. You know they were

all in the army—sons, brothers and uncles.

Meanwhile, however, corn must be found, for, besides our large white family, our servants and their seven children depended on us for food. We heard that on a farm, twelve miles off, on the railroad, a negro had corn to sell, and the next morning my sister A. and myself, after earnestly seeking help and guidance from our Heavenly Father, started at daybreak with all the money we had in our pockets—fifty dollars. Some

ADVENTURES WE HAD ON THE WAY.

It was bitter cold when we started, the ground frozen hard, but soon the sun shone forth brightly. My mother thought it so improbable that we would succeed, she said that if she had a purse of gold she would offer a grain of gold for every grain of corn that we would find. We replied, "We can but try, and fancy ourselves the sons of Jacob going down into Egypt to buy corn." The first place we stopped at we fortunately asked, before the train went on, how far we were from Mr. L.'s farm. We were told, "three miles only." Preferring to go by steam to going afoot, we stepped on again, alighted at the right station the next time, and walked to the nearest residence, Col. G.'s, where we were treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness.

Mr. L.'s house was pointed out to us not far off, and soon meeting the mistress we inquired if we had been rightly informed that one of her negroes had corn to sell.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I think he still has some of his own crop he can spare. I'm sorry ours is all engaged, or sold. I'll call Jack and you can make your own bargain with him."

No bargain had we to make, as we were too glad to get the corn, and at any price. Jack soon came in and agreed to sell us all he had left at the market price, ten dollars a bushel. We paid him fifty dollars without seeing the corn, he promising to send it to us by the next day's train, which he did.

Jack's mistress kindly insisted on our dining with her. While we waited she told us how she had contrived to dye the beautiful shade "Solferino" pink. She was knitting

A VERY PRETTY HEAD-DRESS

of wool yarn of her own spinnings and dyeing. You want to know how she did it? I'll give you her own words, as I remember them:

"Just take a good, large, ripe pumpkin; have your yarn and pokeberry

juice ready, cut a good piece of the stalk end of your pumpkin, scoop out the seeds, leave the threads and juice, mix in your pokeberry juice, pack your yarn well in, put back the piece you had cut off the pumpkin and let it soak all night."

About the copperas added afterwards I do not remember so clearly; but bring me my old album receipt book. Ah! here is the identical receipt; also many more copied by A. You see here they are: For yellow, sassafras; for drab, kalmia or dwarf laurel; willow bark for slate color in cotton, and blue-black in wool or linen; red oak bark for chocolate-brown; white oak bark for lead color; pine bark for slate color; sweet gum bark also dyed cotton dove color; the seeds of Guinea corn dyed wool lead color.

How did I lose so many leaves from this book? During the war, when writing paper could not be bought, I cut them out and used them for letter writing. Our envelopes we made often of brown wrapping paper, and turned and returned them.

But—to return to Jack's mistress. The train in due time stopped for us, and with glad, grateful hearts we returned home. From these good people at P. and their negroes my mother and sisters and their household received many kind tokens, letting them buy vegetables, &c., until they moved in the following winter. But you are tired and it is your bed time. Good-night.

The Second Evening's Talk.

Of our life at the dear "Old Place" in D. District, where the invaders came upon us, we will talk to-night. As to the house, it was a comfortable dwelling of wood, two stories high, with seven rooms and a spacious piazza extending across the entire front. It was pleasantly situated on high ground about a hundred yards from the road, among superb oaks, and a deep, rapid water course ran at the back, far beyond the out-buildings, which were a kitchen, smoke and other out-houses. The vegetable garden was near the dwelling; beyond were well filled corn cribs. The main road forked, a few rods beyond the front fence, and near this fork stood the gin-house, quite a long building, and the cotton screw beside. Our nearest neighbors were a mile off. On the farm lived several families of faithful negroes, belonging to the owner of the place—Entrim, Derry and Lambs, with their wives and children. The children attended our home Sunday-school. Our family

connections with their master and mistress secured their devotion to us in every day life as well as when the enemy came.

Here I must tell you, my dear children, of our ladies' private prayer-meetings. What comfort we found in them! Once a week about a half dozen ladies of several denominations met with us. We met to pray for our country, especially for our loved ones far away exposed on the battlefield, and for ourselves. Never can I forget your other grandmother's petition to God to spare us, if possible, from the invasion of our homes; "yet if the enemy were permitted to cross our thresholds, to soften their countenances towards us, to give us courage, patience and wisdom, and send us peace in due time."

Another noble Christian woman of that little circle encouraged us by her example of patience and fortitude. Her husband had been wounded and captured. For months she had not heard from him, and fervent and eloquent were her supplications for him, and her prayers that kindness might be shown him. The petitions were signally answered.

In February, '65, we were almost cut off from communication with our dear ones in the army. Frequently soldiers on furlough passed by, and from these rumors reached us that Sherman's army had entered South Carolina, and,

BURNING, PILLAGING AND DESTROYING everything in its progress, would sweep through the D. district. At first we did not believe these reports. Friends, however, advised us to secrete provisions, silver, watches, jewels and all valuables. Do you wish to hear how and where we tried to hide these things? I will try to make the long story as short as I can.

First, I must tell you to remember that Aunt M. and your mamma were married during the war, when it was almost impossible to get nice clothes, and then only at enormous prices. You know how plain a Neapolitan straw your mamma's wedding bonnet is, (it is one of the few things saved,) and yet it cost forty dollars trimmed only with thin sarcenet. A relative in England had sent her a box of substantial things. Only a part had been used, as we did not get them until after the wedding, and the remainder were repacked in a box and put into the storeroom. Precious were its contents—linen sheeting, huckaback towelling, envelopes, buttons, spool cotton, tapes, &c. Your mamma's best things, bridal gifts, velvet cloak, broché shawl, &c., with my diamond

ring and precious cornelian seal, were put into a trunk, which the enemy dragged from its hiding place and robbed of its entire contents, excepting a small pair of scissors with chased gold handles, which, having slipped under the lining of the bottom of the trunk, they did not see.

Our tea set, spoons, forks, &c., watches, and some jewels, we put into a deep tin can—once used for lard—with a cover, and buried and saved it—how, you will hear presently. Your Aunt M. buried her silver and so forth in the garden and planted corn over it. Undisturbed, it there remained until the corn was several inches high. Every article of clothing, towels, &c., left in our trunks, bureaus and wardrobes, and even the week's wash in the wash kitchen, was stolen by the Federals. Some things they gave to the servants, who brought them back to us—among these, my work-box here, your large English wax doll, L., and my mother's black silk shawl. For our servants' sake, as well as our own, we knew it was best not to let them know when or where we hid anything before the enemy came; for they would be

FORCED TO BETRAY US.

Now about our silver. In our employment was a most faithful hired man, well named Excel. He belonged, with his family, to a gentleman living about twelve miles from us. One cold, bright afternoon, when we thought Excel was off in the woods gathering fuel, your great-grandmother and I, each carrying a bundle under our shawls, went to the garden, and put them into a deep tin can we had buried under some brush the day before. Not knowing why we had not asked him to help us, and unseen by us, Excel had followed. As we were hastening to cover our valuables a voice startled us, for a moment only.

"Missis," the voice said, "you better not hide the stuff in sich a place. Yankee sure to fine out. Lemme tote it, can and all, to a better place, off yonder, down by de water edge."

We did not hesitate or exchange a word.

"Yes, Excel," my mother replied, "you are right, and I'll go with you to know the spot, or we may not be able to find it afterwards."

Over the rail fence she climbed, Excel helping her, and having easily removed the tin can, they disappeared down the hill beyond the barn. All that can contained was saved. Excel buried it in a sure place indeed. As a slight token of our appreciation of his honesty and good-

ness, a few months after this I marked his name on one of the teaspoons, and presented it to him. It is said that some have tried to buy it from him, offering him more than its sterling value, but he will not part with it.

After leaving my mother and Excel I went back to the house. The sun had set, and I gave the children (one of them the mother of you younger ones) their supper of cold cornbread and sweet milk and they went to bed. Soon after my mother came in, followed by Excel.

After a few moments reflection and consultation with my sisters and self, we said to Excel: "Now, Excel, when the enemy comes, and that will be soon, you will be cross-questioned about where our watches and silver are hidden. We do not want you to be tempted to tell a lie, or to suffer. We know that you would not betray us, unless forced to do so. The best plan for us all is this, for you to go back home to your old master and misses. When the enemy meets you there and questions you, you can truly say you don't know, for your owners have already hidden their things. We must try to do without you 'till this trouble is over."

Excel obeyed, and it proved to be a wise course.

Frances, Derry's wife, also saved a small box of precious things, which we entrusted to her, and which she hid or buried under the nest of

ONE OF HER SETTING HENS.

Daddy Laurens, Nellie's husband, tried to save another parcel of value by throwing it down the well. Then, while the Yankees were approaching the well, he saw it floating. In dismay he reached it with a rake, and brought it to me, saying: "See 'em comin' up now, Missie! Gie 'em back to this nigger. While you de talk to de Yankee, I run roun', creep under de house and shove 'em under de bottom step where you stan' now." So he did, and saved a very precious parcel.

Poor old Daddy! freedom did not help him much, and he is dead and gone. As another negro said to me a few days ago, "I was freer 'fore dey free me dan now. My massa neber let me want for anything. Now to keep head 'bove water I work, work from mornin' to nite."

But to return to old Daddy L. He and his family were shamefully treated when the Federals came. Some rushed into the kitchen and helped themselves to his nice new overcoat and a fine razor his master had brought him from England, taking all his wife's and children's best things, even "de good luck money." "I hide um always clean down in de

bottom of de chest. Dey jes' tun ebery ting bottom side up, mam! Lo, de stock-in' 'wid de chillum good luck money cum fuss. Dey grab dat."

What's the good luck money? In those days and always before the war, before they were taken from us, when a little negro was born its mistress gave the mother all the clothes it needed, and the members of the white family went to wish the mother joy with her new baby and see it, each giving it a silver coin, which the mother called its "good luck money," and kept carefully. Thus Nelly had six or seven of these collections almost sacredly preserved. Old Daddy L. said to me the morning after hiding the parcels under the front steps: "Not much use, mam, fur hide frum dem Yankee. Dey done tell we dey got machine like compass; stick em in de groun an ee pintstrate whar dey bury de watch an de silver an de gole."

But enough for to-night.

The Third Evening's Talk.

You ask, dear children, how we hid our meat? Through the merciful dealings of our Heavenly Father, in January and February of that last year of the struggle we had been able to provide an ample supply. In our strong smoke-house the ceiling was closely hung with well cured hams, sides, shoulders and jowls. Our friends advised us to hide as much of it as we could, at the same time to leave enough to satisfy the enemy in his demands when he came. But where and how to hide meat was a difficult problem for us to solve. If buried, the disturbing of the earth would be seen and betray us. Hear how others did: An old woman not far from us hung her meat on saplings she bent down, and then they straightened. Creatures who steal from women and helpless children never dare to look up, and she saved her meat. Another woman threw her meat out, scattering it recklessly about the yard and road, and sprinkled it lightly with flour. When the Yankees came and asked what it meant, she said, "Rough fellows have been along here stealin' my meat and sprinklin' somethin' on it they call strychnine." They did not take any of that meat.

"But you have not yet told us how you hid yours, grandmother."

We too used a strategem, after failing in another effort, and saved some. Yet, oh what toil before it was done. Necessity is the mother of invention. This we proved. Now listen. We could not, for reasons obvious, let our servants know where we hid anything. Two of

our little black girls slept in one of our bedrooms. We had found that there was an empty small room over the pantry—entered only through a window by a ladder from the yard. Here we thought would be the best hiding-place for our meat. Your Uncle F. was at home on a furlough to be married. He could help us. The moon shone brightly, and after the children and servants were all asleep we worked nearly all night removing as many pieces as we could from the ceiling of the smokehouse to this upper-room, Uncle F. taking them down, and we helping him to carry them piece by piece as quietly as possible across the yard. Then he climbed the ladder, we handed the pieces of meat to him, and he put them down in the room as noiselessly as possible.

Now, can you imagine our dismay, in the morning, when the little girls Maria and Rosie came grinning and giggling to us with this speech, "Unna (you all) tink we ain't see you movin' de meat out o' de smokehouse las' nite, an' hide um in dat leetle room? We yeddie (hear) all de time, an' we git up an' see in de moonlite!"

HERE WAS A DILEMMA!

All that meat we had to put back in the smokehouse and contrive another hiding-place quickly. This happened before we sent Excel away. Not far from the smokehouse there is still a wide, deep place in the yard from which, years ago, clay had been dug for mortar when the house was built. Weeds had covered the sides and bottom. We got Excel, in the night, to dig a pit in the middle of the smokehouse and sink into it a box about four feet square and three feet deep. The earth removed was carefully scattered into the pit in the yard and did not look suspicious. Some of us directed Excel and some remained by the sleeping children, watching, to prevent their slumbers (especially Maria's and Rosie's) being disturbed. We packed the box with hams and some of the other best pieces, leaving more than half of our supply hanging to the ceiling for the coming foe, and also because it was impossible for us to conceal any more. Putting the lid on the box, which was a few inches below the surface of the earth-floor, we packed the earth on it as tightly as we could. The next question was, how were we to conceal this part of the smokehouse? We replaced two heavy-bench-like frames (used to stand upon to reach the meat) right over this soft earth, and they more than covered the place. Your mothers, children then,

had gathered a quantity of walnuts, which were in two barrels, under the shelves of the smokehouse. We now emptied the barrels, and scattered these nuts conspicuously, hoping that after the fatigue of so much stealing in taking the meat they would sit on the benches, and rest and divert themselves, cracking nuts with the butt end of their guns. I saw them do it! They did not discover the buried box, but helped themselves to almost every piece from the ceiling. The mere recital is wearisome. Children, you must rest now. To-morrow evening I hope to answer your question—how the enemy came, and how we met him?

The Fourth Night's Talk.

Sherman's raiders were in our home and all over our premises and neighborhood six days—from February 26 to March 3, in 1865. The rumors of their coming in a large, lawless body, burning and destroying everything as they rushed along, caused us great anxiety and fear for weeks before the storm burst upon us. Any sound in the night would alarm us, rousing us with cold chills. How fervently we prayed that they might not come in the night! They did not. The weather was very cold, and yet we were advised to put out our fires and keep the house dark, which we sometimes did, but not often. We had given all our blankets to the soldiers—using cotton comforts and quilts and our shawls. Our worsted curtains, too, had all been cut up into shirts for our defenders. The linings of our chintz curtains made dresses for our little girls, (your mammas and Aunt L.) and the linings of your great-grandmother's drawing-room furniture covers were made into under-garments for her little negroes. So we had few curtains, and the house was without outside shutters.

Sometimes the dread of the coming invaders was as terrible and distressing as facing them! Our only refuge was in God, our Saviour. Three times a day we met for family prayer excepting when the foe was in the house. Then, I may safely say, every breath was silent prayer or praise, for mercy was mingled through it all. When we seemed to be in the valley of death a divine support and strength was given to us which more than compensated for the fiery trials. Remember this, my children. Another great mercy was that we were able to subdue hate and a spirit of revenge towards these foes—yes, even when they were burning and destroying our goods. Continually the teachings of our Lord, about how we must treat

our enemies, came to my mind, and when they were acting so shamelessly the words of the hymns and psalms learned in childhood seemed to be breathed into our souls, one in particular—

"When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine."

Fill your memories with sacred truth. But to return: Our good friends and neighbors had advised us, when the promised signal of the near approach of the enemy was received by us, to send the little girls with their aunt (a bride—the bridegroom returned to his post in the army) to the house of our friends, Col. and Mrs. L., three miles distant from us, and they would send them and their daughters and the mamma of you older ones and her babe, your brother, to a friend's house in C. District, to a more remote place of concealment. Each child had a bag containing as many garments as she could carry, which were saved. Three miles of

THE FLIGHT WAS AFOOT.

The evening of February 25, just before supper, a horseman rode up rapidly, and shouted, "Send off the children before night. The enemy is only six miles from here. You will see the Yankees in the morning."

Some of them can remember that hurried home-leaving, their absence for more than a week, and their remarkable preservation.

When the children on foot and laden reached Col. L.'s, some of the girls and the young mothers with their babes had left in the carriage. Our girls waited there, kindly cared for until the next day, when they and our friend's youngest daughter started off to the place previously agreed upon, a negro woman's house only a mile off, where Col. L.'s man Randolph met them with a mule and a little wagon. Then off they went for Mr. C.'s at 2 o'clock, to drive twelve miles—four little girls! When at sunset they reached Mr. J.'s they were told that their sisters had gone and they must follow, for the enemy were near by and part of the army would cross the main road in an hour. They must hasten, therefore, before they came to join their older sisters at Mrs. G. B.'s.

To add to their terror Randolph turned back to replenish his canteen. He was a kind hearted creature, but not a member of the temperance society. He told the children to drive on, which they did, and he soon followed, but not before they were met by two Federal soldiers with swords and guns and armed to the teeth, who stopped them, and asked

whether they could get horses at the place the girls had just left. The soldiers also advised them to drive on, for in an hour the army would cross the road. They did and passed seven Yankee camp fires. Randolph's loud talk and the clank of his canteen seemed to startle the soldiers, for frequently fires were suddenly covered. They were needlessly afraid of Confederates in ambush. Randolph, on a Bible I had given him sometime before this, promised me to take good care of your mamma on that flight. His word was faithfully kept. He conducted them through those woods to their destined place of safety by midnight, where they met their older sisters and friends.

In the morning Randolph returned to Col. L. to meet the foe, who robbed that well-furnished house of everything they wanted. All the flour saved out of many bushels was a small bagful Mrs. L. had

HIDDEN IN THE BABY'S CRADLE.

There a horseman pranced his steed up the piazza steps and pointing his pistol with finger on the trigger right at your Aunt M.'s forehead, he said: "You are the woman who hid the stuff here; produce it or!"

She fixed her eyes upon him and said: "I am not. I am a guest here."

His arm dropped and he backed out, but years of suffering have followed from the shock this scene gave the nervous system of your Aunt, as you know, even until now.

Let us now go back to the old place and listen while I tell you some other things which happened to us. After the children and Aunt M. were sent off only my mother, your Aunt A. and myself remained with the servants. We three retired that night, but had other thoughts than sleeping and dreaming. We remained together up-stairs until morning, which dawned sleety and cold. From the front window I soon saw Sambo walking from his quarters rapidly towards our front gate with a thick roll in his hand, which he presented to me, as I met him in the piazza, saying, "Dey comin' fur true, mam. I dun meet 'um. See wha dey trow way! I pick 'um up for you all. You aint hab so much writin' paper sence dis war broke out. Dey ax me all sort o' ting 'bout de people livin' in dis house an' I gie 'um you pedigree."

What the faithful creature meant by this term I never could exactly discover.

Looking down the road he said hurriedly, "Here dey come—three on mules. I gwine," and off he went, leaving the roll of foolscap paper for us.

The three mounted Federals now rode up and stopped at the gate. The foremost did not dismount, and, as I looked at him, the first thought was that your dear, good grandmother's petition was granted: "If they are allowed to cross our thresholds, may their countenances be softened towards us." This man remained quietly in his saddle outside the gate, while the others,

WHO WERE ILL-LOOKING MEN,
hitched their mules to the fence palings and came very hurriedly up the steps, passing me and going into the hall towards the stairs.

I said to them, "If you want food, come and get some here on the breakfast table. Do not alarm my mother, an old lady, up there in her bed-room."

On they rushed, and my mother met them.

"Who are you? what do you want?" she asked.

"We are Yankees, foraging and searching for firearms," was the reply.

There she stood, while they rumaged around, finding only her shawl to steal.

Meanwhile we, down-stairs, offered the best food we had to the man at the gate, who took it and ate as he slowly rode off. One of the others also took the meat and bread which I handed to him; the other threw his on the ground after receiving it from me, and asked for flour. I told him to follow me to the storeroom in the basement, where I divided our bag of meal with him, lending him a bag, which he promised to return, but did not.

Scrutinizing the few things in the storeroom, keeping his eye on the English box of dry goods, he said, "You ought to hide anything you value, for there are some rough men coming here soon."

"I'd like to know where we could hide anything from you Yankees," I replied.

He said nothing, but left.

Before we could take any breakfast they came in numbers, not only alarming but bewildering us by their wild, excited way of rushing in and out of every room, opening and emptying every drawer, trunk and bureau, closets and wardrobes, injuring and destroying the things they did not take, or else scattering them along the road. See this photograph of your Uncle G., torn in half and the frame broken off—smashed on the mantelpiece. They gathered every

BIBLE AND HYMN BOOK

they could find, took them out of doors and tried to burn them all up. A handsomely bound hymn book was burned

away to this Psalm—the 60th—so often sung in our daily prayer-meeting in Columbia:

"Lord, Thou hast scourged our guilty land;
Behold Thy people mourn."

My mother's fine copy of the New Testament and my Bible were picked up at the spring, just where the fire stopped.

My mother had in her drawer skeins of fine white thread. These they knotted together in a most curious manner, cut them half-way through alternate strands, so as to make the thread entirely useless, and then threw it out on the road. See this piece which I picked up and kept as a curiosity. My mother's caps they crushed as small as an egg, and crammed them into the corner of her bedstead. Window curtains they tore down, plaiting threes together tightly, like ropes. Her carefully kept envelopes, turned and returned, they scattered over the floor and trampled on them. Here is one of her visiting cards, also so treated. See the marks of their boot-nails on it.

But you have had too long a story tonight, so let us wait until another evening to talk about the burning of the gin-house. Good night, darlings. Be thankful for peace.

The Fifth Night's Talk.

We well remember the big old gin-house on the road, a little beyond the dwelling house, and the screw, too, by the gin-house. Why do they call it a gin-house? Gin is only a quaint abbreviation of engine—the machinery for separating the seeds from the lint in cotton.

The morning of that day of terror and exhaustion, entering the dining room I opened my mother's Testament and Psalms, and the words which met my eyes were, Phil. iv., 11-12, and especially the thirteenth verse: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I feasted upon the truth they conveyed and closed the book, dwelling on the words as I placed bread and meat on the table. Just then my mother entered the room, opened the Testament, read a few moments to herself, then remarked, "This is a very precious verse for us," reading aloud the same. Then the colored children came in, as usual, for family worship, which was scarcely finished when several Federals rode up, alighted, hitched their horses, and tramped towards the house. We sent our black boy, Bob, who was rather weak-minded, to ask what they wanted. He soon came back followed by one of

the intruders, who said to us, sharply, "Deliver up your firearms!"

"We have nothing but a harmless little pocket pistol, which is out of doors in the rabbits' house."

"Produce it! and also the revolver that boy says you have hid."

"I am sure I have no revolver to hide!"

"But Miss M. got rewoolver, ma'm," Bob said; "I see 'er hide one in de wad-robe up stars."

"And I'll get it quick enough," the Yankee responded, and then said to me excitedly, "Give me yours, quick!"

"You need not be in such a hurry," said I, "I'll get it."

He followed me out to the rabbits' house and I took the pistol out and handed it to the warrior, telling him I valued it for tender associations.

"It's of no use, sure enough," he said, and threw it under the steps leading to the piazza.

The yard was now filled with Federals, one of whom picked the pistol up and put it into his pocket. I only looked at him in silence.

The other Yankee, meantime, had gone up-stairs and found Miss M.'s revolver, and had also appropriated many other articles from our bureaus, which till then we did not know could be called

"FORAGE" OR "FIREARMS,"

and therefore did not try to hide—embroidered Canton crape shawls, silk dresses, books, photographs, letters, &c. Your Uncle F.'s beaver he clapped on his head, and it proved a mark by which we knew him as the thief who made our colored servant Scipio strip off his pants in the yard, and putting them on, left his old pants for Scipio.

"What have you done with them, Scip?" we asked, when he came in.

"Dey mos' done burn up by dis time mam," he replied, indignantly. "See yonder, blazin' under de cow (peas) pot whar I poke 'um wid a long stick. What I want wid he old greasy pantaloons?"

"Why did you put on your best Sunday pants, Scip?"

"To save um from de Yankee mam; aint you know how dey tek pa obercoat and everyting in maan pa room dey kin lay dere han pon. I nebber tink dey gwine do dis 'ere way, nebber. Look at dat Yankee, dat same Yankee now, mam."

There he was with your aunt's beautiful guitar slung across his shoulder, tying a rope around the neck of our pet dog "Breton" and taking him off. We were thankful that he did not hang him. Away he strutted with his spoils of war.

All this took place in less time than the recital requires. One band of raiders had scarcely left when a fresh set came. Many came, as by magic, over the back fences. In an interval of their absence Frances, Derry's wife, came in and asked what she could do for us.

"Put this string of new towels around your waist, under your frock, Frances, and try to save them for us. They are very valuable. There—that will do nicely. You do look like a barrel—not too heavy. They will help to keep you warm this cold day, and the Yankees do not know you are not so stout as you look now."

We could not help laughing she looked so funny and so pleased. But she saved them all for us.

At this time my mother and sister, in other rooms, were trying in vain to restrain the plunderers. Time fails to rehearse these vexatious details, so vividly remembered. Tell you more? Well, in our guest-room we had a deep tin case with a cover, hasp and padlock. In this was a bag of infant's finest embroidered garments and a morocco case containing a beautifully chased silver fish-knife and fork, the latter of which was too long for the case in which we had put the buried silver; also new boots from England for the children, a small bag of coffee and letters and papers of value. Seeing

SOME OF THE YANKEES

going into this room, in which there were also several trunks of clothing, I followed them and opened the tin case for one who was ready to burst it open, as they did the trunks, had I not unlocked it. Why did we not also unlock the trunks? We did, but one of them amused himself with locking them up and carrying off the bunch of keys. As I opened the tin case he seized the bag of coffee.

"That is all we have," I said, "and we keep it for the sick. Will you not leave us some?"

I spread an apron (can see it now) on the bed, and poured about a pint of the coffee into it, when another raider, who was behind me, clutched it and crammed it into his coat pocket. I only looked at him, turning back to the coffee-man, who was now deep in the box and in a moment after had my morocco case opened in his hands.

I asked him what he was searching for?

"Firearms, and we are foraging."

"But," I replied, "that is not a pistol and we have no firearms."

"We will see about that," he retorted, quickly closing the case of silver and

pushing it down into his overcoat pocket.

I said no more to him, wondering if he would also steal my baby's clothes.

He did "see about" the silver and everything else there, for we never saw them again. One pair of the children's new boots your Aunt A. saw hung by the string on a young soldier's arm.

"Well," she said to him. "I could not have believed that an Irishman would steal from another Irishman's child."

"What do you mean? How do you know that I am an Irishman?"

"By your brogue. Those boots belong to the grandchild of an Irishman and you have taken them!"

"Here, take your boots," he said, abashed.

My sister hung them over her arm, but they were taken off by another raider a few moments after.

Enough for the present. I left the room too tired to attempt more pleading with those lawless men who were searching the trunks and stealing and scattering the contents. Did they steal those beautiful baby clothes which came from Paris? Yes, and those left were torn or trampled with loose papers and letters over the floor. Worst of all, they stole locks of hair of our departed loved ones. Good-night.

The Sixth Night's Talk.

We did not leave the dining room for several nights. Alternately we rested on that sofa now in your parent's parlor, but did not sleep. Your Aunt A. read aloud Clark's Scripture Promises, and we cast out our four anchors, faith, patience, hope and love, and waited for the day. After family worship we put all the food we had on the table—a large side and a shoulder of boiled bacon, corn-bread and milk. Before there was time to taste breakfast, Mareea, the wife of one of the field-hands and an excitable woman, came screaming and tossing her arms wildly about her head, "Dey comin', dey comin' mam, again. An dey's bunnin' down all de houses, ebery ting in ee' track. De woods is full uf ladies flyin' fur dere life! Put on all de clothes you got an' run!"

We made due allowance for Mareea's fright, but her advice about putting on extra clothing we followed, and tried to keep calm. In a few moments two horsemen, in Confederate clothing, rode up to the gate. Alarmed beyond expression for their safety, we ran down to them with entreaties to turn their horses and fly for their lives, as the enemy was at hand. In a moment a

yell, as if from a band of wild Indians, rent the air—then volley after volley of shot—and right past us rushed a troop of Yankees, dashing like hungry tigers after the two Confederates. Death seemed inevitable, and we poor women shut the gate, and right there dropped on our knees and besought our Heavenly Father to save our "Boys in Grey." It seemed as if a whole regiment of cavalry, yelling and firing, raced past us. Waiting there to see what would happen next, or to receive, perhaps, wounded men, we noticed that some of the pursuers slackened the speed of their animals and turned back. Our men had escaped; unhurt, too, as we heard afterwards.

Now, some of the Yankees, disappointed in their prey, pranced up to us. We were standing just within the gate, and they demanded "those other Rebels" we were hiding.

"The idea! Our men and boys are all in the field."

As we then supposed, we told them that those men were probably scouts from a part of our army not far off.

Soon the rest trotted up, all dismounting and hitching their horses and mules to the front fence, filling the wholespace, as it seemed to us, while they ran wildly to the house. We had no time to think of what we ought to do, when Nelly ran up to me

IN GREAT TERROR.

"Miss M., dey set fire to de gin-house. Tek de fire out de kitchen. See de smoke risin' a'ready. Dey gettin' light 'ood now to put under de four corner uf de house; dey tell me dey gwine do dis mam."

As she spoke flames burst from the large old building and the Yankees now stood more quietly watching their work of destruction. This building was in a fork of the road, and they thought had prevented their first shot killing our men. Others came dashing round from the back yard, and the words, "They compassed me about like bees," came into my mind. (But I thought these were like hornets.) "In the name of the Lord will I destroy them." I wished to destroy their wicked deeds, not themselves. This feeling gave me calmness and courage. Taking this little book of Promises out of my pocket, I said to the man nearest to me in the crowd, "You are all very excited. I wish you would stop a little and think of what you are doing."

"We are not excited," he replied.

"Then you are all doing yourselves much more harm than you are doing to

us. Stop now and listen: The property you are destroying, that house now burning, is the property of an aged widow. We three here are widows."

"Oh, yes," he answered roughly, "all the way we come in Souh' Calina nothin' but widders, widders—go on."

"Do you want to know what is written in the Bible about those who injure the widow?"

"You kin read—we b'lieve the Bible."

By this time a number crowded around and I opened the Bible right here, where your Aunt A. had been reading aloud to us in the night: "Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry. And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless," emphasizing the pronoun and looking into their eyes.

And so on down the page. See where I marked it that day when I returned to the house.

What did they do next? They said, "We won't burn your house if you stay in it."

Did not our Heavenly Father help us according to His promise? "In Thee the fatherless findeth mercy." That whole band went off and we noticed that although the building had fallen and was a pile of ruins, the fire was spreading among the piles of dried leaves between the building and the garden fence, which ran on one side towards the barn and corn cribs, and on the other towards the dwelling-house. We called the terrified servants to help us stop this fire, to bring the axe and some buckets of water. The axe and one bucket of water were brought by them, but old daddy L. said, "Sure, Missis, we want fur help unno (you), but dem Yankee say, fus one uf you rase a han to put out dat fire when we cum back direc'ly we throw um in de middle uf dat fire. But gimme de ax, my Missis, I kin chop de fence."

My sister was trying to do this. She gave the axe to him and he struck off the palings as far as was needed.

TO STOP THE SPREAD OF THE FIRE.

My mother raked the burning leaves together and Maria poured the bucket of water over them. I helped her as she threw the burning fence rails, on another side, into the field. There it could spread no farther.

Now we heard hoofs approaching, and the servants ran off towards their quarters in haste and terror. I entreated my mother and sister to follow and to go around to the back door, so the house

would not be empty, and thus the more liable to be fired. This fresh company of Yankees then reined up beside me and the smouldering ruin.

"Hi! looks as if Yankees had been along here to-day!" the leader shouted, looking down at me.

I replied with another question, without stopping to think: "Are you not Yankees?"

He gave me a savage glance, spurred up his horse, and trotted towards the house followed by his band. I, too, followed rapidly and was on the front steps as soon as they.

"There is food on our breakfast table," I said. "If you and your men are hungry, come in," and I led the way.

He looked through the piazza window at the table, then whistled to the men, who shouted to the others coming up and they crowded in; others rushed through the house and yard to the back premises and some tramped up-stairs.

Such a crowd around the table and the piazza, house and yard filled too! I asked myself and the Lord, "where can we get food for this multitude?" I saw my mother in the closet near me looking for more bread, but there was none there. She found a dozen eggs, however, and sent them out to be boiled, but they were captured by one man.

I thought if I could but convince these men that God was with us, they would be subdued and restrained, as their comrades had been an hour before. Think, my children, of Christ as our King, not only subduing as to himself, but restraining and conquering all His and our enemies. These truths flashed through my so and silently for a moment invoking help, I rapped on the table with one of the knives, before they had time to seize and devour the food, speaking as slowly and as calmly as I could.

"We are accustomed in this house," I said, "to ask a blessing before meals."

Instantly the heads before and beside me (I did not look round) were uncovered, the guns dropping suddenly on the floor, while I asked in few words the usual blessing, with thanks for the food and for the pardon of our sins for Jesus' sake.

Nelly then pushed through the crowd, and pulling my arm said, "Please, Mam, fetch de key uf de smoke-house. Dem Yankee gwine brok open de door."

Quickly I followed, thankful that I had this key in my pocket. As we went on, Nelly told me how they threatened her if she did not bring that key or else tell where the meat was. "I tell um I dunno no oder place we hab for keep bacon."

The yard was filled with the lawless soldiery, but with an unusually steady hand I put the large brass key into its curious hole, unlocked the door and throwing it wide open said, "all our meat is here." Like hungry wolves they rushed in, and some climbing like monkeys pulled down piece after piece, while others carried it off or handed it to their comrades on mule or horseback in the yard. Then, with satisfaction and thankfulness, I saw some sitting on the benches cracking the walnuts they gathered from under the shelves, just as we had hoped they would do.

While watching this my attention was diverted by one demanding the key of an out-house near. In this we had tried to hide our soldier boys' trunks and some other precious things, putting empty boxes before and on them and then purposely leaving the door unlocked. This key had also been carried off by the miscreants who locked the doors and trunks in the house. I told the man I did not have the key, but as it was a padlock he was able to

REMOVE THE HASP WITH HIS BAYONET

if he must search that room. The hasp was soon off and his bayonet thrust aside my boxes. I was so unwilling to have my boys' clothes and little treasures stolen that I stood before them till the little room was crowded with Yankees. I slipped out and saw them force the trunks open. At the sight of a uniform coat once worn by my son-in-law in the Citadel Academy and given to my youngest son, they set up another Indian yell or war-whoop. Then one garment after another they took, piling them on their arms. They were chiefly boys' summer clothing and some few other things very precious from tender associations.

"Those are my sons' clothes," I said, "which they do not need, but we expect to give them to our negro boys."

"What do we care for the negroes?" one answered.

"Are you not fighting for the negro?" "No, we are fighting for the flag. Your boys are lying on some battle field," and, carrying his armful off, he sang: "Who will care for mother now?"

They had also found the valuable package of tea, and the mustard your kind great uncle in Europe had sent us, and which we kept carefully, to be used in case of sickness. I saw them tear them open, empty them on the earth and trample the tea and mustard in the dirt. But silenced and weary, still fasting, you know, I waited till they came to your uncle's desk, which I saved. See, here it is, with

its relics of Fort Sumter. Then looking around, I saw the hero of the beaver hat and Scipio's pants, sword in hand, charging and chasing the bantam rooster round the yard. A band had rifled the storeroom, pulled out the English box and emptied its contents on the muddy ground—spools of cotton, buttons, envelopes and other things were scattered as useless. The precious piece of double-width linen sheeting they were cutting with knives into squares, while others were filling them with our sweet potatoes and bacon. They had found our whole crop of potatoes, carefully banked, and took every one! They were choice luxuries to us, I tell you, my children. One corner of this square of linen these experts twisted (this way, see,) around their plunder, hitched it on their saddles and off they trotted—for a while.

Nearer the house I saw another group, with an armful of our best dresses; they had pulled them from our bureaus and wardrobes, carefully put away as unsuitable to wear when our land mourned. I saw your Aunt A.'s beautiful Irish silk poplin, trimmed with velvet, its ample skirt spread out on the ground, with the body and one sleeve drawn together and the other sleeve twisted round ingeniously and knotted—I thought of Yankee ingenuity then—to make a receptacle for bacon and sweet potatoes! This, too, was gathered together like a bag and carried off.

At this time my mother in her bedroom was vainly expostulating with and trying to restrain the plunderers, and my sister, in the guest room was trying to save

AN ABSENT SISTER'S TREASURES,

and partly succeeded. I think she saved a gold thimble and a pair of fine scissors. While in that room, one of the men who had been only a looker-on picked up a bit of paper and turning up the butt end of his gun, wrote and then in a respectful manner handing the paper to her, said:

"Lady, this is my address. If you survive this war will you please write and let me know it. This is my first and it shall be my last foraging expedition. Look out there at those fellows with their arms filled. Is that lady standing there looking at them the mother of the boys the clothes belong to?"

"Yes," was all my sister could say.

She has lost the bit of paper.

Another man, in soiled white kids, came skipping through the hall and whistling. Exhausted, we retired to

the dining-room and dined on a few sweet potatoes we found in the chimney. This whistling Jim came in and sat down, and we asked him if it was true that Columbia was burned. He put his hand on his head as if in deep thought, then looking up said, "Columbia! Columbia! there was once such a place as Columbia, but there is no trace of it left. You will never see Columbia again."

Bob now rushed in, saying, "De gentleman, Misses, say he want de silver spoon and fork; dey gwine eat dinner. An' Nelly hab to rost de tukey an' bile ham fur um."

Without waiting for an answer, he seized the basket from the closet containing the few pieces of silver, which we had kept for our use—among them my papspoon with my name engraved on it in full—and handed it to "the gentlemen" dining in the kitchen.

My mother quietly said: "Gentlemen! I do believe if they thought our teeth had gold in them they would send for or take them next. Bob iss such a goose."

In his hurry, poor simpleton, he left an eggspoon in the basket, which we found in a corner of the hall several days after the departure of these "gentlemen."

How much we dreaded the concealment of any of these men up-stairs or coming at night. Our friend assured us, however, that we would not be disturbed at night. We were thankful for this, and told him so. He blamed the

SHAMELESS CONDUCT OF HIS COMRADES, but no restraint was made. The army, he said, which was sweeping through the State was sixty miles wide from tip to tip of its wings. He explored the upper rooms as night came on to be sure there was no one there.

In that room we remained two days and nights longer. Exhaustion prevented our leaving our chairs. A table-spoonful of chipped beef was all we had that day. The next, still fasting, waiting and trusting, we remembered the words of inspiration, "I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

Before 9 a kind old neighbor brought us a bag of meal, saying: "The enemy did not notice my son's place in those backwoods. He has escaped and has just sent us some meal and we are glad to divide it with you. The Yankees tried to hang me yesterday, and have twisted the necks of my poultry, so if you will send to my place you may have roast fowl for dinner."

Thus were we provided for and our

servants brought us huge pieces of beef picked up along the path of the retiring army. The Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals was not then organized. What happy changes we see! Thank God for them and pray for the time to hasten when the nations shall learn war no more.

No. 70.—Life in the Low-County.

(By E. L. C.)

In writing this sketch I will state at the outset that I do not intend to descend into the lowest depths in that vale of human woe which we Southern women have dwelt in, or picture the saddest scenes which have been traced with a pen of iron and in drops of blood upon the hearts of our suffering people since War unfolded his crimson banner and the bloody tide of battle first swept over our bonny Southern land. But I will gladly occupy some space in relating other events, not so stirring or full of pathos as they might be, I know, yet, perhaps, not the less interesting, as they portray life in country villages during some of the stormiest periods in our four years' struggle.

My home during the period of which I write lay in a little pineland settlement, which constituted the summer resort for about twenty-five or thirty families, who were compelled to migrate during three months from their more stately homes upon the plantation on account of unhealthy localities. Situated about twenty-five miles from the town of Beaufort, fifteen from Port Royal and three miles from the nearest railroad station, it formed a quiet, secluded spot, a sort of Arcadia, in which the days were born, grew into weeks and then glided on into months in so peacefully and undisturbed a flow that Time seemed to have lost his flight. In the sweet, unchanging sunshine of those bygone days Want turned aside, and rarely, if ever, obtruded his ugly visage within our sacred precincts, and Sin, which we as mortals must hold, and Death, "the wages of sin," seemed the only serpents which marred the fair beauty of our earthly Eden. So that when the first dull sounds of coming trouble

smote our ears we turned aside, as from something that held too little reality to disturb "the even tenor of our way," and it was only when the great boom of battle came sweeping across our land and stirred even the sleepy air of our village that we awoke and knew that war, with all the ten-fold horrors of civil conflict, was upon us.

Then it was that we arose, and with one word offered up on our country's shrine our heart's most sacred treasures. One following another, we saw fathers, husbands, brothers, don our own beloved grey; while we buckled their swords upon them and sent them forth to fight and bleed, and die, perhaps, leaving us helpless and unprotected, with only our prayers and a woman's life portion,

"TO WATCH AND WAIT."

Truly, thought I, might our land be termed a Ramah, filled with Rachels "weeping for their children," when, near the close of the war, the ranks of our brave, unflinching army that had marched away with light hearts and gay songs of coming victory had thinned down to a mere handful of destitute, suffering soldiery, and while the cry for help was still being echoed "from the mountains to the sea," I saw my sister's boy, a lad of sixteen, not yet out of the monotonous routine of school-day life, and scarcely yet turned from his childish sports, shoulder his musket and march away to the dread reality of bloody and disastrous war. We gave up everything except our own life's blood, and willingly, aye gladly, would we have answered our country's cry of distress, and yielded that up too, if it might have saved her that crushing, that death-giving stroke, defeat.

The first visible experience which we had of the war was early in the year 1862. Some time previous to that hospitals had been established in our village for the sick of regiments stationed some miles below in the defence of the coast. The Episcopal Church school-house, billiard-room and an untenanted dwelling-house were thus occupied, when news reached us of the battle of Port Royal, with the request that some place might be prepared by the ladies for the reception of the wounded, who were then en route for our village. Owing to the disordered state of the country some of the families had removed to their plantation homes, and at that time we were still collected in ————ville. The Presbyterian Church was the only other available building besides our private residences; and well do I re-

call the morning when we gathered there in preparation and had our first glimpse of the horrors of war.

We cleared the church of all its benches, and bringing mattresses, sheets and blankets from our own homes, prepared couches of them, while others, by sewing together numerous bedspreads, formed a large curtain with which they enclosed a small part of the church into a separate room for the use of those who might have to undergo amputation of limbs. Thus were our hallowed spots, whose walls had echoed only to the voice of Gospel tidings and the sweet music of prayer and hymn, by the necessities of our land converted into death chambers, and the moans of sufferers were the sounds which now rent the calm of God's holy temple.

We were soon engaged in scraping lint, preparing hot coffee and other stimulants for the relief of the wounded, and never shall I forget the sickening horror with which those wagon loads of human freight filled our souls as they drove up in front of the church. Over fifteen miles of rough road, upon wagons that were destitute of all springs, had they been driven in an almost dying condition. Stimulants had to be applied before they could be removed into the church, and out of all that crowd of wounded but one recovered from the effects of that

LONG AND FEARFUL RIDE.

Some time after this word was brought to me that our sick were unable to eat the food which was provided for them by means of the meagre hospital fund. A consultation was held, and a plan proposed which was immediately carried into action. A small room was erected near the center of the village, and fitted up with a stove and cooking utensils. Thither repaired daily one or two ladies from our midst, and prepared with their own fair hands such delicacies as the sick might fancy, delivering them over to the hospital nurses, who were sent each day to relieve them. We called it our "Hospital kitchen," and many an hour have I spent within its four diminutive walls, beating up eggs and stewing down chicken broth, which was to go towards bringing back the fighting strength into some poor convalescent soldier.

Boxes of supplies reached us from time to time—sent down from the upper counties, where the land still "flowed with milk and honey"—and they were in greater demand each month, as our own private supplies dwindled away. Besides articles of food, clothing and

bedding were often found stowed away in these boxes, and one quilt do I remember in particular which "dear home folks" had made and sent to one of the soldiers. Upon some of the patches names were embroidered, which would have caused many a tender memory and heart-sick longing to rush over the soul of the man as he lay beneath its folds through the long drear winters that followed.

The summer of 1862 was unusually quiet, hostilities seemed for the time being to cease, and as the hot weather advanced soldiers in the unhealthy districts were brought up and their regiments encamped just on the outskirts of our village. Life in —ville resumed its old routine, and but for the presence of the hospitals and the gleam of the white tent-cloths flashing back the sunlight as they nestled like

A FLOCK OF SNOWY DOVES

beneath the overshadowing grandeur of our "sighing pines," we could almost have forgotten that the spot of the leper (hatred between brothers of a common soil) had appeared upon the fair surface of our country's fame, and that the sword had been unsheathed from its scabbard.

There was very little discomfort and much pleasure attending the presence of those soldiers in our midst. Many a heart young and blithe on that day can recall tender associations connected with the enjoyments of that quiet summer, that came like a breathing space or lull in the tempest. Friendships were formed which death itself could not break, and love scrapes innumerable were gone through with, some reaching the full fruition of "love's young dream," while others proved themselves the mere pastimes which young folks will indulge in the world over.

We had an unusually gay crowd of young girls in —ville at that time, pretty and charming enough to turn the head of any man North or South, and it was not long after the soldiers moved up before evening gatherings begun, giving the young gallants whom we favored with invitations ample opportunity to forget for a brief space of time the hard road that lay before them, and flirt and dance and talk with our village belles to their hearts' content. Musical parties were sometimes the order of the day, or, I should rather say, night; and those of our soldier friends who possessed musical talent of any kind were always invited to take part. Often have I seen the gallant Steve Elliott, the fame of whose brave and wonderful exploits was yet to ring

through the length and breadth of our land, standing beside the piano where some lady played a low, sweet accompaniment, and, as "Uncle Mose," of *Texas Siftings* fame, would express it, "makin' datdar fiddle talk."

In order that we might make these weekly gatherings something more substantial than "cold-water parties," we agreed amongst ourselves that each family attending should bring one or perhaps two dishes of their own providing, and thus banquets of no mean character were continually spread out, while the expense fell upon no particular family. We threw our doors wide open and took in all who came to us,

FRIENDS AND STRANGERS ALIKE,

some whose very existence we had never heard of, even coming from adjoining States; and I need scarcely add that we received no remuneration. When the hospitals, with their limited accommodations, became too full to receive the sick who were brought to them, they were taken into our private families and nursed and tended as we would our own loved ones.

These Confederate parties had been going on for some little time when a novel request was sent to me by the soldiers themselves. Most of the regiments and squadrons surrounding us had just received their pay, and as there were numbers of soldiers whose immediate wants did not call for their disposal, they begged that we might prepare an entertainment which would be open to all, and allow them to buy their own refreshments; thus placing in our hands a sum of money which our woman's wit might devise some method of making use of, to the best advantage. Well, of course we did it, confining ourselves to the preparation of eatables, with the exception of small Confederate flags, which the girls made and found no difficulty in disposing of to their most favored admirers. A gayer, merrier crowd could not have been found anywhere, and the sight of those horsemen riding back to camp with those flags decorating their horses' heads and waving in the summer breeze, comes readily before me, while the sound of their cheers and shouts of laughter seem again to fall upon the evening air. I forget the exact amount of money collected, but its appropriation was to assist in building a Charleston gunboat.

Thus the summer months glided by pleasantly, aye, almost too brightly, in their contrast to the dark days that were following so fast upon their heels, and before we realized it fall was upon us

and the stir commencing for the winter's campaign. One lovely October morning several of us had gathered upon the front porch of my dwelling enjoying the bright sunshine and the warm, fragrant air of our Indian summer, while keeping up a constant banter and laughing war of words. Suddenly across the quiet landscape we saw a horseman flying—flying as if for life or death, and going in the direction of our camp.

"There's a courier," I cried, as we all with one impulse sprang to our feet and gazed with startled eyes upon each other. "David," I called to my servant, "run, run, I say, to the camps and find out what news has been brought."

But ere my order could be obeyed, clear and shrill rose the sound of the bugle, and we knew that a "call to arms" had been made. As we rushed to the windows and looked out upon the scene which had lain so peaceful in the sunshine a few moments before, we found it had become one of the wildest excitement. A summons had been brought to go as quickly as possible to the relief of those at Pocatigo, about four miles distant from us, where an attack had already begun upon our lines. We watched the horses being brought out and in an incredibly short space of time saddled and mounted. Then as the different regiments began filing by we crushed back

THE WILD TERROR

that surged through our hearts, and saw husbands, brothers and friends, go forth to the battle, and waved our pocket-handkerchiefs, smiled and cheered them on their way to answer duty's call, as we have, and would ever do, were our own hearts to break in the attempt. I remember noticing particularly a Virginia regiment whose elegant uniforms, gay spirits and apparent eagerness for the coming fray, attracted my attention. It was one of the noblest looking bodies of men that I have ever seen, and as I watched them waving their caps and wildly cheering as they passed each house, upon the steps and piazzas of which were gathered women and children, I little knew that when nightfall came they were to return, weary and wounded, their bright uniforms bespattered with mud and gore, leaving numbers of their comrades stretched upon the battlefields below in that dreamless sleep which knows no earthly waking. The gayest to go forth in the morning were the saddest to return at night. I afterwards learned that it was in crossing a causeway through one of the open rice fields at Pocatigo that

they were most horribly cut up by the enemy's shells.

Oh, who can know, except those who have experienced it, what the horrors of being near a battlefield are—near enough to hear the sounds of conflict, or the booming of the cannons, but too far to know on which side the tide of victory is turning, and who are living and who are dead? To be obliged to wait patiently in our helpless state, to do nothing but pace the floor and wring our hands in an agony of dread as some did, or like others, to sit with folded hands and white lips, ever lifting our hearts heavenward in constant pleading prayer, and wait and wait, while every sound of the cannon that travelled towards us seemed to smite like a sword within our breast, was terrible. Once or twice during the day we got some stray reports of how things were going on below, but it was not until night, and the soldiers were beginning to return, that we heard that victory had once more smiled upon us. At that moment I could have fallen upon my knees, and in tears of unspeakable joy, thanked God that the blood of my loved remained as yet unsacrificed.

I remember an incident that occurred about this time, and with which the Charleston Light Dragoons were associated. Dr. H. stated that although there were numbers of his patients who were now sufficiently recovered to be discharged, yet he was unable to discharge them on account of their having insufficient clothing against the cold of the ensuing winter, and that unless warm flannel shirts were provided certain death would be the result of their returning to duty. Hearing of this, the

CHARLESTON LIGHT DRAGOONS

raised a subscription amongst themselves, and collected an amount which would cover all expenses. One of their men was then detailed and sent down to Charleston to make the purchases, but upon arriving there he found, to his dismay, that every mercantile house in the city was completely barren of all flannel goods. After searching in every nook and corner, and failing to secure the desired article, he was forced to the necessity of buying shawls, and I remember the odd feeling of destructive power which came over me, as we drove our scissors into the soft, warm material, cut them up and fashioned them into shirts.

Winter's approach brought new duties upon us, and we began our first lessons in the art of invention which we afterwards carried to so high a point of excellency. Pieces of carpeting were rav-

elled out and then knitted up into close-fitting caps for the soldiers to use when sleeping upon the ground. Wool mattresses were ripped up and the wool taken out, carded, spun and woven into coarse fabrics, which we made into articles of clothing for ourselves and servants. Coffee begun to be diluted with rye and our packages of tea and sugar to be hoarded with the jealous care of a miser over his gold. Finally the soldiers were all called away, most of them to Virginia, and the village became deserted by all save women and children, who were left completely unprotected amid the thousands of restless and excited slaves, so we gradually closed our establishments and moved away to the upper portion of the country, where things wore a quieter aspect, scattering hither and thither, all seeking points which might promise a greater degree of security.

I found a resting place in the town of B, where many family connections were already gathered, but it was a false hope of safety which was held out to me, for in that town did the "dark days" speedily overtake its inhabitants and reign with an evil and searching power. For a while things ran smoothly enough, and although we underwent many privations and discomforts, there was not enough of real suffering to cause us to forget our smiles and our laughter, as we found we had done in the after years, when engaged in that deadly combat 'gainst

THE "WOLF AT THE DOOR."

But as 1864 drew near the lines of care began to form upon our faces, and it seemed as if all life had been merged into one great thought of how to provide the "wherewithal to be clothed and fed." The supply of clothing with which we had begun the war was either worn out, or we had long ago exchanged it for coarser and, therefore, more suitable material in our reduced state. Homespuns became "quite the rage" now, and when any of us were so fortunate as to receive one which laid claim to having a pretty pattern we learned to feel quite as well dressed in it as we did in our brocaded satins of ante-war days. Hats were ripped up, turned and trimmed again, while Peter was robbed to pay Paul until not a vestige of them was left. Then we would resort to stripping shucks, plaiting them and framing them into what we called shuck bonnets.

I assure you that Dame Fashion did not relinquish her hold upon us, her rightful subjects; but made her power felt, in even our destitute kingdom, for

our shuck bonnets would occasionally die out, even if necessity did call for their revival, and give place to bonnet squash hats, which were then considered "the style." These latter were formed out of the thin inner coating of a certain squash or gourd, which, when taken out and dried, formed a sort of lace work formation, which our inventive minds, sharpened by necessity, would transform into a bonnet.

Coffee finally lost its existence altogether in the concoctions of parched groundnuts, okra, rye and other substances, entirely foreign to the nature of coffee, which we were obliged to fall back upon. While drinking the non-satisfying beverage, our only solace would be that of the children's when they say: "Let's play that it's coffee." We never could find anything that would begin to take the place of tea, and when any of us would be so extravagant as to draw the genuine article, an invitation must necessarily be sent to our nearest friends to come over to tea or lunch, as the case might be, as we were to have "real tea," and an invitation so supplemented rarely if ever met with a refusal. "Long sweetening," became too common an occurrence to excite comment of any description, and we soon found ourselves more than thankful when even that could be obtained.

As Confederate money decreased in valuation things rose to an almost fabulous price. A capable woman servant was hired out to a farmer at thirty dollars per month, and at the end of the first, came home bringing with her one pound of coffee as an equivalent for that sum. But these statements are nothing new. Almost every Southerner knows by personal experience of the fifty dollar pair of shoes and the one hundred dollars paid out for a dress of coarsest material, and therefore I will not waste time in relating what must be "common property" so far as experience goes, but hurry on to the closing act in

OUR TERRIBLE FOUR YEARS' TRAGEDY.

The suffering of the children was what we found hardest of all to bear. We could bend our necks to the yoke and patiently take up the heaviest burdens that fell to our lot, knowing why it was we suffered; but the little innocent children, too young yet to clearly discern between right and wrong, or realize what the full sweetness of liberty was—'twas hard to see them bending with us beneath the heavy load of want and care, to hear their piteous cries and helplessly watch their falling tears. Oh! the throes of anguish that have grap-

pled, as with a death grip, our mother-hearts, when those little ones have flown to us in their sorrow, and we could not comfort them.

There were many of these wee sufferers in our household, and it was hard work sometimes to find sufficient food to fill their little eager mouths. On one occasion little Floy, one of our youngest, and scarcely more than two or three, became quite sick and seemed to crave that which it was impossible to obtain for her. She would lie for long hours, conning over in her baby language the list of things which she wanted. One great longing seemed for "pond cake" (pound cake,) and to induce her to eat the tasteless corn bread, which was all we had, some one unfortunately gave it that name. When told that it was her "dear pond cake" she would sometimes attempt to eat it, but her baby mind must have often puzzled over the strange transformation which it had undergone. When, by some fortunate accident, real pound cake was had and a slice carried in triumph to Floy, she could not be persuaded to taste it, but would only shake her small head, mournfully reiterating again and again, "I don't like pond cake any more." And finally another name had to be substituted before she would test its good or bad qualities.

Our attempts at merry-making were sometimes ludicrous in the extreme, and the recollection of our twistings and turnings will create many a laugh now, although at the time there was too much hard reality at their foundation to afford any degree of amusement. Christmas was the dreariest of all such seasons to us, it had always been one of such universal joy amongst ourselves and our servants upon the plantations and in the town. But its festivities had been growing fewer and fewer each year as our resources failed, and when Christmas of 1864 dawned upon us it seemed as if the last extremity had been reached.

A long consultation had been held between we older folk, and the capacity which the house held for a home jubilee was solemnly viewed and talked over by us. For ourselves we cared nothing; one day was alike all others to us now, for our hearts felt sick and heavy. Jackson, our beloved, our heart's hero, our Stonewall of defence, and Stuart, brave, gallant, song-loving Stuart, with many another of those to whom we looked in our hour of need, had all given their country the truest test of their fidelity and died for it, while

THE IRON HEEL OF POWER
was crushing our Confederacy down.

Yet even then the canker worm, despair, had not found its way into our hearts, and Hope's star yet glittered above the "waves and billows" that swept over our souls. Something must be provided for the children though, something done to render the day a little less dark to them, so the result of our deliberating counsel was the secret boiling of a pot of molasses candy, which with the making of a few rag dolls, I think, and some old battered china ornaments, constituted the material which we had for stocking-packing.

It was a comical picture, and yet one that was full of pathos, too, which our same little Floy made, on Christmas morning. While eating her breakfast she sat contentedly holding within her chubby hands her Christmas gift—the stump of what had once been a china ornament, and probably adorned the what-not in some drawing-room, but was so far attesting the truth of "going through the war" as to be only recognizable now as a bit of colored china. The ludicrous side of the picture attracted us all, and with a merry peal of laughter her mother, who was sitting near, took it from the child's hand, and calling to one of the servants said: "Diana, take this over to Miss Hettie, (one of our neighbors,) and ask her if it doesn't look like the last of the Confederacy."

I remember an incident occurring some time previous to this which is somewhat novel in its character and illustrates the way in which we were "put to it" in securing the common necessities of life. A young lady of an ingenious turn of mind, and resident of —ville, my former home, on learning that a goose had been killed at a neighboring house went over and begged that the feathers might be given her. This was done, and out of them she constructed a short mantle or tippet, which was sold for some hundreds of dollars, the proceeds of which only bought her a dress of some common material. When the dress was near completion it was discovered that not a button was to be found which could be appropriated to its use. She was not to be baffled though, and she resorted to a method which perhaps has never before been heard of in the annals of civilized life. Persimmon seed were collected, drilled with holes, and in triumph sewn upon the dress, which, marvellous to relate, wore quite a stylish air.

Thus we toiled on, hoping against hope, making much out of little, until one bright morning in January, 1865, we found ourselves waiting in passive dread what we thought the finishing

stroke to our misery, while an air of silent terror seemed to brood over the town.

"THE YANKEES ARE COMING!"

That was the cry, and it seemed to strike like a death-knell upon us, for tales too horrible to relate of outrages committed by that vast horde of conquerors on their onward march floated like a pestilential breath before them. Very little preparation was made for them, for what could we do in our defenceless state, with not one spot upon our land, or in our houses, held sacred or made secure against their intruding feet. A handful of men were sent down to a river one or two miles distance from us, and stationed at the head of a road which led into B., and on the line of march which we knew Kilpatrick's men were taking.

On the morning of that eventful day we gathered together a few of our most valuable things, such as silver, and attempted to save them by secreting them in the most unlikely place of search. A small bundle of spoons and forks was made up, rolled into rags and then thrown into the darkest corner of a dark closet, beneath the staircase, while empty boxes and barrels were placed in front, filling up the enclosure. Another package was given to one of our faithful servants, who saved it by packing it in a basket of her children's soiled clothes.

Silver and jewelry to the amount of thousands of dollars were buried by all those around us, many of them working, in the dead hours of the night, in the woods and in the centre of the streets where some thought there would be less suspicion. But with all their caution many a hiding-place was discovered and robbed of its treasure, if not at the time, by our released slaves afterwards.

While waiting the approach of the enemy the children were all called in, and, like ourselves, clad in two suits of garments. I don't think our Northern invaders could have been much impressed with the sylph-like proportions of we Southern women, as I believe that dodge was pretty generally practiced.

About 10 or 11 o'clock the cry was raised, "They are coming! they are coming!" and as we looked from our windows and saw in the dim distance the cloud of dust and smoke which proclaimed their nearness to us, in one impulse we fell upon our knees, with a feeling which I think must bear some

resemblance to that which we shall all experience when the day of

RENDING HEAVEN AND EARTH dawns upon us. We were brought to a sudden realization of our immediate surroundings, though, by the wild cries of a young servant girl, who standing near had, like us, fallen upon her knees, but, unlike us, set up a series of most unearthly yells. Her terror was explained some few hours afterwards when the Yankees were dispersed throughout the town, and she had seen several in "flesh and blood." Coming into the house and going up to Mrs. A., her mistress, she said, with astonishment depicted upon every feature: "Why, Miss! they looks like other men."

"What in the name of earth did you think they were, Delia?" asked Mrs. A., in her turn astonished, and then it came out that Delia was under the full conviction that they were blessed with horns.

I had almost forgotten the children's part in property hiding. Out in the yard was a bantam hen with several chickens which were considered their especial property. Knowing that poultry would be one of the first things to attract attention, these were run down, caught and imprisoned under one of the beds up stairs, where the children guarded them with never-ceasing care, and as it happened the yard was stripped of all poultry which we possessed, this lone family remaining.

But to return: On and on they came, till shouts, the firing of guns and the tramp of their horses' feet could be distinctly heard; and then we descried our own brave men driven like a handful of autumn leaves before the blast of the tempests. Through the streets they went, firing every foot of the way, through the town to the woods beyond, where the Federals refrained from following. It was hardly worth while pursuing scarcely more than a dozen men when a field of such rich harvest lay before them; so a few moments after entering the town, the "whole gang," as one of our servants expressed herself, were let loose upon us, and again began that oft-repeated story of pillage and plunder. Into every house they swept. Too eager to begin their work to lose time in passing through gates, they kicked down the fences. Then they settled down upon us like a flock of birds of prey, ransacking drawers, breaking open trunks, taking whatever they considered of any value, tossing the rest hither and thither like a pack of worthless trash, until some other would

come in and find amidst that discarded heap something he considered worthy of appropriation. Then when articles were too cumbersome to take with them, yet of too much value to leave "the Rebels," with the spirit of devils incarnate they were crushed into a thousand pieces. Oh! what will the human passions, when once aroused, lead men to do? Our fellow-men, our brothers, not content with our falling, they would

GRIND US INTO THE DUST.

A beautiful guitar was in one corner of our drawing-room, a wedding gift from a mother to a child. I saw that taken out and battered to pieces against the fence, and when a servant, thinking that she might save it for her young mistress, went out of her own accord and begged the soldier not to destroy it but to give it to her, his only response was that if she did not "hold her tongue" he would run his bayonet through her head. I saw a barrel of the finest and most expensive china, brought out from an opposite house, set upon the ground, and a soldier getting inside stamped up and down upon it until it seemed a mass of shivered pieces; but for fear that some stray piece might have remained uninjured and be made use of afterwards, he upset the barrel, pouring its contents upon the ground, and wherever such a piece could be found it was immediately stamped out of existence.

Thus all day long was the plundering kept up, the very streets filled with those who were searching for gain, marching up and down, running their long bayonets into the soft earth, and whenever a suspiciously hard object obstructed their passage stopping to dig, in hopes of finding buried treasure. When the houses were sufficiently emptied to be of no further use to them, then began the work of the flames, and they seemed to especially select the darkness of night for the perpetration of their evil deeds. The Courthouse, hotel and Masonic lodge were soon in ashes, and private dwelling-houses began to be enveloped in the lurid flames of their bonfires.

As night approached and threats of burning the house over our heads became more and more frequent we sent to one of the officers and begged that a guard might be provided us, which was done; but most of them were scarcely less threatening than the soldiers at large, and inspired us with very little feeling of security. There was one exception, though, one who by his kindness, consideration and true gentlemanly

conduct aroused our respect and esteem, and when he was going Floy's mother presented him, as a memento, a little blue velvet bible, which had once been a gift to herself, and in which she wrote something expressive of our regard for him.

I saw an amusing display of what is termed "woman's cowardice," which I will relate here. Several young ladies, living in the same town, had come to me with the request that they might remain all night, as for some reason, which I forget, our house was considered safer than the one which they were occupying. That night when the house had somewhat quieted down, and for several hours been clear of intruders, these girls were gathered in one room, with some of our own household, discussing the probabilities of their return and the course of action to be pursued forthwith. They were

FULL OF LIFE AND SPIRIT,

and when one of them suggested the idea of a defence it was immediately seconded by the others. Two huge candlesticks upon the mantel, with ends heavy enough to fracture the skull of any man if wielded by a strong arm, were seized, the shovel and tongs were also called into use to aid the heroic resolve of these fair defenders; and there they stood, with flashing eyes, determination written upon every feature, while brandishing their weapons and solemnly attesting what they would do if one of these "hateful Yankees" were to come in. Suddenly their wish for renown seemed about to be gratified, for heavy steps were heard approaching. First there was only a pause in their excited vociferations, while the weapons were still held aloft, but as the steps drew on and finally paused just outside the door, with one simultaneous shriek the weapons were cast down and our warlike heroines fled precipitately from the room in a helter-skelter race of who should be foremost. It proved to be only the return of one of our own family, who, hearing some noise beneath the house and fearing that fire was being set, had taken a servant with her and gone on a reconnoitering expedition.

I also knew of some instances of women's bravery just about this time, which it would now be unfair not to "give a showing." One was connected with a negro woman in our yard and occurred some days later. The enemy's work had gone on so successfully that in a short time we found ourselves with not enough food in the house to keep us

from actual hunger. We lived I scarcely know how, picking up something here and there, not knowing in the morning where the food for the day was coming from, and often accepting from our servants that which it had once been our place to bestow, for what gleanings the cavalry left, not in mercy, but because they were stocked to the full with their booty, the infantry, coming immediately afterwards, reaped, until we were literally a bare and barren field. On the day to which I allude the children had been crying all the morning for something to eat, and we had failed to get enough to satisfy their hunger. Out in the kitchen old Chloe had been busy all day cooking for different soldiers, who, bringing in packages of raw food, would order her to prepare it for them, this food being taken from some other poor unfortunates like ourselves.

Late in the day one of them walked in with a bundle of flour and told her he wanted some biscuits made. Chloe set about kneading them in her usually obedient style, not betraying by word or sign the purpose which she had formed in her mind, while he took his seat by the fire to await them. They were put into the oven, and soon came out again, but before the man could take possession of his property Chloe had eluded him, and with one bound was out of the door and racing across the yard like some wild animal. Bursting our door open, and thrusting the plate of smoking bread within, she was off again like a flash; but by this time the disappointed man had followed her into the yard and stood there cursing and swearing. She was not to be frightened in that way, for once safe upon her own threshold she turned and defied him, swinging her long arms and presenting a perfect

PICTURE OF AN AMAZON

as she ordered him "to be off," for if he put his foot within her kitchen she would "split his head open with an axe." The man's good nature prevailed, or else there was something too formidable in the appearance of those brawny arms and wild gesticulations for, unexpectedly to us all, he turned and quietly walked away.

Another instance was that of an old lady, a relative of ours, and living in a distant part of the town. Small and fragile-looking, with soft, gentle manners, it seemed as if a whiff of wind might have blown her away, and she was not one who was likely to tempt the torrent of a ruffian's wrath. But how often can we judge of appearances, for in that tiny body was a spirit as strong and fearless

as the bravest in the land. The war had been a bitter reality to her. One son had been brought home shattered by a shell, and for long months she had seen him in the agony which no human tongue can describe, while another, in the freshness of his young manhood, had been numbered with the slain. She was a widow, and having the care of two orphan grandchildren upon her, was experiencing the same difficulty in obtaining food that we were. One morning she had made repeated efforts to get something cooked, but failed as often as she tried, for just as soon as it was ready to be eaten in would walk a soldier and march off with it, expostulations or entreaties availing naught. Finally, after some difficulty, a little corn meal was found which was mixed with a hoeecake and set in the oven to bake. Determined not to lose this, Aunt Myra, the lady in question, took her seat before the fire and vowed she would not leave the spot until the bread was safe in her own hands. Scarcely had she done so when as usual a soldier made his appearance, and seeing the contents of the oven took his seat upon the opposite side and coolly awaited its baking. I have since thought what a picture for a painter that would make—upon one side the old lady with the proud highborn face of a true Southern gentlewoman, but, alas! stamped with the seal of care and sorrow; and upon the other, the man, strong in his assumed power, both intent upon that one point of interest, a baking hoeecake. When it had reached the desired shade of browning, Aunt Myra leant forward to take possession, but ere she could do so that other hand was before her and she saw it taken from her. Rising to her feet and drawing her small figure to its fullest height, the old lady's pent up feelings burst forth, and she gave expression to the indignation which

THIS LAST ACT CAUSED TO OVERFLOW.

"You thieving scoundrel!" she cried in her gathering wrath. "You would take the very last crust from the orphans' mouths and doom them to starvation before your very eyes."

Then before the astonished man could recover himself with a quick movement she had snatched the bread back again. Scarcely had she got possession, however, when a revulsion of feeling took place, and, breaking it in two, she tossed them at him in the scorn which filled her soul as she said: "But if your heart is hard enough to take it, then you may have it." She threw them with such force that one of the hot pieces

struck him in the face, the other immediately following. Strange to say he did not resent her treatment of him; but it was too much for Aunt Myra's excited feelings when he picked up the bread and commenced munching upon it in the most unconcerned manner possible. Again snatching it from him she flung it far out of the window, where it lay rolling in the dirt, crying as she did so: "Indeed you shan't eat it; if I can't have it then you shan't."

Such were the numberless scenes which we passed through in that week of horrors, and when finally there was nothing more to be had, and they left us, we found our hearts and our lives well-nigh emptied, many of us homeless and adrift upon the world, for news had come that—ville, with all our plantation homes, many of which were made sacred by the feet of our ancestors, who had held possession since before the Revolutionary war, were laid low in ashes.

In the weeks that followed the departure of the Federal troops we existed; we did not live. For days our only supply of food was that which our servants could collect by going out to the deserted camp grounds and gathering the corn and other articles which the Federals found too abundant to take with them, and which lay scattered about upon the ground.

But that was not the "finishing stroke," as we thought; that came when the sword of Lee had flashed for the last time upon the field of battle, and passed forever from the band of our beloved Confederate Washington—not so fortunate as the "Father of our country," but equally as well beloved and honored by we Southern people.

Yet with hope expired, with despair and poverty staring us in the face, and sorrow an ever-dwelling inmate of our hearts, we could look upon our dead Confederacy and not know one regret that we had ever bid it live, and although our part was not to bleed and die for it as our men of the South did, might it not be said of the women, "They also serve who only stand and wait."

No. 71.—The Burning of Hampton.

(By Lee Hampton, of Richmond, Va.)

Three miles from Old Point Comfort, now so well known as a delightful summer resort, stands the village of Hampton, one of the most ancient, if not the

first settled of the Colonial towns of the Old Dominion. Tradition, more hoary than history, tells us that it began its career under the Indian name of *Ki-coughtan*, and furnished a happy home for some of the Cavaliers of England, even before the famous landing at Jamestown. However this may be, there were survivors of our late civil conflict who could tell of the vicissitudes of three wars, when this little town bared its breast to the foe and bore the brunt of battle, the first to suffer and the first to sacrifice, yet so unassuming withal that, like the "brave men" who "lived before Agamemnon," she is not "unwept," indeed, but "unhonored and unsung," "*carere quia vate sacro.*"

Memory, looking backward with sad and wistful eyes across the dark chasm of more than twenty years, paints her canvas with scenes our hearts would fain keep forever fresh, and reproachfully asks: "Ungrateful ones, will ye too forget?" Loyalty and patriotism alike respond: "Nay, nay, dear native Soil, though the vibrations of the modest melody of 'Dulce Domum,' so faintly struck by a woman's hand (be silenced by the music of noisier lyres, and lost midst the grander harmonies of history, the trumpet-tongued!"

And so yielding to the tender spell of retrospection we pause, first before a picture of peace, a bit of still-life, a pastoral: At our doors, the blue waters emptying into the majestic Hampton Roads, (the proximity to which has ever cost us dear,) reflecting every hue of the varied beauties of the sky, so that we looked daily into two heavens, the one below differing only from its lofty prototype by the addition of earthly shadows. Weeping willows girding the shore made a mirror of the sea, wherein they beheld "what manner" of trees they were, while the waves danced and rippled in the sunshine and anon broke forth into solemn dirges:

"O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro.
Dulce digne mero, non sine floreous!"

We sigh for a breath of the briny fragrance which filled the air as the "sweet girl graduates" took their "constitutional," upon the long bridge which connected the town with Old Point, and formed the daily promenade. There young and old found health and exercise, and the scene was gay and animated, indeed enlivened by the bright uniform of the Cadets of the Hampton Military Academy, a soldierly corps, whose individual members were to win for themselves rank and distinction in the

coming strife which was so soon to take the place of their

DAILY DRILL AND MIMIC WAR.

The large yards were full of rare roses, for in this respect the town was almost a vale of Cashmere. Beds of old-fashioned flowers, dear to our grandmothers, attracted the gaze of the passer-by, and often proved too much for the cupidity and gallantry of the cadets. Petty larceny was the order of the day, "in the spring," when

"The young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Floral offerings were numerous and cheap, being easily secured at the cost of a humble spring over the fence, and many a flower-loving Rachel mourned for her favorites because, in the morning "they were not." Complaints were made, charges preferred, culprits detected and sorely punished, but the regal hyacinths bloomed at the throat of the village beauties all the same, the gaudy tulips made gay her dressing-table, and the dainty violets, carefully pressed within the classic leaves of Virgil or Horace, breathed their sweet secrets to the musty old poets, while "The heathen raged" in vain!

There are no such days, nor skys, nor flowers since the war. The buttercups are not so large and yellow, the clover seems to have lost its fragrance and the "four-leaved its cunning, no longer bringing good luck. Our "Mummies" have doffed their gay bandanas and have ceased to regale our eager ears with stories of the ancient glory of the family when our mother was "young missis." Our dusky playmates have gone to school and "gotten an education," and Hampton, dear, serene, old fashioned Hampton, has been burned to ashes, and no house, nor tree, nor flower remains to tell the story of her happy past.

"There is nothing so deceitful as facts save figures," said Sydney Smith; nevertheless we recall a few dates and days—"red-letter days" literally, which are written in blood and fire upon our hearts and memories. On the 13th of April Fort Sumter was bombarded; on the 15th Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers from the different States; whereupon, on the 17th, Virginia passed her ordinance of Secession, (subsequently ratified by the people by a majority of nearly 100,000 voters,) and on the 20th large reinforcements were landed at Fortress Monroe.

THE "DOGS OF WAR"

were thus let loose at our very hearthstones, and our people, to a man, arose

to drive them back. Life itself became an epic, and every day an era big with fate.

Early in May, President B. S. Ewell, of William and Mary College, a former graduate of West Point, was appointed to the command of the volunteers then organizing on the peninsula, and John B. Cary, principal of the Hampton Military Academy, was commissioned Major of Virginia Volunteers, and assigned to duty under Col. Ewell, in immediate charge of the troops in and around Hampton. These companies, consisting of about two hundred men, hardly organized, poorly equipped and utterly undisciplined, were confronted by an army of 10,000 men, not three miles distant, and constituted at that time the sole barrier that stood between Fortress Monroe and Richmond. A single act of violence or indiscretion might have precipitated hostilities and endangered, at the onset, the safety of that city destined to become the stronghold of the Confederacy and famous in the military annals of the world.

The situation was one of painful suspense. The Ordinance of Secession had not yet been ratified by the people, and Virginia was nominally a State in the Union. Instructions had been received from Gen. Lee to abstain from any action which might provoke a collision, but to watch closely the movements of the enemy, and if he should threaten an advance, to throw obstructions in his way by felling trees and burning bridges. Thus passed two weeks of terrible and almost sleepless anxiety. "It was not war," but it was a state of even greater peril and responsibility.

Upon the evening of the 23d of May, (election day,) the large and already excited crowd was thrown into a state of tumult by the announcement of the picket on duty that a regiment of United States troops was approaching, supported by a battery of six field pieces! The citizens rushed forward en masse, armed with any weapon they could find to repel the invaders; but Major Cary promptly directed his small body of men to assemble at the Courthouse and to fall back beyond "New Bridge," (which crosses a fork of Black River about one and a half miles from Hampton, on the road to Bethel,) and await orders there. Then calling to his assistance Lieut. Outshaw, of the regular army of the Confederate States, his commandant of cadets at the Academy, (afterwards colonel of artillery under Stonewall Jackson, and now the accomplished engineer of the City of Richmond,) and causing

THE BRIDGE TO BE SET ON FIRE,

they proceeded across it to ascertain the meaning of this incursion. Seeing the rising flames, the enemy advanced at a double-quick pace, and Lieut. Ootshaw was directed to ride forward and inquire with what intent he came. The response was that he had orders to march into Hampton. Major Cary then met Col. Phelps and remonstrated with him upon this invasion as an act of war not justified by the existing state of affairs, stating that the town was filled with women and children whose security would be endangered by this step. Col. Phelps insisted that he must obey orders, and attempted to arrest the fire by destroying the timbers of the bridge. At length the matter was compromised by mutual pledges that no violence should be committed on either side, and Major Cary having ordered the flames to be extinguished, the Federal troops marched into town with Col. Phelps and himself walking together at the head of the regiment.

Murmurs, not loud but deep, were heard on every side, and the excited citizens could with difficulty restrain their wrath, but it was the old story of the "King of France with 20,000 men," and the excitement was soon quelled by the countermarching of the troops and their return to the fort. But, had a single shot been fired, the result would have been the destruction of the town with the loss of many innocent and helpless lives and the permanent occupation of Yorktown, (then held by three companies of infantry, under Major, afterwards Col. Montague,) which was for twelve months afterwards one of the great obstacles in the "on to Richmond."

Gen. B. F. Butler was at that time in command at Old Point, and held possession of a number of runaway slaves, who had escaped from Hampton. Upon the complaint of prominent citizens, Major Cary sent a flag of truce to Gen. Butler, probably the first of the war, asking for a conference with the view of learning the line of policy he proposed to adopt towards the people. Gen. Butler responded favorably, and that afternoon (the 24th of May) was appointed for the meeting. The details of this interview have been reported with tolerable accuracy in a Northern campaign paper engaged in the futile attempt to raise a boom for Gen. Butler for the Presidency. The general vaunted his State-rights doctrines, claiming credit for having voted for Jefferson Davis fifty-two times in

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION,

and stated that he had come down to Virginia to teach the people Jeffersonian Democracy; to which his interlocutor replied that he was not aware that Virginia needed instruction in political science, but that if such were the case she would certainly not select him as her preceptor. The discussion proceeded pleasantly for two hours, during which the general applied for the first time, it is believed, the title of "Contra-band" to the slaves of the Southern people. When about to separate Major Cary remarked he had only one request to make personal to himself, which was that he might be allowed to move his library to a place of safety, (the port of Hampton being blockaded and no ingress or egress being allowed by water.) This favor Butler promised to grant on the plea that "books neither fed nor clothed an army," and the next day he sent the required "permit" to take them to Smithfield, Va. Hampton, however, was evacuated on the following Monday, before there was any opportunity of taking advantage of this courtesy; but Gen. Butler was not forgetful of his promise, as will be seen from the following communication voluntarily sent, under a flag of truce after the engagement at Bethel:

"HQES. DEPT. OF VIRGINIA, }
June 22, 1861.

Major John B. Cary—Dear Sir: Finding that your library had been disturbed at Hampton, I have done that which I advised you to do—brought it to Fortress Monroe for safe-keeping, where it awaits your requisition, unless you deem it safer there than anywhere else you can send it.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Maj. Gen. Commanding."

Every effort was made to profit by this unexpected kindness, as the books possessed a value far greater than their intrinsic worth. Communications were sent and interviews sought twice under a special flag of truce; but "the rest was silence," and the library was never recovered. After the war, it was found to have been placed in the hospital, (now the Soldiers' Home, near Hampton,) where a few scattered and defaced volumes were collected and brought away as souvenirs of the traditional

FAIRNESS OF LOVE AND WAR.

On the 27th of May the enemy landed troops at Newport News, which rendered Hampton untenable, and made it necessary to evacuate the town before all chance of retreat was cut off. So Major Cary ordered his battalion to fall back to Bethel (where two weeks later occur-

red the first engagement of the war,) notifying the citizens that "New Bridge" would be burnt that afternoon. The families of the soldiers; unwilling to be separated from their natural protectors made ready in haste, and the exodus was universal. Every available means of transportation was seized upon to convey the distressed women and children to the neighboring towns of York and Williamsburg. Their altars and firesides were deserted, and the homesteads of centuries abandoned. They stopped not to save their most precious relics. The old portraits were left hanging on the walls, (afterwards to be hacked by ruthless swords,) the family china was not taken from the closet, nor even the sweetmeats from the pantry.

And this recalls a letter written by a dainty old maiden-lady, who thought with John Wesley, that cleanliness was next to godliness. After describing the vandalism which broke up all the furniture, cut the piano into pieces with an axe, and shattered the cut-glass, she adds—waxing yet more indignant as she reaches what she considers the climax of all this iniquity—"and, God forgive them! They smeared preserves all over the carpets!"

This was the first evacuation of the war, and, from that unhappy day until the last tragic scenes of defeat and despair, the unfortunate refugees of this little town wandered from pillar to post struggling with untold privations and anxieties, homeless and almost penniless for four long and weary years.

"My heart is torn everyday," writes one of the officers from Yorktown, "by the sufferings of our people, of the wives and children of the privates, with nothing to live on but the pittance of the soldier, and provisions so scarce and high that a good meal is unknown even to the wealthy. Only yesterday our old friend, J. M., had to make a coffin for his own child!"

On the 7th of August Gen. McGruder, (then encamped near New Market,) ordered Major Jeff. Phillips, of the Third Virginia Cavalry, (which regiment contained the Old Dominion Dragoons from Hampton and vicinity,) to report to him at a house about two miles from town, where he was with his staff and several gentlemen. He said to him: "I have determined

TO BURN HAMPTON.

"An article appeared a few days ago in a Northern paper, stating that the United States troops would make Hampton their headquarters during the coming winter. I would rather see it burned,

and so had these gentlemen, (pointing to those around him who owned property in the town,) than see it shelter the enemy."

So as soon as it was dark four companies, two of infantry and two of cavalry, under the command of Col. Hodders, of Portsmouth, (who was, however, to be guided by Major Phillips's advice, on account of his familiarity with the place,) entered the town to burn it. The infantry, (save twenty men detailed by Major Phillips to "picket" the Hampton Bridge,) were stationed at the "Old Church," in the western portion of the town, while Major Phillips with his dragoons, (dismounted,) went forward to fulfil the hard duty assigned them. He divided the men into four squads, each squad in charge of one fourth of the town, and many with heroic heart and hand, applied the torch to their own homes, so that ere long the victorious flames leaped up to the starry skies, and tongues of fire proclaimed afar the fate of our little Moscow.

The conflagration raged all night, and there was not a single house left standing, save one, which was spared to shelter a sick and infirm old woman. Not a murmur escaped the lips of those who thus sacrificed their all and counted their losses gain for the sake of the cause. What a wanton and useless sacrifice it proved to be was never realized until wretched peace had come again and the weary exiles returned to the blackened ruins, and found themselves, indeed, amidst "the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet." The host of negroes had built up a wilderness of huts and cabins in place of the old homesteads; there was not a landmark left of other days,

THE LARES AND PENATES

were swept away, and even the blue waters seemed sad and sluggish. Peace to thy ashes and honor to thy memory forever more!"

But, sad as was this burnt offering of our homes and household gods, it bore no comparison in depth of anguish and blackness of despair to the fall of Richmond and the evacuation thereof. For, in the beginning of the struggle hope was buoyant and courage undaunted; patriotism was all aglow, privations smiled at sacrifices easy, and "to die for one's country" was, indeed, "a sweet and beautiful thing." Ah! how we loved "the Cause," we Southern matrons and maidens! How fervently we prayed for victory and success! How proudly we sent forth our loved ones, dearer to us than "the ruddy drops that visit our

sad hearts," inspired by our ardor, girded by our prayers, baptized by our tears, and often, alas! mourned over as our slain! We said as did one before us: "Better a country without a husband than a husband without a country." Verily this "*amor patriæ*" was a passion with us like the romance of early love, and though so ill-starred, it is well for us to have known it; it enables us to comprehend Joan of Arc, Charlotte Corday, and Madam Roland; it teaches us to appreciate the pure patriot, and to train up the new generation to worship

PRINCIPLE INSTEAD OF POLICY,

and right instead of might, knowing verily, that failure in the cause of truth is better than success unworthily gained. Our noble struggle for the right of self-government was no "rebellion."

"Treason never prospers—what's the reason? Way, if it prospers, it is not treason!"

And this was the difference between Washington and Lee—the war of the Revolution and the war between the States! But this lofty patriotism was struck dumb and lifeless by the blow which wrecked the Cause, and we have buried it in the graves of our dead heroes, saying: "They were united in life, in death let them not be divided." Within its empty shrine we have placed the stern and sad images of Duty and Loyalty—may God help us to hold them sacred! * * * * *

During those sad days a friend sent us some tender stanzas, which were but the translation into verse of the heart-meditations of many a gentle maiden. They were entitled "My Soldier," and were as follows:

Is my darling sadly dreaming on his lonely watch to-night
Of the home where happy faces beamed with such a loving light?
Does he hear the merry laughter, hear the old sweet songs again,
Feel the gentle touch of fingers softly soothing heart and brain?
Ah! too dimly, ah! too sadly, die the smiles and songs of yore,
Till God sends the dreaming soldier to our longing hearts once more!

Is he lying sorely stricken, fever-scorch'd on lips and brow,
Murmuring faintly names of dear ones, dear ones all unanswering now;
Shrieking out each gastly vision, dark with dread, or mad with pain,
Visions such as haunt the chambers of the sick bewildered brain?
God have pity on my darling, give those sad beseeching eyes
Slumbers such as used to bless them, mornings such as used to rise!

Is my darling daring nobly where the battle thunders peal,
Fiery-eyed and gallant hearted, dashing onward steel to steel!

Or with front of stern defiance, does he breast the foeman's way,
Standing where the headlong billows break and black in scattered spray?
God protect him, God preserve him in the hour of desperate strife,
Or from earth's poor faint existence raise him to Heaven's perfect life!

But these prayers and dreams were all of no avail, and there came that sad Sunday which none of us can ever forget, when we first heard the dreadful intelligence that Richmond, the capital of our Southern Confederacy, was to be surrendered. Every woman and child had her own individual experience on

THAT EVENTFUL DAY,

and with each one it was a tale of unprecedented woe. For ourselves, the tale may be told, but not the woe; the events depicted, but not the anguish. The account has often been written how President Davis was summoned from St. Paul's Church by tidings of the reverses at Petersburg, and how the news that Richmond was to be evacuated spread from lip to lip, as the various congregations poured forth from the churches. We could not believe it. It burst upon us like the traditional clap of thunder from a clear sky, and we were confounded beyond expression. Every heart realized that if this report was true, our cause was lost and our desperate struggles and sacrifices were all in vain. We were living in the country, about four miles from town, just outside the fortifications surrounding the city. That Sunday we had driven into church with our father, then on duty in Richmond, leaving the rest of the family at home quiet and unexcited. We waited only long enough to ascertain that our worst fears were realized, and then drove rapidly homeward burdened with the news we had to break to the helpless ones so totally unprepared to hear it. Incredulity, dismay, despair and dumb endurance each in turn greeted our sad recital. They had not believed it possible that the God of battles would permit our defeat and overthrow, so firmly convinced were they we "had our quarrel just."

The whole of that terrible night we did not close our eyes, nor even retire to our chambers, but were busily engaged assisting the head of the family, our only stay on earth, in his preparations to go forth on the morrow's dawn, leaving us to meet the foe alone and unprotected. Life has not many such supreme moments or reason could not stand the strain. As we calmly and quietly plied our task, our present bereavement and the future terrors which threatened us

stood out distinctly before us, just as they tell us the drowning man sees the panorama of his whole life. We suffered

WHOLE "ILIADS OF WOE,"

but we gave no sign; no word of entreaty or cowardly fear escaped our lips to keep our loved ones from the path of duty and honor. No, should our hearts break, as we felt they must, he must follow the retreating army and defend our forlorn hope. And so, as the day broke upon that terrible 3d of April, we bid farewell to the dear father after he had committed us to God's keeping in a few words of agonized prayer, and were left alone in our desolation, helpless and hopeless, without money and without friends, to await the coming of the unscrupulous and exultant enemy.

The earliest rays of the rising sun shone upon a company of splendidly-mounted Federals, in full pursuit of our retreating men, and by breakfast time numbers of armed negroes, in the uniform of the United States army, filled our yard, broke open our barn, took the pittance of corn left therein and finally departed, accompanied by every servant on the place except one young girl. The battery, within a short walk of our house, proved to be manned by negro troops, and never can we forget the thrill of terror with which we recognized them as our conquerors and realized we were entirely at their mercy. Feeling the imperative need of some protection, our mother sought the colonel in command and requested him to give us a guard for the house. He heard her with much politeness, (he was a Frenchman,) and assured her, in his broken English, that he would use every means to preserve discipline, though he frankly told us he feared it would not be easy to keep his elated negro troops in check, "especially, madame, as your husband is with Lee?" He promised, however, to use his influence in our behalf, and he did so. Let me here record it—for we were the only persons in the neighborhood who escaped further pillage and insult! We were very lonely, cut off as we were from the outside world. No one was allowed to visit us without a guard, nor could we go to them—so, occasionally, we called upon some of our neighbors escorted by one of the lieutenants. One morning as we were walking along the grassy lanes on our way to see a friend, under the unwelcome espionage of a dapper little

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN,

we met an old negro man whom we accosted, after the Virginia custom,

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with the salutation of "good morning, uncle!"

"By your father's, or your mother's side?" was the insolent query of our compulsory escort.

Words failed us to respond. This same lieutenant told us that it was the proudest moment of his life, when he entered Richmond, at the head of his negro company, singing "Babylon is fallen, Babylon the great is fallen!" We mentally continued the quotation "and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird."

Another officer from Connecticut, told us "he could understand, now, since he had seen the Southern women, why the men fought so bravely and held out so long as they did."

But why dwell on the anxious waiting and watching of those days of captivity—when we could hear no word of the fate of our loved soldiers; when we felt we would coin our hearts into drachmas and give them all for one glimpse of the beloved grey coats; when the enemy would visit us and retail the rumors of our losses and their victories, (all of which were received "with a grain of salt," not unmixed with anxiety,) and, finally, how the news was brought that Lee had surrendered and disbanded his army. Ah! how terrible is the memory even of those dark days, when not one ray of promise illumined our gloom and helplessness! Strange that we could ever learn to be glad again

"E'en in crowslip time, when hedges sprout!"

But God is good, and Time, the great healer and consoler, teaches us that

"Hope itself can smile at length,
On other hopes gone from us."

But even in the midst of our grief, and wrath and humiliation, there were touches of humor that for a moment

LIT UP THE DARK

and made us smile—the smile that ever lies so near the sigh in times of excited feeling. Two of our neighbors came over to share our loneliness, and one of them (whose irrepressible tongue and irresistible repartee so infuriated her hostile visitors that it became unsafe for her to stay at home alone with her invalid brother) kept us laughing often in the midst of our tears. She gave each one of us a soubriquet appropriate to our views of the situation. Our mother was "Faith;" our younger sister (who would never despair) was "Hope;" and the poor colonel, her brother, with his gout, rheumatism and patriotism, each a sore "thorn in the flesh," she christened

"Long-Suffering;" while we tried to appropriate the name and character of "Patience" between us, but both signally failed to deserve either the title or the attributes of this sweet Christian grace! At last we awoke one morning and found every one of our dusky enemies gone—ordered to Texas—and great was our relief and self-congratulation!

And then came the sad home-coming of the paroled soldiers! Weary, dispirited, dejected, heart-broken they came, one by one, and day by day, each greeted with streaming eyes and responding with such tears as strong men seldom weep. It was all over at last, and the blood so freely poured out and the sacrifices so gladly made all went for naught; while upon innumerable battlefields throughout the sunny Southland sleep the silent army of the dead, who gave their lives in vain—

"The goodliest fellowship of famous knights,
Whereof this world holds record,
Such a sleep they sleep, the men we love!"

No. 72.—The Way We Lived Then.

(By Rose W. Fry, of Bowling Green, Ky.)

It has often been said that the heroism of the Southern woman lengthened the civil conflict several years, and that the efforts of those in the field were sustained by the courage of the women at home. Be this statement true or otherwise, it is conceded that the women of the South threw their whole souls into the struggle and did their utmost to impart courage and comfort to the soldiers in the field.

The contrast between Southern women and their Northern sisters was striking. The Northern woman was never called upon to endure. She lived far from the seat of war and carnage; the sword did not cross her threshold—the smoke of battle did not dim her sight—the foe did not trample her heritage, burn her barns, rob her orchards, devastate her firesides, pillage her altars, and drive her forth a homeless wanderer on the face of mother earth. One only throe they shared in common, the loss of their sons and brothers.

In those cruel days women moaned in the anguish of desolation.

"Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the East,
And one of them shot in the West by the sea,
Dead! both my boys!"

The women of the South braved all, endured all until the end, and afterwards, and when the issue was decided they took up the burden of the altered situation with cheerfulness and resignation. They had not lived four years in the midst of civil conflicts, of retrenchment, of daily, yea hourly sacrifice, without coming forth purified from the flames and strengthened for that aftermath of sorrow yet to come.

It is my purpose in this sketch to speak of our deprivations and how we bore them, and of our ingenuity in overcoming them and supplying these deficiencies. The lady who folds away her sealskin of to-day, or who arrays her person in lustrous Ottoman, has only to let her thoughts wander back twenty years to recall

A VERY DIFFERENT PICTURE.

When the war opened we had plenty of good clothes to begin with, every family of average means being supplied with a wardrobe for a year to come, with the exception of gloves and shoes! Perhaps I should make an exception in the case of clothes of growing children. Children outgrow their little garments from month to month, and a child will run through a pair of shoes in six weeks. Leather then became an article much in demand. All the heavy grades were reserved for the army, and the most fastidious belle was glad to incase her dainty soles in soft calfskin or sheepskin.

The great difficulty lay in the fact that we had always looked to the North for everything, from a hair-pin to a shoe-string, and from a cradle to a coffin. The South was agricultural and not inventive. But with the war came the blockade, a stoppage of all commercial intercourse between the two sections. Hence came our first trouble in obtaining supplies.

The merchants' counters were quickly depleted, and wares which had been laid on the shelf for years as useless now met with a ready sale. We were often in need of a needle to patch our clothes. The blockade-runners imported what they could, but far from sufficient to supply our ever-growing needs. The advent of a sutler in camp or town was hailed with delight. He carried such essential articles as pins, needles, thread, buttons, tape, domestics.

Prices rose steadily from 1861 to 1865. The first year we paid 50 cents in Virginia currency for English calicoes; the second, \$1 in Confederate script, per yard, and so on up to ten and twenty dollars per yard! I went

THROUGH THE WAR IN FOUR CALICOES, and when I close my eyes I can see those precious calicoes yet! The first was an English calico, black and white; the second a purple, such as old ladies dote on; the third a black with pin dots, and the fourth a lilac, which figured up in the nineties. But the supply even of the most antiquated fabrics did not equal the demand. We turned and twisted and stretched our store goods to their utmost tension. We cut off our trains and shortened our skirts.

Our household (a set of refugees) consisted of eight females. Picture the amount of domestic requisite to cover that aggregate of femininity! We cut up the household linen. We wore calico bed-gowns. We quilted winter petticoats. We dyed our faded merinoes. We knitted cotton hose. We borrowed of each other. We had our times for "staying at home." We each took it in turn.

Our grandmother's treasures were overhauled, and a harvest of old laces rewarded our search. We hemstitched linen collars and kerchiefs. We braided straw for hats, dyed and varnished them, twisted a gay ribbon around the crown, and *voilà tout*, the hat was done.

We laughed at these experiences, but we were young and in a garrisoned town, where officers in grey with gold lace flourished. Ergo, it became us to look beautiful in their eyes, to put on goodly apparel, and, to the extent of our ability, we did, after the manner of

THE MAIDS OF ISRAEL.

Sometimes in spite of our care we were clad in motley garments, but we wore them with all the grace of true Southern women.

Our fingers were never idle, nor did they stop at the adornment of self. We stitched incessantly. What a precious thing a needle was in those days! Bone and wooden knitting-needles were used when steel failed. In those days we turned manufacturers. The hum of our grandmother's spinning-wheel was heard all through the land; we picked wool and cotton, carded and twisted it, and where there were no mills, spun the yarn and wove the fabric.

We wove domestic and linsey-woolsey. Black and white check was very popular; gray and brown flannels piped with scarlet, made very pretty and serviceable suits. Then Garibaldi's came into vogue; these were made of every material from velvet to muslin, and worn with black or plaid skirts. Cotton and woolen yarn was used for a hundred different purposes. It was knitted into gloves, caps, jackets, comforters, socks,

shirts and skirts. The click of the needle was heard in every household. My mother knit on an average three pairs of socks per week for the boys in the field, whenever the material could be obtained.

Our shoes were carefully husbanded; happy was that maiden whose lover captured and sent her a pair when out on a raid. Sheepskin made a soft but stretchable shoe. I remember having my measure taken for a pair which were laced inside fashion, and which came home to me

TWO INCHES TOO LONG!

But what did that matter? They were shoes! We gave as high as \$125 for a pair of kid boots!

We formed ourselves into co-operative societies. I have seen the most delicate fingers toiling over a coarse fly tent, coarse jean trousers or jacket, heavy woollen shirt, cloth cap, and cloth overcoat. We quilted comforts. We pieced quilts. We made carpets. We utilized every stray rag or paper which came in our way. We did what we could.

No Southern lady failed in hospital duty, in nursing the sick and wounded, in conjuring up delicacies for those tossing in fever-wards, or spinning out a long, dreary convalescence in the hospital wards. And always her tears fell upon the sod of the untimely dead!

We had mutual benefit societies. I had a twin sister, and as we had always dressed alike up to the period of the war, we now covered our deficiencies by converting two half-worn dresses into one. We each lost a worn-out garment, but gained by the exchange one pieced but whole garment. For girls of twelve would keep on growing even if the wardrobe at home was empty and the war at its hottest crisis. I soon outgrew my gray cloth cloak, it was cut down into a jacket. Later on my aunt gave me an old black cloak which did duty until the winter of 1865.

We had one velvet jacket amongst five girls. It was aired on all festive occasions, and came out triumphantly at the close of the conflict.

To sum up all in a word, we bore bravely every reverse of fortune, penury, want and privation, for were not our boys in the field? We sent them there with

OUR PRAYERS AND OUR TEARS,

and we sent after them our hearts and our aspirations. We spurned soft living when their pillow might be the cold ground, their fare a crust. We followed them in dreams. We welcomed every soldier in the name of our common

cause. We gave to them if nothing more, a draught of milk; it was our all. The plainest soldier represented perchance a husband, brother, father in our eyes.

The shadow was always over us in those days; we knew not at what moment it might fall. It did fall upon some of us very early in the struggle. A brother, the eldest born, only twenty-two, lay with the dead heroes at Manassas, shot through the heart.

My first mourning was very simple. A black calico, a black ribbon twisted round my leghorn hat, a dyed marino—that was all—but oh! the horror of it, the unutterable sadness of that first shadow, long, long did it last. That manly form, that fresh heart, that fervent manhood hidden away in an untimely grave! Afterwards came others; the surrender, a dead father, a forsaken home, poverty, toil and trouble—but nothing can ever efface the darkness of that first shadow!

Oh! well might the anguished mother weep, as her boy, in his gay uniform with the proud, firm tread marched away from her that bright June day. Oh! well might the girl at her side weep in dumb, silent sympathy; they were destined never to behold their beloved again.

Yet there was marrying and giving in marriage in those disturbed days. The great difficulty lay in procuring a suitable trousseau, yet what girl would marry without one? A friend of mine was married in the winter of 1862. Her mother's household linen, consisting of sheets and pillow slips, furnished her underwear, which was trimmed with hand-made embroidery. The wedding gown, a brown silk, shot with gold, came from Richmond. It cost five hundred dollars. The bonnet was of mauve velvet with gray plumes. The groom's present was a purse of two hundred dollars. On another occasion a groom was

MARRIED IN A BORROWED COAT

and boots. An engagement ring, a plain gold band, cost \$270 in the winter of 1864.

A young widow had difficulty in procuring a widow's garb. In her extremity she applied to me. My black merino and grenadine were exchanged for a cherry silk and gay colored lawn, and with this exchange we were both mutually gratified.

But if the younger ladies' ingenuity was taxed, as to that important question: "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" the matrons had an equally difficult problem to solve in answering the other ques-

tions: "What shall we eat and drink?" The economy they practiced, the devices they resorted to to swell their *menu* would fill volumes.

Wheat, rye, corn and chestnuts were used as substitutes for Java and Mocha. Sassafras and other herbs were infused as teas. These were sweetened with brown or maple sugar. Molasses and strained honey were in demand for putting up fruit and manufacturing preserves. Sorghum, made from the Chinese sugarcane, was an acrid syrup in high favor at the table and for making black and ginger cakes. Very frequently these cookies were called ginger merely in compliment. Spices were hard to obtain and often of most indifferent quality. Dried fruits were our great stand-by, as these could be preserved without sugar. Molasses and apple pies formed our great rallying-point wherever the question of dessert presented itself to our vexed minds. Doughnuts were great favorites with the soldiers, and the best our boards afforded were always set before them. Buttermilk was a favorite draught, corn-bread pones baked in a Dutch oven took the place of sweetened puddings. Eggs and butter were often scarce, and impossible to buy in the winter season.

At Christmas our skill was taxed to the utmost to spread the festal board as in days before the war. The smoking turkey was there, but where were the generous dishes that

PLANKED IT IN DAYS OF YORE!

The flaming plum pudding, the rich fruit cake, the spicy mince pie. We substituted black cake and molasses, or suet pudding, eaten with sauce. Dried currents took the place of raisins, and home-made wines of claret and Madeira.

Cordials were carefully made and kept for the sick. Medicines were scarce and hard to obtain, so we fell back upon nature and old ladies' simples—horehound, mint, catnip tea and other decoctions, roots and extracts. Turpentine gotten in the forests of North Carolina was our most valuable remedy. It was used in fevers, colds, sore-throats, bruises, sprains, aches, &c. Morphine, and quinine came to us in small quantities from the surgeons' chests. Mustard, black and garden peppers also played a prominent part in domestic pharmacy.

Confederate receipt books aided us in the simplification of household economy. They were small pamphlets bound in coarse brown paper, and containing not a few useful hints for the distressed housekeeper, such as a receipt for mak-

ing apple pie without apples, by substituting crackers soaked in water and flavored with citric acid.

Lemons and oranges came to us from Florida, and goobers and pecans from the Carolinas and Georgia. In summer we lived upon a vegetable and fruit diet, but in winter, corn bread and pork formed the bulk of our living. The country people fared better than those living in cities, and who were dependant upon the market. A roast potato or bowl of mush and milk often formed our bill of fare for supper in the hard season.

As the war advanced we were reduced to cotton tablecloths and a most motley assemblage of dilapidated tableware, broken-nosed teapots, cups minus handles, ill-assorted plates and miscellaneous knives and forks. Our best things were laid aside for holiday occasions. Glassware was especially hard to replace, while our cut-glass was reserved strictly for ornamental use.

Home manufactured tables, chairs and stools, covered with chintz, replaced broken furniture. Toilet tables and commodes were fashioned from wooden boxes, set on end and draped with muslin. Rugs were patched and rag carpets woven, while parlors and halls were

OILED AND WAXED

in many households. Paper blinds covered our windows, and oiled paper patched our broken panes! Walls were lined with this useful material. It was spread under carpets and between comforts. It was used wherever paste could be applied, in short it served an hundred useful purposes after its prime use had been served. Time would fail in recounting its many *facile* services in household and decorative art, from the lining of a cap to the ornamentation of a mantel.

Rags were never wasted in war time; they, too, had a double mission to fill. They were bought up for the paper mills and returned to us in the shape of paper, or they went into the weaver's loom. Linen rags were carefully treasured up for lint and hospital bandages. The lint was made by tearing the linen into strips, and shredding it with a knife or pair of scissors! Many a time have I seen a fair young band, (may Randall pardon a free version:)

"Sifting lint for the brave who bled,
And watched their fingers float and flow
Over the linen as, thread by thread,
It flaked to their laps like snow"

Some time when the rumor of an approaching battle reached our ears we would collect together at

SOME FRIENDLY HOUSE

and wear away the day in this fashion.

We were not Northern born and bred, and we laid no claim to distinctive Yankee inventions—such as the manufacture of paste shoes and wooden nutmegs—but, when put to the test, we proved the truth of the old adage, that woman's wit never fails, and that woman's ingenuity will surmount all obstacles in *extremis*.

The war has receded into a background of nearly two score years; but the lessons we learned then and the mountains we overcame bear fruit to-day in our lives and those of our children.

"Rise, woman, rise,
To thy peculiar and best altitude,
Of doing good and of enduring ill—
And reconciling all that good and ill
Unto the measure of a perfect end!"

No 73.—The Raiders Around Aiken.

(By Matron, of Charleston, S. C.)

Gen. Kilpatrick, the commander of the Federal cavalry, made his appearance in Barnwell County, near Aiken, and established his headquarters at a little wayside station on the South Carolina Railroad, known as Johnston's Turnout, more familiarly called by the people around, from a little stagnant pool close by, "Polecat Pond," a fitting abode for all vermin, if only for a time. On the morning of February 10, 1865, this "magnate in the grand army," in Confederate terms, ("prince of highway robbers,") encamped at the turnout, and his horde of dastardly ruffians were immediately turned loose to rob and pillage, to destroy and burn dwellings, barns and mills, to insult helpless women and terrify old men and children, about the only residents left in that portion of country, whose men had responded bravely to the first call of their State to arm and go forth for defence of her coasts, or rally to the aid of sister States.

The railroad was quickly torn up and rails bent and destroyed by fire to within a mile or two of Aiken, where some of Wheeler's men, there stationed, gave battle to the band of cavalry sent to burn that pretty little town, and after some sharp fighting drove them back with some loss of life and several wounded. Had that gallant little band pursued the fugitives for a few miles, so affrighted were they at the unexpected defence that their entire camp might have been captured, as the flying cavalry, headed

by their valiant commander, (as was afterwards told by some of the people living near,) dashed in, ordered tents struck, men to boot and saddle, wagons limbered, and everything ready for hasty and immediate retreat. But alas! our little band of defenders, as was too often the case, were too few to pursue the enemy and had to rest content with the consciousness of work well done in the preservation of the town.

The advantage gained could not be followed up, and the neighborhood for many miles around was left perfectly at the mercy of a horde—not of men, but of demons, emphatically so termed by an old gentleman whose home they fired whilst yet he and his wife were within it, although pledged not to destroy it, by its mistress giving up to one who seemed to be in command a few gold pieces in her possession. The aged couple, bereft of home and shelter, for every building on their place was burned, were compelled to walk some miles before daylight and seek a shelter from a friend and relative.

About two miles west of the station was a comfortable home built in the midst of a hilly section and thickly surrounded by the pine forest of that region. It had been deemed sufficiently secure from invasion, and safe for the females of the family to remain, and even receive for protection some friends and relatives from the city. Their quiet and peaceful life was rudely broken into on the morning of February 10 by the rapid galloping of about sixty horsemen,

WHO DASHED INTO THE YARD,

almost riding their horses into the piazza at the back of the house, and crying out, "Here we are! Come and see the Yankees and bring out all your firearms, and tell us how you like us." They soon dismounted, turned their horses loose, and their numbers, increased by fresh arrivals, soon filled the large house. They commenced a scene which must have been witnessed to be conceived or believed, and which, with the respite of only a few hours after nightfall, continued for three days!

The fearful yelling, cursing, singing, whistling, banging upon two pianos at the same time, and shouting to each other as some new treasure thought to have been safely concealed was found, turned the place into a pandemonium. They ordered the negroes, who were all gathered in the kitchen, to turn around sharp and cook them a dinner. And then the constant crack of the revolvers filled the air as they shot down the poultry to furnish the dinner. Add to the

sounds already enumerated the screams of the poor feathered community as they were chased and killed, the squealing of pigs and the neighing of horses, the crash of broken glass and china, and the pandemonium was complete. Mirrors were smashed, doors broken down with the butts of their rifles, and bureaus, presses and trunks ransacked and their contents eagerly examined and appropriated, or else torn to shreds and scattered over the large halls.

This, as before remarked, had to be witnessed and heard, not imagined. The constant clashing of their swords as they rushed up and down the widest staircase, their eager cries for gold and silver, demands for firearms and ammunition caused uproar and confusion beyond description.

The lady of the house, one of the matrons of the land, whose two noble sons within one short month of each other had laid down their young lives in their country's cause, now approached one of the better looking of the gang and asked, "Are you an officer?"

"I am, madam."

"Then I claim your protection for the ladies seated in this room, whom some of your men are terrifying with their threats."

"You shall have it, madam. God knows I am disgusted with all this."

Assured somewhat of his prompt acquiescence, as he left her presence, and, as she thought in her simplicity, went to summon a guard, she walked into the next room filled with raiders, and to her surprise there beheld him hard at work with all the others, with hearty good will filling his pockets with valuables from a trunk which had been packed with care and placed for safekeeping in a lady's bed-room. Simpletons that the women were to think that any spot could or would be held sacred from such thieves! And here, *en passant*, it may not be amiss to chronicle that when some months after the so-called peace this little episode was related by a lady eye-witness of these scenes to a Federal officer, his undisguised mirth could not be concealed, and as he asked pardon for laughing, said, "Excuse me, madam, but I did not know our men were so smart."

SO MUCH FOR YANKEE SYMPATHY!

At one time a horrible looking ruffian strode into the room where all the ladies, some eight or ten in number, with four little children and their white nurse were seated, and shutting the doors, said, "Now I know there are gold watches in this room; every one of you

women turn out your pockets." This modest little request was complied with by the alarmed group, and whilst the villain, with oaths and curses on each one in particular and all in general, was gloating over two gold watches, sundry purses and some jewels this manoeuvre had procured him, the lady of the house quietly opened the doors, and calling to one of her faithful servants who had remained as near as he could all the time, bade him stay in the room. The fidelity of this most excellent creature during this trying time, indeed throughout the whole war, whilst his master was absent, and long after, until his death, deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. He took his stand just at the back of the young mistress to whom he was devotedly attached; and there, with folded arms and ready heart, stood steady as a rock to do her bidding.

"Now," said the Yankee, again addressing the lady of the homestead, "you've got to tell me where you have hidden the silver belonging to this large establishment. Tell at once, or I will burn your house over your heads this night."

Finding it not possible to destroy her calm or obtain any other answer save the one already given, that the silver had all passed into the possession and pockets of his comrades early on that same day, he walked up and down the room uttering oaths so profane and appalling as to be happily not understood by many present, expectorating in every direction, regardless of even the ladies' dresses, and with a fearful oath informing the mistress that she was not telling him the truth. Then he suddenly turned upon the man servant, still at his post, caught him by the ear and holding his pistol to his head said, "You are as big a Rebel as any of this lot; tell me where is all the silver I know belongs here, or your hour is come; I'll blow your brains out."

The good fellow never quailed or spoke, but suffered himself to be dragged from the room by the wretch, who, finding himself foiled in his hopes of discovering hidden treasure or of terrifying the negro into a betrayal of trust, sent him out of the house with a volley of abuse. This most excellent and trusty fellow had in the dead of the night before really buried a box of silver left in charge of the family by an absent friend; but in view of instant death, with

THE PISTOL HELD TO HIS HEAD,

he never gave the least clue to the place of concealment or betrayed the trust reposed in him. Peace to his ashes! It is

as well to say here that the silver happily escaped discovery and some time after was made available by the widowed lady to whom it belonged. This was the first day's experience of a Yankee raid.

Next morning early a terrified little darky rushed in, crying out, "Oh, Misses! Misses! dey's all a comin' again. I hear de guns and de horses a gallopin' down de road. Oh, Misses! do hide and do hide me too, 'cause yesterday dey broke into paupa house, smash up he box, tak way he good coat Mass Frank bin gib him, tek all mammy's blankets; dey find Uncle Sol's silver watch he bin done bury under the door sill; and, oh, Misses, dey eben tief mv comb and my teet brush!"

Poor Joe, who was quite a pet in the establishment, far from receiving the sympathy and condolence he craved, was greeted with a shout of laughter from the whole group to whom he was tearfully disclosing his grievances—for this last theft of his "teet brush" capped the climax.

This day passed like the preceding—we were in constant terror. The weather was bitterly cold, and the crowd outside and indoors forbade the servants to bring in any wood to keep up our fire. One good servant, however, the nurse of one of the children, crept round through a side window with an armful of light-wood, and when she entered the room, and saw the devastation and destruction of all that she had always held sacred, burst into tears and went out sobbing to tell the others in the kitchen, "Dem debbils jist is ruined everyting in de house."

The suffering was not confined alone to cold, for throughout the entire day no food had been allowed to come into the house for its inmates. Five times did the cook try to get some little nourishment smuggled in, and each time was taken from her and devoured by some one of the many who continued to arrive each hour almost.

The head of the house, with a view to the comfort of his family, had secured a fine supply of provisions, sufficient to last for months. Little listed he who would partake thereof, else he might not have been quite so lavish. A smoke-house well filled with home-cured hams and bacon, corn in quantity for the negroes and the animals, flour enough for the year, sugar and coffee, and a barrel of rice, (of which more anon), were preyed upon by the raiders.

The poultry yard, the cow and hog pens were soon left without a single occupant, save one large turkey, a gobbler, which, at the first onslaught on his com-

panions, fled for safety under the kitchen, where he remained concealed from the keen eyes of the ever hungry crew until the morning of the third day, when, venturing to put his head a little further out than was conducive to his well-being, he was seen by

OUR FAITHFUL SENTINEL,

who quickly caught and hid him in the top of a thick wild orange tree, whence he was brought after the departure of the enemy and served as food. Corn picked up by the negroes where it had been strewn to feed the horses of the raiders, washed and boiled by these same faithful friends, cracked in a large wooden mortar and eaten from a tin plate with a small wooden paddle fashioned by Joe, of "teet brush" memory, with the only knife left in the house, was a staple article of diet for several days and was served up with the turkey.

Every article of crockery, glass and china had been broken up. Not a plate, cup, saucer or pitcher, not a knife, fork or spoon was left; and many a long day had to elapse before these necessary articles were again in common use and the little wooden spoons, so useful then, hold now an honored place on the *étagère* in the parlor. And yet withal there was no word of complaint from any who had so suffered. All were cheerful, and each had some little adventure of her own to provoke the mirth of the whole when assembled at night and relieved for a few hours from the presence of an odious foe.

About midday of the second visitation, the group in the sitting-room were accosted by a tall, stout man, who, looking around, announced himself as captain somebody or other, of Illinois, and said he would take a seat there with the family while his men were preparing him some refreshment with the aid of the household cook—said aid not very willingly accorded.

"A very sad-looking group, ladies," he said.

No word of answer from any one of the group.

"A rather mournful looking party," he again ventured; "cannot some of the young ladies give us a little music on that piano?"

The young ladies' eyes seemed glued to their fingers, going twice as fast over some knitting taken up with pretence of work at his entrance, and still no word of answer.

While he was clearing his throat as if to speak again, the dignified grandmother of the home spoke.

"I do not see," she said, "how you can

expect aught save a very sad looking group, if you do but cast your glance outside this room and see the destruction you have wrought in a home which you entered yesterday to find in comfort and will leave in desolation."

"Oh, well! well! you could not have expected anything else. You are getting only what you deserve, and had better be grateful that you are not worse off. And now, as my men tell me that my meal is ready, I'll wish you all good-day."

With a sweeping bow he went off.

I know more than one in the group he left who would not have shed tears had his meal choked him. The dining-room where he and his fellow-officers sat down to a plentiful repast, gotten up regardless, adjoined the sitting-room of the family.

THE POOR LITTLE CHILDREN,

who had been nearly twelve hours without even a roasted potato, and who of course were nearly famished, were sent by the mistress with their white nurse to the valiant captain with her compliments.

"Please let the children have something to eat, as they are now very hungry."

With a wave of the hand and a scowling look at poor Mary, who was a most unwilling messenger, he replied: "The children! Ah, well, yes, certainly; when we have finished they shall have something."

True enough, when they had cleared the table, even chewing up the bones of the turkey and chickens, he filled a plate with sorghum syrup, and picking up the eldest girl, a lovely child of four summers, seated her in the middle of the table, placed the plate in her lap, and said: "Here, my dear, don't say now that you have nothing to eat."

Previous to the arrival of the unwelcome and most distasteful visitors, when the tidings of their march through Georgia and the depredations and outrages there committed would reach the quiet household, the entire seclusion of the residence and its distance from town or village would to them seem certainty of its and their safety. Not all of them, however. The venerable grandmother before mentioned, from the boom of the first gun against Sumter had predicted these identical scenes, and, though laughed at for her prophecy and foreboding, she remained firm in her own conviction, and now, that the Yankees really had arrived, could not help a little triumphant feeling, but was nevertheless very nervous. Armed with the

parlor poker, which she felt she could wield, not for her own defence, but for that of her daughter and grand-daughter, she took her stand in the doorway; but alas for her boasted valor! with the first cry for firearms, by the first fiend who entered the house, the poker was quietly deposited in its accustomed corner of the fireplace and the dear old lady just as quietly subsided into her rocking-chair, only emerging from her silent acceptance of the situation to be spokeswoman when some hardened wretch, more impudent than the others, would address the helpless group.

Another noteworthy instance of woman's valor (?) is worth recording here. The eldest daughter of the house, a girl of eighteen summers, was the heroine. A fearless rider, an excellent shot with rifle and pistol from lessons and practice with her father and brothers, she felt during all the war no alarm while riding from house to house through the country mounted on her fleet and sure-footed pony, with her brother's pistol buckled at her side. Now that the time seemed to have arrived for displaying her prowess she rose to the occasion. The trusted revolver was deftly fastened in its usual place, a long apron tied on to entirely conceal it, and promises of protection were given most earnestly by the hitherto fearless girl to some of the weaker and more timorous inmates of the household. But how fared it with this champion of the room full of almost trembling friends? Alas! that it should have to be written. No sooner was the order given to "turn out pockets, give up watches, purses, firearms and jewelry," than the obedience of

she, too, subsided, and that the favorite pastime of target-shooting was not resumed until months after.

These were among some of the funny things—furnishing food for mirth when other provender was scarce. In after days, although at times it became difficult to refrain from laughter, not so much as a smile was ever seen amongst the quiet collected group in the presence of their invaders. One dear old lady was in her bedroom when they broke into it, and seeing the top of her trunk, where all her best "ante-bellum" articles of clothing had been packed for safe keeping, ruthlessly knocked off, she was almost beside herself with fright, and turned to a friend close by and besought her almost tearfully "For God's sake! do save my dress caps!" She was overheard by the miscreant who, at that very moment, was twirling one of the pretty lace fabrics on his sword's point. Tossing it yet more rapidly around he threw it in her direction, and said, "Take your cap, and you had better be thankful it is not your Rebel head on my sword's point." She scarce waited to see the fate of the rest of her wardrobe, but almost ran from the room lest, as she said, "he might be tempted to make for her head."

The white nurse, who had made occasional trips to her room to ascertain the fate of her belongings, ran in to assure all the ladies that she had been the means of procuring them, as well as herself, protection of which they might feel sure, for a countryman of her own, straying into her corner, had been attracted by her rosary and prayer-book, and hearing they were hers had helped her to move her trunk, place it at the head of the stairs, until he would return with help to hide it from the others, advising her meantime to take a seat upon it to protect it until he came back. Filled with the exulting thought of being the only one who had secured a friend, poor Mary could not resist the desire of being for the nonce protectress of the family, and seeing the coast clear for a time, hastened down to impart the happy tidings and beg them all not to be frightened any more. Oh, misery! her trunk had been too conveniently placed for the inspection of a fresh gang, and she reached the spot in time only to find it cleaned out, all her treasures carried off or scattered and her new shoes, for which she had paid the week before "the matter of seventy-five dollars" thrust toe-foremost into the fire. On the next day early one of the children, an earnest, truthful little fellow, came almost breathless to his aunt saying he knew that nothing

THE FEMININE KNIGHT-ERRANT

was even more prompt than that of the others, lest, if a closer search should be instituted, and her pistol discovered, some fearful penalty might be inflicted. Pale and agitated, she besought an older friend to try and get with her to one of the rooms up-stairs which, by some lucky chance might be empty of visitors, and happily reaching an almost unlooked-for haven, the buckle was hastily unclasped with trembling fingers and the hitherto cherished weapon, but now a dreadful incubus, was taken off and thrust between two mattresses where, strange to say, it was found some days after the Yankees left, although the bedding had all been dragged off and some of the pillows ripped open in their search for treasure. Need it be said that

would be taken away that day, as with his own eyes he had seen

THE GOOD IRISHMAN

who had promised Mary to save her trunk coming from the store-room with a ham and a bag of sugar. There was not much faith after that sight placed by any one in the promises of this friend in need.

On the third day the raiders were if possible more reckless, boisterous and destructive than ever, possibly as it was known to them, though not to the family, that it was their last chance there. Articles for which they had no use, or could not conveniently carry off, were broken up; clothing, male and female, was torn to shreds; the little girls' dresses were tied around the horses necks; sheets, towels, table-cloths were torn up and converted into bags, when the pillow-cases had all given out, for the carrying off of flour, sugar, meal and corn. The only thing they did not care for was the rice. One of them said: "The cursed stuff wasn't fit to eat."

"Why, then," asked the mistress, who heard him, "have you so wantonly destroyed it?"

"Oh," he replied, "when we are gone you all can pick it up and wash it and while eating it think of the friends who gave you something to fill up your time."

The whole barrel had been emptied out on the floor, a large bag of small seed (millet) and flaxseed stirred in, and the whole well trampled over, had a coating of sorghum syrup and tobacco quids poured on.

Books, letters, valuable family papers were either torn up or thrown into a fire kindled in the yard, which was fresh cause for alarm, as a high, keen north wind might have blown the sparks and flames to the house at any moment. Some of the letters were carried off and strewn along the road, where they were gathered up for days after. Some very choice paintings and rare pictures were scattered over the floor, and a mixture of tomato catsup and sorghum syrup artistically applied to heighten the tints and give effect to the whole. In fact, everything that the ingenuity of wicked men could invent to waste and destroy was brought to bear upon this devoted homestead. This is no fancy sketch, but a plain, unvarnished tale of facts. Many other incidents come to mind, but these are enough for one sitting.

Inexpressible was the relief on the fourth morning when a countryman

passing reported the camp deserted, and the enemy gone on its path of destruction; yet for some hours it almost seemed as though the unnatural stillness which prevailed where a short time since chaos reigned must be broken by the resounding steps of the ruffians, whose rude words and curses still echoed within the walls. The only stragglers, however, were some miserable, gaunt, broken-down horses, left in exchange, mayhap, for the pretty carriage ponies and fine work mules stolen from the stables.

The pressure removed, thought had at once to be taken for immediately procuring something like provisions for the household, white and colored. The negroes, without exception, had been

TRUE AS STEEL;

they never wavered in their fidelity, and, although pretty well assured by their visiting friends (who nevertheless stole all they could from them) that they no longer owed service or obedience, they refused neither, but in every capacity evinced docility, concern and affection. More than once were the fire fiends frustrated in their design of burning down the house by having the torches taken from them by these faithful dependants; and now they cheerfully went to gathering up the corn scattered about, pounded it in a wooden mortar to make what is called "big hominy"—all the food to be had until the good citizens of Aiken and Augusta sent down meal and flour.

No time was wasted in taking up the broken threads so rudely and suddenly snapped; and the heavy losses, destruction of household goods, and in some cases entire demolition of homes, were borne with cheerfulness. There was no word of complaint save from the lady of the lovely dress caps, who could not quite forgive or forget their loss, and did lament over her dainty laces. One other inmate did lift up her voice in earnest protest. She was a confirmed invalid for the time, and bitterly complained that while all the rest "chewed the cud of pounded corn" she was expected and, indeed, forced to eat an egg—produced by the only hen left on the place in the negro quarters, and most unselfishly brought by its owner to her "nyung miss"—as the only edible to be found which could at all cater to the delicate appetite. All were cheerful and ready to suggest and aid in whatever could contribute to the help and comfort of each, especially of the aged inmates and the little children. These last, happily unconscious of danger, had through all these days of terror and dismay, kept good and quiet, only

occasionally breaking into song at the wrong time, when some bars of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" or "Dixie" would be hastily silenced, to their incomprehensible surprise at the hushing up of what hitherto had been encouraged and admired.

Thus ended this experience with Kilpatrick's raiders. Should another ever come about we could scarcely with John Gilpin say, "May we be there to see."

No. 74.—Days that are Dead.

(By Miss A. C. Cooper, of Atlanta, Ga.)

"I can but remember such things were."

Sitting at my window this lovely morning I look towards the west and see the brown bosom of "Mother Earth," all seamed and scarred by breastworks and rifle pits, mute reminders of the fearful struggle through which we passed a score of years ago. Many of the hands which helped to dig those trenches have long since become dust; many a brave heart that beat high with hope and loyalty when first the ground was broken has ceased its throbbing forever, while others to whom fate was less kind still live to suffer and mourn over a "Lost Cause."

Where my dwelling now stands the battle raged fiercely, and the ground now clothed with fragrant white hyacinths was once covered with dead forms clothed in the "blue and the grey" and red with human blood alike of the loyal sons of the soil and that of the "ruthless invader." Small wonder, then, that in quiet moments my mind reverts to days when the struggle began and lingers over the pictures, some grave, some gay, hung on memory's wall, and which faithfully portray the many scenes ere it ended.

To arms! to arms! was the shout that woke the echoes in the sweet Southland, thrilling through the mountain heights, running like wildfire through the lowlands and dense pine forests, and, answering to the call, poured forth the Southern men—and even boys—eager for the fray (or frolic.) There was not, at first, much serious thought about it. It was only a frolic, a playing at war, and they would soon return—those handsome, stalwart fellows, roused from their *dolce far niente* existence; wakened from the dull

routine of every-day life, their quick Southern blood stirred to its utmost. Only a frolic of a few weeks or months and then they would return covered with glory—not scars—and again settle down to their hospitable, pleasant life.

There was much rushing to and fro, much laughter and busy doing nothing; the masculine portion of humanity engaged in making hot speeches, much drilling, also much anxiety about the fit of their new uniforms, which would not be soiled ere they returned, and great solicitude concerning the brightness of their arms and warlike paraphernalia, upon which Pomp, Josh, Tom, Cuffee, and a host of other fat, lazy, idle darkies were kept at work polishing, &c., &c.

The feminine portion busied themselves about the many needful things conducive to the comfort of these same helpless men—helpless in regard to the things which only a woman's quick intuition and deft fingers can supply. The younger portion of these women, girls in the school-room, who were just tasting the first sweet drops from life's jewelled cup, and to whom care was but a fable or a song, wrought early and late on some delicate trifle dainty enough for a lady's boudoir as keepsakes for

THEIR GALLANT TROUBADOURS.

There was a shimmer of bright ribbons, silk, beads, glossy satin and downy velvet, and willing fingers soon transformed these delicate materials into smoking caps, slippers, tobacco pouches, cigar cases, and portfolios stocked with the contents of their own *ecritoires*, rose-tinted and scented *papeterie*, &c.

Oh God! how inexpressibly sad it is to look back at those happy, idle, rosy days! To think with what gay *insouciance* we laughed, danced, flung gay jests while we stood upon the brink of a grave that, ere long, swallowed all that was so bright and beautiful—a grave that even then yawned its dark portals and cried for its victims. We have since realized the truth of a saying that, "We dance to-day on the loom that will weave us a shroud to-morrow."

"Forward, march!" With many farewells, much loud drum-beating and shrill fife-playing, banners flying and arms glittering—some dim eyes in the ranks, not from any presentiment of evil, or that the trip was aught but a frolic, but from sympathy with the fair friends and relatives, down whose cheeks streamed the hot tears—off they marched with heads erect and much attention paid to position of the feet, keeping time, &c. Many were the laughing promises, given with the last farewell, of the "spoils

of war" to be brought back as keepsakes. Some were to have "hard-tack" to remind them of what our boys were compelled sometimes to eat while in camp. Others were to have a bracelet or brooch wrought from a musket or minnie ball, provided any were fired—there might be a slight skirmish or two, while all were to have—

"Gay letters mailed
With kisses, stories of camp life, and how
They all loved us, and soon would come home
to be spoiled

With their green-laurel boughs.

Thus with gay laughter and buoyant hearts off they filed down the dusty road, while streaming eyes looked after till the last fluttering pennant waved out of sight and the last strain of the ear-piercing fife was lost in silence.

Then the reaction came. All had been done that could be, and the boys were really gone! Suppose something should happen. Suppose they should have an encounter and some be wounded! Suppose they should sicken and die! Alas! dreadful thought!

Wrinkles and sadness settled down on the brows of patient mothers who had held up so bravely, and on wives who had fastened on their husbands' swords. Heart-sobs filled every household and echoed in all the highways and by-ways. It appeared as though we were having a big funeral, and it was our funeral; not mine nor yours, but ours! It was not my father and your husband; not her son, brother or lover, that were gone,

IT WAS "OUR BOYS."

It mattered not whether they were American, German, or Irish—whether they came from Georgia or elsewhere. We knew not even the names of some in the ranks; but we knew they "wore the grey" and espoused the Southern cause, therefore they were "our boys," and they were gone!

Time assuaged our grief. No one whom we knew personally died, and there was no one killed. The gay letters, mailed with kisses, came regularly, bright and sparkling, full of mischief and stories of camp-life, and promises of marching home very soon. Ever and anon some favored one drifted home on furlough, and then what a gay time we had and what a spoiled man! Picnics, parties, rides, &c., were had for his amusement, all smiled and flattered, and he was astonished to find how many friends he had, and how pleasant it was at home.

Then came the pleasant duty of sending boxes by him to camp. We girls

worked very hard, as we thought, giving concerts, tableaux, &c., by which to raise money with which to purchase articles for these boxes. I can see even now the bevy of bright-eyed, red-lipped, white-handed girls, flitting hither and thither in their dainty dresses and bright ribbons.

What a lovely picture they made tripping about, or kneeling by the huge boxes, packing parcels marked for John or Lieut. So and So.

I smile with a sadness akin to pain as I recall the contents of those first boxes, the proceeds of what we called labor! Wines, jellies, mammoth cakes and confections, dainty toilet appurtenances, china and majolica shaving cups, inlaid dressing cases, perfumery, &c. There were bursts of silvery laughter and little shrieks of delight as we found one more place where something could be stowed. There were books, too—small, blue and gold bound volumes of the poets, interlined with pencil, and holding between the leaves a cluster of blue-eyed violets, purple pansies, or a geranium leaf clasping on its green heart a rosy oleander.

Somebody's darling had said that geraniums and oleanders were his favorite flowers, so a shy little maiden with cheeks rivaling the bloom of the oleander embalmed these in Tennyson and sent them as a "preservation against the heart's forgetting." Poor, happy, simple little lassie! It is well she did not hear the remarks made round the camp-fire one gloomy day as the dainty bouquet was handed around from one to another, now by a stranger at a game of cards, then tossed down and soon crushed out of all semblance of leaf and flower by careless masculine feet. It is well she did not know this, for even so small a thing has power to sting a woman's loving heart, particularly if she is only a girl just learning the sweetest of all life's lessons—to love! He wrote that he would keep the gift "forever," that with such a talisman next his heart he need

FEAR NO YANKEE BULLETS.

Perhaps 'twas kind in him to tell this little bit of a story for the sake of the sunshine it brought into her young life. She never knew the fate of her gift, and though she is a matron and little human cares hang about her chair a faint shadow steals over her fair face at sight or scent of those flowers.

Time passed and the shadows deepened into clouds. There were battles and battles. Our boys did not come home "with green laurel boughs," but after the first few battles, in which some

of our own particular band were killed outright, some of them drifted back, haggard and gaunt, tattered and torn, bronzed and battered till we scarce knew them, leaving limbs on the battlefield—poor broken wrecks of humanity. And yet there was a call for "more men to the front."

* At home there was a sense of privation. Luxuries faded into things of the past, while ere long comforts dwindled away, leaving only necessities, and these in the course of time became almost unattainable. Prices went steadily up and up all the time, while many things could not be bought at all, because they were not in the country. To quote prices in the latter part of 1863: Flour \$50 per barrel, bacon \$1 25 per pound, butter \$1 per pound, salt 70c. per pound, meal \$2 25 per bushel, tobacco \$4 per pound, soda \$4 per pound, beef 40c. per pound, sugar \$2 per pound, chickens \$1 75 each, lard \$1 15 per pound, shirting \$1 75 per yard, osnaburgs \$2 per yard, nails \$1 50 per pound, whiskey \$20 per gallon, eggs 60c. a dozen, tallow \$1 per pound.

Fearful prices—and for just the most common necessities, but how could it be helped? The army had to be fed, the whole country was drained for this purpose, and there were so few left to make food, while we had no help from the outside world. The North had the whole world from which to draw food, supplies or anything else. We had everything to make within our lines, and the whole country was unsettled and suffering.

* As I said before, the army had to be fed and clothed, and women had to do what they could to assist in this. The loom and the wheel were hauled out from unused rooms and brought into play. Cotton cards were handled by hands that had known no heavier toil than to thrum the strings of the guitar, harp and other musical instruments. Home-woven garments were made by fingers never accustomed to heavier work than that of silken embroidery. Among that class who owned no slaves the wives and mothers gave their husbands and sons "God-speed," then turned to pick up the plough-handles, the hoe and the reaper and worked with them cheerfully; for were they not making food, not alone for the helpless little ones at home, but also for the army? "Our boys" needed help, and still we sent them boxes, but such boxes! I can see the same women and girls preparing these later boxes, but

HOW DIFFERENT THE PICTURE!

The world was just the same; the

same God was over all. The sky was as blue, the sun shone as brightly; the trees and grass were just as green, the flowers were as fragrant, and the breeze danced in as lightly as it did, but that was all. We knew that all things in nature were just the same, but we could not realize it—to us all bloom and beauty, all glory, had died and been buried. The world had gone out—it was dead!

Were these the same people—these haggard, wrinkled women, bowed with care and trouble, sorrow and unusual toil? These tame, pale, tearless girls from whose soft flesh the witching dimples had long since departed, or were drawn down into furrows—were they the school girls of '61? These women who, with coarse, lean, brown hands, sadly and mechanically stowed away into boxes (not large ones) meat, bread, cabbage, dried fruit, soda, syrup, home-made shoes and coarse home-knit socks, garments of osnaburg and homespun—home-woven clothing of every description—these women with scant, faded cotton gowns and coarse leather shoes—these women who silently and apathetically packed the boxes, looking into them with the intense and sorrowful gaze that one casts into a grave—were these, I say, could these be the same airy-robed, white-fingered women, so like flowers, who, months and months ago, (it appeared an eternity,) packed away, 'mid laughter and song, smile and jest, those articles *de luxe* for the boys at the front?

Alas! yes; and that pale woman who is storing away a string each of onions and red-pepper is the heroine of the oleander blooms. Fred does not need Tennyson or oleanders—does not need anything—not even a shroud—for one day there flashed over the wires: "Shot through the heart—buried where he fell." She stands here in the sunlight; he lies asleep by the Potomac. It is well with one of them, but which one?

Alas! the pity of it. I often wonder which suffered the most—the boys at the front or the women who remained at home. The boys who went into battle with banners flying and war steeds neighing, drums beating and shrill fife playing, the roar of shot and shell deadening the shriek of the dead and dying, the flash of the sabre and crimson of streaming blood before their eyes—I wonder if these men suffered more than the women who remained at home and fought life's battle silently.

Oh! that silent, terrible battlefield where the women of the South fought so bravely and patiently! That horrible battlefield where we

WRESTLED WITH WANT,

privation and despair, with never a moan, coming from the fray bruised and sore wounded with sharp thrusts. I sometimes wonder if those men could suffer as we did during that long struggle.

See how sad it was to commence life so joyously and to have it end so suddenly in such bitter, black despair. There were days and days when but to breathe was bliss; there were no clouds. We toiled not, neither did we spin. Some of us knew nothing of what we know now as work, nor did we know much of the value of money. The world was but a place in which to be happy, a dazzle of gold and blue, scarlet sunsets and pearly gray mornings, when we opened our eyes to a new sense of beauty; nor want nor care had part or place in it.

This was all well enough, but after our boys went to the front how different. Then there came other days—Sundays and Mondays, week days and work days, baking and darning days; mail days, when letters brought news of father, son, husband, lover and friend, who had "been taken prisoner," "shot through the heart," "shot through the head," "died in prison," or "died on the road home," or, worse than all, was "missing." Ah, God! how did we stand it to fight this battle and still live? There were days, too, when the express brought home a trunk of clothes, tattered, torn and muddy, rents sewed up by unskilful fingers.

"A red flecked relic of the fray.
A shell-torn coat of faded gray."

Onesleeveshot away, and a ragged rent just over the heart. Sometime it brought a pine box in which "it" lay, a ragged hole in the forehead, showing where the grand, pure life went out. "It" is nothing but an empty shell, the spirit had left before it started from Virginia. Did he suffer as much as we did and are still doing? Hardly, I think.

Darker and darker grew the clouds as the storm came nearer, and we realized, ere long, that the lowest depths had not yet been reached. The boys at the front grew fewer in number, while the number of graves and desolate households increased, and still came the cry for "more men." All the vigorous, able-bodied men (save those who had "bomb-proof positions") were in the field; then came a call for the Benjamins of Southern homes, and sending them to the front we then saw

"Young eyes, that last year looked in ours,
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands then stained with fruit and flowers,
Bear redder stains of quarrel."

With these smooth-cheeked boys went the stay of many a household, and the food supply became more and more scant.

Darker and darker grew the clouds; Sherman marched into Georgia, and trouble of all kinds came thick and fast. Those of us who could refuged to the lower part of the State; but we found want and care, poverty and grim endurance there before us. The whole country was

FILLED WITH REFUGEES.

Some were not fortunate enough to find dwellings, and these, making the best of circumstances, lived in box-cars on the railroad. This may seem improbable now, yet it is nevertheless true, as many can testify. In the village to which we refuged there were many families living thus. Some of these cars remained on the side tracks, while others were shifted to the ground, and most of them were the only homes of refined women and delicate children. Some of them were fitted up comfortably and even handsomely with furniture brought along from the old home. One car would be fitted up with Brussels carpeting, easy chairs, books, and sometimes a piano, another as a bedroom, while still another would serve as cook and servant's room. Marble steps were used for egress and ingress, and in fine weather the occupants would sit out on the shady side of the car or betake themselves to the near woods, while the children were allowed to "run wild" in the charge of a "black mammy," a trusty negro, who was devoted to them. What these "box people," as they were termed, did on rainy, dark days I do not know, as I visited them only in fair weather. Some of them averred that life on such days was excessively dreary, yet they were content to live thus indefinitely provided we could only "win the battle." Some of the women, gently bred and cultivated, assured me they rather liked this nomadic existence, after they became somewhat accustomed to it. If they became tired of one place or became frightened at fresh reports of the near approach of the enemy, they simply had their homes coupled on to a passing train and steamed away to new fields.

Many pleasant social hours have I spent with these "box people," and my mind often reverts to calm summer eve-

nings spent with them, when we carried our rockers outside the boxes, and passed the happy hours in pleasant chat or in listening to the songs of the negroes, who, having built a huge bonfire of rich lightwood knots, gathered round it and passed away their time in singing, playing the banjo or "patting juba." Even now I seem to hear the thrum, thrum of the banjo, and the song:

Oh chillun in de mornin',
When de sun 'gins to shine;
When de robin am a hidin',
In de blackbe'ry vine.
When de owls quita hooten
An' de roosters 'gin to crow
Dat's de time to go a scootin'
Wid de shovel and de hoe.

Chorus—Den take up de s-h-o-v-e-l and de hoe.

Oh, chillun when you hear
Dat dinner horn blow,
When de sun shines clear,
And de winds duz blow.
When de mules 'gin to whicker,
Den de nigger goes slow,
It stops de cotton picker
And we flings away de hoe.

Chorus—An' we flings away de hoe.

Oh, chillun, when you see
De sun 'gin ter set,
De moon risin in de east
Ses its gwine to be wet.
De owls 'gin to hoot,
De 'possum 'gin to prowl,
De chickens 'gin to scoot,
And de dogs 'gin to howl.

Chorus—Den we lays down de shovel and de hoe.

Ah! how those magnificent voices rolled out on the night air and echoed through the dense pine forest which formed a dark background for the weird scene.

We were more fortunate than the "box-people," for we succeeded in finding refuge in a house, crowded it is true, but

"THE MORE THE MERRIER."

There was quite a crowd of us and we resolved to make the best of the inevitable. The majority of us were, of course, women, and in spite of war, in spite of "hard times" and deprivations of all kinds, we were cheerful and comparatively happy. There was no rivalry in dress, as we were uniform in homespun and leather or woollen shoes. Our jewels had gone long since, and but few articles of handsome wearing apparel remained. These few we employed our time in remodelling. Truly did we "gar auld clothes to look amaisht as well as new," but after we had renovated them they were carefully laid away for high days and holidays, these coming but seldom. When some of the boys came home on furlough we donned these good gar-

ments in honor of the occasion, and that those boys might not become disheartened to see to what straits we, at home, were reduced. Most of us had money (Confederate,) but goods were not in the market.

I remember that at one time some man brought a small stock of goods and opened a "store." How vividly I recall the sensation the event created! We scarce waited for him to unpack ere we besieged his door. The place was so small we could not all get in at once, so we went in "squads," and when we left he was "out of business," for we took the whole stock; yet there were not fifty of us. How we gloried in the possession of a small piece of bleached domestic (same quality as that of which flour-sacks are now made,) for which we paid only \$12 50 per yard—so cheap! Spool-cotton \$1 per spool, brass thimble \$1, common porcelain buttons \$1 50 per card, &c. He had no prints, for that was out of even his reach.

Many of us made our own shoes, and it was no uncommon sight to see a bevy of women—each with her own last—engaged in soling her own shoes; the uppers made from jeans and other remnants of goods left from the clothing of the soldiers. I remember I was engaged one whole week in manufacturing a pair—which was the envy of all—black cloth with velvet toes.

For hats we sometimes crocheted them of home spun cotton, bleached, starched, pressed, and trimmed with odds and ends of ribbons and flowers made of goose feathers; sometimes we made them of palmetto, bleached, split and plaited—the palmetto we obtained from Florida. Those palmetto hats, without trimming, cost only \$30. We trimmed them with ornaments made of palmetto or dried natural grasses, wheat-ears, &c. Hats for the boys and men were made of remnants of the soldier's clothes, or of rushes, sometimes of pine needles twisted and sewn together with strong homespun twisted and dyed thread. Heavy? Yes, but what would you do? They could not go bareheaded.

Stylish jackets were contrived out of the cast off clothes of some male member of a family, and all were glad to make over old clothes which in *ante-bellum* days were scarce good enough for the negroes.

Money we had in plenty, but as I have said, some things were not to be bought. One dollar was good for a piece of ginger bread five inches square, but the syrup and flour was home raised, and ginger there was none; fifty cents would buy a pint of "goobers," but they, too,

were home raised. "Striped candy" for the little ones was not come-at-able, but we boiled our home-made syrup, and that answered as well.

When we who had money to buy what we could were deprived of so many of the mere necessities of life, what must have been the condition of those who had not money or lived in a section remote from a railroad, where it was impossible to get what we did? God alone knows! Almost daily

GAUNT, HAGGARD WOMEN,

faint from want of food, would come in and beg for bread—not money, for the little of that they could hope to get would not buy the bread nor meat. Suppose we gave her five dollars, at this time it would only buy one pound of ham. Sometimes these women were those who had never wanted for anything—wives or mothers of small farmers. They had lived comfortably within their means and knew not hardships, and when, early in the conflict, their husbands or sons had been taken from them by the bullet or disease, they were left helpless, with no idea of business. One by one their negroes went for debt, piece by piece their land, till nothing was left.

Before the close of the conflict I knew women to walk twenty miles for a half bushel of coarse musty meal with which to feed their starving little ones, and leave the impress of their feet in blood on the stones of the wayside ere they reached home again. When there the meal was cooked and ravenously eaten, though there was not even salt to be eaten with it. Yet these women did not complain, but wrote cheerful letters to their husbands and sons, if they were yet living, bidding them do their duty and hold the last trench.

Some persons made a tea of the sassafras root or the blackberry leaf with which to wash down the dry bread. Coffee was not to be had—parched meal, rye, wheat and okra being used as a substitute even at hotels and boarding-houses. Parched sweet potato was the best substitute found, but that was not discovered till late. How many people lived on bread alone, and not enough of that, will never be known, as people generally were reticent about their troubles.

One afternoon there was a funeral in our village. A boy of whom we had often bought wild fruit and nuts had died, and we went to see him buried. When we reached the cemetery we found his body encased in a rough pine box, which, in lowering into the grave, burst

open, so rudely was it put together. Yet it was as good as the village afforded, there being no good lumber and no efficient workman. The family of the deceased looked on in a dull, apathetic fashion, seemingly almost indifferent. A little girl in our crowd asked the sister of the boy if she would not "be lonesome, now that Tommie was dead?" She answered dully: "Yes, I suppose so;" then looking up brightly, added, "But there will be more bread for us—he will not be there to eat." Poor fellow! how often he must have been hungry, yet he never begged when selling his fruits, &c.

There were other phases of suffering which we had to endure. We organized a "home".

TO FEED THE SOLDIERS

as they passed to or from the front, and we made a success of it. Every family in the surrounding country, for miles and miles, divided their little store of crockery, cooking vessels, tinware, cutlery, table linen, &c., towards equipping it, and though money was not at this time so plentiful as it had been we did not feel the want of it. From every station on the railroad, in several counties, were sent in contributions—the roads making no charge—of any and every kind of food. From the country about came in wagons every day, bringing all that could be spared in the way of vegetables, milk, butter, game, meats, &c. For instance, when the wagon would start from one house it would contain one or two cabbages, a few pods of okra, a few ears of corn, half-dozen eggs, &c.; at every house something would be added, if 'twas only two eggs, a pint of milk or a quarter-pound of butter—and by the time it reached us the wagon would be full. All that came to our mill was grist, and we made good use of it. Those who had nothing to give came and worked, and worked with a will.

No one can tell how many thousands of soldiers we fed in this way, and it was pathetic to see the ravenous manner in which they ate, some of them, officers at that, devouring dry bread while waiting for things to be dishd up. We fed hundreds every day, and then could not feed them fast enough.

But the saddest, most pitiable sight was that we were called on to endure when the trains rolled in bringing the wounded from the battlefield. Most of them were unable to get from the car to the home, and we were compelled to carry the food to them. Ofttimes the wounds had not been dressed, and I have held the cup of milk to the lips of one, with my eyes fixed on the crushed

bones of a lower limb protruding through the ragged flesh and skin, or fed with a spoon another with one eye shot out and a sabre cut on the head, from which the blood had not yet been washed. Sometimes those whose homes were in the hands of the enemy, or who lived too far to be sent home, were left with us, and then began the task of

NURSING AND DRESSING

those ghastly wounds, until the patient recovered or was carried out to the little churchyard and left to sleep, the sobbing of the wind through the trees being his requiem.

Sometimes these poor fellows, Texans, Mississippians or Tennesseans, were taken to homes in the country, in well-to-do families, made much of, petted and nursed back to life, health and strength, then wended their way back to Virginia to fight the battle over again.

At one time Wilson raided through the place, but was so hurried that he could do but little damage; only burned the rolling stock, the warehouse and destroyed the furniture of our "wayside home." We refurnished it, though in a poorer manner, and continued our work of love. We were only women, almost helpless, yet we did what we could.

At last these busy days were broken into by rumors of another raid, one that carried destruction with it, not alone of property, but of human life. Thick and fast the rumors flew, no one knowing exactly from whence or whom they came. For three days there was a regular uproar, the whole country was roused, convicts from the penitentiary were taken out and armed, cadets, mere beardless boys, taken from school, brought out to resist the invader. The capital of the State was threatened and these boys, &c., were to protect it at all hazards. The excitement increased; we could neither eat nor sleep. Scouts were sent out up this road, down that, across the country, everywhere the roads teemed with foam-flecked, hard-run horses bestrode by tired, excited men, and the greater part of these men were disabled soldiers, who had come home to rest and recover, if possible, from grievous wounds. These scouts would ride into the village almost exhausted and, not dismaying, take their food from the willing hands that would carry it out to them, then off again in the direction from which it was thought the raiding party would come.

Reports varied; one would be that the enemy would be upon us ere long, as a few blue coats had been seen in the distance, and we women were advised to pack up

and flee, but there was blank silence when we asked "Where shall we flee?" Ah, heavens! the hurry, the worry, the excitement. So much to be done and no time in which to do it. Hurry-skurry, run here, run there, run everywhere. Cram this into an open trunk, ram that into a goods box, no matter if it does break in the ramming process. Women cried and prayed, babies yelled and laying their dust-smirched faces on the floor, went off to sleep with a sob, dogs howled and yelped, mules brayed, negro drivers swore while negro girls giggled, more from excitement and fright than from any mirth-provoking cause, and could not be made to do anything at all.

OUR PRETTY JENNIE

ran about with her head tied up in a towel and packed her gray travelling dress with its jaunty plume of snow white goose feathers into the box with the tea-kettle and stew pan, then rammed the molasses jug filled with scorched "sorghum" into the hat-box of her pet Saratoga, where it incontinently tipped up and emptied its contents all over her dainty lingerie-laces and ribbons, cherished relics of her "brave attire" before the war. Kitty became angry and discouraged and flopped down on a pile of half-wrapped bedding (flopped is not, I am aware, a very nice word, yet no other will fully express the vim and abandonment with which she went down) and declared: "Yank, or no Yank, raid or no raid," she would do "not another thing."

Just then Zip (one of the quarter negroes) came running in with eyes like saucers and white teeth fairly chattering with fright, declaring that "Mars Jim Phillips was out dar, an' his horse wus all of a lather, and he sed as how us all had better be a-gittin'—fur he had seed de Yanks a-cummin, and dey had sot fire to all de houses, and wus jus a-killin' all de fo'kes—wimmen and chillun, white fo'kes and niggers—an' you could hear they guns a hundred miles, 'sides which some on 'em had horns!"

Of course, we knew much of this report was exaggeration, yet this fact did not tend to allay the excitement. Kitty jumped off the pile of bedding and began to work again, doing everything wrong, while tears streamed down her cheeks and her teeth chattered with fright. Finding it impossible to work—even to pack anything—we rushed out on the front veranda and listened for the guns. We could not have heard a cannon, for from every house in the village came the sound of weeping and heart-

rending cries. The streets were filled by crowds of frightened negroes who, having no one to oversee them, had dropped the shovel and the hoe and were sharing in the general excitement.

Some believed that death was imminent—these prayed and cried; others had heard that they would be freed—these laughed and were insolent, obeying the orders of no one, while all were

MORE OR LESS FRIGHTENED.

Only one set of these negroes were doing anything, and they were a part of the force belonging to the man with whom we refugees boarded, and they were burying the syrup—ten barrels—which had just been received, and the spades were flying fast in order to get it in and covered before the enemy came in. Many of the white women were using the spade and hoe burying their treasures, not gold and silver, but pieces of homespun jeans and factory cloth, intended to be made up for the soldiers, also home-knit socks, pieces of bacon, &c. The scene would have been laughable had it not been so pathetic.

We heard no guns, though every ear was strained; saw no smoke from burning homes, though our eyes scanned every point of the horizon. Mars Jim Phillips had galloped away to take another look at the Yankees, if he could see any, for when his story was sifted he had seen none, only heard that they were expected from the quarters in which he had been.

Ere long another courier—one who had served well and was at home with a useless arm—trotted in reporting the raid all a false alarm, so far as he could see. He had been out ten miles and heard nor seen anything of it. How we laughed and jested, how relieved we were. We had had all our packing for nothing, but why did not the other scouts come in? There were eight or ten scattered about.

Very soon another drifted in—"No Yanks in sight." Another long hour dragged its slow length away, when the next scout galloped in with the news that two or three of the enemy had been sighted. Then the excitement began again, and the three scouts galloped off again, only two returned after a lapse of time, bringing with them a wounded Yankee!

My God! it was true! The enemy were near! Just then a train of cars steamed in filled with refugees as badly frightened as were we. We had some few friends among them who implored us to come on board. But how could we?

WHERE COULD WE GO?

We had but little money at this time, and we had no friends further South to whom we could go. We decided to stay, and if worse came we could but endure it; and we watched the train steam out of sight, not knowing whether we should ever see our friends again—if the truth must be told, not much caring, for anxiety, care and excitement had rendered us somewhat stolid and indifferent.

Only a few minutes had the train stopped; then we turned to our scouts and the bleeding enemy. We hauled out a mattress, washed his wound, made him as comfortable as possible, and then turned to hear the particulars of his capture. He had been captured by these scouts while brutally mistreating a defenceless woman, who lived some miles away, the wife of one of the still absent men, and had been shot—not by them, for they were bringing him unharmed to town, but by "Mars Jim Phillips," who, suddenly coming upon them in the turn of the road, and who, under the influence of "pine-top whiskey" and fright combined, fired at them, thinking the whole posse were the enemy. The ball passed through the sleeve of one of our own men and buried itself in the enemy.

Then we learned the truth, the fearful truth! We were not threatened with a mere raiding party, it was Sherman—Sherman on his "march to the sea," and we lay in the course of his march. We were indeed paralyzed. Had we not all heard of him? Like

A HUGE OCTOPUS,

he stretched out his long arms and gathered everything in, leaving only ruin and desolation behind him. Had not the very heavens glowed with the reflection of the fires lit by his orders? Were there not among us, even then, those whose homes had been laid in ashes by his soldiers, and they themselves turned out without a second suit of clothing? Sherman was near us—there were not twenty men, all told, to protect us. What, what should we do? We had packed for nothing. There was not a place to which we could flee, for that army would spread for miles, and we would be at the mercy of the common soldiery. There was nothing to be done but to clinch the hands till the nails cut the flesh, grate the teeth together hard and wait; and we did it!

One by one the scouts came galloping in hot haste, verifying the truth of the near approach of the enemy, and besought with tears and entreaties of the

women who begged them to save themselves, for we did not wish to see them shot down in cold blood, they galloped off. We gathered in the street and watched the road down which the enemy would come. For some time we saw nothing, so we drifted back into the house and stood on the veranda. One man stayed with us, but he remained on the street. All at once he threw up his hands and exclaimed: "All —'s turned loose! Save yourselves!" then turned and went down the street. Just then we heard loud shouts, and the air was

RENT WITH PISTOL SHOTS.

Three of our scouts, their horses white with foam, flashed by shouting a "good-bye;" bullets thick as hail whistled past and around us, burying themselves in the pillars and back of the veranda where we stood so paralyzed we could not move, yet fortunately none struck us; then came a blue streak of yelling men, firing as they came—Sherman's cavalry in hot pursuit of the almost disabled couriers. While a part of them kept on in the chase, part of them rode their horses at the palings and, bearing them down, rode up to the veranda, some of them even riding their horses up the steps. While these came in front others had swept round to the back; and when we regained the use of our limbs and senses and went in we were confronted by squads of Bluecoats, who even then were commencing to search the house, their sabres clattering dismally up and down the steps.

This happened at sunset, and ere the shades of night had fallen the only man (white) in the place had been captured and put under the surveillance of four (!) guards, and we women and the little ones were left to the mercy of forty thousand of Sherman's army!

No. 75.—The Siege of Vicksburg.

(By Mrs. Lou Clarke, of Vicksburg, Miss.)

Though the fall of Sumter is looked upon as the beginning of the war, "Vicksburg boys" were the first to arm, march to an encampment, pitch tents and enter upon "soldier duty" in behalf of "Southern rights."

Sometime in December, 1860, I cannot give the exact date, we heard the sound of martial music and the tramp of a small army crossing Glass Bayou bridge. Glass Bayou then formed, and I believe does yet, the northern boundary line of

the city. Rushing out to see what it all meant, we were told that the steamboat *Silver Wave* was expected down the river with arms and ammunitions for the United States armory at Baton Rouge, and that the troops were ordered out to capture her. They encamped about a half mile above the mouth of Glass Bayou and named the place "Camp Pelters," after the Governor of the State.

They went into camp on Saturday, and on the next day almost every man, woman and child in and around the city visited the encampment. We lived near "Camp Pelters," and our house was crowded all day. And such a day! All were excited, and yet it was the excitement of some foreseen but inevitable disaster, and the faces of all thinking persons were an aspect of anxious foreboding.

In Vicksburg and throughout Warren County the "Whigs" were largely in the majority, and consequently the people were strongly imbued with Union principles, and, though there had been repeated warnings of such a crisis, no one had realized their significance, and at the sudden and unexpected evidence of the coming revolution many strong men, as well as weak women, were bowed down with grief and sorrow. But while there was grief there was no fear, while there was sadness there was no hesitancy as the line of duty was developed. The prompt response of the three organized companies to intercept and take possession of arms coming South for coercive purposes showed that there would be a manly defence of our rights whenever occasion might require.

Though our impromptu army were only in camp a few days, they had some rough experience. It began to rain on Sunday night; the tents leaked and the water rushed down the hillside under them. There had been no thought nor preparation for cooking, and for about forty-eight hours the rain fell so hard and fast that it was almost impossible to send the soldiers anything to eat. But they faithfully stuck to their post, and when the steamer came down the river, she was fired upon, when she hastily came to the shore. She had no munitions of war on board, however, and was allowed to proceed. The encampment was then broken up and the companies were discharged from further duty until again called for.

You ask for the war experience of Southern women—the experience of the women of Vicksburg began then. The men being suddenly and unexpectedly ordered to camp while only vague

rumors of the cause were to be heard, the hearts of wives and daughters, mothers and sisters, were filled with care and anxiety, as one after another, young and able bodied-men were discharged from employment.

War was inevitable and every arms-bearing man must be free to join the army. No set of men ever were more willing or anxious to go to the front.

Company after company was raised, tendered their services and waited for orders. As the orders came, wives and daughters, mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts gathered at the depot with parcels and packages, keepsakes and bouquets, to bid their beloved soldiers "God-speed" and farewell. Their hearts seemed crushed, their eyes were filled with tears and their lips quivered with deep emotion, and yet their words were brave as their hands were clasped in the agonizing good-bye.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

"Why did you shed no tears?" was asked of a young wife and mother in my presence, as the train rushed from the depot with her husband among the company on board. "Because," she replied, "my storeroom is empty and my pocketbook is empty, and he knows it. I had to seem brave to keep him from breaking down."

She was not allowed to want for anything. The citizens of Vicksburg took care of those who were dependent upon her soldiers. There are few things, however, more galling to proud, sensitive Southern women than being cared for by others than those upon whom they have legitimate claims. History will never record the privations endured by them, because they will never tell them—they endured and were silent.

To none was the idea of such dependence more revolting than to Madge Brown, the young wife to whom allusion has been made. At first there was only the needle to resort to—there was plenty of sewing to be done for the soldiers, but it was rough and heavy, and not very remunerative. By sewing early and late she could barely make enough to buy the necessaries of life. But no thought of complaint entered her mind; she seemed to think it almost criminal for her to fare better than the soldiers.

TEACHING SCHOOL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

In August, 1861, she concluded to try to get a little school. At first the idea of sending children to a private school while the war was going on, and "times so hard," seemed preposterous, but she

met that idea with such sound argument that other reasons must be found.

"We have no money," said Mrs. C.

"But you have wood and potatoes, butter and pumpkins. I will take such things for pay," replied Madge.

By such bargains and taking scholars at reduced rates and sewing after school hours she managed to live comfortably. Only those whose loved ones were gone to battle can understand the anxiety and weary waiting and watching for letters, the almost breathless suspense that followed the news of every encounter until some assurance of safety of their loved ones reached them. Sad indeed was the lot of those to whom disastrous tidings came.

A BLIND SOLDIER FOR A HUSBAND.

One Sunday in November a carriage drove up to the house and a soldier got out and came in. Not until he spoke did Madge recognize the sunburnt man, with green glasses over his eyes, as her husband. He had come home discharged because he was unfit for duty, and a resident physician was called.

"Madge," he said, "I fear you will have a blind husband. A week's time will tell. Weak eyes subjected to exposure and the glare of bayonets have caused it."

"With great care and good nursing we may cure him," answered the brave woman.

Ah! what an anxious week that was. For four days he was blind, but just as hope seemed to be dying out he began to improve. For some months he was unfit for duty, and they left the city for a point where a larger and more remunerative school could be obtained.

On the day of the first bombardment of Vicksburg the rumbling of the cannons could be heard by them, and feeling himself, at least, equal to home duty, he hastened to the city, but not finding any pressing need for his presence, he returned home, and, as soon as he could moved back to the city and joined a company of artillery stationed there. On account of his eyes he was allowed to remain at home, except when on duty, provided he was always present at "roll-call." Then hard work began, indeed. Madge had obtained some palmetto from the Louisiana swamps, and had learned to make very nice hats. She made some for twenty and thirty dollars apiece, but the supply of palmetto was soon exhausted, and there was nothing left to do but baking bread, pies and cakes for soldiers. She was ambitious to help the Cause as well as to maintain herself.

True, her help was like "the widow's mite," very little, but it was very earnest and sincere. At her request her husband drew neither food nor clothing from the commissary department; she supplied both and kept him as neat as a dry goods clerk. This continued until

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Obtaining necessities when one had the money was often a very difficult matter. A marble yard, decorated with monuments and slabs, many of them inscribed with the names of deceased whose friends had grown too poor to pay for after ordering, became a depot for lard and vegetables, and later for flour. A millinery store had soft soap for sale. There was no impropriety in asking for anything at any place, but the time lost and worry one was subjected to was very trying.

No grown person was allowed to pass around and through the city without a military permit, nor could any one leave the city without a special permit.

A short time previous to the siege a young German woman, still in her "teens," whose husband had been one of the first volunteers from Milliken's Bend, La., came to the city to get permission to go home to her parents in Illinois.

After a battle in Virginia news had reached her that her husband was among the missing. Having no ties in the South her heart yearned to return to her parents and home.

Gen. Pemberton, who was in command here, had temporarily moved his headquarters to Jackson, making it necessary for her to go there to get a permit. Madge's sister-in-law went with her. The General, in a fit of extreme caution, refused the permit and told her she must be content to remain in Vicksburg, as he would not allow any one to pass through the lines at that time.

GOING THROUGH THE LINES.

She returned disconsolate and asked Madge what to do. Madge thought for a few moments and said, "I would go home;" then walking to the door, she added: "Do you see those gunboats above the point? I would go to them and ask to be sent home." "How would you get there?" asked the woman. Madge replied: "Go to the provost marshal's office and get a permit to visit around the city; with that you can manage to get across the river and then you can walk to the boats. When you get there ask for the commanding officer; tell him your story and ask him to send you home. I am sure he will. You will have a long, rough walk, for it is several

miles, but do not be afraid, God especially cares for the desolate and afflicted. He will be with you and you will succeed."

"I will go," she said; and she went.

Some time after the surrender of the city she wrote she had gotten to the boats tired and muddy, had been kindly received and sent home. On arriving at home her husband had met her at the gate. She had endured troubles and hardships without faltering, but joy overcame her. She fainted in his arms, and it was some time before she could hear his story. Her husband had been wounded, and crawling to some bushes for shelter, was overlooked and left where the engagement had taken place. He was afterward found by some kind-hearted person and cared for until able to travel. He then sought her parents' house, believing she would hear of his disappearance, believe him dead, and return there as soon as she could. He had only arrived a few days previous.

Being a German, he felt no special interest in either side, and chose to fight no more.

COOKING UNDER FIRE.

When the siege of Vicksburg began, a detachment of fifteen men with two guns from the company to which Mr. Brown belonged, he among the number, was ordered to the right in great haste. As soon as they were located he sent word to Madge how and where to find him, and that cooked provisions would be very acceptable. She borrowed a horse from a neighbor, and filling an old-fashioned carpet-sack with cooked "rations," went to his encampment. On arriving there she found that the detachment was divided into three squads, or "messes," and she determined to keep the one her husband belonged to in bread and such other things as she had or could get. She could borrow the horse two or three times a week, and if at any time she failed to get there, the officer in command, who was one of the mess, agreed to send a man for the supplies. The distance from where she lived, which was near the extreme left of the lines, to the encampment was about three miles.

By this time most of the citizens had excavated caves in the sides of hills for places of safe retreat during the shelling of the city, and his commanding officer very kindly sent her husband home for one day to prepare a place for her and her mother and family. Her father had joined the army some time in 1861, and they had since moved together for mutual aid and protection. Both Madge

and her mother refused to entertain the cave idea, and after some search a comfortable and safe place was found on a kind of extended shelf about half-way down the side of a deep ravine, and there during many nights and long hours of firing during the day they spent their time. Their house being so near the extreme left, or northern limits of the lines, the northern end of the house soon began to look like a pepper-box from the numerous perforations by minnie balls, varied occasionally by a shell.

The cooking had to be done at the house, and it required some ingenuity and patience to get it done. During the day the firing was almost incessant, and the only way was to cook at night with closed doors and darkened windows, for the least glimmer of light would be answered by a shell. Think of cooking in May and June in a room so closely shut up! Dangerous as it was, Madge remained at the house and washed and ironed clothing to carry frequent changes to her husband; and several times the "minnie" balls passed so close they almost stunned her. After a while the horse she rode became too lame for use, and she would go out on the hillsides with a bridle, and, catching any horse she could find, she would not fail to carry those "rations."

RACING FROM THE ENEMY'S SHELLS.

The most exciting part of those trips was riding races, as it were, with shells from the mortar guns on the upper side of the Louisiana point. They seemed to be thrown on a line with, though always beyond, "Whistling Dick." The large guns were all named. "Whistling Dick" was mounted on a prominent point about half way between the mouth of Glass Bayou and the present National Cemetery, familiarly known as the "Devil's Backbone," and about one-half mile below, ranging on a line with the "Brooks" gun. To ride near the line of these two points, wait for a shell and then gallop on was fascinating excitement. Many times it seemed as if certain guns were fired at her as she rode down the Warrenton road; shells would burst just before and behind her and to the right and left, and as she neared the lower lines rifle balls often passed so close to her that she could feel "the wind" from them.

SHELLING A SICK SOLDIER.

One night while busy cooking at the house some one knocked at the door, and on being told to come in, opened it and almost fell in. It proved to be a very sick soldier. He said that he thought he was going to die, and wanted

some one to take his wife's address and write to her. Madge agreed to do this, but said, "We can't spare any soldiers now; tell me what is the matter and we will try to doctor you." He replied he thought he had pneumonia. She fixed him a bed, made a hot mush poultice and put on him, gave him some physic and then taking a little sister went in search of a doctor, but none was to be found—they had all gone to the "rifle pits" to attend the wounded. Returning home she renewed the poultice and he seemed to get easy. The next morning he was able to eat breakfast. Disliking to leave a sick man alone she concluded to remain at the house, and her mother said as there was no firing going on they would all stay awhile. In a short time firing commenced. One of the first shots struck the house—the very room the sick man was in. For an instant all listened, and then rushed to the room and found the man unhurt. For some unaccountable reason he had just changed his position and was lying across the head of the bed, which strange freak saved his life, but the shock so aroused him he felt well enough to seek safer quarters and left in haste.

STARVATION IN CAMP.

At the beginning of the siege, Madge and her mother had expended nearly all the money they had for a supply of flour. As soon as Madge had made her arrangements to feed the five men at camp she insisted on dividing all their supplies, not thinking it right to use her mother's in that way, as she had six children to provide for. Then noting how much she was in the habit of eating, allowed herself only one-half as much. It was no uncommon thing to see soldiers staggering for want of food, and such as they got was revolting to look at. Meals carried to them in the pits on duty consisted of pea soup and pea meal mush, all cooked with little or no meat. Many died of starvation as they could not eat what was given them.

SINKING OF THE "CINCINNATI."

The sinking of the *Cincinnati* was one of the most exciting scenes witnessed by Madge during the siege. The Yankees were in the habit of hoisting flags of truce and running their boats provokingly near the point on the Louisiana shore opposite, a short distance above, to what was known as the "Water Battery." This was done apparently as amusement. Our men did not like it, but they had too much honor to disregard the truce flag. After this had been carried on for several days the *Cincinnati*, with a flag of truce, came steaming

around the point, and when she got so near that the guns of the battery could not be depressed to fire on her, she lowered her flag of truce, hoisted her colors and ran in right under the battery.

To see the men just ready to jump ashore and make a charge, the battery-men abandon their cannon, seize their rifles and prepare to receive the charge, while the air seemed thick with shot and shell from the Federal guns just north and east of the battery, was indeed thrilling, but it lasted only an instant when a shot from the Brooks gun (a pivot gun) about a mile below, went through the hull of the boat. Then to hear the cheer from our brave artillerymen, to see the rapid movements on the boat as she backed out, the lowering of her colors and the running up of that same white flag, of which our men for once deemed it honorable to take no notice, but kept on firing, was exciting beyond description. Her officers managed to run her far enough up in the bend to be beyond our reach before she sank, and as the water was shallow her men got ashore.

Madge had stood in a deeply-worn cattle path on a hill a short distance below and overlooking the battery during the scene, and a shell had struck a small knoll near and thrown the dirt into the path burying her up to the knees, but she waited till it was over before attempting to extricate herself, which she had some difficulty in doing.

Some things floated from the sunken boat, and our soldiers picked up two chests of clothing. They were very much in need of clothing, and some of them asked and received permission to wear it. This was reported to the Yankees, and, taking advantage of the opportunity, one of their men managed to get within our lines, walk boldly around our streets in full uniform and gather up information for several days before he was arrested. Although acting as a spy he could not be treated as such.

A WOMAN UNDER FIRE.

Once, when Madge went to carry rations to her charge, she found that they had changed their location, and in seeking for them rode around the point of a hill, coming suddenly and unexpectedly upon the temporary headquarters of Gen. Barton. One of the officers advanced to meet her and, in answer to her inquiries regarding the battery she was looking for, told her it was just over on the hill adjoining, but that the firing was too heavy for her to go there. She answered, "My husband is there; I can go where he is," and she started; but Gen. Barton, who had heard the con-

versation, called out to her to stop. She told him she must go on, and did not halt. He then called out, "Madam, I command you to stop." As she did so, he added, "Now tell me your business and I will have it attended to." In vain she pleaded that it was better to risk her life than that of one of his men. He was inexorable, and calling an orderly he sent for her husband. Rifle balls were whizzing through the air on the hill, and the moments of that man's absence were filled with intense anxiety. Madge felt that she had taken a man's life in her hands, and his safe return was a joyful relief. Her husband came with him, received the things she had brought, and told her of another path leading to the encampment by which she could get near without coming in contact with Gen. Barton's encampment. He also told her that the shower of minnie balls she had just heard had been provoked by one of their men going down the hill to a spring between the lines of the two armies to get a bucket of water. They were in the habit of getting water from this spring under cover of night, but that an exploding shell had wasted their supply for the day. The weather being very warm, the men were suffering so intensely for it that one of them volunteered to get some if he could. Fortunately the brave fellow succeeded and returned unharmed.

A GREEDY SPECULATOR.

A few days after this the proprietor of the marble yard before mentioned sent Madge word that he had some flour to sell. This seemed very strange. How could he get flour at this time? There was only one way—he must have had it before the siege began. This conclusion, coupled with visions of staggering, hungry and suffering soldiers, filled her with indignation. She determined to go and see though she had no money to buy it with, without borrowing, and she would not borrow to give away. She could not make up her mind that it would be honest to do so, and yet her flour was getting low. When she asked his price he said \$500. \$150 and \$75 a barrel had been the highest prices paid when the visible supply was exhausted. She told him that she wanted two barrels, but could not pay that price. At first he talked as if he did not have two barrels to spare, but finally, after she told him of several persons that wanted it, he agreed that if she could make arrangements to take ten barrels he would sell it at \$350. This was what she wanted to know, and after asking how and where to send for it, and thus find-

ing out where it was stored, she proceeded to Gen. Pemberton's headquarters and asked for him. He being absent she was received by his adjutant. She told him of this man's having a quantity of flour and his exorbitant price; of the hungry soldiers she saw daily, and that she could not bear to think of flour being stored away in cellars while the soldiers were suffering so. She told him that she did not actually need bread, but that if the siege lasted much longer she would. He asked her what she gave to soldiers, she was so zealous for others to give? She replied: "I carry rations to five." While they were talking Gen. Barton had come in. He called the adjutant aside for a few moments, and after a short conversation the latter turned and said to her: "Well, madam, I am very much obliged to you, and shall not forget you."

Almost as soon as Madge reached home an orderly arrived from Gen. Pemberton's headquarters with an order for her to Gen. McCardle for a bushel of meal. She thought it best to send for the meal, use it herself, and save her flour for the soldiers. Gen. McCardle sent the meal and a kind invitation to send for more when that was out.

THE SURRENDER OF THE CITY.

On the fourth day of July, when the surrender took place, she had one-half bushel of the meal and three pounds of flour left. A few days before the surrender her husband's eyes had become so inflamed that he had been sent home for treatment and had been laid up with fever, so that he was not on the lines at the time of the surrender.

How ominously still everything became on the 3d. Just after dark one cannon was fired by our men, caused by the misunderstanding of a signal. It has been said that one more shot would have ended the truce then existing and brought upon us such an avalanche of shot and shell that the city would have been utterly destroyed, and that Gen. Grant had prepared to celebrate the 4th in that way. There were many incidents of hairbreadth escapes by the citizens and but few casualties.

Mr. Groome, father of one of the proprietors of the Vicksburg *Herald*, was killed by a shell and also a Mrs. Fleming. Two or three were wounded and two or three were injured, and, I believe, one was killed by the caving in of an extra large cave occupied by a family named Fleckenstein. Most of the caves were only holes in the hillsides large enough for their owners to creep into, but some of them contained several

rooms and were braced with heavy timbers. Beds and other furniture was moved into them, making them comparatively comfortable abodes. Such was the one belonging to the family mentioned. It was well braced, but three very large shells fell successively over the mouth of it, some of them entering the hill very deep caused the caving.

Once, while passing within range of a shower of shrapnel shells, a ball passed through Madge's dress, but the only scar she received was from a cut caused by falling through the floor through which a shell had passed; but though a little painful, and she still wears the scar, it was not much of a wound.

The surrender took place. That seemed like death and the pageantry of the victor's entrance like the mockery of a State funeral. The hearts of our brave people were filled with despair and all felt, though many hesitated to admit it, that the Confederacy was doomed and that bravery, zeal and self-sacrifice, crippled by poverty and encompassed by obstacles of every description, could not avail against endless wealth and power.

OUT ON PARADE.

There was a clause in the articles of surrender prohibiting the parole of any of the men within the Vicksburg lines. Madge's husband being in no condition to go into "parole camp," she prevailed upon the commanding officer to let him go to Memphis to be paroled. He could be of no service in the army, and so desired an honorable truce. She obtained permission to accompany him. They had to go with a number of prisoners. By paying for it they secured a room in the cabin of the boat and meals at the table. They left Vicksburg on the evening of July 23. Nothing of special importance occurred until the boat ran on a sand-bar ninety miles below Helena Ark. Every effort was made to get her off, but the river, already low, was falling, and it soon became evident that the boat was fast until the river rose again.

A CONTEMPTIBLE CAPTAIN.

A gunboat coming in sight was hailed, and after viewing the situation the captain concluded to take the prisoners, with the officers in charge, as far as Helena, and then telegraph to Memphis for a transport boat to carry them on. Boarding the gunboat from the yawl was something novel. A short ladder was used, but it was rather embarrassing to ladies. On reaching the deck the captain escorted them to the cabin, which contained the same luxurious furniture and carpets as when only a fine steamboat.

As the supper hour arrived the table was loaded with a tempting repast, of which the officers partook. It was then cleared of everything and some plates of "hardtack," or sea biscuit, placed upon it, and the "cabin prisoners" (Mrs. Smith and husband, two ladies, whose husbands were below, and Madge and her husband) invited to supper. As soon as they were seated coffee was brought to them. Mrs. Smith soon began to complain; Madge entreated her to eat and say nothing; told her that there were listeners enjoying her discomfiture, and begged her to give them no cause for merriment; but her appetite conquered. Calling a waiter, she asked if he couldn't "bring back some of that beefsteak and things he had taken away." He replied that he would see, and, wearing a sneering smile, began bringing back the remains of the officers' supper. Taking a "hardtack" in her hand for her little girl's supper, Madge left the table, with feelings of contempt, both for the woman's weakness and the littleness of an officer who could stoop to avenge an apparent indignity in such a manner. By paying fifty cents apiece they were allowed to occupy staterooms for the night. For breakfast the remains of the officers' meal were left upon the table, but Madge took only "hardtack" and coffee. She said nothing and did not know that any one was noticing her, but as she left the table she overheard the remark: "I wish we could keep you awhile, you'd get over that." Soon after breakfast the boat reached Helena, and the "prisoners" were all put ashore to wait for a boat.

The weather was cloudy and threatening, and the officer in charge advised the ladies to go up in town for an hour or two to avoid the rain, promising not to leave them.

They took his advice and missed being in a heavy shower, but after returning a light shower made them unpleasantly damp, and then the sun came out in full July force, making their "waiting time" particularly unpleasant.

About 3 P. M. the *Welcome* came in sight. The exiles met with only kindness on her, but just before they reached Memphis they met the *City of Alton* with an excursion party on board. She ran as close to the *Welcome* as she could and her passengers amused themselves singing insulting songs and repeating taunts of every description to the prisoners, until Capt. W., who had them in charge, threatened to arm them and allow them to resent the insults.

As the excursionists were only

PATRIOTIC STAY-AT-HOMES,

this threat quieted them. They could sneer at but had no idea of testing "Rebel prowess."

After reaching Memphis, Capt. W. found it inexpedient to allow Messrs. Brown and Smith to be parolled there, and decided to take them on to St. Louis. This was quite a disappointment and created a revolution in their plans.

IN JAIL AT ST. LOUIS.

They arrived in St. Louis on the morning of August 3. Capt. W. allowed them to go out in town to secure a boarding place for their wives, the latter remaining as hostages during their absence. On returning they, with the other prisoners, were marched to Gratiot street prison, Capt. W. promising their wives they should be paroled in time to take them to the hotel before night. But they failed to return, and when the sun was nearly down the two wives, with their little ones, sought the hotel alone, and took one room with two beds in it.

Madge did not undress or lie down. To her it was a long night of anxiety and suspense. She had heard at the supper-table that the prisoners arrived that day were to be sent off next morning at 7 o'clock. If that were so her husband would be sent off before anything could be done. What must she do? What could she do? How would she find him again? True, her permit read: "Permission to accompany him to his final destination," but now being separated from him and with strangers, would that be of any use? If left alone in St. Louis with very little money what could she do? These and a thousand other anxieties and perplexities banished sleep from her eyes.

Mrs. Smith slept soundly all night. A thousand dollars in gold belted around her waist, of which Madge afterwards learned, banished uneasiness from her mind. Madge sought the breakfast table early to gather farther information, and learned that it was the next morning the prisoners were to be sent off.

PLEADING WITH A PROVOST MARSHAL.

Learning at what hour the provost marshal's office would be opened they determined to see him and find out what could be done. Arriving at the office they found a number of persons assembled in an ante-room waiting to see the provost marshal. Presently a rather seedy and officious looking old man came to them and began asking questions. His manner more than his words was offensive, and Madge told him her business was with the provost marshal general and she did not desire to talk

with anyone else. He turned off, seemingly, saying no one went into the provost marshal general's office without his permission; that it was his duty to find out people's business and determine whether it was of sufficient importance to be brought before the provost marshal-general or not. Madge feared that she had been hasty, but it was too late to regret it. After waiting awhile she told Mrs. Smith to keep the children and remain there until she returned. She then went to the *Welcome* to inquire where Capt. W. might be found. She felt some embarrassment going down to the steamboat landing alone, as it was an unusual thing for a Southern lady to do in those days. A clerk of the boat saw her and very kindly came to meet her. In answer to her inquiry he told her the captain was still on board the boat, and invited her in the cabin while he "looked him up." When the captain came in he seemed very much surprised that the men had not been paroled, as he had been promised it would be attended to at once. He told her to return to the hotel and he would certainly have it attended to after dinner. With some misgivings she returned to Mrs. Smith, at the office, and they went to the hotel to wait. About 12 o'clock a fearful storm arose, and Madge, feeling sure that no one not especially interested would go out in it, concluded to make one more effort herself.

Going to the clerk she asked for writing material, addressed a letter to the provost marshal-general, stating her case as briefly as she could, and also that of Mrs. Smith, and, though it was still raining hard, she determined to deliver it herself.

Returning the remaining writing material as she went out, she asked for an umbrella. The clerk replied that they had none, though there were several visible. As she turned to go without, he called to her that he was mistaken, and offered her a very good one. She felt like refusing it, but reflecting that it might save a spell of sickness, which she could ill afford at that time, overcame her resentment and accepted it.

She had a rough walk. It still rained hard, and the wind blew so that she carried the umbrella with difficulty.

On arriving at the office, the hour of closing being near, she hastily pulled the letter from her pocket as she neared the top of the stairs. By the time she had it out a man put his hand on it. Remembering her experience of the morning, she cautiously asked, "Do you receive the postmaster general's letters?"

"I do," he replied; whereupon she re-

signed it to him, telling him it was very necessary it should receive attention that evening; to-morrow would be too late.

He invited her into a small office, tore open the letter, remarking it was his business to read and brief all letters addressed to the postmaster general, which remark was very discouraging—she knew she had made it as brief as possible under the circumstances.

It afforded her no little relief to see that he only wrote a few words at the bottom and replaced it in the envelope.

Looking at his watch he said, "The hour of closing is so near I will go and look for the General; he went out a few minutes ago."

In a short time he returned saying, the General would see her in his office, to which he conducted her.

After asking her a few questions, the General called an orderly and instructed him to go to Gratiot street prison and bring the man named in the order he handed him. On hearing this, Madge reminded the General of the Mr. Smith mentioned in her letter, whose wife had been led to expect the same terms for her husband. The General then made the order read for both men, and instructed the orderly to bring them in haste. It was then time to close the office, but the General said that he would wait half an hour.

During the interval he asked many questions in an interested and deferential manner about the siege. It was not long, however, until the orderly returned bringing the two men. There were several officers or clerks in the room at their desks, but their day's work being finished, all had become interested, and when, in reply to a question from the General, Mr. Brown said: "I volunteered at the beginning of the war and have served ever since when able, and now being unfit for duty, desire to be paroled, promising on the honor of a soldier to observe the rules and restrictions of an honorable parole." There was a subdued murmur of approval. There was not time to prepare regular papers that evening, so paroles were given for twenty-four hours with instructions to call for properly executed paroles next morning.

SHAKING HANDS WITH A "VOLUNTEER."

While waiting for the temporary parole the General gave them some very useful information in regard to their conduct while under parole, and then dismissing them in a kind manner asked to shake hands with a "volunteer" as they were now getting scarce.

A happy trio returned to the hotel. Leaving the gentlemen in the parlor, Madge went in search of Mrs. Smith, telling her there were some gentlemen in the parlor that wanted to see her, and even thought they could help her.

JUST A LITTLE SPITEFUL.

Mrs. Smith, remarking rather sneeringly, "I knew *you* could do nothing," prepared to go down. Taking the children Madge followed. Mrs. Smith was very much and very pleasantly surprised when she saw who the gentlemen were, but turning to Madge said, "I knew Capt. W. would attend to it."

But Madge was too happy to care what she thought, though it did not distress her to hear Mr. Smith tell his wife the next day that as they left the P. M.'s office that morning after getting their paroles they met Capt. W. just going in. He seemed surprised to see them, and said his business there was in their interest, and he was very glad it had been attended to in time to prevent their being sent on to Indianapolis.

SHE COULD READ WRITING.

One more little episode and I shall have finished my chapter. When Madge rented a house it was necessary to give a reference. She told the agent she knew no one, and he replied that if Mr. Wood, the proprietor of the hotel where they were stopping, would give her one, that would do. With some hesitation she asked Mr. Wood. "Why certainly," he replied, and after a short time he brought it to the parlor and appeared as if he were about to read it. Just then a lady stepped in and asked him to see her husband, who was in bad health, for a few moments.

Again he said "certainly," and, handing the paper to her, asked her "to read it to that lady," pointing to Madge. Seeing the crimson hue that overspread Madge's face and surmising the cause, she remarked, "Perhaps the lady would rather read it herself."

Looking as if thunderstruck at his own stupidity, he handed the reference to Madge, begging a thousand pardons, and adding that he had so often been told that so few Southern ladies were educated that he had not supposed a private soldier's wife could read writing.

No. 76.—Village Life in the South.

(By a Girl of the Time)

"Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow its form
departs"

Perhaps there was no portion of the Southern States that suffered less, in some respects, than many of the quiet villages in the upper part of South Carolina during our late civil war, while numerous homes elsewhere were devastated by fire and sword. We were far removed from Sherman's fiery track. We felt nothing of the fearful jars that shook Virginia to her very centre by actual contact with contending armies, sometimes retreating, leaving the helpless women within the enemy's lines, then advancing and enfolding them, as it were, in the very heart of the Confederate army, and even then with only a temporary sense of safety. The only personal experience we had with either army was an occasional night's entertainment given to a few straggling horsemen, who claimed to belong to Gen. Morgan's cavaliers or other commands, and once or twice, after Gen. Lee had surrendered, by a visit from a small squad of Yankee soldiers belonging to some of the numerous troops that roamed upon every highway and by-path through the land in pursuit of our ill-fated President and his party.

We knew comparatively little of the terrible privations, exposures, sacrifices and losses of our sisters by the seashore. We can never fully understand the experience of the Charleston women during the bombardment of their fair "City by the Sea." And a brilliant gleam of light, like an aurora borealis, in the direction of our beautiful capital was all that we knew of Columbia's fearful visitation from Sherman's merciless raiders. But while far removed from all these horrors, we had our experiences, which were sad and gloomy enough. Our losses by death—the death of our best and best-beloved—exceeded in proportion the losses in many sections in the South. We mourned over as many

OPEN GRAVES AND MISSING BOYS,
and look back to our homes as many

precious forms, bleeding and torn by bullet and shell, after "the cruel war was over"—in some cases only to die in our arms—as any other portion of "Dixie Land." Beside this we bore our full share of burdens and privations in many other ways; and the story of our experience, even if it does not compare in thrilling adventure with some others, is nevertheless a part of the history of those eventful years. That excitement of action, under the necessity of movement, which supported many women driven ruthlessly from their homes, and enabled them to meet bravely each fiery ordeal as it came, was not at any time a part of our experience. Still we knew not what day or hour might bring the dreaded evil; and all too soon we learned the lesson that suspense is as potent a factor in the sum of human misery as the worst realizations. Then, remote as we were from the scenes of strife, when a battle had been fought and news of the slaughter was flashing over the electric wires, we could only stand still and wait—one, two, three, and sometimes ten days—enduring cruel torture; wild with anxiety, and yet afraid to hear, lest that fearful list of "dead and wounded" might contain the name of our dearest and best beloved—perchance a father, a lover, or the dear brother with whom we had sported through all our happy days of childhood.

Every battle brought its list of dead and dying to our village, when at last, its fatal results were known, and one by one, each home within its borders, was desolated. Ill news came heralded by signals well understood. Loud, prolonged and piercing screams (I might call them) from the "iron horse," which broke the stillness of the night, as it came rushing in with

ITS BLOODY FREIGHT

of dead. Each quivering heart stood still—waiting for the aged father, with slow dragging steps, to return from where the news was read with messages which gave relief to some and confirmed the bitterest and most dreaded fears of others. Sympathetic hearts could only gather round the stricken household.

But what words of solace could be spoken to that poor mother as she stood amid her weeping daughters with loud, wailing cries for her lost son, her "Benjamin," her baby boy, whose place none other of her numerous family could ever fill? The message next, perhaps, was carried to an aged widow, as she sat with dreamy brow beside her lonely hearth, thinking of her gallant soldier boy—in fancy, sees him rear aloft

the drooping banner, snatched from a falling comrade's hand, and hears him as with bated breath and flashing eyes he cries: "Come on! Come on! They fly! they fly!" She follows, she sees him halt; with victory crowned turn back, just as the kindly friends and pastor, with tearful eyes and solemn face, come in. She reads it all before they speak. With pallid cheek and glaring eyes she stretches forth her withered hands and shrieks: "O, God! O God, they have not slain by boy!" Alas! proud, doting mother. It is even so. Your only joy and pride—the hope of your old age—is gone. The intrepid, dashing youth, his colonel said, "was to have been promoted for his brave and gallant bearing on that self-same mountain side." Alas! "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

A YOUNG WIFE'S PITEOUS GRIEF.

While still the recollection of this widow's piteous moans are saddening all our hearts, the "bugle blast to battle calls again;" again long days of torturing suspense pass slowly by. Then comes the messenger! This time for yonder young and beauteous wife. Friends already crushed with bleeding hearts come in to comfort her. "No, no!" the loud, heart-searching scream replies, "my loss is greater than all, for see these little ones." She points to children mute, who tremble to behold their mother's grief, more appalled and dazed by her loud, frantic tones and gestures, as she clasps the rudely-wakened newborn babe to her wild throbbing breast, than by a proper understanding of their great loss, and her's so plainly told in the cold rigid limbs extended there with blood still oozing from the ghastly wounds.

While the realization of such calamitous sorrow was daily experienced by many Southern women, others languished and pined through long-drawn and torturous days of unendingsuspense, after seeing on the dreaded "list" the one word "missing" opposite the name dearest of all to loving mothers and sisters. At first, still full of hope, they listened eagerly for a message or a word of cheer from the comrades who stood next to him in the ranks.

One wrote: "I am sure he lives. I saw him shot, but I cannot think his wound was mortal. Don't give up, we will hear from him yet in the enemy's hospital—perhaps in prison."

Another comrade wrote: "I dare not raise false hopes; I think he must be dead. I saw him reel and fall and throw his hand up to his side just as he

fell, and after that was seen by some one crawling off behind a tree. Had not our dead fallen in the enemy's hands we might have found his body."

Another wounded comrade soon after that came home and told just how he saw him lying near a fence, but could not tell if he were dead, because his hat was on his face. And so conflicting tidings multiplied, while the sorrowing mother and sisters struggled on—one day hoping against hope, the next in a very abandonment of despair, willing, anxious to hear anything, the very worst positively, rather than live on with this undying monster of suspense forever coiled about their aching hearts. Then again there were others assured of their loss, denied the poor privilege of seeing or burying their dead, knowing only that they filled honored graves heaped up by loving hands in the far off

BLOOD-STAINED BOSOM OF VIRGINIA.

Others only knew their dead were left in the enemy's hands, and the tale of how and where they were laid was never to be told. Not even was a wretched widowed mother, known to us all, who had given up her only wealth, six sturdy husbands, to the cause we loved so well, permitted the small comfort of bringing back to rest in the old churchyard a single one of her five dead sons, who one by one had been slain on yonder dismal fields. These were some of the ordeals that tried our souls. The unseen gnawings of deep burning suspense through three long months of hopes and fears. The slaughter which brought

"One woe upon another's heels,
So fast they followed."

Oh! those harrowing days and scenes. Human hearts must undergo such trials to appreciate them. Imagination cannot portray the living truth. 'Tis like a portrait taken after death; the breathing, palpitating anguish of the moment is beyond the power of human pen. Let us pass them by. Let us rather recall the lesser trials of the times and tell the girls of to-day how we girls of the war managed to meet our wants at home, and how our mothers taught us to provide for the comforts of our "boys in grey," whom all alike, white-haired sires, dotting mothers and loving wives, and sisters, had hurried with the wildest enthusiasm to the front ranks, vainly! ah, so vainly dreaming of their early return crowned with victory and freedom.

HOW THE GIRLS KEPT UP APPEARANCES.

When our ports were first blockaded, and we found ourselves cut off from all

resources, it seemed like pastime to exercise our ingenuity in devising suitable articles of wear for the girls in the family. As I look back now it seems strange that wardrobes should have been so speedily exhausted. I think the only solution of the mystery, however, will be found in the fact that girls in their teens will grow, and, almost before the full import of blockaded ports was realized, girls' dresses were growing so unfashionably short as to create no small concern about the wherewithal to renew them. At first old trunks and bureau drawers, top shelves in out-of-the-way closets were ransacked, and antiquated garments, long since cast aside as worthless, or laid away as relics of our mothers' and grandmothers' younger days, were brought to light.

Yes, even the treasured articles were unearthed, which in our childhood we had only been permitted to see and not handle as we stood tiptoe with eager eyes and curiosity peering into the depths of a drawer beside our mother's knee and watched her as she laid them back with a sigh and said, "These were my poor mother's." Each feeling of regret was hushed and swallowed up in the necessity of the hour as they were lifted from their various hiding places, and then with right good will and perseverance ripped up, sponged and pressed, turned inside out, upside down, and twisted and stretched and pieced, and finally converted into most respectable articles of apparel. None of your "shabby genteel" affairs either, for we would have the girls of the day understand from the outset that, sorely pressed as we then were, we felt quite as much appreciation of the neat and tidy girl as they who now have every material to supply their needs and money wherewith to buy it.

MAKING CLOTHES FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Money was almost as unavailable as material with us for a time. "Uncle Sam's" treasury was not accessible to "Rebels." Our government was young, and Confederate bonds and money yet in their infancy. We could do nothing more than await developments, and try to meet emergencies as they trooped up before us. In the meantime, children grew apace. Our village stores were emptied and deserted. Our armies in the field became grand realities. All resources were cut off. Our government could poorly provide food and clothing and ammunition for its armies. Then it was our mothers' wit was tested, and did in no sort disappointment our expectations. Spinning wheels, looms

and dye pots were soon brought into requisition. Wool of home production was speedily converted, by loving hands, into warm flannels and heavy garments, with soft scarfs and snugly-fitted leggings, to shield our dear boys from Virginia's wintry blasts and fast-falling snows. Later on, when the wants and privations of the army grew more pressing, societies' were formed to provide supplies for the general demand. Southern homes withheld nothing that could add to the soldiers' comfort. Every available fragment of material was converted into some kind of garment. After the stores of blankets in each home had been cheerfully given, carpets were utilized in their stead, and portioned out to the suffering soldiers. Wool mattresses were ripped open, recarded and woven into coverings and clothing. Bits of new woollen fabrics, left from former garments, were unravelled, carded, mixed with cotton and spun and knitted into socks. Old and worn garments were carried through the same process. Even rabbits' fur was mixed with cotton or silk, and appeared again in the form of neat and comfortable gloves. Begging committees went forth (and be it truthfully said, the writer never knew of a single one being turned away empty,) to gather up the offerings from mansion and hamlet, which were soon cut out, made up, packed and forwarded with all possible speed to the soldiers.

SINGING AS THEY SPUN.

And who can tell what pleasure we took in filling boxes with substantial and such dainties as we could secure for the hospitals. Old men and little boys were occupied in winding thread and holding brooches, and even knitting on the socks when the mystery of "turning the heel" had been passed. The little spinning wheel turned by a treadle, became a fascination to the girls, and with its busy hum was mingled oft-times merry strain of patriotic song. Listen and you'll catch the words as with flashing eyes and cheeks aglow she sings:

"Our wagon's plenty big enough, the running gear is good,
'Tis stuffed with cotton round the sides and made of Southern wood;
Carolina is the driver, with Georgia by her side,
Virginia'll hold the flag up and we'll all take a ride."

Or, perhaps, this couplet from "Carolina Forever," the Palmetto girl's favorite war refrain:

"She has sworn she will never submit to oppression,
And her sons are willing to die for Secession."

Alas! that her song should so soon have been changed to the plaintive air of

"Let me kiss him for his mother."

THE INGENUITY OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

During all that time, when every woman vied with the other in working for the soldiers, there were needs at home too urgent to be disregarded. These, too, had to be met, and how, was not long the question. For those very women who had been reared in ease and affluence soon learned practically that "necessity is the mother of invention," and the story of their ingenuity, if all told, might surprise their Northern sisters, who always regarded them as inefficient, pleasure loving members of society. Whatever may have been the fault of their institutions and rearing, the war certainly brought out the true woman, and no women of any age or nation ever entered, heart and soul, more enthusiastically into their country's contest than those who now mourn the "Lost Cause." While our armies were victorious in the field hope lured us on. We bore our share of privations cheerfully and gladly.

We replaced our worn dresses with homespuns, planning and devising checks and plaids, and intermingling colors with the skill of professional "designers." The samples we interchanged were homespuns of our last weaving, not A. T. Stewart's or John Wannamaker's sample envelopes, with their elaborate display of rich and costly fabrics. Our mothers' silk stockings, of ante-bellum date, were unravelled with patience and transformed into the prettiest of neat-fitting gloves. The writer remembers never to have been more pleased than she was by the possession of a trim pair of boots made of the tanned skins of some half dozen squirrels. They were so much softer and finer than the ordinary heavy calfskin affairs to be bought at the village "shoe shop," that no Northern maiden was ever more pleased with her ten-dollar boots. Our hats, made of palmetto and rye straw, were becoming and pretty without lace, tips, or flowers. Our jackets were made of the fathers' old-fashioned cloaks, in vogue some forty years ago—those of that style represented in the pictures of Mr. Calhoun doing splendid service by supplying all the girls in the family at once. We even made palmetto jewelry of exquisite designs, intermingled with hair, that we might keep even with the boys who wore "palmetto cockades." The flowers we wore were Nature's own beautiful, fragrant blossoms, sometimes, when in patriotic mood, nestled with

symbolic cotton bolls. For our calico dresses, if ever so fortunate as to find one, we sometimes paid a hundred dollars, and for the spool of cotton that made it from ten to twenty dollars. The buttons we used were oftentimes cut from a gourd into sizes required and covered with cloth, they having the advantage of pasteboard because they were rounded. On children's clothes persimmon seed in their natural state, with two holes drilled through them, were found both neat and durable. In short, we fastened all our garments after true Confederate style, without the aid of Ma'am Demores's guide book, or Worth's Parisian models, and suffered from none of "Miss Flora McFlimsey's" harassing dilemmas.

WHAT THEY ATE AND DRANK.

The things we ate and drank come in too for a prominent position. Our first duty, after the blockade cut off all supplies, was to store away what groceries and luxuries were left in as safe places as possible for sickness and in view of the return of wounded friends. So, then, our coffee was made of rye, wheat and sweet potatoes chipped, dried and parched; also okra seed and other substitutes too numerous to mention. It was sweetened, if at all, with sorghum or honey. For tea the leaves of blackberry vines were gathered and dried with as much care as a Chinaman manipulates his "Young Hyson" and "Oolong." "Dixie cookeries," abounding in recipes for molasses cakes and puddings, were quite the fashion. Our fruit cakes were made of dried apples, cherries, pears and plums, and without any spice at all. For medicines we used roots and herbs, glad to make use of the red man's medicinal skill. Salt, white and pure, was obtained by digging up the earthen floors of long used smoke-houses, dripping water through it in hoppers and boiling it down. When the long winter evenings closed in the lights we used were simple curiosities. We had no gatherings then round brilliant lamps with dainty embroideries and fancy crochets in gay worsteds and silk. Our constant work was knitting coarse socks for the soldiers. Full directions for the length and breadth thereof being printed for the benefit of the inexperienced. Our best lights were tallow candles, but these were too scarce to be used except on special occasions. The ordinary lights were knots of pine, supported on iron racks at the back of the chimney to let the smoke fly upwards. Another odd light, known as a wax taper, was made by winding thirty yards of wick, previ-

ously dipped in melted wax, round an old candlestick. Imagine, if you can, its unsightly proportions.

A favorite night's employment was found in making envelopes, for we wrote letters then as well as you do now, girls. No bits of white paper, suitable for writing with pen and ink, could be wasted in envelopes; these had to take the place inside and bear our messages of love and cheer to the boys, who appreciated them quite as much as your lovers of to-day. Thus it happened that wall papering and sheets with pictures on one side, taken from old books of "United States explorations," served to make envelopes neat enough, as far as outside appearances went, to please the most fastidious. These we stuck together with gum from peach trees. Ink was manufactured from oak balls and green persimmons with rusty nails instead of copperas to deepen the color. The noisy goose supplied our pens. With these materials were sent as loving missives and, we fancy, as warmly welcome as those now penned with gold on dainty, gilt-edged sheets of dazzling whiteness.

ALONE WITH THE SLAVES.

In addition to these light privations, wives and mothers were burdened, as they had never been before, by the direction and oversight of the numerous slaves, on whom alone they depended for the homely supplies necessary to the maintenance of the whites as well as blacks. And be it said to their eternal credit, no race was ever more submissive and helpful than they during those four years of bloody strife. And had not their ignorance been abused and tampered with by designing scalawags and carpet-baggers they might have been so still, and though freed, lived on till now in peace and harmony with their former masters. They even took a pride in feeling themselves the only protectors of the mistress at home, deprived of her natural support and guidance from the stronger sex, all of whom had volunteered in our country's cause. And yet again, there were thousands of men in the army upon whose daily labor their families depended for bread. Deprived of this and widowed and orphaned, as they rapidly were by the deadly battles which followed in quick succession, they were left suffering and starving, thrown almost entirely upon the mercy of these wives and mothers, who bravely met this additional demand upon their charity.

But why need I write further? The list of things we wore, and ate, and did,

and the list of things we thought, and felt, and dreamed, might be written of forever and then leave much of the truth untold. Yet, for all that, barring suspense, we were content with just such comforts as we had. A sprig of the "herb called content" can make the poorest soup taste as rich as the lord-mayor's turtle, and our sacrifices seemed as trivial nothings in comparison with the hardships, privations and dying agonies of our suffering and impoverished boys "along the Potomac," "where the light of the camp-fires gleamed," and from whence no word of murmur ever came. Yes, our "own boys;" for where was ever such an army known before? No hirelings of the nation. No tall and fair-faced Hessians, who fought for price, or sons of Erin's Isle, who needed but a floating bit of crimson cloth to fire their love of fight. But noble sons of patriotic sires! The flower of high-born, Southern chivalry! Who fought for right! for freedom! and for justice! of the loftiest type—aye! must I tell it? Fought in vain, but to be mowed down like grass, before the keen-edged blade of base oppression. If the treasured suits of hair, a woman's pride and glory, could have been shaven from the heads of Southern women, and utilized for the comfort of such armies, whole bales would have been ready for transportation. But alas! alas! All the eager enthusiasm, high-spirited defiance, and passionate vehemence found an end in the slow-burning furnace of humiliation when the 9th of April, 1865, closed upon that memorable scene at Appomattox. Let the pall of silence overshadow that ill-starred hour. We cannot picture the despair, for

"'Tis with feelings as with waters—
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

IN THE HANDS OF THE BUMMERS.

Shortly after Lee's surrender our community was visited by the party of Yankee raiders before mentioned. Our armies had been disbanded; their shattered remnants, heartsick, hungry and penniless, scattered to seek their homes as best they might. Our Capital was deserted; our President had fled for his life; no show of resistance was to be seen in the most rebellious quarter, and we had reason to suppose that the privileges of war would no longer be exercised by our foes. Then it was they came and insulted, ill-used and robbed us, simply because they could. Perhaps it will never be certainly known to what command exactly they belonged, though they were a part of the host sent to cap-

ture President Davis. At any rate, they were checked in their career of theft within a mile of our village (for the fame of their ill deeds had gone before them) by a company of school-boys and old men, organized for home defence, who frightened them into believing the place was ably defended.

Retreating, they scattered and turned aside from the direct road, swarming like a herd of hungry animals, by circuitous routes, among the country homes, where only old men and weak women were to be found. Of the details of their various visits I have no personal knowledge beyond our own household. I must therefore confine further remarks to what came under our immediate observation.

I seem to see and hear them now as they came rushing on their wicked errand of plunder. For their crimes "are written with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond" on our hearts. Perhaps not more than twenty minutes before warning had come of their presence several miles away, and even while we waited irresolute, deciding what course was best to pursue, employed the while in sealing up and securing such articles of jewelry and silver as we could, they came charging and yelling as if they expected to be met by the Stonewall brigade instead of the terrified women of a conquered people—"conquered," did I say? I take it back and insert in its place "overpowered"—with oaths upon their lips the like of which we had never heard before. From above stairs I heard the mother's voice, in wild entreaty, urging the white-haired father, infirm and feeble as he was, "to fly for God's sake anywhere beyond their reach." News of how they had subjected old men of any position whatever to all manner of indignities, for what purpose only God in heaven knew, had made us more alive to his danger. As his bent form was lost to sight behind the garden palings close by, a loud shot to the front was heard, followed by a dying moan, which told of the faithful watch dog's fate. Bewildered with distracting uncertainty I seemed unable to move until the rude insulting demands reached my ears: "Where's the man of the house?" "Your firearms?" "Your money, Madam?" Dizzy with fear lest they might overtake the father in his flight, we knew not whither, or perchance, trot him off on some jaded, bare-back mule in our very sight, or torture the mother to make her disclose his hiding place, I descended the stairs with as much composure as I could command, there to be confronted with the same

demands, accompanied with fierce oaths and accusations of falsehood, couched in no mild terms, but the surly words,

"YOU ARE A LIAR!"

blurted out in such tones as made the very blood to curdle. They were seven in number—one an Indian, the most insulting of all a Michigander, fired with drink. After hasty and vain efforts to extort the father's hiding place they began searching for him and also for hidden treasure. But even a child can be an instrument in the hands of the Lord for good, and as they started behind the garden, a quick-witted little African seemed to think her duty was to thwart them, and so she spoke out boldly and said: "Master didn't go that way, he went in the garden." This turned their course. Failing to find him they went out at an orchard gate beyond, leaving him unfound, in safety, not ten steps from where they passed, with only the garden paling between. Truly, "the Lord preserveth the righteous man," and under the "shadow of His wings" what enemy can harm?

They were evidently in great haste, as we afterwards learned they feared pursuit from the village company. But they managed to execute a great deal in a short time. Every trunk, drawer, wardrobe and closet was entered. Watches, jewelry, silver and every trinket of value extracted. Locks burst, beds torn to pieces, and indeed every room thrown in the wildest confusion. What they could not take they destroyed, cutting in pieces such valuable things as boots, clothes and books, shattering glasses, china, combs and in short singling out the very articles they knew could only be replaced with difficulty. Entering the library, the keys of the desk were demanded, which being in the father's pocket, of course, could not be produced. They then proceeded to rip it open on every side with their bayonets. Finding nothing but Confederate money they remunerated themselves for the trouble by tearing up and scattering to the four winds every paper to be found, many valuable ones disappearing never to be seen again. Practice had made them perfect, for they left "no stone unturned" in their search. The Indian with his national characteristic "captured" a crimson plume, which had only served to make gay the baby's cap. One of the party sat outside on his horse watching. He claimed to be an officer, and yet when appealed to for protection answered: "I am sorry, but I can't control these men." Previous to that time many ladies had been initiated in

Free-Masonry, that part of it at least allowed to them for purposes of security. With the sign of the Order still fresh in mind it was thought advisable to try its powers; but after unavailing efforts to convince the would-be officer of

A MASONIC WOMAN'S CLAIMS

upon his humanity, the effort was abandoned in despair. He sat with stolid indifference throughout the entire performance, leaving the honest conviction that either he was no part of a Mason, or else those signs given to ladies were something of a humbug. Girls had also been practiced in shooting pistols for further self-protection, and when the burly Michigander walked out with our brace of pretty Smith & Wesson pistols, and triumphantly displayed them to his commanding officer, one of us said politely, "Those are mine." With a sneer that might have done Voltaire credit he replied, with an oath, "Not now, my lassie." That was the only remark ventured, as we thought "discretion the better part of valor." At last gathering up the stolen goods, besides the guns, and even two pairs of old navy and duelling pistols, in disuse twenty years or more, and a valuable telescope, they took themselves off with five horses, which they had seen in coming through the plantation where the negroes were at work and ordered them brought in. At the front door was left the heap of plough-gear, and one jaded, worn-down animal, so utterly exhausted it never moved for hours. The next day it was claimed by a man from whom it was stolen twenty miles distant.

SHOT BY ACCIDENT.

Retribution oftentimes overtakes the wicked suddenly, and that "without remedy." So it happened to this party a few hours after they left us thankful for life and shelter. They had entered the house of a minister of God, pillaged, and were just leaving well-freighted with jewelry and valuables when the Michigander, by accident, shot himself. Mortally wounded, his comrades were puzzled to know what to do. The man of God took advantage of the occasion to reprove them in his Master's name, whereupon they agreed to give back the stolen property if the minister would take care of the fallen dragoon and bury him decently. The family physician was summoned and every act of mercy needful performed, but the rifle had done its work well and within twelve hours this soldier, too, had entered upon the untried realities of eternity.

A SCENE OF OUTRAGE AND PLUNDER.

A month from this period, one pleas-

ant May morning, after the President had been overtaken and the troops were returning from Georgia, two of the same party of raiders before mentioned, with others, called "once again to greet us." Being quite at leisure that time they excelled themselves in deeds of unparalleled outrage. Entering stealthily without a moment's warning, front and back doors at the same instant, a pistol was drawn on our father's white head, as he sat on the porch without thought of danger. There, with insulting menaces, held prisoner by one of the band during four hours or more, while the others proceeded with their disgraceful work of insult, theft and vindictive overbearing at the expense of an aged, tremulous mother and two frightened girls, with great deliberation they enumerated long list of articles minutely. Calling for those slaves by name who had aided in concealing the valuables, they were ordered at the point of the bayonet to show where the mistress had put such and such things as they named. In a few instances the more ignorant and less trusty slaves were bribed and duped into believing that they did God service by disclosing family secrets. From one of this class, who was an alien without kindred, but recently come among our slaves, and jealous of the trust imposed in others, had been obtained the information now flaunted by these heroic conquerors. The faithful, trusted head-servant had concealed many valuable clothes and other things in his house, and a trunk of clothing to save, if need be, by claiming it as his own. But from some reason, never explained, he was suspected and accordingly reported by the slave alluded to, and now called by name and forced by threats of instant death to show where were concealed his slain young master's clothes, the watch, the pictures and relics of that dear soldier brother whose life-blood flowed with Chickamauga's dismal stream. Singling out with peculiar discrimination every item of the master's property, they mutilated and despoiled what they could not take. The wife of the man servant only saved one of the pictures from destruction by tears and entreaties and claiming it as her own.

But for all this, hard as it was, we might have forgiven them had they been content to stop there. With diabolical hate still insatiate, they hurried, with scoffs and curses on his head, to the very grave of him so cruelly sacrificed, searching even that hallowed spot for "worldly treasure." God forgive them! Had not a kind Father looked down in pity, and tempered the wretchedness of that hour,

what mothers' and what sisters' hearts could have borne the intensity of its burning torture! Thus forced, on the one hand, to see our dear old father, his head already bowed with sorrow and the snows of many winters, bound to his chair by fierce threats of injury and torture, and kept motionless, more to save us from additional suffering in seeing him harmed than any fear of death, conscious of our weakness and inability to resist superior strength, feeling the hopelessness of an appeal for mercy, seeing their wicked enjoyment of our helpless misery as they revelled in this display of malignant hate; and, far worse than all else, compelled to stand aloof and witness the unholy desecration of that sacred spot, our brother's grave, to see it dug into, spit upon, and listen to their fiendish rejoicings over the "death of this one hated Rebel"—all combined was

A REFINEMENT OF TORTURE

beyond anything the "Camanches or Spanish Inquisition ever dreamed." Our whole beings yet quiver with anguish at remembrance of the recent scene when that new-made mound was silently heaped on the cold, still form of our darling hope and pride. He was our eldest born—the best among us, the favored one who was bound to our hearts, not only by the ties of kindred, but "grappled to our souls by hooks of steel," for his many deeds of loving kindness. Generous, true and noble we knew him; the hope of aged parents, his young life, so full of promise, we realized then had been, like so many thousand others, an unavailing sacrifice. With many hair-breadth escapes he had safely borne the strife and turmoil of four and twenty battles while comrades fell around him "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the vale in Valambrosa." Full of life and hope at last he fell to suffer and to die alone, aye! all alone! upon that dreadful field of carnage where the "River of Death" murmured a mournful dirge o'er the graves of a thousand dead. Had we yet forgotten the solemn hour that brought him back. That mournful procession; the deep rumbling of those heavy wheels, freighted with a narrow six-foot box of pine, as, at the midnight hour it slowly approached the door, where stood a white-haired, weeping father; a mother, wild with frantic grief for her "poor boy;" sisters, crushed and stricken by the overwhelming calamity of their first great loss and sorrow. Friends and kindred, full of sympathy, stood by, for they too had loved the noble, generous,

youth, as also had that dusky throng of slaves, who crowded round with loud wailing and lamentations, wildly tossing to and fro the fiery torches which alone lit up the weird, heartrending scene. Their hearts all full of love and sympathy for "poor old master," they gathered closer and yet closer, touching reverently the sacred box, and calling aloud on the name of its cold and silent inmate. This was the scene that yet burned in our hearts, and now made this exercise of vindictive hate and tyranny so hard to be endured from these relentless foes.

And what soul can feel more abhorrence of base and cowardly oppression than the woman subjected to its fury? Every form of justice was trampled under foot. Silver and jewelry, which before had escaped, was now unearthed. Every petty annoyance and insult conceivable were resorted to with jeers and taunts which could only be met in silence. The cherished remnants of crushed sugar, coffee, tea, sweetmeats, wine and such things as were rare luxuries to us then, were wantonly destroyed before our eyes. Jugs in which they had safely undergone burial were burst open on the ground. Sugar was fed as salt to their horses, and that with everything else scattered beneath their feet to be despoiled beyond recovery. This may seem a trivial matter now, but when it is remembered with what care and painstaking these treasured edibles had been packed and sealed securely enough to be buried and hoarded up, how they had been sparingly used in sickness occasionally, and when needed to gratify the cravings of wounded, invalid boys sent home suffering for proper diet in the hospitals to recruit a few days—let all this be first understood and our feelings then will be better explained.

Another trusted slave was marched before a levelled gun to a fish pond near by to raise the bottles of wine there sunk for safety. In spite of threats, however, the African was wily enough to save a portion by a little deception in reference to the quantity hidden away. Over this, when returned from the pond, they made great merriment, amusing themselves by making drunk the half curious, half frightened assembly of little darkys attracted by the novelty of the position. With rude boisterous laughing they toasted and drank to the fill. Their horses were also invited to join them in a "Secesh drink," prefaced, of course, with the necessary oaths to enforce the merit of the joke. What was left they poured out on the ground, as a

libation, I suppose, to their great victory over the weaker sex.

THEIR DRUNKEN REVEL

happily ended at last, they rudely ordered dinner served, refusing to eat until assured by their dusky ally the family had partaken of similar food, lest their precious palates might be tickled by a rare bit of poison. I wonder if they thought they deserved as much? Nobody asked me what I thought, and I never said. After hours of such tantalizing and exasperating outlawry, the gallant troop departed, leaving one of us, at least, hoping her eyes might never rest again upon another soldier from the ranks of the "Grand Army of the Republic" south of "Mason and Dixon's Line," at any rate. Of that, however, she has thought better since. They even carried off by force the loyal old slave, who had proved his fidelity beyond a shadow of doubt, in the face of his beseeching wife, to serve them, as they said, "in the capacity of guide." Not until the party reached Asheville, where they found their command, was this "freedman" allowed to go free, and then only by direct appeal to the commanding officer, who (for the satisfaction of sympathetic readers I will here insert) punished the delinquents by putting them on double duty, though he seemed to doubt his ability, and graciously declined to make them restore the watch stolen from the slave's possession. Fortunately for us, however, and thanks to the ready cunning of these creatures of color, the raiders missed at last our most valuable boxes of silver and jewelry. Notwithstanding they left us many unpleasant reminders of their visit in the absence of loved and treasured relics.

Let it be well remembered! All this transpired a full month after peace had been declared. With such peace! what wonder Southern women were never reconstructed. But this subject opens up another chapter. One word more and I am done. Southern women are still charged with never having learned the meaning of Reconstruction. Be that as it may, the charge is not refuted. But after the lapse of nearly nineteen years, I think, I may safely say for them, in that period they have learned well this truth: Time is an instrument in the hand of a merciful God, and with it He soothes every wound. The wound may remain and occasionally ache, but the first agony of its recent infliction is felt no more.

No. 77.—Killed in Cold Blood.*(By Mrs. Mary Beeman, of Charlotte, N. C.)*

In 1864 I left my home in Washington, N. C., for Marianna, Fla., for the double purpose of visiting relatives and attending school. Being a small inland town, without a railroad, its very insignificance was its best protection from the invaders. There it lay among the hills, quiet, calm, serene even to monotony. Very lovely it looked to me with its rose gardens, orange trees and jessamine hedges, surrounding comfortable but unpretentious homes, where the horrors of war were heard from a distance but never had been experienced. True, all the men fit to serve had long since been "off to the war." Many had said "good-bye" on marching day, and it was "forever" with them, for many there were who had "crossed o'er the river" and now "rested under the shade of the trees." 'Twas thus I found Marianna—sweet name, unknown to fame, but not to woe, as I shall show you. Arriving there I at once commenced school in company with the sons of my great-uncle W—, my two cousins, Charles and Woody, aged respectively 15 and 17 years. Our instructor was a Mr. Tucker, a man of noble parts, who at that time had all the youth of both sexes under his charge.

Woody's seventeenth birthday was only a few weeks off, and its approach was a source of sadness to his father and sisters, for the draft law would then claim him; not because they did not love their country and its cause, but their hearts were still bleeding over the loss of a noble brother and son, whose cap and gun hung behind the hall door awaiting the hour Woody would come to take them and "go forth to avenge poor Buddie Joe." Poor young Josie had died in Georgia, calling in tones of piteous entreaty for "Pa, dear pa, please take me home to die;

"OH, COME TO YOUR POOR BOY!"

His father only reached him as his corpse was being placed in his coffin—he had died from the amputation of an arm. A tender Father on High had healed the poor broken body and taken

it "home," indeed. The golden-haired sisters had sent their lovers, with their brother, off to the wars to fight for home, their sires, and sweet love's sake, and now were lonely days. Uncle W— kept the hotel for the place, giving daily bread to those unable to pay him, and receiving the most astonishingly high sounding sums for the board of others. You remember the Confederate money made a mighty sound to name it, but little real value was attached to it. For instance, my uncle would hand his girls over three hundred dollars to get a calico dress with. Now, I am a mother in moderate circumstances, I often make my little boys proud by saying: "Ah! boys, your mamma has worn her five hundred dollar dresses, and that when she was a little miss of twelve years." The little boys are getting big ones now and trip me in my speech of pride by answering with a laugh: "Yes'm, in Confed' money." God shield you, little men, from such times as those! I dwelt, while there, with a married daughter of Uncle W.'s, whose home was about a third of a mile from the town, on a very high hill. So much higher was our hill than the town that we could look down upon it, and at night one could see Marianna lying asleep in the moonbeams, away down below us; so quaint and quiet, like a little nun in gray, away from the sins of the world. Ah! but sin and death did soon enter there—'twas even then almost in sight.

THE DARK CLOUD.

One morning in September, when the dew was on the grass, the grapes were at their purple and the woods between us and town, with their autumn tints of red, gold and brown, with enough of summer's tender green still left to make it lovely in the early sunlight of that perfect day. Why could not that azure sky o'er head reflect, as in olden times, that army winding its way along the shady road, with the rich flowery perfume arising from the bright blossoms growing so luxuriantly beside them in the woods? I have often wondered if their cold Northern hearts were touched by the loveliness of the homes of those whom they had come to destroy. Did not nature say to their senses in a hundred sweet tongues: "See how God must love these people to give them such a glorious abiding place." On this morning my little cousin Dell, (aunt Willie's daughter) and myself took ourselves off for school, away down the white pebbled road, across the branch, and swiftly up Marianna's hillside we

go, with many a pleasant word between us—a smile on our lips, a laugh in our voices, because of our very light-heartedness. Ah! little list we of the “woe and heartache waiting for us down the road.”

PLUCKING THEIR LAST FLOWERS.

Now we are at Mrs. H—r’s corner, we peep through the fence just as we do every morning at the pretty roses, declare them lovelier than ever before, reach up over the gate and steal our usual cluster of jessamine, stick it in the bib of our aprons, and go on our way rejoicing, little dreaming this to be our last stolen sweet from o’er this gate. We were now fairly in town and and were soon curious to know what was amiss. Something was wrong? we could plainly be seen. Women stood bareheaded talking in groups on the sidewalk or at the gates, with a look of startled expectancy on their faces, all talking so eagerly and all at once as in a chorus, while the little children grasped tight their mothers’ hands, or dress skirts, and gave little terrified glances up and down the street. School-boys we met running swiftly homeward, with their books under their arms, their caps set well back on their heads and the air of boys who have an unexpected holiday written all over them. Men hurry along with angry faces, at every corner glance expectantly down that street, then this way, as though they were bound to find what they looked for, one way or the other. Everybody in town must be mad to-day; no one smiles at us as we pass along, save some negroes who lean over yard fences; wagons, carts and carriages drive hurriedly up the street, while in many yards carts and wheelbarrows even stand at front doors, being heavily laden as on moving-day. Women would rush to the door with sheets tied up full of something, dump it in the carts and fly off like mad for another load. And the men sat impatiently in the wagons, calling out: “Hello! hurry up there, unless you want them to come before you get these tricks off.” These words have a familiar ring of days passed in my far-off home. Why, yes, have I not seen scenes like this hundreds of times before? and ever so much more exciting, when women half clad at the midnight hour would hurry along under the stars, with their arms filled up with helpless little babes, while the children half led, and often in their excitement partly dragged along the old grandmothers; young girls and mothers rushing here and there, crying out to each other:

“HURRY UP, THE YANKEES ARE COMING!”

As an old war-horse (I was only 12) scents danger from away, so I scented Yankees—and that near by! Turning to wondering Dell, I said: “I do believe those confounded Yankees are actually going to follow me clear here; certain as you live, that’s what’s up now.”

“O, no,” said ignorant Dell, “this is Court week. Don’t you remember, cousin Marmaduke D—n was in town yesterday?”

“Court week, indeed,” sniffed I, “just wait a minute, you’ll see.”

By this time we had reached the hotel. Across the street was the Courthouse sitting in a large, square yard. This yard was filled with crowds of angry, excited men and boys, all gesticulating and talking loudly. There stood Mr. Tucker in the midst of a crowd of his school-boys, his grand figure towering above their youthful heads, talking earnestly to them, while they listened in serious attention; and as we entered the gate a shout arose loud and shrill from boyish throats. Over there, cousin Lou and Mag tore around like mad, bundling up valuables in the shape of family pictures, jewelry, silverware and many little household treasures, and packing them in the wagon at the door.

“Yes,” said cousin Mag, “the Yankees are coming. You, Mary, I do believe, are going to prove a veritable Jonah among us.”

“Yes,” called out cousin Lou, “they say there are ten thousand of them.”

“Well, then,” said I, in a tone of confidence, “they’ll swallow Marianna.”

“Let them try it,” returned she, rolling some silver up in an old flannel skirt, “they’ll have to swallow us, guns, bayonets and all. We won’t sit ready greased for the eating.”

“I know Yankees better than you all—a plague on them,” cried I. “Your few soldiers will only be enough to rouse their anger, and then it will be all the worse for them and us; but I wish we had men enough to kill the last one coming.”

“What’s that, little Reb?” called out Woody, as he came bouncing in the hall where we were all at work with tongue and hands; “want me to bring you a dead Yank for that bloody speech after the battle?”

“Yes, lots of them,” returned I, “if you can. Nothing would please me better.”

“Well, here goes!” cried he, taking Josie’s gun and cap from behind the door and proceeding to don one and load up the other.

"Put in lots of shot," I called to him.
 "Aye, that I will. Good-bye, all of you. I'm in 'or it now." And he gave me a pinch on one cheek, while he laid a hearty kiss on the other.

As he went down the steps he called out to me: "Don't you wish you were a man?" and went across the street looking back laughing at the wry faces I made him in answer. Ah! dear boy, little we dreamed that this was your eternal good-bye! Teams rushed by every moment, all going out the end of the town opposite from where the enemy was said to be coming in. Every man and youth of the town, joined by those from the country who had come in to Court, were soon armed and equipped for the fight. One company of cavalry alone had we—its captain's name I have forgotten—and it was not worth remembering any way. More troops from near by were telegraphed for, or thought to be, but just here I have to write that which causes my cheeks to burn even now. No telegrams for aid was sent that day.

A TRAITOR IN THE TOWN.

The operator proved an Arnold—cut the wires between us and the surrounding country. And this place was his home—a beautiful home, too, wherein dwelt his father in honorable old age, a proud mother and school-boy brother—all things to endear it to him, and yet he did this shameful wrong. His name I know well, and all who knew of that time or place will pronounce it, even now, in tones of disgust as their eyes fall upon these lines; but I will not write it.

Uncle William had now gone off to the river swamp to hide his load of valuables and to return for more. When Dell's father came over and bade us return out home, sent directions to his wife for the disposal of his papers, a kiss and his love, little Dell threw her arms around his neck and begged him with tears and sobs to "Please come go home with us." She did not care anything about her country; she only wanted "her own dear alive papa;" "she did not want to live a minute after her papa was killed, and she was certain, certain he would be." He unloosed her clinging arms and told me to be a woman and take her home—and home we started. No tears were in my eyes, but right heavy felt my heart. I was too much of a Spartan to show it, and when the little band of heroes, headed by that one company of real soldiers, came marching past us and they gave a "hurrah," loud and long, I felt my heart burn with the same patriotic

zeal which inspired them "To do or die." My body was much too small for the mighty feelings within me. I wished I had hundreds of uncles and cousins to fight the despised invaders. I wanted, O, so much! to help them myself. Another shout from them! I jerk off my white sun-bonnet and wave it high and shout back with might and main. My soul is aflame with patriotism, my eyes brim full of tears. Before me, in the ranks, are grandfathers, shoulder to shoulder with grandsons; many a patriarch with the Benjamin of his old age trying to keep "the steps" beside him, pass us by, armed with muskets old and muskets new, with and without bayonets; shotguns that could scarcely kill a bird, but now in the hands of boyish heroes, and, in defence of so just a cause, might kill a man. There goes Woody, beside him fifteen-year-old Charlie with sunny curls, eyes of brightest blue and lips as sweet as any girl's—the baby of the family. They kiss their hands to us as we turn down the road for home. We are soon there, telling our distressing news to the calm-eyed mother sitting there in the midst of her little ones, blissfully ignorant of all strife in town; but now peace was banished from her breast, and long months did pass ere it found an abiding place there again.

HIDING HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Such hiding of treasure in the most unheard of places, some suggested by me, as one having had experience in such matters. Of course my hints were accepted. Hearths were taken up to afford beneath their bricks a hiding place for treasures dear to my aunt's heart; pistols were buried deep down in stands of lard; holes were dug under rose bushes and roots of trees, for valuable papers and jewelry. Some darkies suggested down the well as a nice place to put a bundle of daguerreotypes and paper money; "for," said they, "we seed dat done in Virginy, just before Mrs. Ed'in bought us." We let them help hide our trunks, having great confidence in their fidelity, if not in their judgment; and I will mention just here that they did take great care of all they could lay their hands on when the enemy came, and took care to carry off everything they could, with their precious selves in the lot. I distinctly remember how they took my trunk with all its nice dresses my kind mother had made for my visit. I often used to imagine how that shiny little black imp, called Dinah, looked arrayed in my lovely white Swiss, with a certain pink sash, once so dear to my heart. How

"I'd a-gloried" in knowing she was "laid out in them!" We had some fine wines and brandy about the house; this was moved to the near woods and orders were given to a servant to be certain, on the approach of the first Yankee, to stave the heads of the casks in. That he neglected these commands, we lived to rejoice in after weeks. All things safely hidden, we betook ourselves on the front veranda, which commanded a splendid view of Marianna and the road on which the enemy was looked for every instant. Just where the road terminated at town stood the house and beautiful grounds of Mrs. Ely, and just beyond her place, in a grove, was stationed our little army. That narrow street proved a "Pass of Thermopylæ" to many.

BATTLING WITH THE FOE.

We had not been out long before one of our number glanced up that road, which seemed to possess a terrible fascination for us, and compelling our gaze thither, exclaimed: "Yonder come some troops to help us; just look!" I jumped into a chair and did look at that which made my heart give a great bound and then stand still. Hundreds of gleaming bayonets shone brightly in the mid-day sun in and out among the woods beside the hill, and now an open space made plain to our eyes those coats of hated blue. What orderly steps! The rise and fall of many feet looked like the undulations of waves in the distance. We strain our eyes on them as we see them coming nearer and nearer to the grove wherein our treasures lay. One moment of suspense only, then the terrible reality! Bang! bang! one, two, a hundred guns go off; horrid yells go up with the smoke, a scent of powder is in the atmosphere. Why, can it be true? There flies in great disorder back o'er the hill the enemy? Yes! yes! just hear the shouts of triumph from yon grove! They had repulsed them! But not for long, for back they come charging down upon our little band. Low sounds of pitiful appeal to the Father of Mercy to guard our loved ones arise among us, almost drowned by the cries of little Dell, whose voice rises shrill in its agony of terror—begging us to "pray for papa, all of you pray for papa." For now hundreds of guns are firing away—the noise is deafening. But O, thank God! they turn and flee again. Short time for rejoicing and thanksgiving have we, for a third time they come charging down with cries of defiance and fury, and now, down the street we see flying our own cavalry on whom so much depended,

closely pursued by the Yankee cavalry, while over towards our friends shots were falling thick and fast. Every shot pierced our heart with the fear that that very one might then be speeding its way into the tender flesh of some one of our dear friends, but our worst fears never pictured the horrid reality then being enacted. The battle had gone against us—we lost the day through the cowardice of the cavalry, for, as improbable as it may sound, that such a few could have withstood so great a number of the enemy as there were—'tis even so. The enemy said that had they been opposed on that third charge as they were on the first and second they were going to turn back for good, not being able to see how many troops we had, they being mostly ambushed. After the cavalry fled, our boys were slowly driven back, fighting as they went, until the next corner was reached. Here they were headed off by negro troops. To retreat or go forward was now impossible. Some took refuge in the neighboring houses, while many fled to the cover of the beautiful little Episcopal church, which stood on the corner, surrounded by a graveyard. Smoke began to curl up from the church.

SHOUTS OF BRUTAL RAGE

came from the throats of these black demons as the flames leaped high about the church. Guns commenced firing again. The houses of Mrs. Saunders and Hunter on the other corner opposite the church were now burning. The smoke became so dense that we could see but little, which only added horror to this dreadful hour. Shrieks rose above the hoarse cries in childish shrillness and we knew it was from the lips of boys, sounding so pitifully childish and so out of place amid that scene of horror. How mother's hearts must have broken as they heard their darlings' death cries, as they were shot and cut to death amid the flames. Our souls were numbed with terror. At last the din grew less, the house stopped in, and we tried to calm ourselves; but all this time our eyes still wandered over that fearful place, striving to discern some familiar form. 'Tis needless to add we looked in vain. We saw soldiers dragging the dead down the road towards our house out of the heat of the flames; dragging them by the feet as we would some dead brute. Thus the time passed. Down in the low-land between Marianna's hills and ours we saw groups of women and children crouching about among the bushes. These had fled from those burning homes on the hill, and my aunt sent for them to come up to our house, which

they soon did. Among them was a lady with a babe only a few days old. She was brought from the burning house on a mattress and laid out there under the trees. How sad and pale the poor tired creatures were. But never a lament over the loss of their homes. They sat there and talked cheerfully, comforting one another, bidding each other be of good cheer, and could look at the ruins of their once happy homes with brave eyes wherein no tears dwelt. They only trembled and turned pale as they doubted the safety of some loved one. Ours were

SOUTHERN WOMEN WITH HEARTS OF GOLD.

They went through the fire and came out purified. We could hear no tidings from town; no soldiers came out to our place. I, for one, grew too restless to remain ignorant of the day's doings. I had a plan of my own; I would not mention it to any one, so that if I failed no one would know of it. I stole out the back way to the fence where a young negro boy stood looking curiously towards town. Going up to him I said, "Josh, don't you wish you could know what is going on over yonder?"

"Deed I do, Miss Mary," said he.

"Well, Josh, why don't you go?"

"Cause I'se afeard, marm."

"Sho', what are you afraid of, I'd like to know?"

"The Yankees," said Josh."

"Why, you goose, they'd never hurt you on the earth. You don't know Yankees, boy. Why I've seen them hug and kiss many a negro (truth, too,) in Washington, and they might give you something nice."

He looked on half doubtful still. I waxed eloquent and soon had him fully instructed as to what to do. First and last, I urged him to search well the battle ground for the killed, make haste back and let no one else see him on his return. I saw him off with many misgivings as to his return, but he did come back in quite a short time. I reckon he was disappointed in his reception by them. Anyway, here he was back, and in a few moments I was talking with him. "Marster warn't killed, but Marster Woody was lying most burnt up; so was Mr. Lyttleton M——," and many other names he called of those lying there dead and roasted. I warned him not to tell any one else these sad tidings, determined not to tell those in the house until I was compelled to do so. Suspense was bad, but not as bad as this certainty. I could scarcely resist the de-

sire to cry out my awful news, but I did control myself.

The evening was fast drawing to a close, when from down Marianna's hillside came a figure familiar to us in happy hours. It was cousin Loulie, dear, brave little woman, coming to see how it had fared with us during this trying time. I remember yet how we all cried out in joy at the sight of her. Beside her walked a man, just Woody's size, and this fact must have struck Dell, for she laughed as she said, "Look, there is uncle Woody, all smuttled up like a negro to get out from the Yankees." I longed to cry out "Woody's dead," as I had been saying over and over to myself all the evening. When they drew nearer the house all could see that it was a mulatto who belonged in the family and who had come for safety to cousin Lou. A glance at her pale face and rigid mouth where smiles were wont to stay confirmed Josh's tale of death. I lingered on the steps, awaiting to hear those who ran down the walk, so eager to greet her, cry out, as I knew they would, on hearing what I felt that she had come to tell.

A CRY OF AGONY

fell from aunt W——'s lips, and I knew she had found out now that her brother was lying up yonder dead, while Dell threw herself with bitter sobs into my arms. As soon as cousin Loulie composed herself she began telling us how things were going on. When our men and boys took refuge in the church the Yankees set fire to it and burned them out. As they came from doors and windows they were instantly surrounded by the black fiends, who shot and cut them down, regardless of their cries of surrender or for mercy. Some were wounded and fell so near the flames that they were literally roasted. Woody and Lyttleton M——, with his brother Jack, started out together. Lyttleton M—— was shot through the head, dead. Woody's leg was broken; he fell, but he struggled to get from the heat. Unable to rise, he was dragging himself along by catching at the rank grass with his hand. He had reached a monument near by, when he was set upon by a negro. Thus wounded nigh unto death, and utterly defenceless, already scorched by the fearful heat, there prone at his enemy's feet he lay. O God! that some who loved him could have been near to ward off that brutal blow which sunk deep into his temple, where oft in sunny hours a sister's warm kisses had been laid. Ah! cruel, cruel war! Was it thus Josie was to be avenged?

Jack M—— made his escape. Some

preferred to die in the flames, and did. They either would not or could not, on account of wounds, come out. Uncle E—— (Dell's papa) surrendered to a cavalry officer, but was set upon so fiercely by the soldiers after this that the officer pushed him under his horse while he fought the wretches back until he placed his prisoner in a place of security. Uncle W—— and Charlie were in prison with him; they were using the Court-house for this purpose.

"Why, how came Uncle W—— in the fight? We left him going off on the wagon."

"Yes," said cousin Loulie, "just as he got back to the house the Yankees came in at the other end of town. We ran to our front door just as Lieut. Butler came around our corner, closely pursued by the Yankees. He turned in his saddle and shot back at them, but missed his man. They returned the shot in a second's time, and Lieut. Butler fell from his horse, dead, just by our steps, and his horse, only a few yards further on, dead also. Only to think, he visited us last night, and he was so lively! Little did he dream, as he stood on our steps in the moonlight last night, humming "Then you'll remember me," that to-night he'd be lying there dead."

"Pa witnessed all this, and he was so excited that when he saw Lieut. Butler fall he snatched a gun standing near, ran to the door, threw it up and fired on the Yankees. They had covered his form with their carbines ere the shot left his gun, and cousin Loulie threw herself on his breast and dragged the gun down in time to cause the discharge to enter the ground, while both girls now held him tightly in their arms, calling to the officer who rode up to them to spare their old father, and to take him in custody so as to prevent him from exposing himself again. This the officer did without injury to him. Their house was filled with soldiers. The courtyard being headquarters, made their place the most public in town; still she had been advised to bring us in town for the night, as it was safer than on the outskirts, because of stragglers, and our little procession was soon wending its way to town.

DEATH AND DESOLATION.

As we came up the hill, there lay the dead we had seen being dragged thither in the morning. We could see their blue coats before we reached them, and I felt very much as though I'd like to trample on their bodies. There was a negro disembowelled. I shuddered and turned my eyes off, only to let them fall

upon the white, upturned face of a dead Yankee. I remember that he had freckles, which showed so plainly on the dead-white of his skin, even now. As I looked on his face I could not hate him as I wished to. It came over me like a flash, "cast one look of pity on this poor face for some one's sake far away who loves him." On either side of us smoldered the ruins of homes which had been beautiful and happy in the morning sunlight. Before us lay the embers of our church and the bodies of our dead. The sacrificial altar had been lit here, indeed, and on the very altar there had been offered up the sweetest of young lives and the most beautiful old age alike—burnt offerings to their country's cause! Monuments were cracked in twain and slabs broken about the graves. No vestige of the flowers that had bloomed in the graveyard that morning; only blackened bushes here and there. Many a poor scorched and blackened body lay here in the ashes.

As we got there poor widowed Mrs. M—— was helping, with her own hands, to carry home the body of her boy. He was home from the army on a visit, and that morning, before he went into the fight, he had gone to his mother and given her some letters and a picture. They were those of his betrothed; he had a presentiment of ill, and, if he fell, these were to be sent to her, and that morn was the last of earth and human love for him, for there before us, under that sheet, lay his poor murdered body. This sacred scene was rendered awful by the devilish mirth of the black wretches racing horses up and down the streets and through the ruins, some bareheaded, others arrayed in costly silks much too small for them, ladies' hats and bonnets surmounting their own caps, some hatless, with a fancy bed-quilt about their shoulders after the fashion of an Indian's blanket; from under the skirts would dangle the end of a sword or carbine. Up and down the street, with drunken song or blood-curdling yells, intermingled with obscene jest and blasphemy, these wretches, clothed in the uniform of a soldier of the Union, raced. The streets swarmed with white soldiers, often obstructing our passage, while they gave us a scowl or passed some insulting jest upon the ladies of our party. At last the hotel, cousin Loulie's home, was reached. Over in the courtyard was a swarm of blue-coats, this being headquarters, hospital and prison, all in one, some cooking and eating, others lying prone on the green grass, their elbows on the earth, their chins in their palms, appear-

ing to enjoy their rest as heartily as any tired schoolboy, guiltless of blood, could have done. On one side of the Courthouse, where the shade was coolest, was a group of wounded with bandaged heads and arms. Some officers sat tilted back against the trees chatting quite merrily, and all this went on where our boys had stood only this morning. How strange the house looked all crowded with soldiers, save one room, and over this the same kind officer who took Uncle W—— that morning placed a guard. Night was fast coming on. It was just at twilight that Uncle E——, accompanied by an officer, came to see us. They had already been out on the hill, but found that we had just left for town, and now he had found us. With his arms full of his dear ones he told us of his escape from death in the morning and how he had seen Woody die. But he soon banished this gloomy topic and talked so cheerfully and so much with the air of one who was confident that all would fare well with him, that he imparted some of this feeling to his family before he left us. And another thing he did was to call up the Yankee officer who brought him, but who had, with great delicacy, stood aloof while we conversed, and introduced him to his wife that she might thank him for his kindness to her husband. I have long since forgotten the names of all those I knew, who came and did us deadly hurt, but the name of this man with a golden heart, who did sweet deeds of mercy, sounds most musically, even now, as memory recalls it. It was Lieut. Gillespie, of Wiscasset, Maine.

OUR LAST KISSES WERE GIVEN

to Uncle E—— and repeated, and then he passed out into the darkness, and it was nearly a year before he was with us again. Soon Uncle W—— came, under guard on his way to the battlefield, where his boy lay dead out yonder in the darkness. Cousin Loulie went to him and said: "And I, too, will go with you, pa," and nothing we could say of the horrors without could daunt that brave spirit. "He is old and in trouble; God has taken his sons, but I will be with him in his hour of trouble. Come pa;" and through our tears we saw them go out on their mission. What a scene that rising moon must have revealed to that tender young girl and that gray-haired old father, then over threescore and ten! The embers glowing brightly red amid the ashes; the sickening smell of burnt flesh—human flesh; the shattered monuments gleaming ghostly

white in the moonlight. Those silver beams fell upon many a dead face distorted still with the pain of dying; cold, still faces that human kisses, however warm, could never wake into life's glow again; but yet, in their agony, that poor father and sister rained kisses down upon that dear, dead face, clammy with September dew. Ah! press your lips as in healing upon that cruel wound! God has been before you; in heaven, we trust, where on earth that brow wore its death wound, it is now covered over by a crown. But time is up for the poor father, and back to his prison he turns and leaves the dead lying there. Who can tell the woe of that fond sister's heart that night! But her's was too brave a heart to break. She had not long returned before a hand grasped the handle of our door from without, and a boyish voice dear to our hearts called out: "Are you in there?" Wide swings open the door, and there stands Charlie, their baby brother, and beside him Lieut. Gillespie. With low sob and little cries of love those fond women pounce upon him and near devour him with their kisses, while "Oh Woody, poor Woody!" comes in tearful tones from them between their embraces. "You can keep him a little while with you," said Lieut. Gillespie, "if you promise to hand him back all right when I return. I am taking some other prisoners around to see their families." This assurance was given, and he left Charlie with us. While there, he told us that in the *melée* he had become separated from Woody. One rushed into the church for refuge, one into Mrs. H.'s house—this last one was Charlie. He and some others went to the front windows, and it was this girlish face of his the soldiers without mistook for that of a woman, and it was his hand that sent the ball crashing into the cheek of the commanding officer as he stood beneath the window urging his men on. Soon the house was filled by furious Yankees after the woman who shot the colonel. As you may imagine, no woman was found; and when some time later a 15-years-old boy in a cap and roundabout was taken prisoner up the street, they little knew that this was their woman! Presently Lieut. Gillespie came and took our boy back.

A NIGHT OF WRETCHEDNESS.

After he left we shut our door and bolted it, and then commenced one of the drearest nights we ever knew. We had no light, for there was a window in this room which opened on the back verandah, and this had no curtain. So we huddled together on the side of the

bed, while "old mammy," the nurse, with her lap full of the little children, sat on the floor up in another dark corner, away from the moonbeams which came in through the uncurtained window, where many ugly faces and curious eyes peered in, and as the moonlight would reach us we'd shift to another dark corner. The little ones in their fright pressed their sweet baby eyes close against faithful old mammy's breast and fell asleep. In the parlor next to us some one thumped away on the piano on some Southern airs, which they found there, many voices singing regardless of time or tune, while overhead in Cousins Loulie's and Mag's bedrooms heavy boots thumped distractingly, and now and then the sound of falling furniture would startle the little sleepers over there in mammy's lap. A drunken soldier came to the door, shook it, kicked it and swore he knew that there was a lot of d—d rebels in there, and he would come in, and in we thought every moment he would be, from the kicks and bangs he gave. His noise proved his own defeat, for suddenly the noise at the piano ceased, a voice called out: "Leave off there, will you; I am on guard at that door; git or I'll help you!" Our tormentor left and our guard went back to his music, but many times the same face would peer in at the window, only to be baffled by the darkness.

About midnight Uncle William came home to us, free through the kindness of Lieut. Gillispie, and before he had been with us long the long, low roll of a drum was heard, followed by a cavalry bugle, just as I had heard for roll-call at night in my Carolina home many a night. Presently a stillness falls everywhere about us, and as the time wears on and all but my aunt and I are asleep in the stillness, a great desire to see if the Yankees have not stolen away overcomes me, and I am soon tipping to the door, despite my aunt's counsel to remain. I stop one moment, and then softly open it. Out in the wide, long hall the lamp has burned out, while from the half-open front door the light of the moon came in, making weird shadows on the white walls. O! how long the distance was from this door to that one! I trembled with awe, but I would not turn back now; so on I went with what felt like leaden feet past the open parlor, where I felt terrible eyes staring at me, while from down the big staircase more awful eyes peered out of the darkness. With a powerful effort I look neither way, but hurry to the door. My eyes travel over the deserted streets and still courtyard. No living thing I

see, only the dead horse lying darkly in the white street. I fly back, shut the door between me and that dreadful "out there," while I cry, as I lay myself in my aunt's arms, "they are all gone."

YES, FRIENDS AND FOES WERE GONE.

The next morning's sun shone upon a sad little town. All our friends gone as prisoners; no men left to bury the dead, save one or two very old ones. Mothers laid out their dead sons with their own hands, and in two instances that I could mention they helped to dig their graves. One sick man on the outskirts of town died just as the battle raged, and this man's wife and children made his coffin and buried him; the oldest child was only twelve years old. Wives and daughters prepared the bodies of dead husbands and fathers for the grave. The want of coffins was keenly felt. They were made so slowly that bodies were often in a state of decomposition before burial could be given them. Uncle W—— prepared the bodies of Woody, Lieut. Butler, Cousin M—— D——, who was killed, and that of a soldier whose name I have forgotten. This he did early in the morning, then rang his prayer-bell and assembled his family together for morning prayers.

I shall never forget that morning prayer. Just as we rose from our knees Charlie came running up the front steps. He and a comrade had made their escape from the Yankees, and here he was at home unhurt. The Yankees had gone back the same way in which they had come, leaving many wounded privates and several officers, high in command, to the mercy of our people, and most tenderly were they nursed back to life by the people whom they had so bitterly wronged. The commanding officer rode off in Uncle William's fine carriage, being seriously hurt, and this is why they turned back. They took every horse out of Uncle William's stables, among them a fine pair of new carriage horses. Our pantry floor had very much the appearance of a huge unboiled plum-pudding, flour, rice, jams and jellies, "sugar and spice and everything nice," all in a mixture of about six inches on the floor, with crushed jars and china thick over all. But enough was left for my uncle to divide with many whose pantry was stripped, and here, for many days, many came and ate. After the first day the stench from the dead became so foul in the air that the surgeon at the hospital gave us some deodorizer to purify it, but this was impossible. Many dead persons were found from time to time in back gardens, and under houses; often

children, attracted by the swarming of buzzards, would find a half-rotted human being; sometimes they could be identified by their clothing only. At our door the hogs partly devoured the dead horse lying there before it could be moved. Ah! the sickening sights which I witnessed during those hot September days can never be forgotten. The dead of the Yankees had been buried so shallow that after the earth settled a little a boot was seen sticking out in one place, a hand in another, while the stench at early morn and during the night was most horrible arising from this trench. As soon as help came they were decently reburied. As the days wore on they carried away with them all outward signs of strife and death—only the scars on tender hearts remained, which many years could not heal. Our prisoners, those who lived out the prison days, came home just before the war closed; and our Yankees, nursed into life and health, found their way back in return. After the war was over Lieut. Gillespie visited Ma'anna, and he was treated by the men and women of that place much as I have read how Lafayette was fêted on his visit to America.

And now there is no more to add.

No. 78.—Shadows of the Strife.

(By "Tilmonah," of Beaufort, S. C.)

In this practical age when a project is started, the first questions asked are, "*Qui bono?*" What is to be gained? Is there money in it?" This is so unquestionably the spirit of the age, that we can hardly be surprised to find that the rising generation look with wonder on the Secession movement; that the South, with her untried forces, should have ventured a contest with the now known power of the Federal Government. It seems so sad that our youths and maidens should thus view our "Lost Cause," that I gladly give this sketch to try and make them realize the fact that even in this nineteenth century, there lived, and still lives, a people who fought with an overwhelming enthusiasm for the principles they deemed right—the grand and never dying principles of self-government, the same which actuated our revolutionary forefathers in 1776. The

Government was formed for the good of the States, and when that good was destroyed by the want of a common interest, the South ever claimed the right to leave the central Government and form a new confederacy.

Now, it is a common plea made that we fought for the negro. Never was there a greater mistake. With one heart and mind, and with a chivalry which belongs to the past, men, women and children joined in a struggle for independence for their own freedom from an ever-encroaching element in the Northern States, which would keep all they had and get all they could. It was the old story, "Taxation without representation," for by the Constitution the majority of two-thirds of the States passed any law, however objectionable to the interest of one locality, and on the entrance of Kansas the North carried that proportion. Enough; we fought manfully, actuated by that true mettle which makes the thorough soldier, to do our duty, come what might. For four years we struggled, suffered, bore all things cheerfully, and then the end came, unlooked for, indeed; the end, when, from overwhelming numbers drawn from the Old World, we were overpowered, never conquered, never yielding that we had fought for—all we held and still hold dear. We had fought a good fight, we had kept the faith of the Constitution, and henceforth there is laid up for us, not the crown of glory here, but one of cypress and sorrow.

THE SPIRIT OF '61.

Oh! if we could make the children and youths realize now the enthusiasm which pervaded our land when the news went forth that, December 20, 1860, "Carolina has seceded," or, as the children shouted "succeeded." In my brother's Bible is written, under date of December 20, 1860: "11 o'clock P. M.—I have just returned from Secession Hall, where I heard the 'Ordinance of Secession' read and saw it signed by the members of the convention. This ordinance was passed at 1.15 o'clock this morning. The glorious little State of South Carolina has this day dissolved her connection with the other States, never again to be united with any of them, except in a Southern Confederacy."

Alas, if it might have been! Our boys left their colleges and schools—our men gave up their pleasures and occupations to join the soldiers in the field, leaving only the old men, women and children at home. Even these showed the same temper, and you can judge of the spirit which pervaded all when one child of

four years said: "It is my 'juty' to go to Virginia; nobody shall stop me; I've been at home long enough." The first gun of the war was fired by the Citadel Cadets, stationed on Morris Island. Our brother wrote word he had the honor of ramming the first ball which struck the *Star of the West*, the vessel which was bringing supplies to Fort Sumter, when a reporter said the Charlestonians showed their usual hospitality by giving them balls as soon as they entered the harbor. Then followed the capture of that fort, the happy, bloodless victory which filled us with joy. Our brother-in-law joined in the fight with the Palmetto Guard, to whom the following acrostic was written in anticipation of a short struggle:

ACROSTIC TO THE PALMETTO GUARD.

"Peal out three cheers with gteeful cry,
Afar let shouts of joy resound,
Light up the scene, for victory
Must ever rest on hallowed ground.
Each Guard has made himself a name,
Twine laurels green around his brow
To shiue with never ending fame
On future ages, bright as now.
Give three times three for every State,
United by a Southern tie.
Arise! with victory elate,
Resistless is our happy fate,
Doomed still to conquer or to die."

In spite of the fights in Virginia—Manassas and others—the same hopeful spirit filled our hearts all that summer, and in this locality we felt so secure. Did we not have three forts in our harbor, and a Parrot gun, and was not the B. V. A. in command, led by Capt. S. E.? Why, we felt quite equal to oppose the armament of the world—certainly, any fleet the United States could send—with our dear "mosquito fleet" controlling our harbor.

The boys and men all wore cockades of blue ribbon, with a brass button in the centre, and a rhyme of the period was

"A blue cockade and a rusty gun
Will make a Yankee run like fun."

Whole companies from our State wore cockades of palmetto made to imitate the tree, or in stars. Generally these were the work of some young lady friends of the captain or lieutenant. (We have now the faded one worn by our sailor boy, which he enclosed in a box of cedar with glass cover.) One soldier's palmetto cockade was worn in 1863 by our sister, in her hat as an ornament, while on a visit to Washington. She was running up the steps of the Capitol when she heard a bystander say, "That young lady must be a South Carolinian; she walks as if the capitol belonged to her." She turned and pointed to the palmetto,

rather disconcerting him by her quick gesture, meant as a retort.

In those days the leaders even were very hopeful. I remember one, Hon. R. W. B., said: "You ask me, 'Watchman, what of the night?' I reply, 'The night is far spent, the day is at hand.'" Happy days of ignorance! for we had all it was in the power of our country to give, and no amount of anxiety would have lessened the blow which fell early in November, 1861. In the annals of war I doubt whether there can be found a parallel case to that of Beaufort, S. C., when our forts fell during the naval attack. Without any preconceived plan, every inhabitant left the town in less than three days, preferring to be homeless, rather than submit to the insults of the foe. Many families carried only their clothing, leaving furniture, silver, house-linen, and everything they valued as property. The steamer *Cecile*, under Capt. Peck, made trip after trip to bear off the women and children from Beaufort and the adjacent islands. On one trip he was ordered to leave them and carry the baggage of the soldiers, but the brave old seaman replied: "The women and children first."

I WILL NOT OBEY THAT ORDER,

even if they bring a regiment!"

The town was given up to the troops of the United States fleet, and to the ravages of the soldiers and negroes. Houses were broken into, and when they could not find keys, the closets and doors were cut through with axes and hatchets. The church organ was broken up and the pipes blown by negroes through the streets—ruin and desolation everywhere. Some few females have returned since the war (that one date of the Southerner, as our Northern friends declare,) but the greater part have found homes elsewhere, many "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

We "refugeed" in W——, where we met with the greatest kindness, one family for months dividing their beef with us, another sending butter every week. One gentleman, who owned several cottages, loaned them to refugees during the entire war. Although the enemy never reached that place, yet there we met with the privations and deep sorrow of that trying time. There we learned to dye daily, when we used to ask "why we were like St. Paul?" We soon became adepts in the mystery of card-combing, spinning and weaving; and with what pleasure was the cloth taken from the loom, made-up and worn. Knitting was universal, and so constant—

ly were we at work that darkness did not make our labor cease, for we could knit at night with ease, and even when reading. At last it seemed strange to be idle when the Sabbath would cause us to lay aside our needles. I remember the delight of one of us when Gen. S. E. showed the hand of his paralyzed arm, encased in a glove of her knitting, as he said: "I do not know what I should have done without this."

THE "NASHVILLE" SAVED BY THE MID-DIES.

Our second brother had entered the Confederate navy and run the blockade from Charleston, on the *Nashville* under Capt. Pegram, before the fall of Port Royal and knew nothing of that disaster until his return from Liverpool, when his vessel was run into Beaufort, N. C. Capt. Pegram at once went to Richmond with his dispatches, leaving his "mid-dies" on board. They received notice that the Yankee fleet was off the coast and an attack was to be made on Beaufort. They knew the *Nashville* would fall into the enemies' hands, and the Confederacy would thus lose one of its largest steamers. These boys, for our's was only 16, conceived the bold plan of running the ship out of the harbor and entering some other port. They all bore the name of Willie, and our boy was the second in command by the date of his commission. They put out, as they thought, all the lights, and at midnight made the perilous attempt, which proved successful, although they were fired at and pursued. They found the blockade too strict around Charleston, so put into Georgetown, where they arrived safely, and there a Methodist minister from Beaufort, also a refugee, met our brother and told him of our safety, having stayed with us on our plantation as he was leaving Beaufort. Our elder brother was one of Hampton's aids, and when Gen. Hampton introduced him to President Davis, just after this episode, Davis said: "You have reason to be proud of that brother." Yet, such is History, the credit of the deed is given in "Marginalia" to one of Pegram's sons, who was with him, however, in Richmond at the time.

What days were those in W——, and how cheerfully all privations were borne! For weeks, no salt was to be had for love or money, until they commenced to boil the salt water in the neighborhood and thus meet the demand for that necessary article, never valued before, which was worth its weight in gold. In later years, when buying it for the family, it seemed

fabulously cheap, for then, if "one was worth his salt," it was no mean value. Calico was bought for the infants at \$14 per yard and cloth for \$40. We never realized that our money was undervalued, only "things were so high." Dresses were turned and re-turned, and when a vessel ran the blockade, what rejoicing there was! One was wrecked off Morris Island, and our sailor-boy proposed to his captain to let him try his hand as wrecker, having visited the one in antebellum days off Bay Point. This he did, and recovered so many things that it became quite a rage, so that nearly everything of value was taken from her hold. He shared his booty with the officers and crew, and sent us up a good supply of calicoes, shoes and many useful articles, even tooth brushes. One thing was a bolt of black silk, which he had taken to the floating battery in the harbor, and from it, with the help of a man, he had washed out the salt, dried and re-rolled it, so that we wondered whether it could ever have been under water. He sent our father a handsome saddle and bridle, but one of the generals claiming to have sent to Nassau for one, the saddle was returned.

"JEHOVAH JIREH."

Those were the days of corn bread and long sweetening. Many substitutes were tried for coffee. We found groundnuts made a drink more like chocolate, while white potatoes and grits were like nothing you could imagine drinkable. One lady of our household took to drinking hot water, but we found three parts okra seed with one of real coffee, which had run the blockade, very drinkable for the elders, while the young people were quite content with "Adam's ale." Pine knots gave a fine light in place of oil and gas, which were unknown, although excellent candles were made from myrtle wax, which quite threw in the shade the tallow dip. The most primitive light I saw used, however, was a small cup of lard, with a piece of paper screwed up and placed in the centre. Although we would often not know where the next day's supply would come from, yet we were never without good and necessary food. One day, I remember well, our mother came where we were busy about our daily work, saying: "What am I to do? there is nothing for dinner but hominy and potatoes!" One of us, trying to cheer her, said: "Mamma, let us try the plan of the good minister; lay the table as usual, and let us pray for the dinner." She followed the advice. We took our seats. Papa offered up the usual grace and

commenced to help us, when there came a ring at the door. The servant returned in a few minutes, and we thrilled with delight, I could say awe, as he placed on the table a large tureen, saying: "Rev. Mr. P—— sends this, sir." When the cover was removed it proved to be a rich calf's head soup. "Jehovah Jireh" has ever since been our motto.

Mr. P—— was afterwards told the circumstances, and he never failed to send us that soup when his turn came in the market. With the little ones these privations had almost a pathetic side, as one of them in his evening prayer, after saying, "Give us this day our daily bread," continued, "butter, too, mamma;" and on seeing his tooth, which had been taken out, he looked rather cheerful, saying, "It won't eat any more dry hominy." On seeing a Christmas box, which was being packed to go to his uncle in service, one said with a sigh, "I wish I was Uncle W——." Their little speeches show the spirit of the times. Our youngest brother, dictating a letter to his brother in service, said: "You must not be a coward, for then you and Lincoln will be mates;" for he was to them the personification of all that was mean and cowardly. One little fellow, our next door neighbor, was born in Philadelphia, where his parents lived for many years. Whenever the children were vexed with him they called him "Yankee," much to the anger of his younger brother, who one day replied: "He ain't any Yankee; if you put a peach tree in a plum patch, that don't make it a plum!" An original idea.

A YOUNG HERO'S DEATH.

One bright episode was when our soldier brother came from Virginia on his way to join his general out West. How gallant he looked in all his manly beauty, just approaching 21, and with what pride we watched him as he rode away, touching his hat, which bore the palmetto, placed there by his father, and which, he wrote word, "should never fall to the dictates of any foe until shattered or cut down by the stern hand of death." Prophetic words. In less than a month came that fearful telegram, on New Years Day, '63:

"Your son fell in battle yesterday while exhibiting the most conspicuous gallantry." His general, Stephen D. Lee, wrote: "He was the bravest, purest and best man I ever met. I loved him as a brother. He had only to be known to be admired and loved."

Twenty years have passed away, and now I can feel "It is well!" He was

taken in those brightest days of our Confederacy, while victory still crowned our banners, ere his bright spirit was dimmed by disappointment. He rests now in our quiet "God's acre" with his brothers, who have all followed him to the "better land," each pursuing the path of duty and falling with their armor on.

Their duty done, they did not fear to die.
Weep not for them! Go, mark their high career;

They knew no shame, no folly and no fear.

We continued to live in W—— until, Charleston and Savannah being threatened by Sherman's army from the West, it became necessary to go further up the country. So a car was hired, and we were once more pilgrims seeking a new resting place. It was a very unfortunate move, however, for W—— was never visited by the enemy, and we went right into the lion's mouth.

WHEN DANGERS IS HIGHEST, GOD IS
NIGHEST.

Some of us, with the little children, went before the general move, so as to reach a place of safety in case of a nearer approach of the enemy, as W—— was beyond the line of defence. The family where we were staying were also refugees, who had made their home near Sumter after leaving Beaufort. Their son came home sick from camp, so that we were invited by one of the neighbors to stay with them, and while there the march of Sherman through our State took place. We were staying with an old couple who had a dread of the Yankees finding firearms in the house, so that they entreated us to hide ours, which we did, with their silver-ware and jewelry, under a stump, and covered them with leaves. Sherman, however, with his army from the West took another route, passing us by and visiting Camden and Columbia, burning the latter, as is so well known now in history. We felt and heard the explosion of the magazine on February 17, 1865. For six weeks the rest of the family in W—— were cut off from us by a freshet, but just after the fall of Columbia they reached us in safety. Our car however, with everything we had saved or gathered during the years of war, was run by the railroad—where? We do not know—but it never reached its destination or has been heard of to this day. We found ourselves in Sumter, a large family with all the male members in service who were able to do military duty, homeless and with scarcely a change of clothing for many of its mem-

bers. Our Father in Heaven raised up kind friends, and in less than three days a lady, who had been a friend of my mother's when they were girls together, heard of our situation, and came to offer us a home if one of us would teach her two daughters. You may judge how gladly this offer was accepted, and we had a happy home provided for us until the close of the war, a few months after, happy as far as they were concerned, though, while there, we passed through stirring scenes.

Although so far apparently from the coast we were not to be exempt from a personal encounter with the enemy, for early in April we heard that Potter, with his negro troops, was on his way to Sumter. I give here the account of his raid, as written for me by mother a few days after the event:

THE RAID ON SUMTER.

SUMTER DISTRICT, April 26, 1865.

You have requested me to write an account of the visit of our cruel enemy to this place on Sunday before the last, which I will endeavor to do, but no language can describe the scene. You may like to retain the particulars, however, which memory may not keep before your mind's eye when the weird scene of their vandal desolation comes before your vision. On the 16th of this month, a lovely Sabbath morning, we heard the dreaded tidings, "the Yankees are coming." The young ladies of the family and children were advised to remain up-stairs, while Mrs. G., your father and myself stayed below. I can never forget my feelings as I saw the cruel foe coming up, for in number "their name was legion," and the dark appearance of their colored troops, with their mighty host (ten regiments) made me think of the "Locusts of Egypt," (Exodus x ch. 15 v.) Two officers first came in and rode up to the steps, while others soon followed and dashed off in the direction of the buildings containing cotton, provisions, &c., to set fire to the same. Your father, with his brave spirit, calmly walked down the steps, met the captain and asked "for protection of the household," saying there was no male in the house but himself and one little boy, but seven defenceless ladies." Soon after a surgeon, Dr. Briggs, rode up, and a motley throng of white and negro troops, women and children, began to cluster around this peaceful home. Your father appealed to him saying: "If you have a mother and sisters at home, will you protect the ladies in this house as you would have yours protected from this rabble?" This officer (Dr. Briggs,

from Massachusetts,) we can never forget, for he prevented the negro soldiers from coming into the house, excepting two who dodged in. These he collared, and while shaking one, the other slipped off with a carpetbag, which was the only thing stolen from the inside of the dwelling. The two officers who first came into the house, a captain and lieutenant, were very surly and rude in their mode of asking questions, and accused us of falsehood. They walked into every room, searching for firearms and Mr. G., who had gone off with the horses, mules, &c., into the swamp to try and save them from the enemy, and who they thought was hiding in the house. They came into my chamber, where I took my seat near the trunk in which I had valuables belonging to others, but they made no attempt to search anywhere but the closet. They demanded the keys of the storeroom, smoke-house and other buildings where stores and articles of value were housed. As the officers came up stairs, the young ladies all ranged themselves with folded arms against the railing and looked defiance from their stern eyes whose glances, from the "windows of their souls," told plainly, if their tongues were still, that their brave hearts were true as steel in this trying hour, and the scorn they felt for the cruel invaders of our once happy and beloved Carolina! As they demanded to be shown up-stairs, your father said: "There are only ladies up there." One replied: "I have found as strong Secessionists among them as the men." He answered: "You will find them up there." As if to provoke you, they hung their swords low, so as to clank as they walked, and the girls would hold their skirts as they passed to prevent them from even touching their dresses.

BEDLAM LET LOOSE.

By this time the scene around the house beggared description. It seemed as if Bedlam had been let loose. God grant we may never witness such another! The black volumes of smoke curling up from the large cotton house, as well as the corn, rice and rye buildings, the crackling flames, cursing soldiers, intermingling with the shouts of the negroes, sacking and pillaging all they could lay their hands upon; one riding off with a jug of molasses, another a bag of groundnuts, some rolling away barrels of flour; while trunks of clothing, letters and articles of value, were broken open and their contents carried off or thrown away on the premises. Barrels of molasses, flour and vinegar

were opened in the cellar and left to scatter their contents, so that you can judge of its condition—such wanton destruction!

The negroes of the place, having had their freedom proclaimed to them by the Yankees, joined in the work of pillaging. Soon they appeared, with their bundles on their heads, ready to join the throng of several thousand misguided creatures, led away by the new excitement of the scene and the imaginary joy of a life of ease, to follow this wicked army to their doom, for many were drowned! The poultry, turkeys, ducks and fowls were killed by the soldiers, and some picked when alive. One fine gobbler was seen in this cruel condition, struggling when borne off. As I looked on the horrid scene the thought arose, this is Easter Sunday, when we are invited to come to the table of the Lord in charity with all men. So, following the Bible command, "if thine enemy hunger, feed him," we had the table spread with food in the piazza. Dr. Briggs begged that it should be removed, as they had taken so much outside, and he also advised one of the servants, who was crying, not to go, unless she wished to, as there was a great deal of suffering among the large crowd who had joined them. They threatened to burn the house, but he protected it, saying we should not be molested, when I told him how kindly we had been taken in and befriended by these friends when we were homeless. Your father said to him at parting: "Your conduct has been that of a gentleman."

After the guilty throng had nearly concluded their fiendish work, a Col. Cooper came dashing up and appeared shocked at the conduct of the army. With his gleaming sword he rode among them, hurrying them off so quickly that five minutes after his arrival there was not one blue-coat to be seen in the yard, except the colonel, who expressed himself as very much surprised at our regrets because the old nurse had been forcibly carried away by the soldiers, saying: "I do not see why you care so much for these old negroes!" There is just where the difference lies. We really care for them, and the Yankees only want to make us suffer through them. As soon as they left, the young ladies and your father went out to endeavor to stay the work of destruction from the fire, which had commenced to spread rapidly. This you succeeded in doing, although eight buildings were consumed, and the flames arrested just as they reached the large corn house. The heat was so intense that one of you was in

flames while tearing down a burning fence and was not aware of it until your father rushed up and tore off the burning clothing.

I cannot conclude this sketch without stating what heartfelt thanks I felt to our prayer-hearing God for thus protecting us from the violence of the cruel foe. "I sought the Lord and He heard me."

Soon after, the sad, sad tidings reached us that Lee had surrendered. Can I ever forget that day? We felt crushed—all our sorrows, privations, years of suffering for naught. We spoke in sadness, and went about our duties as if there was a death in the house. Oh my country! my country! would to God I could have died for thee, my dearly loved and lost Confederacy!

The boys commenced to come home, but still we could not give up all hope. We heard that our sailor boy had been taken a prisoner and then there was a silence. One day our father called to us: "Girls, look out the window, there is one soldier not subjugated!" To our delight we saw a wagon going by bearing a Confederate flag, and all ran joyfully to the gate to see that flag, perhaps the last ever waved in the State. Judge of our delight and surprise when it proved to be our own brother. In after years, when on the Indian seas, he flew the same flag as his ship's emblem and heard one merchant say to another, in Bombay, "It is some Masonic sign."

As it is, after the death of a loved one, we know that life has to be lived, the world still goes on, and yet it is hard to take up the severed threads, so it was in those days of grief and sadness. The troops were scattered through our land; want and privation still continued; crops had been destroyed, meat, and, indeed, food of all kinds stolen, so that for weeks our meals were hominy, with milk or clabber, for breakfast and supper, while dinner was hominy, with pea soup one day and groundnut soup the next. Sugar was an unknown luxury, and even molasses was scarce. When white loaf sugar was first seen by the youngest member of the family he drew back from it as if frightened and would not touch it.

FAITHFUL OLD SERVANTS.

I cannot refrain here from saying something of the devotion of our servants during the entire war. We have now among our relics a ten-dollar bill of Confederate money, which our old nurse brought my mother when we were homeless in Sumter, saying, "Missis, please let me help you." She would take no refusal, and although it could never be used, yet it speaks even now of

her love and unselfishness. It is wonderful, when we consider that our men were in the service, only women, children and old men at home, and in many cases whole households left under the care of the family servants, and yet through the length and breadth of our land you heard of nothing but kindness and protection from these people, whom our Northern friends would tell us we oppressed and treated like slaves—a term I never heard applied to them until now. We never locked our doors, and the key to the outer door was always kept by the butler, so that he could come in early without disturbing the family. Can the Northerners live thus with their white servants? The family of one of our friends was told that their servants held nightly meetings in their kitchen, and they thought that their servants were making arrangements to desert them for the Yankees. One night a low, earnest sound was heard from the kitchen, so two of the young ladies crept softly down to hear what the conspiracy might be. Judge of their feeling as they saw the entire group of servants kneeling in prayer, while one of their number was offering up an earnest petition to his "Fader in Heben to bless dere Missis and childen, particlicker dere young masters in de wah."

In the fall of '65 we returned to W—, where we spent nearly one year, and then once more our "Father in Heaven's" guiding hand opened the way for our return to Beaufort. In a large four-horse wagon we came back, packed, as we said, "like sardines," and in spite of all happy to see once more the salt water, and our dear old home, which the authorities would not allow my father to hire, for fear he might show them that "possession was nine-tenths of the law." We succeeded in hiring it, however, in the name of our uncle, who lived with us.

PEOPLE ROBBED OF THEIR HOMES.

And now comes one of the strangest facts in modern history, which I believe is unknown at the North, and only half understood in our native State. I refer to the sale of the land on our sea islands for taxes during the war, a sale which was continued even eighteen months after peace—the so-called peace—had been declared, when we were promised our rights of life and property. On our return here we found nearly all the houses occupied by negroes or Northern families who had come here, "in the wake of the army," as one of them expressed it. The churches were dismantled of pulpits, pews, carpets and

organs, and the former Sunday-school was the only place of public worship in the town for the whites, as both the large churches had been used as hospitals, as well as the houses which had been bought in by the Government for that purpose when the tax sales took place. In November, 1866, they offered these houses for sale, as the Government commissioners said, "for the taxes due." Ours was included among the number, and long will that day be remembered in the Southern part of the community when their homes were bid up by different parties, in spite of the assertion of the real owners that they were homeless and wished to try and purchase or redeem these homes by paying the amount claimed by the Government. Our father succeeded in out-bidding a "Northern philanthropist" who "wanted our home for a charitable institution," and the commissioners promised to give him three days to visit the City of Charleston and try to make arrangements for the payment of the sum, which was six times more than the amount of taxes due.

GENEROUS ACTIONS.

I am glad, among so many acts of unkindness, to be able to record the following. The day before my father could possibly return two Northerners heard that the commissioner intended to sell the house at private sale, after sunset, unless the money was paid before. They collected the required amount, at their own risk, and one of them went to the commissioner and paid it down, just before the time was up. As he was leaving the office, the sun set, and the party who expected to purchase entered, so that he heard the commissioner say: "You are too late; the money has been paid." We shook hands with the Northerner that night, though up to that time we had said we would never give a handshake to any Yankee.

The house of one of our friends was bought in for him by a Frenchman who was here on a visit, and who sympathized very much with the Southerners, and would not even leave his address on going away, so that the money advanced could never be paid. I must say in justice to them, however, that many of our Northern friends would not buy property here, unless they could purchase from the true, original owners, or, at least, buy their titles. Strange to say, the plantations are still known by the names of the Southern owners.

These lands and homes thus forfeited here have never been returned, and the surplus tax money has never been re-

funded to the owners, and yet the justice and honesty of the Federal Government is extolled.

To give an instance: The papers, even in Washington, have had lately a full account of the desolate condition of the grave of ex-Secretary Paul Hamilton on one of the plantations on this island. Now, it so happens that this grave with all the rest of his family enclosure was sold at tax sale by the Government in 1863. The iron fence surrounding the enclosure was destroyed or carried off during the war, and the stones levelled by the troops or other parties. This property was bought by a Northern colored man, who, from feelings of common humanity, has never planted over the spot. A naval officer while out hunting came across the sacred grave, and being attracted by the stones, dismounted and found out whose resting place it was. He applied to Congress for money to put the grave in order. One hundred dollars was generously appropriated for this object, and the grave has been enclosed with galvanized wire. Would it not have been more suitable for the Government to have purchased the grave and enclosure from the present owner, who holds their titles, so that future owners of the soil may not encroach on the spot where rests one of the country's heroes?

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Nearly twenty years have rolled away, and yet each time we read of the war and go over those four years of a nation's struggle for freedom we feel as one of those prisoners of old must have felt, when placed in the fabled room where day after day they saw the windows lessen and the walls closing in. A struggle of four long weary years when we lived not by months, days or even hours, but by deeds done and hearts broken, by tidings of the battle now afar, now near at hand and by vain hopes of freedom won.

Our country is lost, our hopes are dead! yet we must "be still," and know that He who doeth all things well will show us the why and wherefore in His own good time. If not now, at least then the verdict shall be, "Thy works, oh, Lord! pass understanding. Thy mercies are very great."

The following lines were written by my mother:

MY BOY'S SWORD.

Ah, bring me the sword of my dearly-loved son,
I'll sheathe its blade sadly, its work is now done;

For stiff lies the arm, which was strong in its might,
That fought for our altars and inglesides bright.

When the bugle note sounded, so shrill and so clear,
'Twas valiantly wielded 'mong enemies there.

No blot ever stained his escutcheon so bright
From life's early morning 'till death's gloomy night.

Aye, where the proud banner of red, white and blue
Was unfurled o'er the Southern hearts, fearless and true;
In thirty red battles my boy, true and brave,
Did all that man could do his country to save.

Ah, methinks I now see him, my brave soldier boy,
The pride of our household, with heart full of joy,
A-buckling the blade on his fine, noble form,
That gleamed like the lightning in war's fiercest storm.

He fought for his country, for truth and for right;
He trusted in God, and the strength of His might,
And his loved ones commended "to Him whose right arm
Can shield us from foes and can save us from harm."

How fondly we gazed on his clear open brow;
Ah! how his tones echo around my heart now,
As he said, "Cheer up, mother, we soon will be free!
Independence and peace will secure liberty."

Each cloud has a silvery lining, and there
Will soon be a future, auspicious and fair;
Sure everything here will be ordered aright,
Then hope for the best, it is wise, it is right."

Now hope is all dead and our country is crushed;
Our heroes, our freedom, all, all in the dust.
Then lay down the sabre, unsheath it no more—
It is darkened with rust, it is clotted with gore.

Once brightly it shone by the side of the brave
Who rests 'neath the sod in a far distant grave.
So hang it with crape, for our country is bound,
And the brave hand that clasped it is under the ground.

Yet wreath it with cypress and leaves that ne'er die,
For their memories shall live while there's truth 'neath the sky,
And our children shall ever be true to the trust
And save from pollution our heroes' blest dust.

What though our Confederacy is crushed by the throng
Of motley crowds gathered in multitudes strong,

Her name and her martyrs shall nevermore
die;
In the urns of our hearts their ashes shall lie.
And when desolation and death meet our
view
We'll think that our foes "know not what
they do."
Then lift up the prayer of our Saviour on
high,
And "Father, forgive them," we'll earnestly
cry.

Oh! still let us trust God, although he shall
slay
And take our sweet homes and our loved
ones away;
With our inner hearts seek for the mansion
above
That was made without hands in His king-
dom of love.

Willie Hamilton.

The young naval officer who is mentioned in the preceding sketch was well known to the writer, and, by reason of his devotion to the Confederate cause, his gallantry, and his fortitude, deserves more than a passing word.

Willie Hamilton was a midshipman in the Confederate States navy, and was on the *Nashville* during her voyage to England and back in the winter of 1861-62. On the arrival of the vessel at Beaufort, N. C., the crew were discharged, with the exception of three or four men, and the whole of the officers, excepting Lieut. Whittle. Midshipman Hamilton and perhaps two other young officers, were ordered to Richmond to report for duty. Mr. Whittle was in charge of the steamer, and, as narrated in the sketch, ran the *Nashville* out from Beaufort and succeeded in bringing her safely into Georgetown, S. C. It was a most daring feat, as were were hardly sufficient men aboard to keep up the fires. The young officers themselves were continuously on duty. They had no nautical instruments, and borrowed a chronometer from the master of a vessel in port at Beaufort. Midshipman Hamilton was left in charge of the *Nashville* at Georgetown when Mr. Whittle went on to Virginia, and remained in charge until the vessel was sold to John Fraser & Co.. At this time, it should be remembered, he was but little more than 16 years old.

Mr. Hamilton served throughout the war in the *Palmetto State*, the *Chicora* and other Confederate vessels, and was aboard the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle*, as a volunteer, during her victorious engagements with the enemy's squadron below Newbern in 1864.

After the war Mr. Hamilton worked his passage to England on a schooner. During the voyage the crew were attacked with

yellow fever, and his cousin, who had sailed with him, died. There were not hands enough to handle the vessel. The helm was lashed, and the vessel allowed to run before the wind until some of the sick were convalescent. Upon arriving at Liverpool Mr. Hamilton shipped as a seaman on a vessel in the South American trade, and upon his return to port he passed his examination and received a certificate as second mate in the British Merchant service. Through the kindness of Mr. Charles K. Prioleau, of the firm of Fraser, Trenholm & Co., he was appointed mate of the *Royal George*, a fine ship running between Liverpool and the East Indies. After each voyage he was promoted, and in a short time became master of the ship.

In 1872 Mr. Hamilton returned to South Carolina for the first time since 1866, and was married here in Charleston. Finding that his wife could not endure the long voyages to Bombay and Calcutta, he left the Indian service and went to the Mediterranean. The next year he accepted the command of the *Atlas*, a Clyde steamer trading between New York and the West Indies. The rapid changes of climate proved too much for a constitution that had already been weakened by hardship and exposure, and in 1875 he came back home to die.

The writer only knew Mr. Hamilton while he was on the *Nashville* on the voyage from Southampton to Beaufort, but then conceived an enduring admiration for him. Gallant, amiable, courteous, he was a model officer, and his career proved him to be a model man. In the willingness with which he began at the foot of the ladder when the war ended, and in the perseverance with which he combatted adverse fortune, he set a noble example to the Carolinians of his day. Could his whole story be written as it was known to a few of those nearest to him, it would form a brilliant chapter in the history of the American navy, Union and Confederate, which is already so rich in its record of daring, of loyalty and of virtue.

It was said of Willie Hamilton that whenever he went he took the Confederate flag with him, and that oftentimes in the Indian Seas, far from prying eyes, he flew the old Stars and Bars at the peak of his gallant ship and renewed for a little while the hopes and fears, the defeats and triumphs, of the fallen Confederacy. A knightly soul he was, and the pity of it is that so little can ever be known, in this world, of a character so limpid, so generous, so lofty and so true.

F. W. DAWSON.

No. 79 — The Poets of the Confederacy.

(By "M. S. S.," of the University of Virginia.)

If apology were needed for calling to mind the poets and poetry of the Confederacy, let it be found by reference to Æsop's Fables, that unfailing fount of wisdom.

A trumpeter had been taken captive by the enemy after battle and pleaded most piteously for his life: "See! I am without arms, I have nothing at all but this trumpet." "Indeed, we *shall* slay you, though," was the fierce retort. "You are more guilty than the common soldiers, since, without fighting yourself, you yet constantly urge all others into the *mêlée*."

Who shall gainsay the justice of that verdict?

In taking a retrospective view then of that great internecine struggle whose remembrance is so fast becoming obliterated before the busy activities of the present, shall we overlook or hold at naught the part borne in it by orator and poet?

As it is the spark which ignites the powder magazine, so there may be greater responsibility in the utterance of that one word of genius, which excites the multitude to act, than in the multitude itself, be their consequent exploits of heroism or daring stupendous as you please. Driven on by an impulse from without, which they feel to be heroic, how many rush into action who are but the blind tools of some superior genius, who may be cool and collectedly conscious all the while of the tenor of his influence, or himself equally an honest enthusiast, using a gift that he believes himself endowed with from on high for the furtherance of Divine ends.

If we may suppose an impartial spectator of such a scene, no one who was in the South at the time when war became imminent could fail to perceive that the whole people were under the influence of intensest excitement; that they were swayed to and fro by passion, like the grass upon some trackless prairie, which bends before the breath of the coming tempest. Young and old, men and women, were all equally absorbed in what they felt to be the vital issues of the hour.

PASSION FINDING VENT IN VERSE.

And, as might be expected, many

even who, under ordinary circumstances had laid no claim to poetic talents, felt that nothing short of poetry could give adequate expression to the ardent passions that burned within their souls. As might also have been expected, many of these effusions were but the mawkish emanations of the mediocre mind, serving but to garnish the corners of village newspapers, speedily thereafter to be hurled into complete oblivion. But it was not to be always thus, that the movement of sentimentality was to be mistaken for the inspiration of the true poet; such productions, like all counterfeits, but betokened the existence of their prototype.

THE VERY FIRST POEM OF THE WAR

which deserves the name came from a worthy source. It was written by a young man in the prime of life, who was soon to seal by his death the integrity of his faith in the justice of the cause for which he fought. Lieut. George Tucker, the noblescion of a gifted stock was the author of "The Southern Cross," written just before war had been declared, while the hope was still cherished that the North would consent to let her Southern sisters go on their way in peace, and ere the device had been decided upon for the banner which was to be lifted up by the recent Republic, in assertion of her claim to a place among the nations. Public taste hinted strongly at the choice of that brilliant constellation, which is so distinctive a glory of the Southern heavens. Under such circumstances was penned "The Southern Cross."

It was the writer's privilege to have known its author from his boyhood, and although the term may seem inappropriate in speaking of a man, his countenance was nothing short of lovely, while the bright intelligence that spoke in the play of expressive features redeemed it from any want of manliness. The pious son of a pious mother, holiness seemed written upon that brow, so clearly stamped with the seal of gentleness and good will to man. He did not die in battle, but of consumption, consequent upon exposure endured in the field. But a few verses from his poem will give a better idea of his genius than many comments upon the same.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

Oh! say can you see through the gloom and
the storm,
More bright for the darkness, that pure con-
stellation?
Like the symbol of love and redemption its
form,
As it points to the haven of hope for the
nation;

How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war.

'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain,

To light us to freedom and glory again!
And if peace should be hopeless, and justice denied,

And war's bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,

Then gladly to arms! while we hurl in our pride

Defiance to tyrants and death to their minions!

With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,

Or return like the Spartan in death, on our shield!

And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave.

As the flag of the free or the pall of the brave.

*Lieut. George Tucker was already widely known as the author of a popular novel, "Hansford," possessed of high merit, and afterwards republished without authority by Peterson & Co. under a different title.

When, however, men really felt that war was upon them, such was the tense strain upon their every power of body and mind that difficult was it to engage even momentary attention for aught save the one absorbing topic of the day: "News from the army."

THE FOREMOST AMONG SOUTHERN WAR POETS.

But suddenly spoke a voice from Carolina which, clarion-like, made its clear, sweet notes heard even amid the din of war. Men paused to listen—were stirred, were strangely thrilled; again the clangor of warfare closed in around the poet and his song. Eternity alone can disclose its true import—whether the poet's message was taken into the heart, heeded and acted upon, or passed away an ineffective agency, remembered as we do the startling phantasms of a fitful dream. We allude, of course, to the poems of Henry Timrod, whom we pronounce, without fear of contradiction, to be *facile princeps* of all the poets whom the South produced at that eventful epoch of her existence.

He was a young man of great modesty, quiet and unpretending in every way, and, despite the fiery ardor of his temperament, of so delicate a constitution as not even to attempt to follow his companions, who were to a man rushing into active field service. Yet "he did what he could," and from his retirement sent forth "A Cry to Arms," a passionate appeal to patriotism, whose title tells its aim, and speedily afterwards "Carolina," from which we quote a few stanzas as a specimen of the poet's style:

II.

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!

Till e'en the coward spurns his fears
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

VII.

Girt with such wiles to do and bear,
Assured in right and mailed in prayer
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze,
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar thy challenge from the guns,
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

Yet it would be unjust to the "trumpeter" of the Southern cause to represent him as wholly the mouthpiece of war. Timrod was a very troubadour in spirit, while his lyre was wont to swell into loftiest strains of martial ardor, yet it was plain that the true atmosphere which he delighted to breathe was one of peace, gentleness and love. Witness the first and last verses of his grand "Carmen Triumphale," written after one of the first victories which crowned the Southern arms in the first year of the war.

"CARMEN TRIUMPHALE."

"Go forth and bid the land rejoice,
Yet not too gladly, Oh! my song!
Breathe softly, as if mirth would wrong
The solemn rapture of thy voice.

Be nothing lightly done or said,
This happy day! Our joy should flow
Accordant with the lofty woe
That walls above the noble dead.

* * * * *
While down the swelling current glides
Our ship of State before the blast,
With streamers poared from every mast,
Her thunders roaring from her sides.

Lord! bid the frenzied tempest cease,
Laugh out thy rainbow on the sea!
Laugh round her waves in silver glee,
And speed her to the ports of peace!"

Timrod was not only the eulogizer of peace, but had the enlarged aspirations of the Christian. Hear what were his hopes and expectations for the new Confederacy, which, if she never lived to fulfil, are alike creditable to the heart of her poet, false seer though he were, and

the principles in which he had been reared:

"But let our fears—if fears we have—be still,
And turn us to the future! Could we climb
Some mighty Alp, and view the coming
time,
The rapturous sight would fill
Our eyes with happy tears!
Not only for the glory which the years
Shall bring us; not for lanes from sea to sea,
And wealth, and power, and peace, though
these shall be;
But for the distant peoples we shall bless,
And the hushed murmurs of a world's dis-
tress;
For to give labor to the poor
The wholesad planet o'er,
And save from want and crime the humbled
door,
Is one among the many ends for which
God makes us great and rich!
The hour, perchance, is not yet wholly ripe
When all shall owe it, but the type
Whereby we shall be known in every land
Is that vast gulf which laves our Southern
strand,
And through the cold, untempered ocean
pours
Its genial streams, that far-off Arctic shores
May sometimes catch upon the softened
breeze
Strange tropic warmth and hints of summer
seas."

On taking leave of Timrod it may not be uninteresting to quote entire the beautiful verses so modestly entitled "A Common Thought," in which the poet so exactly foretold the circumstances and hour of his own death. They become doubly interesting when told that Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, the prominent and determined opponent of the South, was wont shortly before his decease to repeat them admiringly and with emphasis; finding no words so fitly to express the forebodings of his soul in view of death as those of this most peculiarly Southern man and poet. How should it modify sectional antipathies, when we behold how speedily the bitterest enemies must be brought together in close sympathy on the plane of one common humanity.

A COMMON THOUGHT.

Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight,
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing,
Through the darkness—h!st! oh h!st!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away,
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

Among the compositions that made their way to the heart during the first year of the war was, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night." The authorship of this poem has been claimed for a Northern lady and for Lamar Fontaine of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, C. A., but, however the disputed question of the origin may be settled, there is no doubt of the sweet mournful impression made by its strains upon the hearts of the warring people, both North and South. And many were the tears shed over the fate of the poor picket "Off duty Forever," and in his person over the daily increasing host of noble privates, who, while they died for their country, yet dropped into unknown and unmarked graves.

"DIXIE."

But assuredly it were time to speak of "Dixie," which the Southerners adopted as their national song, somewhat as "Yankee Doodle" had been adopted by the Americans years before, or as the Wesleyans adopted their sobriquet of "Methodist." And a queer song is that same "Dixie." Say, if you please, "There is no music in it," "there is no sense in it;" and yet if you happen to make one of a Southern audience, quiet and sober though it be, just let a band strike up "Dixie," and you will instantly feel the thrill of excitement that is electrifying the whole assembly. By some strange spell that uncouth, jig-like, comic medley of sounds has a firm hold upon Southern hearts, and you perceive that for them somehow "Dixie" wears its primitive signification of "Country dearly loved," and while they listen each soul makes inward vow (in some sense) "to live and die for Dixie."

An intensely characteristic song was "Stonewall Jackson's Way," which was never heard in parlor or camp without eliciting a burst of enthusiasm. With what abandon was it rendered by those spirited Confederate girls. Its echo sounds yet in the ear of at least one of their delighted authors. Its author, Des Rivieres, is otherwise unknown to fame, but from internal evidence afforded by his work we should judge him to be a soldier and a cavalryman. It has a dash, a sort of devil-may-care tone of gushing merriment, peculiarly the attributes of the trooper ever in the saddle, yet withal there is manifest an undercurrent of genuine reverence for piety as seen in the character of Stonewall Jackson, besides being so faithful and poetical a reproduction of the actual events of the day as to make this lyric a valuable contribution to historic literature.

"Riding a Raid" was its fellow.

Those Confederate cavalymen! What a merry set of fellows they were, with Stuart at their head! Nor were music and song neglected among them, for, as all the world knows, that noted chieftain, whom one of his chosen comrades, John Esten Cooke, in his ballad of "The Broken Mug," so fondly denominates "the cavalier of cavaliers," amid all the restless activities of his life found time and opportunity to patronize and bring into exercise the talents of many a gifted minstrel.

The comic song "In Camp" beggars description, nor shall we hazard the reproduction of even one couplet. Some of them were inimitable, but they are gone without a trace—gone with the short-lived gayety from whence they sprang. And who now would have heart to call up the ghosts of those fleeting joys, or try to wake laughter from the jests uttered by lips which have long since been hushed in death? So let us shift the scene.

POETRY BECOMING MORE PASSIONATE.

As still the war progressed and the struggle grew more stubborn and more deadly, the poetry evoked, if more rare, when it did appear, was of a yet more passionate type than before, tinged with the sombreness and gloom of spirits now made familiar with suffering and woe.

In the third year of the war appeared "Beechenbrook," whose evident aim was to spur up the flagging zeal of the still resolute Confederates.

Critics have demonstrated that the theme for a fine epic poem is not to be found in events transpiring around us. However thrilling and momentous the scenes enacted before our eyes, the rhetorician advises the poet not in the present to seek his inspiration. Now, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston with her modest, unpretending approach offering merely "A Rhyme of the War," should certainly not in any case be required to bring it up to the same criterion of merit as a regular epic. Yet her rhyme, despite all the difficulties incident to its creation, deserves the name of poem—if a poem, an epic or what else? The conditions for such a work are certainly fulfilled, for, it is a poem in narrative form, presenting heroic actions and principles in elevated style. "Beechenbrook" met at once with an enthusiastic reception. Even at this distance of time it is difficult to realize the power with which it appealed to the sympathies of the whole people. Then it required but little stretch of the imagination upon the

part of the reader to identify himself with the tragedy. Might not the same ruin at any moment overwhelm himself and his?

MARGARET PRESTON'S EPIC.

Truth spoken in simplicity, fervor of piety, and an unreserved immolation of self upon the altar of country, permeate the whole poem with a vitality which enforces a conviction of the reality of the scenes depicted, and the high-souled character of the woman who has recorded them. Those who know Mrs. Preston assert that in very truth her poetry is her least claim to admiration as a woman. Her strength of mind and soundness of judgment are said to be masculine, her attainments in history and literature extraordinary, especially when it is remembered that, like Prescott, she has been a sufferer from eye disease for the greater part of her life.

"Beechenbrook" is written in that easy-flowing, twelve-syllabled measure, introduced and made popular by Tom Moore. Without, perhaps, soaring ever to the highest plane of poetry, it is pleasing, dignified and of sustained interest throughout—so connected that no extract can be made without doing injustice. This work has justly brought Mrs. Preston fame in her lifetime, and will embalm her memory forever in the hearts of her countrymen as that of one who has borne truthful testimony to the motives which impelled Virginians, at least, to engage in a cause which, to the eye of the sober thinkers, threatened them with certain ruin from the first.

PAUL H. HAYNE

we cannot think happy in his war pieces, and John Esten Cooke is singularly unequal in his ballad of "The Broken Mug." Part of it is poor, part as pathetic and full of the fire of inspiration as could well be desired.

Mrs. C. Warfield must dispute the palm with Fanny Downing for spirited war ballads. Both of these truly gifted ladies infused into their songs so fiery a spirit of enthusiasm as was not too pronounced at the time of their appearance, but from the intensity of expressions used, almost provokes a smile now, even from their sympathizers, to-wit: "You cannot win them back," by the former; "Our Chief," by the latter.

Woman's pen was indeed busy as her hand in aiding the cause she loved, and we turn with pleasure from the more bloodthirsty specimens of their skill to such sweet and tender strains as those of Marie Lacoste, of Georgia, who wrote "Somebody's Darling," an exquisite

little poem, too familiar to need more than an allusion, and "Enlisted To-day," by a nameless mother; also "The Soldier that Died To-day."

If it is rather to anticipate time, pardon the mention, in this place, of that beautiful appeal to North and South, to cease from strife for the sake of common woes, which is couched in the lines entitled "The Blue and the Gray," of which we cannot forbear quoting a few stanzas:

THE BLUE AND THE GREY.

"From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.

Sadly but not with upbraiding
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war-cries sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
Our anger is banished forever,
When are laured the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

LET US HAVE PEACE!

And why should there not be peace and good will between "the two sections, who should no more be rivals, but, if they love their country, should join hand in hand to build up her waste places? Should they not do all they can to repair the havoc made by war, that there may be no plague-spot left to portend the decay of our common Republic, on whose stability seems to hang suspended the faith of all people in man's right of self-government. If the United States fall, who will be found 'so poor as to do honor' to Republican institutions?

It has been said that of all classes of the community our brave soldiers, South and North, found least difficulty in returning to friendly and cordial relations with their late opponents. Even during the war it was strangely so; there was little rancor or bitterness in the army, save when a battle was being fought. Pickets used to encourage civilities often; sometimes there were touching instances of sympathetic flashes of feeling having been transmitted from army

to army, even when drawn up in inimical array one against the other.

On a mild spring evening, when the two great hosts lay encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahannock, preparatory to action—as was usual—the bands of music struck up on both sides at a certain hour. On one side was played "Yankee Doodle," amid bursts of enthusiasm, while from the other side arose shouts of derision. "Dixie," too, was struck up in the liveliest, most defiant tones. And so it went for some while. But on a sudden the air was changed. "Home, Sweet Home," came stealing across the waters, and instantly there was a hush—a stillness, say eyewitnesses, which might be felt. One chord had been struck which vibrated alike in the breasts of these warring brothers, who, in that solemn hour, felt strangely knit together in the bond of a common faith and many a common hope.

The lamented John R. Thompson embalmed this circumstance in verse, expressed in his usual chaste and elegant manner.

And at last the weary war was over,
and both armies free to go home, the one to the joys of triumph, the other to the bitterness of defeat, humiliation, poverty, and, in short, to beginning life anew. Mrs. Downing aptly enough describes the feelings of

A RETURNED SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

To live for Dixie! Harder part!
To stay the hand, to still the heart,
To seal the lips, enshroud the past,
'o have no 'uture—all o'ercast—
To knit life's broken threads again, &c.

A sister remembers well the greeting exchanged with the first of six soldier-brothers returned from the war, after the surrender. She ran to meet him. "Oh, Willy, I am so glad to see you back!" In a voice almost choked with emotion, he replied: "Not glad to see me in this way though!" And like scenes were being enacted in homes throughout the South. Yet the poet did not seem to think that his mission was ended with the laying down of the sword; and some of the finest poetry written on the theme of the war appeared after the struggle was over. Father Ryan's "Conquered Banner," as poetry, seems a well-nigh faultless production, and giving voice, as it does, to the deepest feelings of which a stricken people were capable, must be cherished as long as any Southerner remembers the cause for which his father toiled and bled.

Gen. Jackson had already been eulogized in song beyond all his comrades, yet the poem which perhaps will be remembered longest belongs to post-bel-

lum days, and was peened by a Federal officer upon the occasion of visiting his grave. We quote the last verses of

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE :

Young April, o'er his lowly mound,
Shall shake the violets from her hair,
And glorious June, with fervid lips,
Shall bid the roses blossom there.

And round about the droning bee,
With drowsy hum shall come and go;
While west winds all the live-long day,
Shall murmur dirges soft and low.

The warrior's stormy fate is o'er,
The midnight gloom hath passed away;
And like a glory from the east,
Breaks the first light of freedom's day.

And white winged peace, o'er all the land
Broods like a dove upon her nest;
While iron war, with slaughter gorged,
At length hath laid him down to rest.

And where we won our onward way,
With fire and steel, through yonder wood,
The blackbird whistles, and the quail
Gives answer to her timid brood.

Yet oft in dreams his fierce brigade
Shall see the form they followed far
Still leading in the furthest van—
A landmark in the clouds of war.

And o't when white-haired grandstires tell
Of bloody struggles past and gone,
The children at their knees will hear
How Jackson led his columns on!"

Another poem which undoubtedly made its mark in those chaotic days immediately succeeding defeat was, "In the Land where we were Dreaming," by Daniel B. Lucas, of Virginia. Whether the fact recorded be to the credit of Southern literary acumen or not, there was something about it which fell in with the vein of prevalent feeling. Men read it and said "Amen" without well knowing whereunto. If Gen. Jackson were represented, and that in the supreme crisis of his fate rather as a retiring play-actor than the sublime hero that he was—it were all one—the extravaganza aspect of the performance was unheeded. Now, as popular instinct seldom goes far astray it must be conceded that this mystical lyric had a merit of its own, if disfigured by strained metaphor and an unnatural collocation of similes.

We have not pretended in this article to give a complete synopsis of all the poetry emanating from Southern sources during the war, but only to take note of those efforts of the sort which seemed to make an impression and have an influence in swaying public sentiment; or, if not so, at least have the historical significance of indicating the spirit and temper of those stormy times.



